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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1869.

A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

BURNS.

THE PROLOGUE.

IN most, nay, I think in all lives, is some epoch, which, looking back upon, we can perceive has been the turning-point of our existence,—a moment when the imagination first wakes up, the feelings deepen, and vague, general impressions settle into principles and convictions; when, in short, our bias for good or ill is permanently given. We may not recognise this at the time, but we do afterwards, saying to ourselves, either with thankfulness or regret, "But for such and such a thing, or such and such a person, I should not have been what I am."

This crisis befel me, Winifred Weston, when I was just entering my sixteenth year. It was not "falling in love," as in most cases it is;—and rightly, for love is, or ought to be, the strongest thing on earth; but it was equivalent to it, and upon me and the moulding of my character it had precisely the same effect. Nay, in a sense I did really fall in love, but it was a very harmless phase of the passion; for I was a commonplace damsel of sixteen,

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and the object of my intense admiration—nay, my adoring affection—was an old lady of seventy.

A young girl in love with an old woman! What a ridiculous form of the emotion, or sentiment! Not so ridiculous, my good friends, as at first appears; and by no means so uncommon as you suppose. I have known several cases of it besides my own: cases in which a great difference in years and character drew out, to a remarkable degree, that ideal worship and passionate devotedness which is at the root of all true love, first love especially. Laugh as you will, there is always a spice of nobleness in the boy who falls in love with his "grandmother," and I have often thought that one of the extenuating circumstances in the life of that selfish, pleasure-loving, modern heathen, Goethe, was the fact that in his old age he was so adored by a "child."

Nor does the character of the feeling alter when it is only a woman's towards a woman. I have loved a man, thank God, having found a man worth loving; but he well knows that for a long time he ranked second in my affections to a

woman—to this woman, for whom my attachment had all the intensity of love itself.

She was, as I have said, quite old, even at the time when I first beheld her, which happened to be at church. Our pews were alongside of one another, for I sat in the rector's, and she in the one beyond. I was the new curate's daughter, and she was "the lady of the hall,"—Brierley Hall, the oldest and finest place in the neighbourhood. She entered alone. Many of the fine families of the parish always had a footman to carry their prayer-books, but she carried her own; walked alone, stately and slow, up the aisle, and took her seat in a corner of the large musty pew, the cushions and linings of which, once a rich crimson cloth, had faded with the sunshine of indefinite summers. They contrasted strongly with the black of her garments—black, but not sombre; her gown being of rich glittering silk, though she still wore a sort of widow's cap over her smooth, soft, white hair.

I knew who she was. Though my father and I had only been a week at Brierley, she was of sufficient importance there for us to have already heard about her—at least as much as the village generally knew. I had been told I should be sure to see her in church, the only place where she ever was seen in public; and she had been described to me so minutely that my excited curiosity could not fail to recognise her at once.

Even had it been otherwise, I think the result would have been all the same. It was to be, and it was; and I could not help it. I, the poor curate's daughter, motherless, romantic, solitary, brought up in the strictest seclusion, fell in love, desperately and determinedly, with this beautiful old lady—Lady de Bougainville.

It was such a remarkable name too, and so exactly suited to her appearance. Let me describe her if I can.

She had "high" features, as they are called—that is, her nose was aquiline, and the outline of her cheek and chin

sharply and clearly cut; likewise her mouth, which, though delicate, had much decision in it. It was a sad and firm rather than a sweet mouth; or rather it seemed as if it had been meant to be sweet, but the experience of life had hardened it. Nevertheless, the old softness could and did at times return; I saw it afterwards, not then. Sadness also was the characteristic of her eyes—sadness, or at any rate pensiveness. They put me in mind of the sea after a storm, when the waves have calmed down, and the surface has grown smooth, or even broken out again into little necessary ripples: but you know all the while there must be, somewhere or other, many a broken spar floating about; many a cast-away treasure beaten against the beach; many a dead carcass of ancient grief rising up from the depths below. Such did rise—and I fancied I could see them—in the dark eyes of this my beautiful lady—the most beautiful, I still think, that I ever beheld, though she was a septuagenarian.

Even now, as I vainly try to describe her, I feel my old infatuation return—the delight with which I watched every curve of her features—pale, colourless features—as un-English and peculiar as her eyes; and admired every fold in her dress,—quite unlike any lady's dress I had ever seen. Her toilette was complete in all its details, as befitted both herself and her station. She was *chaussée et gantée* (the French best expresses what I mean; we English merely *put on* gloves and shoes) to perfection; and she had little hands and little feet—remarkably so for such a tall woman. She lost no inch of her height, and she carried her head like one who has never lowered it in shame or sycophancy before mortal man. "Aristocratic" undoubtedly would have been the adjective applied to her; but used in its right sense, as belonging to "the best" of the earth. There was nothing haughty about her, or repellent, or scornful—if these qualities are supposed to constitute aristocracy.

Her eyes and complexion, as I have

said, were very un-English; and when she began to say the responses, it was with a slight, a very slight accent—French, I thought; but in nothing else was she foreign. Her dress was the ordinary dress of an English widow, from whose weeds Time has melted away the obnoxious pomposity of crape, and allowed a faint mixture of white and gray with the black. But it was black still—no bugles—no trimmings—no ornamental fripperies, which always seem such a mockery of mourning. Her costume was perfectly plain, perfectly simple, yet exceedingly rich; as was justifiable in a lady whose wealth was, people said, very great, and who had not a creature to inherit it after her.

For Lady de Bougainville was that sad sight, a widowed wife—a mother left childless. In her solitary old age she kept her forlorn state in that huge house, which, many years ago, her husband, Sir Edward de Bougainville, had bought, rebuilt, lived in for a short time, and then died. Before then, by a succession of fatalities, her six children had died also. Thenceforward she, too, was as good as dead, socially speaking, to the little world of Brierley. She did not quit the Hall. She kept it up externally, much as before,—that is, none of the rooms were closed, and there was a sufficient establishment of servants. But she lived in it quite alone,—never visited anywhere, nor invited anybody to visit her. So she passed her days, and had passed them—our gossiping landlady told me—for twenty years and more, the wonder and curiosity of the neighbourhood—this poor, lonely, wealthy woman—the envied, pitied, much revered, much criticised Lady de Bougainville.

Those who revered her were the poor, to whom she was unlimitedly charitable: those who criticised her were the rich, the county families with whom she had long ceased to associate, and the newcomers whom she never sought to visit at all. These were naturally indignant that Brierley Hall should be shut up from them—that no dinner-parties should be given in the fine old dining-room where

Charles II. was said to have taken a royal refection after hunting in the chase which surrounded the property. The younger generation likewise felt aggrieved that on such a beautiful lawn there should be no archery parties (croquet then was not), and no hope whatever of a ball in the tapestry-chamber, concerning which there were rumours without end; for none of the present generation had ever seen it.

Once things had been very different. While Sir Edward was rebuilding the Hall, he inhabited a house near, and lived in a style suitable to his fortune, while his wife and family mingled in all the best society of the neighbourhood. They were exceedingly popular, being a large merry family—handsome to look at, full of life and strength. Their father was less liked, being “rather queer,” people said, somewhat unsocial, and always fancying himself a great invalid. But their mother shined in all their youthful enjoyments, and herself shone upon society like a star.—Vanished too, almost as suddenly; for after a certain grand ball—a house-warming which Sir Edward gave—and the splendours of which the elder generation in the village remembered still, the master of Brierley Hall fell really ill of some mysterious ailment. “Something amiss here, folk said,” observed my informant, tapping her forehead; and after lingering, unseen by anybody, for many months, died, and was buried in Brierley churchyard. His monument, in plain white marble, without any of the fulsomeness common to epitaphs, was over his widow’s head every Sunday as she sat in the Hall pew.

There, too, was a second tablet, equally simple in form and inscription, recording the names, ages, and dates of death of her six children. They had every one perished, some abroad, some at home, within a comparatively short space of time—dying off, as some families do die off, when all the probabilities seem in favour of their continuing to remote generations a prosperous, healthy, and honourable race. When I read the list of names on the white tablet,

and glanced thence at the mother's face, I no longer wondered at its sad expression, or at those "peculiarities"—people called them—which had made her the talk of the village, until it grew weary of talking, and let her alone.

At first, in the early years of her desolation, her neighbours had made many attempts, some from curiosity, some from pure kindness, to break through her determined seclusion; but they failed. She was neither uncourteous nor ungrateful, but there was about her a silent repelling of all sympathy, which frightened the curious and wore out the patience of even the kindest-hearted of these intruders. She let them see, plainly enough, that their visits were an intrusion, and that it was her intention to reappear in society no more.

She never did. Except at church on Sundays, or driving out along the most unfrequented roads, in her handsome old-fashioned carriage, no one saw her beyond the limits of her own grounds. She was as little known as the Dalai Lama, and regarded with almost equal awe. Her smallest deeds were noticed, her lightest sayings recorded, and her very name uttered respectfully, as if she were a different person to the rest of the world.

She was. As I sat gazing at her during the whole of church-time, I felt that I never had seen, never should see, anybody like Lady de Bougainville.

It so happened that hitherto I had known very few women—that is, gentlewomen—partly because in the far-away parish where we had lived till we came here, there were only farmhouses, except the great house, which my father never let me enter. A certain sad prejudice he had—which I will no further allude to except to say that, though I was motherless, my mother was not dead—made him altogether avoid female society. He had brought me up entirely himself, and more like a boy than a girl: in my heart I wished I was a boy, and rather despised my own sex, until I saw Lady de Bougainville.

She, with her noble beauty, not weak, but strong; with her unmistakeable

motherly air, not the feeble fondness which is little better than an animal instinct, but that large protecting tenderness which makes one ready to defend as well as cherish one's offspring: she seemed to me a real woman—a real mother. And all her children were dead!

I did not presume to pity her, but my heart was drawn towards her by something deeper than the fascination of the eye. The fancy of sixteen can take a pretty long Queen Mab's gallop in two hours: by the time service was over I seemed to have been "in love" with her for years.

She walked down the aisle a little before rather than after the rest of the congregation, quitting the church among not the genteel but the poor people, who curtsied to her and were acknowledged by her as she passed, but she made and received no other recognition. Alone as she came she departed, and alone she ascended her carriage—one of those chariots swaying about on springs, such as were in fashion thirty years ago, with hammercloth in front and dickey behind. Her footman handed her in, and shut the door upon her with a sharp click, and an air as solemnly indifferent as that of the undertaker who closes a coffin-lid upon some highly respectable corpse whose friends have quitted the house—as I hear in fashionable houses they always do; and her coachman then drove her off, the sole occupant of this handsome carriage, as slowly as if he were driving a hearse.

After all there was something pathetically funereal in this state, and I should have hated it, and turned away from it, had I not been so fascinated by Lady de Bougainville herself. She burst upon my dull life—craving for anything new—as an interest so vivid that it was an actual revelation. I went home, to think about her all day, to dream of her at night; I drew her profile—how perfect it was, even though it was an old woman's face!—among the sums on my slate, and along the margins of my Latin exercise-book. I kept my mind

always on the *qui vive*, and my ears painfully open, to catch any floating information concerning her; but I was as shy of putting direct questions about her as if I had been a young man and she my first love. Do not laugh at me, you who read this; it is such a good thing to be "in love" with anybody. When we grow older we love in a quieter and more rational way; but even then we regard tenderly our early idolatries.

It seemed a long week till the next Sunday, and then I saw her again. Henceforward, from Sunday to Sunday, I lived in a suppressed suspense and longing,—sure to be satisfied then; for, fair weather or foul, Lady de Bougainville was always in her place at church. Only upon Sundays was my fancy "with gazing fed;" but it fattened so rapidly upon that *maigre* diet that I went through all the preliminary stages of a real love-fever. Most girls have it, or something like it, and it rather does good than harm, especially if the object is, as in my case, only a woman. Poor little lamb that she was—silly Winny Weston! I look back at her now as if she were some other person, and not myself; seeing all her faults, and all her good points too; and I beg it to be distinctly understood that I am not the least ashamed of her, or of her "first love," either.

That my idol should ever cast a thought towards me was an idea that never entered even my vivid imagination. She cast a glance occasionally,—that is, she looked over my head to the opposite wall, but I never supposed she saw me. However, this was of no consequence so long as I could see her, and speculate upon her, weaving long histories of which she was the heroine; histories over which I afterwards smiled to think how far they were from the truth! Then, having exhausted the past, I turned to the future, and amused myself with conjuring up endless probabilities and fortuitous circumstances which might cause Lady de Bougainville and myself to meet, or enable me to do some heroic action for her, with or without her knowledge—it did not matter much.

Sometimes I pictured her horses starting off, and myself, little Winny Weston, catching hold of their bridles and preventing a serious accident; or some night there might arise a sudden gleam of fire among the trees whence peeped the chimneys of Brierley Hall, which I often watched from my bedroom window in the moonlight; and I pictured myself giving the alarm, and rushing to the spot just in time to save the house and rescue its aged mistress. Perhaps, after some such episode, she would just notice my existence, or, if I did anything very grand, would hold out her hand and say—in the same clear voice which every Sunday besought mercy upon "us miserable sinners," as if *she* could be a miserable sinner!—"Thank you, Winifred Weston." Suppose I actually saved her life—who knows? she might do even more—open her arms to my motherless but yearning heart, and whisper, "Winifred, be henceforth my child!"

All this was very silly and very melodramatic: yet it was better for me than many of the follies that one's teens are heir to—better than dancing and flirting into womanhood, buoyed up by the frothy admiration of raw young-manhood. It taught me to love, rather than to crave for being loved: and it taught me—if only through my imagination—two other things which I think the present generation rather loses sight of—heroism and patience.

That Lady de Bougainville herself was capable of both, I felt sure from her very face. The better I knew it, the more it fascinated me. It was an ideal face—nay, there was something in it absolutely historical, like one of those old portraits which you are convinced have a story belonging to them; or to which you may affix any story you please. Calm as it was, it was neither a stony nor impassive face. Often, when something in my father's sermon attracted her—he preached very good and original sermons sometimes—she would brighten up, and fix upon him her dark eyes—keen and clear as if they were twenty-five years old instead of seventy. But

ordinarily she sat with them cast down; not in laziness, or pride, or scorn, but as if they were tired—tired of looking out upon the world for so many years. When lifted they had often a wistful and abstracted expression, as if she were living in times and places far away. As she said to me, months after, when I ventured to ask her what she did with herself—that is, when her daily work was done: “My dear, I dream. I have nothing to do but to dream.”

What first put it into her mind to notice me I have even now not the slightest idea. I suppose it was nothing but the impulse of her own kind heart: when, missing me from my seat at church, she inquired about me, and who I was: finally, hearing I was ill—of that most unpoetical complaint the measles—she did as she was in the habit of doing to almost every sick person in the village, sent daily to inquire and to offer gifts. Only these gifts came at first rather from the gardens and vinerias than the kitchen of Brierley Hall; until, some little bird having perhaps whispered to her that a poor curate often feeds not quite so well as a prosperous artisan, there appeared gradually jellies, soups, and other nourishing aliments. When I learnt from whence they came, I banquetted upon them as if they were the ambrosia of the earth.

But they did not cure me; and I had been fully five weeks absent from church, when one Monday morning—oh, that blessed Monday!—there came a little note to my father—a note on delicate-coloured paper, with a small black seal, in a handwriting diminutive, upright, firm—more like foreign than English caligraphy. I have it still:—

“Lady de Bougainville presents her compliments to the Rev. Henry Weston, and would esteem it a pleasure if he would trust his daughter to her for a week’s visit. Brierley Hall was always considered a healthy place, and Lady de Bougainville has seen many sad instances of long ill-health, which a slight change of air at first might have cured. She will take the utmost care of the child” (here “the child”

was crossed out, and “Miss Weston” inserted)—“if Mr. Weston will consent to part with her. A carriage shall fetch her at any hour to-day or to-morrow, so as to avoid all fatigue.”

Most wonderful! The letter dropped from my trembling hands. Aladdin, Fortunatus, Cinderella—all those lucky youths and maidens befriended by fairies and good genii—were not more intoxicatingly happy than I.

“Father, you will let me go!” I cried. “Not to-day, perhaps” (for—it was a natural weakness—I suddenly remembered the state of my wardrobe; a condition not surprising in a poor curate’s motherless daughter); “but to-morrow? You will send back word that I shall be ready by—let me see—by noon to-morrow?”

I always had everything pretty much my own way; so it was soon arranged that I should pay this—the first visit I had ever paid from home alone.

Young people who have many friends, and are always interchanging visits, can have no idea of the state of excitement I was in. It seemed to rouse me out of invalidism at once. To go anywhere—to anybody, would have been charming; but to Brierley Hall! it was ecstasy! To live under the same roof as my beautiful old lady—to see her every day in ordinary life—to be kindly noticed by her—to be able to render her various small services, such as a young person can so easily pay to an elder one: the cup of my felicity was full. It was worth being ill—twenty times over. I thought—I think still, and, while laughing at myself, it is with tears in my eyes—that the measles was a special interposition of Providence. Not in any worldly point of view. In spite of all my landlady’s respectful and mysterious congratulations, I could see no special advantage likely to accrue to me from the visit; but I accepted it as a present delight; about which, and my own deservings of it, I did not speculate at all. In fact I took going to the Hall as naturally as I suppose I shall one day take going to heaven;—and it felt not unlike it.

My clothes were at first a serious

weight on my mind ; they were so few, so poor, and—as, alas ! I only now seemed to discover—so untidy. When I thought of Lady de Bougainville, her silks, velvets, and furs, the richness of which was almost forgotten in their exquisite neatness and appropriateness, my heart failed me. Well, she was rich and I was poor ; but still that need not make such a vital difference. Even poor folk can contrive to keep their garments clean and whole. I must try to turn over a new leaf from this day forward.

So I mended and arranged, folded and packed, wishing faintly that I could put some womanly orderliness into my too boyish ways ; and this practical occupation kept my head steadily balanced, and levelled a little the heights and depths of excitement, the alternations of eager expectation and shyness almost amounting to fear, which came upon me. Yet the whole of the day I was in a fever of delight. I tried to hide it, lest my father should think I was glad to leave him, this first time in my life that I ever had left him. But it was not that at all ; it was no carelessness to old ties, only the dawning instinct for new ones—the same instinct which prompts the young bird to creep to the edge of even the warmest and safest nest, and peer over into the unknown world beyond. It may be a cold world—a dangerous, fatal world, wherein, many a day yet, we may wander about shivering, and long regretfully for the nest left behind. But for all that we cannot stay in the nest : God gives us wings, and when they grow we must use them ; whatever it costs us, we must learn to fly.

Nevertheless, when I had bidden my father good-bye—as solemn a good-bye as if I had been bound for the Antipodes—and sat alone in the Hall carriage, my heart failed me a little. Luxury was so new to me, I was half frightened by it. Yet was I not well-born ? Had not my forefathers driven about in carriages quite as grand as this one ? Besides, in my still feeble health, the easy equipage, rolling lazily and smoothly along, gave me rather a pleasurable sensation. After

the first minute or two I began to believe in the reality of my felicity ; and Aladdin as he rubbed his lamp, Cinderella as she leaned back in her pumpkin chariot, were not more full of happy hope than I.

As we drove through the village, and people stared at the Hall equipage passing at an unwonted hour, I first sat bolt upright in it, with a conscious pleasure that everybody should see me there ; then I scorned myself for the mean vanity. It was better to hide my happiness in the deep of my heart, and the darkest corner of the carriage : so I leaned back, saying to myself in proud delight, “ Nobody knows—nobody knows.” For it seemed to me that the whole world, if they did know it, would envy me, thus going on a visit to Lady de Bougainville.

We reached the lodge-gates. I had often peeped through them at the mysterious region beyond, where the fine red-brick mansion glimmered through the green of the long elm-avenue ; and the trees which dotted the park cast their shadows on the smooth turf—making a picture which sometimes reminded me of the garden of the Hesperides.

Now, however, the gates flew open, and a very commonplace gardener's wife admitted us into the enchanted ground. It was such—it always will be such to me. As the carriage rolled slowly between those two lines of patriarchal elms, just dressing themselves anew in the soft green of early spring, I felt that the modern villas starting up around us so fatally fast, snug and smug, four-square, Portland-cemented, with newly-painted palisades, and araucarias and deodaras stuck here and there in the fresh-made lawn, were no more to compare with Brierley Hall, than were their occupants, fat and well-to-do gentlemen, highly-dressed and highly-respectable ladies, with *my* Lady de Bougainville.

Could that be herself standing at the door ? No, of course not ; how could I have imagined such a condescension ?

Nevertheless, it was a friendly-smiling and pleasant person—a lady's maid, but

not the elderly Abigail one might have expected. Curiously enough, the domestics at Brierley Hall were, except one, all young servants.

"My lady says, Miss, that I am to take you straight to your bedroom, and see that you lie down and rest there till dinner-time—six o'clock. You shall have a cup of tea directly."

I often fancy people know not half the mysteries of personal influence; and how curiously they themselves are reflected in their servants. This young woman—who was as civil as if I had been the Honourable Winifred Weston, come on a visit with my own maid and a heap of luggage—took from me my small portmanteau, led the way across a wide hall, of which in my bewildered nervousness I only saw a glimmer of painted glass, green marble pillars and polished oaken floors, up a beautiful staircase, and into a warm, fire-lit bedroom.

We all have our ideals, and this will be my ideal bed-chamber to the end of my days. It was not large, at least not too large to feel cosy; and it was made still smaller by a subdivision: an arch, supported on Corinthian pillars, behind which was the bed and all the toilet apparatus, making a clear distinction between the sleeping and the social half of the room. In the latter, collected snugly round the hearth, were a sofa, a table, writing materials, books; a little encampment, on which the fire blazed welcomely, this chilly, grey, spring day. Above it, inserted into the wainscotted wall, was a curious oil painting, half length, life-sized, of some old saint. From the unkempt hair and beard, the leathern girdle, and the robe of camel's hair, I concluded it was John the Baptist. A strange fancy to have him there, gazing with wan face, and gleaming, reproachful eyes that seemed ever crying "Repent ye," upon the luxuries of the room.

It appeared luxurious to me, for I had never beheld one anything equal to it. I was half amused, half annoyed, to see how many necessities of civilized life I had hitherto done without: toilette

appliances of mysterious kind; endless drawers, closets, and shelves in which to stow away my poor property; mirrors and hand-glasses, reflecting everywhere my humble person, gaunt with the awkwardness of my age, ill-dressed, unlovely. Then the bed, which was of foreign make, with a graceful canopy, rich damask hangings, and a counterpane of quilted silk. How could I ever go to sleep in it?

At first, I own, my novel position quite frightened me. But when I had drank my tea, unpacked myself—declining assistance through sheer shame—and arranged my garments as carefully and as widely as I could upon their numerous receptacles, after having taxed my mother-wit to the utmost in discovering the uses of all these things, so as not to be disgraced in the eyes of housemaid or lady's-maid, then I took heart of grace. I said to myself, "Winny Weston, you are a fool. All these things are mere externalities. They could not make you a lady, if you were not one; and, if you are, the lack of them will not unmake you. Pluck up your courage, and do the best you can."

So I curled myself up comfortably on the sofa, and lay gazing at the delicious fire. Ah, that luxury, the permanent bedroom fire! I had never been allowed it yet; it never would have occurred to me to have it, except in case of illness; but here it was apparently the custom of the house, and any one of a solitary, shy nature can best appreciate the intense comfort, the delicious peace, of being able to shut one's door upon all the world, and warm one's soul and body thoroughly at one's own particular bedroom fire.

Lady de Bougainville had done a kind thing in leaving me to myself until dinner-time. But to "lie down and rest," according to her orders, which the maid had given with an air as if nobody ever was expected to gainsay anything the mistress said—was impossible; rest is for a later period of life than mine. In an hour I had exhausted all the delights of fireside meditation,

all the interest of my room, including the views from my two windows, and was dying with curiosity to penetrate further.

I opened the door and peeped out, as timidly as a young mouse on her travels. All was silent, as silent as Tennyson's Sleeping Palace. Why should I not creep downstairs, just to examine the staircase and hall?

I delight in a fine wide staircase; it is the lungs of a house. I am sure people who plan grand reception rooms with narrow ascents thereto, must have rather narrow minds. The planner of this had not. As I looked over the balustrade of carved oak—carved as beautifully as Grinling Gibbons could have done it—and then upwards to the circular ceiling, over which flying Cupids were hanging wreaths, and downwards to the broad, polished stairs, winding step after step in smooth dignified progression—I thought of the lovely ladies passing up and down it with their sweeping trains, their high head-dresses, like that in my great-grandmother's portrait; escorted by gentlemen—such gentlemen as was Sir Charles Grandison. And I thought then—I fear I think now—that these were far finer specimens of humanity, inside and outside, than the young men and women whom I shall meet at the next dinner party I go to, or have to see flirting with my sons and daughters—when old enough—at the next ball.

Descending, I gazed left and right across the hall, which ran right through the centre of the house from door to door. Great windows lit it at either end, large panes of stained glass, forming shapes not unlike crosses: one scarlet and blue—the sacred colours, such as old painters always gave to their Madonnas—the other violet and green. Supporting the hall in the middle were double pillars of scagliola marble; its walls were of some soft grey papering, with Pompeian figures grouped here and there; and across the wide space of its dark oak floor ran rivers of carpeting, cutting it up a little, but just enough to make it safe. Only French feet can

glide across those slippery plains of polished wood, beautiful as they are. Mine failed me more than once; and in the perfect silence and solitude I felt—not altogether comfortable, yet deliciously, ecstatically happy.

There is a belief among modern psychologists—one of whom has lately developed it in a novel—that we are none of us wholly individual or original beings, but made up of our countless antecedents—of whose natures, combined or conflicting, we partake, and often feel them struggling within us. As if we were not ourselves at all, but somebody else—some far-back progenitor whose soul was new-born into our infant body, to work us weal or woe, and influence us more or less throughout life,—a creed not more impossible or ridiculous than many other scientific theories.

As I stood for the first time in this house, gradually it seemed to become familiar and natural. Large and fine as it was, it was a *house*, not a baronial residence. In it I felt myself a mere drop of water, but it was water conscious of rising to its level. The soul of my great-grandmother seemed to enter into me; and I thought in my silly, childish heart, that if I only had a train I could sweep up the beautiful staircase with as grand an air as she. Ay, and enjoy it too. So absorbed was I in my foolish dream, that I drew myself up to my full height, and shook out my scanty cotton frock, trying to imagine myself one of those ladies, like what my great-grandmother must have been—my beautiful great-grandmother, whose miniature with the rose in her hair I knew so well.

At that luckless moment I heard an outer door open—and in walked Lady de Bougainville.

I knew it was she, though she looked, of course, in her home dress and garden wraps different from what she looked in church. But she was one of those people who seem to make their costume instead of their costume making them. Whatever she had on, she was sure to be the same.

I half hoped her eye would not discover me, but I was mistaken. She came forward at once.

"Is that you, my little visitor?" and she put out her hand—her old soft hand, the softest, I think, I ever felt, though it was withered and thin, so that the jewelled rings hung loosely on every finger—"I thought you were safe resting in your room. What have you been doing?—Where were you going?"

Sweet as her voice was—sweet as when uttering the responses in church—there was in it the tone of the mistress and mother, accustomed all her life to be answered and obeyed.

I answered at once—though in a hot agony of confusion, which makes me even now pity myself to remember—"I was not going anywhere, my lady."

She smiled. "Don't say 'my lady,' the servants only do that. If you call me 'ma'am'—as I was taught to say to my elders when I was a girl—it will do quite well."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And what shall I call you? Miss Weston, or simply Winifred?"

"Winifred, please, ma'am—nothing but Winifred!" cried I, my delight suddenly making me bold. Then I shrank back into myself with a wild collapse of shame.

She took no notice of it, except just to pat me on the shoulder, saying, "Very well, Winifred:" and then began asking a courteous question or two about my father. So my heart, which had at first beat in my bosom like a little steam-engine, slowly quieted itself down, and I recovered sufficiently to be able to look up in my hostess's face, to hear and answer intelligently, and even to take in the minutiae of her dress and appearance.

What a picture of an old lady she was! If all old ladies did but know the wisdom of recognising the time when a woman should cease following fashion's changes, except in a very modified form, and institute, so far as she can, a permanent costume! Lady de Bougainville's was charming. Not exactly old-fashioned; neither of this

year nor that year, nor the year before, but suited to all years, and looking well at all seasons. It was excessively simple, consisting only of a black silk gown, without trimmings of any sort, but the material was so rich and good that none were required. It fitted her figure—which was slender and straight, even at seventy years of age; and she was so upright that walking behind her you might have taken her for a woman of thirty. At throat and wrists she had a sort of frill, made of fine cambric and Valenciennes lace. Over her widow's cap was drawn a garden-hood or *capuchon*, such as Frenchwomen wear. A French shawl, of fine soft black merino, fell round her in comfortable folds. Indeed, there was something about her toilette essentially French. We had happened to live three months in that country—my father and I—just before we came to Brierley, so I was able to detect this fact; and also a small *souçon* of an accent which developed itself more the more she spoke, and gave her speech, as a slight foreign accent always gives to otherwise correct English, a certain pretty individuality.

As she stood before me, and talked to me, in her ordinary home dress, and upon ordinary subjects, but looking none the less stately and beautiful than she had done in church for Sunday after Sunday, I felt as bewildered and enrapt as would a poor little nun who suddenly sees the Virgin Mary or St. Catherine step down from her niche, and become every-day womanhood.

When I had grown a little less afraid of her, and had succeeded in answering all her questions—very harmless, commonplace questions, about my father's health and my own, but given with a kind of tender graciousness, and an earnestness over the replies, which great people do not always show to little people,—she put to me a second inquiry, or rather a repetition of the first, which frightened me as much as ever.

For I felt it must be answered, and truly, even if untruth had occurred to me as one way of getting out of the difficulty;—which it did not.

Lying usually springs from cowardice, and, girl as I was, I had never yet been afraid of any mortal soul. So when Lady de Bougainville asked, with a covert smile, what I was doing when she caught sight of me, I confessed, silly as I knew the confession must make me appear—

"I was trying to walk upstairs as if I had a train. I wanted to fancy myself my great-grandmother."

"And who was your great-grandmother?" asked she, laughing a little, but not in the way I had expected and feared.

"A very beautiful woman, I believe, and very rich."

"Ah!" drawing back at once, "I thought your family was poor!"

"So it is now, but it was not always." And I explained to her one or two traditions of the departed glory of the Westons, on which my imagination had always hung with great delight. To which she listened without comment, and apparently without being affected with them in any way; then asked,

"And your great-grandmother?"

"She was," I repeated, "a very beautiful woman; and she lived in a house which I suppose must have been much like yours. I was wondering how she felt in it."

"Indeed. Then, Winifred, would you have liked to be your great-grandmother?"

I stopped to consider, for I could not bear to speak inaccurately, even at random. "For some things I should, ma'am; not for all."

"Why not for all?"

"I have heard she was not a very happy woman."

"Few women ever are very happy," said, with a slight sigh, which amazed me as much as her words, Lady de Bougainville.

Of course, I did not presume to reply; and immediately afterwards she changed the subject entirely, and began to speak to me about my own health, and the arrangements she had made for me in her house, with a view to my

deriving as much benefit from the change as possible. Her questions, suggestions, and advices were all extremely practical and minute, even to the most motherly degree. I did not know what motherhood was then—the tie, both ways, from child to mother and from mother to child, was to me a perfect blank; but I had sense enough to have guessed instinctively, even had I not known the fact, that she who thus spoke to me had been the mother of many children; and that the heart once opened, in a way that only motherhood does open it, nothing afterwards could altogether close. Her very eyes, as they rested upon me, had a pensive tenderness in them, as if beyond my face they saw another. Some women have that expression whenever they look at a child; it reminds them either of the dead or the lost—or, perhaps as sadly, of the never born.

I answered obediently my hostess's questions, though they surprised me a little. I mean, it was puzzling to find out that my idol was not too ideal to condescend to such ordinary things; in fact, was much more of a mortal woman than I expected. She appeared to me now not so much a mediæval saint as a wise, sensible mother of a family, something like that most sensible and capable woman in the Proverbs, whose portrait, transmitted to us from distant ages, proves that the Hebrews at least had some notion of what a woman ought to be, and did not accept as their notion of feminine perfection a charming, amiable, beautiful—fool!

Looking closer at Lady de Bougainville, it was easy to detect under all her refinement an amount of strength which circumstances might drive into actual hardness; while against her high, pure, lofty nature might be laid the charge which inferior natures often do lay, that she could not understand them, and had no pity for them. May be so! In her clear, bright, honest eyes lurked the possibility of that cutting contempt for all things weak, and base, and double-faced, which a mean person would find difficult to

meet ; and the delicate line of her lips could settle into a mouth, firm enough to shame all cowards—a mouth like my pet heroine, Catherine Seyton's, when she put her slender right arm as a bar through the bolts of the door, to protect those who needed her protection. Lady de Bougainville, I was sure, would have done the same any day.

I was not old enough fully to take in her character then, and I greatly fear that in many things I write about her now, I am giving not so much my impressions of the time as my observations and convictions of a later period ; but, child as I was, I could appreciate that force of nature which was able to deny as well as bestow, to blame as much as to praise.

She blamed me unequivocally for having disobeyed her orders, and quitted my room, and would not listen for a moment to my excuses, which in their earnest honesty seemed to amuse as well as please her :—that I was longing to go all over her beautiful house, the biggest and most beautiful I had ever seen in my life.

"Indeed. Yours must have been a quiet life, then, child. What sort of home did you live in ?"

"In no home at all," I said mournfully, "only in furnished lodgings. And oh, if you did but know what it is to spend month after month, year after year, in furnished lodgings !"

She smiled. "Then you have never been anything but poor, my dear ? Is it so ?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That is right, that is honest. Poverty is no shame ; the shame is for those who think it so, or fear to acknowledge it. Still it is a hard thing to bear sometimes."

"Indeed I have found it so," cried I, warmed up by this unexpected sympathy. "I don't like it at all, but I bear it."

Lady de Bougainville laid her hand, her delicate dear old hand, upon my head. "Poor little thing," she murmured : "*pauvre petite*." But the minute she had let fall the latter words, she

turned away from me. I did not know till long afterwards that she had been in the habit of speaking French to her children.

Presently she addressed me with a sudden and quite uncalled-for asperity of tone.

"So you are poor, Winifred, and you would like to be rich. Do not deny it. I hate prevarication—I despise shams. Say outright, you foolish child, that you wish you were in my place, and lived at the Hall,—perhaps even were mistress of it, as I am, and have been these many years. What a fortunate, happy woman I must be !"

There was a keen sarcasm in her voice which actually startled me ; but immediately she became conscious that she was speaking in a way quite unsuitable for a child to hear, and quite incomprehensible to most children. Only I think that we who have spent our childhood either with grown people or quite alone, get a certain precocity of intuition, sharper and more accurate than is supposed. I should have been acute enough at guessing much concerning Lady de Bougainville had I not been frightened by her witch-like faculty of divining what was passing in my own mind. For I was painfully conscious of having done exactly as she said, and broken the tenth commandment over and over again that morning.

"Do not blush so," she went on. "You have done nothing very heinous, child, even if you have wished to step into my shoes, or to inherit my fortune and estate. I should consider such a fancy neither wicked nor unnatural at your age. Only if it really happened I should be very sorry for you."

"Sorry !"

Her hand, firmer in its grasp than I could have thought possible to such soft fingers, was pressed on my shoulder ; and her dark eyes, no longer wild, but piercing, penetrated down to the very depths of mine : "Now, child, pay attention to me for a minute, that we may begin our acquaintance on a sure footing. You are nothing to me, and

I am nothing to you, except that I was sorry for you, as seventy is sorry for sixteen. But I see you are of a very imaginative temperament, as full of romantic notions as any girl of sixteen can be, and I know what that is—I was sixteen myself once. But I warn you, Winifred, build no castles in Spain at Brierley Hall. Do not fancy, because I invited you here to nurse you well again, and send you back home fit to battle with life, as is your lot, that I have taken a mysterious interest in you, and intend to adopt you, and make you my heiress."

"Ma'am! Lady de Bougainville!"

She had been sitting on one of the hall chairs, and I on the staircase in front of her; but now I started up, and looked her full in the face. Child as I was, my indignation made me a woman for the moment—a woman, and her equal. I did not condescend even to rebut her accusation; I stood a minute, feeling myself grow hot and hotter, to the very roots of my hair, and then I darted away, and rushed violently upstairs.

"Winifred, child, where are you running to?"

"To fetch my bonnet. I am going home."

But in the effort of speech I broke down, and before I reached my room door I had only strength to totter in and bury my head in the sofa cushions in a paroxysm of tears.

How long they lasted I do not know, but my first consciousness was a kind, cool hand on my head, and a soft voice calling me by my name. Lady de Bougainville was standing over me, looking grave and grieved, but not displeased at all. Nor amused, as many persons would have been, at this passion of almost ludicrous anger in a young girl, little more than a child. She held out her hand, smiling:

"I was mistaken, I see. Do not take it so seriously to heart. May not an old woman talk nonsense if she likes?"

"It was nonsense then? You did not really think I came here with such ideas in my head? You do not suppose

me capable of such meanness? I don't say," continued I, for in all my wrath I was still candid; "I don't say that I should not like to be as rich as you—I should; and I have thought so many a time this day. But I never wanted *your* riches. Keep them yourself! For me, I despise them."

"So do I," she said, with an air of gentleness, even sadness, which to me was then wholly unaccountable.

She added no other word, but stood by me, firmly holding my hand, and looking down on me with a curious mixture of interest and compassion, until my sobs abated. But the result of the storm of indignation into which I had thrown myself, was, as might be expected for one just recovering from severe illness, anything but satisfactory. I fell into a sort of hysterical state, which soon made me quite incapable of going downstairs, or even of stirring from my sofa. My hostess tended me there, fetching no servant, but taking all the trouble of me upon herself for two or three hours;—of which I remember little, except that she seemed to be quite another person than my preconceived idea of her. She soothed me, she scolded me, she made me take food and medicine; finally she put me to bed like a baby, and sat beside me, reading or pretending to read, till I fell asleep. I did not wake till broad daylight next morning.

It was a delicious waking—like dawn after a thunder-storm. My window faced the east, and the early sun looked in; while, without, the birds sang their cheerful songs with the especial loudness that one hears on a spring morning. I felt tired, and not quite myself, but scarcely ill. In truth, I hated to be ill, or to be kept in bed one minute longer than necessary. So before any one could restrain me, I had leaped out, and was already up and dressed when a knock came to my door. It was the maid, entering with my breakfast.

I was a little disappointed that it was only the maid, but I got a message, at all events.

"My lady wishes to know if you are better, Miss? and, if you are, she will

not disturb you till noon. She herself is always busy of a morning."

Was it out of consideration for me and my shyness, or had my tender, motherly nurse of the night before changed back into my idol of the church pew—my noble, stately, reserved, and unapproachable Lady de Bougainville? I could not tell, but I accepted my lot, whatever it was. I implicitly obeyed her; and, though the imprisonment was dreadful, I did not stir from my room until the cuckoo-clock on the chimney-piece—oh, how I love a cuckoo-clock!—had struck twelve. Then out I darted, to snatch, eager and happy, at the delights that lay before me.

Not quite happy though, for it struck me that I had made a goose of myself the previous evening; but still this little episode, so uncomfortable and so unexpected, had had one good result—it had broken down the barrier between my idol and me, had taken away my dread of her, and put a certain sympathy between us, in spite of the alarming difference of our years. How or why I did not know, not till long afterwards; but I felt it was so. Still, when once again I descended the stairs—not making such a little fool of myself as heretofore, but walking sagely and rationally, like a respectable young lady—and saw, as yesterday, that tall black figure entering in from the garden door, my heart beat a little with the old throb—half pleasure, half awe, but wholly love. I wonder if any man ever loved the sight of me as I did that of this lovely old woman?

She advanced with her smiling welcome, formal a little, but always smiling. I came afterwards to know what a better welcome was, to have her arms round my neck, and her kiss on my cheek; but I like to remember the earlier welcomes,—just the simple handshake, and the kindly inquiry, written at once on lips and eyes. Some people say "How do you do?" and never wait to hear the answer, which you can omit altogether, if you choose—they will never miss it. But she always looked as if she liked to hear—as if she really

was interested in learning how you were and what you were doing—as if the large sympathy which even seventy years had neither narrowed nor dulled, took an interest in every minute thing you could tell her, and cared for your fortunes as if they had been her own.

After an inquiry or two, which she saw rather shamed and confused me, she ceased speaking of the little episode of last night, and took up the thread of our acquaintance precisely where we had left it yesterday.

"You were wanting to see my house; shall I show it you now? There will be quite time before luncheon."

"Will it not tire you too much?" For I noticed that she looked extremely pale, and the dark circles under her eyes were deeper, as if she had been awake all night.

"Are you tired, Winifred?"

"Oh no, thank you, ma'am."

"Then never mind me. When I was young, I used to be told I was a Spartan," added she, smiling; "and I try to be something of a Spartan still, in spite of my age. I could never endure to sink into the invalid or doting old woman. I hope I shall manage to die like that grand old philosopher who in his last moment started up from his arm-chair, and said 'he would die standing.'"

She would, I thought, as I looked at her, so erect still, with her feet planted firmly, and her eyes flashing bright.

I said, with a concealed sense of my own erudition, that there was something very fine in dying, like Macbeth, "with harness on one's back."

Lady de Bougainville looked amused. "You read Shakspeare, I see?"

"Oh, I read everything."

"Everything is a large word. Now, I have read very little in my life. I am not at all an educated person."

I stared in utter amazement.

"It is quite true, my dear; or rather, for educated I should have said 'learned' or 'cultivated.' We get our education in many other ways besides reading books. But come, you will be more interested in my house than in me."

"Are you not very fond of your house, ma'am?"

"Perhaps I am. I like to have things suitable and beautiful about me. Pretty things were always good company to me: now they are the only company I have."

Then it was quite true that she received no one; that I was the sole guest who had been admitted into these precincts for years? I could hardly credit my own good fortune. And when I went with her, from room to room, talking familiarly, and hearing her talk—which was the greatest treat of all—I was almost bewildered with my happiness.

Her home seemed so completely a portion of herself, that in telling of her I cannot help telling of it likewise, and should like to describe it minutely.

It was a house such as was used to be built by the landed gentry a century or two ago, just when the type of Elizabethan houses—poetical, but not too comfortable—was merging into that of modern convenience: convenience degenerating into luxury. It was not Gothic at all—had no queer corners—its general plan being four-square; the four reception rooms making the outside angles, with the large central hall between. Some people might say it was not a picturesque house, but it was what I call an honest house; in which everything feels real, substantial, and sound; well built, well ventilated; with high ceilings and airy passages, giving one breathing room and walking room; plenty of windows to see out of, and snug recesses to creep into; warm solid walls, and wide hospitable fireplaces: in short, a house containing every requisite for a home and a family—a large, merry, happy household—contented in itself, and on good terms with the world outside. And in it Lady de Bougainville lived—all alone.

She took me from room to room, explaining the plan of the whole house, and showing me the ground-floor apartments; drawing-room, dining-room, morning-room, library. All were in perfect order: even the fires laid in the

grates, ready to be kindled in a moment, to welcome a large family, or a houseful of guests. And then we went slowly up the beautiful staircase, and she pointed out the exquisite oak carvings, the painted panels, and highly-decorated ceilings; telling me how they had been found covered up with plaster, white-wash, and other barbarisms of the last century; what pains she had taken to disinter them, and restore them to their original state. In describing, she regarded them with a curious tenderness—like one who has grown fond of inanimate objects—probably from having long had only inanimate objects to love.

I ventured no questions; but I must have looked them, for once, turning suddenly to me, she said:

"I dare say you think this a large house for one old woman to live in—large and gloomy and empty. But it does not feel empty to me. When one has lived seventy years, one is sure to have, whether alone or not, plenty of companions; and it depends much upon oneself whether they are pleasant company or not. I am quite content with mine. No, I did not mean ghosts"—(seeing, doubtless, a shade of slight apprehension on my face, for, like all imaginative, solitary children, I had suffered horribly from supernatural fears.) "I assure you, Winifred, my house is not haunted; I have no ghosts; at least, none that you will see. Besides, you are too much of a woman to have a child's sillinesses. How old did you say you were? I forget."

I told her, sixteen.

"I was married the day I was sixteen."

Then for fifty-four years she must have been Lady de Bougainville. I longed to inquire further; to find out what her maiden name was, what her husband had been like, and how they fell in love with one another. They must have been such young lovers, for I had discovered, by arithmetical calculations from the date on his monument, that he was only about five years older than she. How I longed to hear it—this love-story of half a century ago;

interesting and delicious as all love-stories are to girls of my age, eager to go the way their mothers and grandmothers went, only believing that with themselves the great drama of life would be played out in a far higher manner : as it never has been played before.

I craved for even a word or two concerning the past to fall from those lips—what sweet lips they must have been when, at only sixteen, they repeated the marriage vows!—but none did fall. The love-story never came. And, kind as she was, there was something about my hostess which at once excited and repressed curiosity. What she chose to reveal, of her own accord, was one thing; but to attempt to extract it from her was quite another. You felt that at the first daring question she would wither you with her cold rebuke, or in her calm and utterly impassive courtesy speak of something else, as if she had never heard you. The proof-armour of perfect politeness—as smooth and glittering as steel, and as invulnerable—was hers, to a degree that I never saw in any other woman.

Though from the very beginning of our acquaintance, either from some instinctive sympathy, or from the natural tendency of old age to go back upon its past, especially to the young, with whom it can both reveal and conceal as much as it chooses, Lady de Bougainville often let fall fragments of her most private history, which an ingenious fancy could easily put together and fit in, so as to arrive at the truth of things—a much deeper truth than she was aware of having betrayed—still, in all my relations towards her I never dared to ask her a direct question. She would have repelled and resented it immediately.

So, even on this first day, I had the sense to be content with learning no more than she condescended to tell me : in fact I did little else than follow her about the house, and listen while she talked.

Her conversation at once charmed and puzzled me. It was more “like a book,” as the phrase is, than any person’s I had ever met ; yet it sounded neither stilted nor affected. It was merely that, from

long isolation, she expressed herself more as people write or think than as they talk. This, not because she was very learned—I believe she was quite correct in saying she had never been a highly-educated woman—the cleverness in her was not acquired, but original ; just as her exquisite refinement was not taught, but inborn. Yet these two facts made her society so interesting. Conversing with her and with every-day people was as different as passing from Shakespeare to the daily newspaper.

It was impossible that such an influence should not affect a girl of my age and disposition—suddenly, decisively, overwhelmingly. I still recall, with an intoxication of delight, that soft spring morning, that sunny spring afternoon—for, luncheon over, we went wandering about the house again—when I followed her like a dog from room to room, growing every hour more fascinated, and attaching myself to her with that dog-like faithfulness, which some one (whom I need not now refer to, but who knows me pretty well by this time) says is a part of my nature. Well, well, never mind ! It might be better, and it might be worse—for me and for others—that I have this quality. I do not think it was the worse, at any rate, for her—my dear Lady de Bougainville.

I fancy she rather liked having even a dog-like creature tracking her steps, and looking up in her face,—she had been alone so long. Old as she was, and sad as her life must have been, by nature she was certainly a cheerful-minded person. There was still a curious vitality and elasticity about her, as if in her heart she liked being happy, and seeing other people the same.

She especially enjoyed my admiration of the tapestry-room, a large *salon*—the French would call it ; and the word dropped out of her own lips unawares, convincing me more and more of what I did not dare to inquire—her French extraction. She told me, when she first came to Brierley Hall, which had been bought from the Crown, to whom the estate had fallen due, after two centuries of wasteful possession by the

heirs of some valiant soldier, to whom a grateful monarch had originally presented it,—this room was covered with the commonest papering, until some lucky hole made her discover underneath what looked like tapestry. Further search laid bare six beautiful pieces of work, in perfect preservation, let into the wall like pictures: just as they hung there now, in the soft faded colouring which gives to old tapestry a look at once so beautiful, and tender, and ghostly; as if one saw hovering over every stitch the shadow of the long-dead fingers that sewed it.

"How glad you must have been," I said, "when you tore down the horrid papering, and found out all this."

"Yes, I was very glad. I liked all old things. Besides," she went on, "the tapestry is fine in itself; Vanddyke even might have designed it. Possibly one of his pupils did: it seems about that period. See, how well they are drawn, these knights and ladies, kings and queens, foresters with their falcons, horsemen with their steeds. Such a whirl as it is, such numerous figures, so life-like, and so good!"

"And what does it all mean, ma'am?"

"Nobody knows; we have never been able to make out. In some things it might answer to the story of Columbus. Here is a man like him coming before a king and queen—Ferdinand and Isabella; they are sitting crowned, you see; and then this looks like his meeting with them afterwards, laden with the riches of the New World. But all is mere guess-work; we have no data to go upon. We used to guess endlessly about our new tapestry the first year, then we accepted it as it was, and guessed no more. But think"—and she stood gazing dreamily at these faint-coloured, shadowy, life-size figures, which seemed to make the wall alive—"think of all the years it took the artist to design, the sempstresses to complete that tapestry, and how their very names are forgotten—nay, we cannot even find out what their handiwork meant to portray! They and it are alike ghosts, as we all shall be soon. 'Man goeth about

like a shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain.'"

"Yes," I said; and with the "prigishness" of youth, being conceited over my knowledge of the Bible, I added the remainder of the text: "'he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.'"

The moment I had uttered the words I felt that I had made a mistake—more than a mistake, it was an actual cruelty; one of those chance stabs that we sometimes give to the people we love best, and are most tender over;—which afterwards we would give the world to recall: and, though it was done most harmlessly, and in pure ignorance, grieve over and feel as guilty about as if we had committed an actual crime.

I saw I had somehow unawares struck Lady de Bougainville to the very heart. Not that she showed it much; she did not speak—no, I forget, I think she did speak, making some commonplace remark about my familiarity with Scripture; but there came a grey shadow all over her face, the features quivered visibly, she turned away, and suddenly sat down in the broad window-sill, clasping her arms together on her lap, and looking out at the view;—then, beyond the view, up to the rosy floating clouds of the spring sunset, until gradually its beauty seemed to soothe her, and take away her pain.

By and by I ventured to ask, chiefly to break the silence, whether she ever sat in this room. It was a very large room, with six windows, and a good view from each; but its size and ghostliness and the dim figures on the walls would make it rather "eerie" to sit in, especially of evenings.

"Do you think so, child? I do not. I often stay here, quite alone, until bedtime. Would you like to see my bedroom? Perhaps you will think that a more 'eerie' place still."

It certainly was. As large fully as the tapestry-room, out of which you passed into it by a short flight of stairs. It was divided in the centre by pillars, between which hung heavy curtains, which at pleasure could be made completely to

hide the bed. And such a bed!—a catafalque rather—raised on a dais, and ascended by steps. To enter it would have been like going to bed in Westminster Abbey, and waking up in it one would have felt as if one were a dead hero lying in state.

What an awful place! I asked timidly if she really slept in that room, and quite alone?

"Oh yes," she answered. "The servants inhabit a different part of the house. Once when I was ill, this winter, my maid wanted to sleep in a corner there; she is a good girl, and very fond of me, but I would not let her. I prefer being quite alone. Seventy," she added, smiling, "is not so nearly fearful of solitude as sixteen."

"And you are really not afraid, ma'am?"

"What should I be afraid of? my own company, or the company of those ghosts I spoke of? which are very gentle ghosts, and will never come to you, child," and once more she laid her hand upon my head. I think she rather liked my curls; she said they were "pretty curls." "Child, when you are as old as I am, you will have found out that after all we must learn to be content with loneliness. For, more or less, we live alone, and assuredly we shall die alone. Who will go with us on that last, last journey? Which of our dear ones have we been able to go with? We can but take them in our arms to the awful shore, see them slip anchor and sail away—whither?—We know not."

"But," I whispered, "God knows."

Lady de Bougainville started, as if my simple words had cast a sudden light into her mind. "Yes, you are right," she said, "it is good for us always to remember that: we cannot at first, but sometimes we do afterwards. So,"—turning her eyes on that great catafalque of a bed with its massive draperies and nodding plumes—"I lie down every night and rise up every morning, quite content; thinking, with equal content, that I shall some day lie down there, to rise up no more."

I was awed. Not exactly frightened:

there was nothing to alarm one in that soft measured voice, talking composedly of things we do not usually talk about, and which to young people seem always so startling—but I was awed. I had never thought much about death; had never come face to face with it. It was still to me the mysterious secret of the universe, rather beautiful than terrible. My imagination played with it, often enough, but my heart had never experienced it,—not like hers.

Finding nothing to say that seemed worth saying, I went round the room; examining the pictures which hung upon its walls. They seemed all portraits, of different sizes and sorts, from crayon sketches and black silhouettes to full-length oil paintings—of young people of different ages, from childhood to manhood and womanhood. They had the interest which attaches to all portraits, bad, good, or indifferent, more than to many grander pictures; and I stood and looked at them, wondering who they were, but not daring to inquire, until she solved my difficulty by saying as we went out of the room:

"These are my children." Not "these *were*," but "these *are*."—Her six dead children.

And their father?

I did not ask about him, and there was certainly no portrait in the room which could possibly have been Sir Edward de Bougainville. Once or twice in showing me the house she had cursorily mentioned his name, "Sir Edward bought this," or "Sir Edward preferred that," but it was always as "Sir Edward," never as "my husband,"—that fond name which many widows always use, as if tenaciously anxious that death itself should not loosen one link of the precious tie.

Lady de Bougainville retired to dress for dinner, and I had to do the same. Hurrying over my toilette, and eager to re-examine the house at every available minute, I came ignorantly into the only room where we had not penetrated—the dining-room—and there saw, lit up by the blazing fire, the only picture there—a large portrait in oils.

"Who is that?" I took courage presently to ask of the man-servant who was laying the table, with glittering plate and delicate glass, more beautiful than any I had ever seen.

"It's Sir Edward, Miss,—my lady's husband."

"Oh, of course," I said, trying to look unconcerned, and speedily quitting the room, for I was a little afraid of that most respectable footman.

But, in truth, I never was more astonished than at this discovery. First, the portrait was in clerical robes; and, though I ought to have known it, I certainly did not know that a "Sir" could be also a "Reverend." Then it was such a common face,—good-looking, perhaps, in so far as abundant whiskers, great eyes, rosy cheeks, and a large nose constitute handsomeness; but there was nothing in it,—nothing whatever! Neither thought, feeling, nor intellect were likely ever to have existed under those big bones, covered with comfortable flesh and blood. Perhaps this was partly the artist's fault. He must have been a commonplace artist, from the stiff formal attitude in which he had placed his sitter—at a table, with an open book before him and a crimson curtain behind. But Titian himself would have struggled vainly to impart interest to that round forehead, long weak chin, and rabbit-mouth, with its good-natured, self-complacent smile.

I contrasted the portrait mentally with the living face of Lady de Bougainville,—her sharply-cut yet mobile features, her firm close lips, her brilliant eyes. Could it be possible that this man was her husband? Had I, with the imaginative faculty of youth, constructed a romance which never existed? Had her life been, to say the least, a great mistake,—at any rate so far as concerned her marriage? How *could* she marry a man like that! I know not whether I most pitied, or—may Heaven forgive me my momentary harsh judgment, given with the rash reaction peculiar to young people—condemned her.

Yes, I was hard; to the living and

to the dead likewise. The portrait may not have been like the original: I have seen many a good face so villanously reproduced by an inferior artist, that you would hardly recognise your best friend. But, granting that he was handsome—which from after and circumstantial evidence I am pretty sure of—still, Sir Edward de Bougainville could never have had either a very clever or very pleasant face. Not even in his youth, when the portrait was painted. It was a presentation portrait, in a heavy gilt frame, which bore the motto, "From an admiring Congregation," of some church in Dublin.

Then, had Sir Edward been an Irishman? It was decidedly an Irish face—not of the broad and flat-nosed, but the dark and good-featured type. De Bougainville was not at all an Irish name; but I knew there had been a considerable influx of French families into Ireland after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. How I longed to ask questions! but it was impossible.

At dinner, my hostess sat with her back to the portrait; I, directly opposite to it, and her. The candelabra glimmered between us—how I love the delicate, pure light of wax candles!—glimmered on her softly-tinted old face, set off by the white muslin of her widow's cap, and the rich lace at her throat and on her bosom; upon her shining black silk dress, and her numerous rings. As I have said, her appearance was essentially aristocratic, but she had come to that time of life when only a noble soul will make it so: when the most beautiful woman in the world, if she have only beauty to recommend her, fades into commonplace plainness; and neither birth nor breeding will supply the want of what includes and outshines them both—the lamp burning *inside* the lovely house; and so making it lovely even to its latest moment of decay.

This was exactly what I saw in her, and did not see in Sir Edward de Bougainville. The portrait quite haunted me. I wondered how she could sit underneath it day after day; whether she liked or disliked to look at it, or

whether during long years she had grown so used to it that she scarcely saw it at all. And yet as we rose to retire, those big staring eyes of the dead man seemed to follow her out of the room, as if to inquire, "Have you forgotten me?"

Had she? Can a woman, after ever so sad a wedded life, ever so long a widowhood, quite forget the husband of her youth, the father of her children? There are circumstances when she might do so—other circumstances when I almost think she ought. Nevertheless, I doubt if she ever can. This, without any sentimental belief in never-dying love—for love can be killed outright; and when its life has fled, better that its corpse should be buried out of sight: let there be no ridiculous shams kept up, but let a silence complete as that of the grave fall—between even child and parent, husband and wife. Still, as to forgetting? Men may; I cannot tell: but we women never forget.

Lady de Bougainville took my arm—a mere kindness, as she required no support, and was much taller than I—and we went out of the dining-room through the hall, where, in spite of the lamp, the moonlight lay visibly on the scagliola pillars, clear and cold. I could not help shivering. She noticed it, and immediately gave orders that instead of the drawing-room we should go and sit in the cedar parlour.

"It will be warmer and more cheerful for you, Winifred; and, besides, I like my cedar parlour; it reminds me of my friend, Miss Harriett Byron. You have read 'Sir Charles Grandison'?"

I had, and burst into enthusiasm over the "man of men," doubting if there are such men nowadays.

"No, nor ever were," said, with a sharp ring in her voice, Lady de Bougainville.

Then, showing me the wainscotting of cedar-wood, she told me how it also had been discovered, like the tapestry and the oak carvings, when Brierley Hall was put under repair; which had occupied a whole year and more after the house was bought.

"Why did you buy it, if it was so dilapidated?" I asked.

"Because we wanted something old, yet something that would make into a family seat—the root of a numerous race. And we required a large house; there were so many of us then. Now——"

She stopped. Accustomed as she had grown to the past, with much of its pain deadened by the merciful anæsthesia of time and old age, still, talking to me, a stranger, seemed to revive it a little. As she stood by the fire, the light shining on her rings—a heap of emeralds and diamonds, almost concealing the wedding-ring, now a mere thread of gold—I could see how she twisted her fingers together, and clasped and unclasped her hands; physical actions implying sharp mental pain.

But she said nothing, and after we had had our coffee—delicious French *café-au-lait*, served in the most exquisite Sèvres china—she took up a book, and giving me another, we both sat reading quietly, almost without speaking another syllable, until my bedtime.

When I went to bed—early, by her command—she touched my cheeks, French fashion, with her lips. Many will laugh at the confession—but that kiss seemed to thrill me all through with a felicity as deep and intense as that of a young knight who, having won his spurs, receives for the first time the benediction and salutation of his beloved.

When I entered my room, it was bright with firelight and the glow of scarlet curtains. I revelled in its novel luxuries as if I had been accustomed to them all my days. They gratified my taste, my imagination, my senses—shall I say my soul? Yes, a part of one's soul does take pleasure, and has a right to take pleasure, in material comfort and beauty. I had greatly enjoyed wandering over that handsome house, dining at the well-appointed table, spending the evening in the pretty cedar parlour. Now, when I retired into my own chamber, into the innermost chamber of my own heart, how fared it with me?

Let me tell the truth. I sat awhile, wrapped in purely sensuous satisfaction.

Then I thought of my poor father, sitting in his cold study ; having none of these luxuries, nor caring for them. An ugly house to him was the same as a pretty one : a blank street-wall as a lovely view. Pleasant things were altogether wasted upon him ; nay, he despised them, and would have despised me, I knew, had he seen in me any tendency—alas ! an hereditary tendency—to luxury and selfish extravagance. Yet I had it, or I feared so sometimes ; but perhaps the very fear enabled me to keep it under wholesome control. It sometimes is so. The most strictly truthful person I ever knew, said to me once, “ I believe I was born a liar, till I found out that lying ran in our blood, and that cured me.”

My cure came in a different way, but not immediately. I well recall the bitterness with which, this night, I sat comparing my bedroom in Brierley Hall with the wretched attic which I tried so hard to make tolerably pretty, and could not. Was I destined always to live thus—struggling vainly against natural tastes, which Providence did not choose to gratify ? Were they therefore wrong ? Was it any blame to Lady de Bougainville that in spite of her saying, if I were as rich as she, “ she should be very sorry for me,” she should be at this minute ascending her beautiful staircase to her stately bedroom—I heard her shut its door—and laying down her lovely hair upon those laced pillows, as she must have done all her life ? She had doubtless been born to all these pleasant necessities ; I, if I wanted them, must earn them. Were they wrong in themselves, or only wrong when attained at the sacrifice of higher and better things ? Does a blessing, which, freely bestowed by Heaven, may be as freely and righteously enjoyed, become a sin when, being denied, it is so madly craved after as to corrupt our whole nature ?

I was sitting thus, trying to solve in my foolish childish mind all the puzzles of the universe, with the gaunt, grim, reproachful face of John the Baptist looking down on me from overhead, when a slight knock came to my door—

three little knocks indeed. My nerves had been wound up to such a pitch of excitement that I forgot the simple solution of the mystery—that Lady de Bougainville’s room had only a small antechamber between it and mine ; and when the door opened, and a tall figure in a dressing-gown of grey flannel, not unlike a monk or a nun, stood there, I screamed with superstitious terror.

“ Foolish child ! ” was all she said, and explained that she had seen the light shining under my door, and that girls of sixteen ought to have their “ beauty-sleep ” for a full hour before midnight. And then she asked me what I was doing ?

“ Nothing, only thinking.”

“ What were you thinking about ? ”

From the very first, when she put any question in that way, I never thought of answering by the slightest prevarication—nothing but the direct, entire truth. Nobody could, to her.

“ I was thinking about earning a fortune ; such a fortune as yours.”

She started, as if some one had touched her with a cold dead hand. “ What do you know of my fortune or of me ? ”

“ Nothing,” I eagerly answered, only adding that I wished I was as rich as she was, or could in any way get riches—with many other extravagant expressions ; for I had worked myself up into a most excited state, and hardly knew what I was saying.

Lady de Bougainville must have seen this, for, instead of sending me at once to bed, she sat down beside me, and took my hand.

“ And so you would like to earn a fortune, as I earned mine, and to enjoy it, as I enjoyed mine ? Poor child ! ” She sat thoughtful a little, then suddenly said : “ I do not like even a child to deceive herself. Shall I tell you a story ? ”

I expected it would have been the story of her life ; but no, it was only a little fable of a shepherd who, elevated from his sheepfolds to be vizier to a caliph, was accused of appropriating his master’s treasures, and hiding them in a wooden box which he always kept beside him.

At last, spurred on by the vizier's enemies, the caliph insisted on seeing the contents of the box, and came with all his courtiers to witness its opening. It contained only a ragged woollen coat, shepherd's sandals, and a crook.

"Now, Winifred, would you like to play the caliph and the envious courtiers? Will you come and look at my hidden treasure?"

She led the way into her bedroom, where the firelight shone on masses of damask drapery, and mirrors which at each step reproduced our figures. How noble and stately hers was, even in the grey dressing-gown! At the foot of the bed, quite hidden by a velvet cushion which covered it, lay one of those old-fashioned hair-trunks which were in use about half a century ago. She unlocked it, and therein was—what think you?

A gown of white dimity, or what had been white, but was now yellow with lying by, three little girls' frocks of commonest lilac print, two pairs of boys' shoes very much worn, and, patched all over with the utmost neatness, a pair of threadbare boy's trousers.

This was all. I looked into the box, as I might have looked into a coffin, but I said not a word: her face warned me I had better not. Silently she locked up the trunk again; then, with a tender carefulness, as if she were wrapping up a baby, laid the cushions over it, and, taking my hand, led me back to my room.

"Now go to bed and to sleep, Winifred; but cease dreaming about a fortune, and envy me mine no more."

To be continued.

ON SLEEP.

BY F. R. S.

LIVING beings, whether vegetable or animal, are distinguishable, amongst other attributes, from inorganic matter by a certain periodicity in the changes which they undergo. Mere mineral matter, and other inorganic substances, it is true, undergo changes of an unmistakeable kind: they may assume new conditions by passing into a crystalline state, and two or more separate elements may combine together, whilst compounds already in existence may become decomposed or resolved into their elementary constituents; but in these changes there is no periodicity or cycle observable. Very different phenomena, however, are presented when living beings belonging to either of the great kingdoms of nature are closely studied. The ordinary plant or tree, of course, has its definitely-recurring cycles of existence which are obvious to all—it puts forth buds, develops leaves, flowers, and produces seed. As we descend in the scale of vegetable life, and come to the more simple organisms, the amount of periodicity presented becomes less and less obvious, but is still manifested in some degree by all. And similarly, if we look to the animal world, we see the same recurrence of definite changes in every member of the series—obscurely enough still in the lowest representatives, though, as we ascend in the scale, these changes soon become much more obvious and more numerous than they are found to be in plants.

Now, as compared with animals, plants may be said to lead a mere passive existence—not absolutely, but only by way of comparison, because really the life of every organic being is one of continuous change. The environment, as we may call it, or combination of physical conditions acting upon the plant, continually tends to produce changes in its plastic and modifiable tissues; and these, by virtue

of their very plasticity, or tendency to undergo change, react in turn upon their environment. Thus, according to Herbert Spencer, the most generalized statement it is possible to make concerning the phenomena of life as manifested in living beings, is to say, that Life is the continuous adaptation of internal to external conditions. Still, this life of a plant, as compared with that of an animal, we may speak of as a seemingly passive existence; it exhibits none of the active and apparently spontaneous movements which are so characteristic of the majority of animals. And when we consider the latter collectively, and compare the phenomena which they present with those that are to be observed in plants, we are most struck with the outward manifestations of life in the form of movements of various kinds which animals exhibit. These differences between the members of the two great kingdoms of organic nature may be accounted for in this way.

In animals there is not only the mere organic or vegetative life, such as we meet with in the plant, but another kind of manifestation is super-added, which is termed by way of distinction animal life, or the life of relation. Now, this animal life manifests itself most obviously by the movements of which we have been speaking, and their occurrence depends upon the possession by animals of certain anatomical structures which do not exist in plants. These added structures which the animal does possess but the plant does not, are a nervous system and certain parts, such as muscles and bones, which are subservient to the purposes of locomotion; the whole together forming what are called the organs of relation, or animal life, in contradistinction to the digestive, pulmonary, vascular

and other apparatuses which are organs of vegetative or organic life. Even in the highest animals, however, at certain times—as during the period of sleep, the nature of which we are about to consider more fully—there presents itself only a mode of life which scarcely differs, except in the number and complexity of the phenomena taking place, from that which we meet with in plants; it is an almost purely vegetative existence. The essentials of such an existence are, that the organism should assimilate matter which is foreign to itself and should convert this into its own substance, by causing what is so assimilated to assume new molecular relations. Thus the organism either grows, or at least compensates for the waste and disintegration of tissue which is ever going on within itself, and within the substance of all living beings. For it is by death alone that life is rendered possible—that is to say, every single manifestation of power or action on the part of the organism, such as we call vital, is possible only, and is immediately dependent upon, some coincident tissue-death, or molecular change. Thus the new matter assimilated by a living being may, if not excessive in quantity, be devoted only to mere nutritive restoration; whilst if there is an excess, the surplus material goes to the production of actual new tissue, and to increase of size—that is to say, growth takes place. The sleeping animal therefore presents in the main only the phenomena of vegetative life: its organs of relation are in abeyance. Now, we may ask, what is the meaning and essential nature of these organs of relation? what functions or uses do they subserve? Or, in other words, what is the import and significance of those extra functions of animal life, of which the organs of relation are the instruments? In the simplest animals, no such thing as a nervous system exists, and these also agree in this, as well as in other important respects with plants. They do not possess many different organs; the substance of which their bodies is composed is more or less

uniform in structure; and separated portions of these lowest animals are, like buds or slips from plants, capable of maintaining an independent existence, and growing into organisms resembling those from which they have been derived. As differences of structure arise in different parts of the body of higher organisms, a division and allotment likewise occurs of the various functions which have to be performed. Definite portions of the body are appropriated for the reception and digestion of alimentary substances; rudimentary circulatory organs for distributing the nutritive juices are formed; certain limited parts or organs are devoted to the purposes of respiration; whilst other parts of the body are more especially concerned in the production of cells destined for the reproduction of the species. When such specialization in the structure of different parts of the organism has taken place, we may be sure that a corresponding limitation of function or office also exists—so that one part of the body is no longer similar to any other part of the body—and, as we might expect, a separated segment of such an animal is no longer capable of giving rise to a new and perfect being. Another result of this differentiation of structure and corresponding localization of function is, that some anatomical system seems required which shall tend to bind together the differently working parts of the animal, so as to ensure their harmonious action and adaptation to one another as parts of a single organism. Such an anatomical system does become developed, having functions of this kind. It is called the nervous system; and, throughout the animal series, it is found that just as the number of organs and parts possessed by the animal increases, so does the complexity of development of this nervous system increase. And, more and more obviously, as we rise in the animal scale, it is found that the interdependence of the different parts of the animal becomes greater, so that an injury to a very limited part of one of the higher organisms will frequently result

in the death of the entire animal. So notably is this the case, that Coleridge actually made it the essence of his definition of life. "Life," according to him, "is the tendency to individuation." And certainly this individuation, or mutual dependence of all parts of the organism upon one another, is in great part due to the development of the nervous system. So far, however, we have been alluding to those functions of the nervous system which may be said to have reference more especially to the vegetative or organic life of animals; and it may be well to state here that the nervous organs which perform these functions are to a certain extent distinct and independent—they constitute the ganglionic or great sympathetic nervous system. But the brain and spinal cord constitute another great division of the nervous system, which gradually increases in importance in the higher animals as their functions of animal life become more and more complex. These parts form the medium by means of which surrounding objects and physical agents reveal themselves to the organism, and enable it to react with the aid of its muscular and osseous structures in the way most appropriate for its own good. These functions of the nervous system, as an organ of relation, are brought into play through the development of sense organs, in connexion with an aggregation of cerebral nervous ganglia composing the brain; and their action involves the gradual building up of consciousness or sentience.

By such acquisitions, combined with the simultaneous development of organs of locomotion, the animal is enabled not only to take cognizance of the various phenomena of the external world, but it also acquires the power of reacting in a suitable manner, so as to pursue and court those influences or things which are agreeable, whilst it shuns others of a noxious or disagreeable nature.

For the developed consciousness of a highly organized animal there is no rest in the waking state. Impressions are continually pouring in through one or

other sense-avenue, which stimulate and keep up trains of thought. So that if occasional periods of rest are desirable for all organs, it would only seem possible to bring this about in the case of the brain by some mechanism which should practically deaden the sensibility of the sensorium, or nerve centres, upon which stimuli, acting through the senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste, or touch, impinge. In this way, consciousness would be for a time blotted out, and the function of thought held in abeyance. This, as I shall now attempt more particularly to show, is the object and nature of the state of sleep. It is a condition due to the temporary and periodical inactivity of the most specialized portion of the nervous system, the brain; and the slumbering insensibility of this highest organ of animal life involves, as a consequence, a similar state of inactivity for the other organs of relation, whilst the functions of mere vegetative life are carried on in the usual way; the heart beats, the lungs perform their accustomed functions, and most of the glandular organs elaborate their secretions, as in the waking state. Thus, although it is usual to speak of the individual as sleeping, it is really only his or her brain and its immediate dependencies, the sense-organs, which sleep. It is for the brain alone that this special provision requires to be brought about—on account of the delicacy of its organization, and the subtle and peculiar nature of the functions which it performs. Consciousness itself must be deadened, if the organ of consciousness and thought is to obtain that rest which is necessary for the continuance of its functional activity. We do not mean to say that other parts of the body do not also share in the advantages which are to be derived from periodical sleep. The voluntary muscles, for instance, must benefit by this period of rest, when nutritive repair may take place more effectually in those which have been especially called into action during the previous day. But the various muscles, even during our waking state, have also their periods

of rest ; we are not always engaged in muscular exertions, and when so employed alternate demands are made upon different sets of muscles. So that periods of sleep are not so necessary for the restoration of vigour to our voluntary muscular system. And even those purely organic functions, the continuance of which, depending upon the action of involuntary muscles, is necessary for the well-being of the individual, are intermitting rather than strictly continuous. Thus, the pulsations of the heart and the movements of respiration seem continuous, but still there is even with them a periodicity which is able to include, between the successive actions of these organs, distinct periods of rest. It can be easily computed that the diurnal aggregate of these periods of rest for the heart would amount to no less than six hours, and for the muscles concerned in respiration even a still longer period. Glands also have their periods of rest and activity in the waking state ; whilst for the brain, as we have before shown, the only possibility of repose, and anything like complete rest, is to be found during sleep, when consciousness and thought are in abeyance.

How, then, is this state of unconsciousness induced ? To enable the reader to understand the reply which is to be given, a few other fundamental facts in physiology must be briefly alluded to.

The action, or what is called the functional activity of an organ depends upon its being maintained in a due state of nutrition ; for if the structure of an organ is defective, or spoiled, by virtue of a faulty nutrition, we can no more expect it to act in a proper manner than we can expect a watch to keep accurate time when its mechanical adjustments are either broken or out of gear. Or, to take an illustration which elucidates our present meaning better : just as no one would expect a steam-engine to continue in activity after the supply of coal had been stopped the combustion of which furnishes its motive power, so it could not be expected

that any organ of the body would continue to perform its accustomed actions or functions after that which supplies its motive power had been cut off. Now, in the case of animal organs, the blood supplies the pabulum, which serves as fuel in enabling them to continue their functions, under the special guidance and control of one of them—the central nervous system. For, as we have before said, every action taking place in a living being is possible only by the death and molecular resolution of those portions of tissue-elements which occasion the vital manifestation ; and this great law of life involves the further necessity of constant and molecular nutritive repair, if the functional and structural integrity of the organs is to be maintained. The material for this repair is supplied by the blood, which is impelled by the contractions of the heart through a system of closed tubes lying amongst the elements of almost every tissue of the body. These blood-vessels have muscular and contractile walls, and gradually diminish in size till they terminate in a dense network of capillary canals, having thin membranous walls, through which the nutritive juices are enabled to exude, so that they may be taken up by the tissue-elements amongst which the capillaries lie. It is now well known, also, that one of the most obvious duties of the great sympathetic system of nerves and ganglia (the nervous system of organic life) is to regulate the calibre of these contractile tubes, through which blood is conveyed to the various organs of the body. By the stimulation of certain parts of this nervous system of vegetative or organic life, the vessels which receive their nerves from the parts stimulated may be seen to contract and notably diminish in size ; whilst if the ganglionic nervous influence is cut off from these vessels, by section of the nervous trunks going to them, then, on the contrary, the same vessels are seen to dilate to a diameter even beyond that which is natural to them. By a mechanism such as this, therefore, great differences may be brought about in the amount of blood sent to an organ,

according to its varying degrees of functional activity at different times, and its corresponding need of a greater or less supply of nutritive fluid to compensate for the molecular waste which it is undergoing. And it may be laid down, indeed, as a general rule that the more active the organ, the greater is the supply of blood which is sent to it—the quantity actually sent being regulated to a nicety by a most complex but marvellously adapted nervous mechanism.

Now the state of Sleep, as we have before specified, is one which is essentially characterised and produced by a more or less complete arrest of the functions of the brain, the organ presiding over the functions of animal life. How, then, is this arrest of function brought about? The answer most likely to suggest itself to any reader of this paper would probably be,—by a diminution in the amount of blood sent to the organ. But, curiously enough, it is only within the last ten years or so that physiologists have begun to entertain this view. It was formerly thought that the state of sleep depended upon a congested condition of the vessels of the brain; that is, upon their being more or less distended with blood, moving, however, with less rapidity than natural. This distension, with slow movement of the blood, would, it is true, be unfavourable to the functional activity of the organ; and then, in addition, it was maintained that the pressure on the delicate brain-tissue produced by the distended vessels was in itself an even more powerful cause of sleep. On this theory it was difficult and almost impossible to account for the production of the congestion, and there is reason to believe that the efficaciousness of pressure upon the brain pulp, in bringing about sleep, was maintained principally under the influences of a false but supposed analogy existing between this normal physiological condition, and certain states of disease which are especially characterised by the most profound unconsciousness. These states are known by the names of

Stupor and Coma, and it is perfectly true that they may be induced by undue pressure upon the brain, occasioned (for instance) by portions of depressed and fractured skull; whilst it is also true that in other cases such states are accompanied by a very full and distended condition of the vessels of the brain, with dark-coloured and more or less impure blood. But the fact that sleep is produced in quite a different way, rests principally upon the results of observation and experiment. Even Blumenbach, in the end of the last century, advocated the view that the proximate cause of sleep was a diminished flow of blood to the head, a view which he was led to entertain from observations made upon a young man who had fractured his skull. Dendy, also, states that in 1821 there was a woman at Montpelier, who had lost part of her skull, so that the brain and its membranes were partly laid bare. "When she was in deep sleep," it is said, "the brain remained motionless beneath the crest of the cranial bones; when she was dreaming, it became somewhat elevated; and when she was awake, it was protruded through the fissure in the skull." But, in 1860, Mr. Durham proved experimentally, that in certain animals during the state of sleep the vessels on the surface of the brain were notably smaller, and contained less blood, than when the same animals were awake. Dr. Hammond of New York, also, shortly afterwards, by somewhat similar experimental researches, was enabled to corroborate the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Durham. And now these observations, together with others of a somewhat similar nature, having gone so far to show that the brain contains notably less blood in its vessels during sleep, the doctrine may be said to be fairly established that a comparatively anæmic or bloodless state of the brain is the principal determining cause of sleep. We are thus left free to inquire—What is the actual cause of that diminution in the blood-supply which induces this state?

An interesting little book has recently been published by Mr. C. H. Moore ("On Going to Sleep"), in which he endeavours more especially to answer this last question. He insists, as we think very properly, upon the fact that the transition from a condition of wakefulness to one of sleep is really at the last an *abrupt change of state*, and therefore one which cannot be adequately accounted for by relying upon such general causes as weariness or fatigue of body and mind. All these, it is true, are powerful predisposing causes, but the immediate effective cause must be something more specific; and there are many reasons for believing that this is the discharge of a stimulating influence from certain ganglia of the sympathetic system in the neck along those nerves which are distributed upon and regulate the calibre of the arteries that supply the brain. The effect of this outgoing stimulus is to cause a diminution in the calibre of those arteries, so that they carry to the brain a smaller quantity of blood—a quantity inadequate to maintain the functional activity of the organ, and therefore leading to a state of unconsciousness, though perhaps sufficient to enable the nerve-elements to undergo that amount of nutritive molecular repair which shall fit them for the activity they may be called upon to display on the morrow. It seems probable that there is a kind of inverse relationship existing between the activities of those parts of the sympathetic nervous system which supply the cerebral arteries, and the cerebrum or brain itself—a kind of antagonism between the nervous system of organic and that of animal life. And it is perfectly consistent with other known physiological phenomena for us to imagine that in general, so long as we are awake, and the brain is in a condition of functional activity, an influence emanates from it along those nerve filaments by which it is in connexion with the cervical sympathetic ganglia, of a repressive, or, as physiologists would say, of an *inhibitory* nature. Although such a communication cannot be actually demon-

strated, yet various reasons lead us to believe that it almost certainly exists through the intermediation of fibres passing through the upper part of that elongated continuation of the brain known as the spinal cord. So long as this inhibitory stimulus streams down from the active brain above, the action of the cervical sympathetic ganglia is restrained; but when after the fatigues of a day spent in more or less bodily and mental exertion, the vigour of the brain is diminished (as the relaxed or wandering attention testifies), then there comes a moment of abstraction, when the action of the brain is so slight that the inhibitory influence proceeding from it is no longer capable of holding in check the sympathetic ganglia. These, set free from the cerebral influence, begin to discharge their accumulated force, so as to lead to a contraction of the cerebral arteries and a diminished supply of blood to the brain. This lowered supply of blood necessarily leads to a still further diminution of brain energy, and thus the freedom of the cardiac ganglia from cerebral control is rendered more perfect, and the condition of sleep the more sound. After hours of repose, however, during which we must suppose nutritive repair has been taking place, the irritability of the nerve-cells in the brain has been restored to its maximum condition, so that they are now rendered capable of responding to such slight impressions through one or other of the sensory organs, as would have passed utterly unnoticed soon after sleep had been induced. Now, some slight impression, whether of sight, sound, or touch, is capable of arousing the consciousness, and completely putting an end to that state of sleep which had for some time previously been gradually growing less and less sound. The brain is again in activity, the sympathetic ganglia are once more subordinated, so that the cerebral arteries have redilated, and thus the supervention of the state of wakefulness is at the last more or less sudden and abrupt, just as we have seen that the final transition from the waking

to the sleeping state was an abrupt one. The slight impression upon the re-invigorated sensorium must have exercised a paralyzing influence upon the cervical sympathetic ganglia sufficient to cause the redilation of the cerebral vessels, and its consequence a state of wakefulness.

Space will not permit of our going into details concerning the state of sleep itself and the phenomena of dreaming. We will only say that, from a consideration of many facts, it seems more than probable that certain parts of the brain may sleep whilst others are awake, and that great variations in this respect take place during the total period of sleep; all these tending to show that the branches of the cerebral arteries have separate and smaller nerve-centres (all in connexion, however, with the great cervical ganglia), so that certain of the arterial branches

may remain dilated, whilst others are in a state of contraction.

We can only allude, also, to the different requirements of different individuals as regards their amount of sleep—differences dependent upon age, mental activity, and other circumstances; and to the remarkable instances on record in which sleep has supervened in the most exceptional circumstances—even as in the case of Damiana, in the midst of the most diabolical tortures on the rack. These anomalies are much more capable of explanation from a consideration of the theory of sleep which we have just been unfolding, than if we attempt to account for them by a reference to any of the views concerning this mysterious state which have hitherto been in vogue.

CAN A CATHOLIC PRIEST CONTRACT MATRIMONY?

BY HENRY WREFFORD.

IN England we should say "Roman Catholic," but it is under the above title that a pamphlet has just appeared in Naples. The cause of its publication was a trial which took place on 17th February, this year, in the Court of Appeal in that city; and as the subject is of vast importance, I will commence with a narrative of some necessary details. Already about forty persons who were formerly in priests' orders have contracted matrimony in Southern Italy, but many if not most of them had previously abjured the ancient faith, or had certainly ceased to exercise sacerdotal functions. The peculiarity of the case now under consideration is that a gentleman attached to, and in official connexion with the Church of Rome, has been declared by the Court of Appeal at liberty to marry.

In the early part of last year, Luigi Triglia, of the province of Salerno, went through the usual preliminary forms previous to a marriage which he announced he desired to contract with Marianna Montefusco. The application was made in the character of "Proprietario," but his father opposed it on the ground that his son was in priests' orders, had misunderstood the new law, and by marrying would be likely to offend the moral susceptibilities of the province. The case was argued before the judges of the tribunal of Salerno on 26th June, 1868, who decided "that the opposition made by Andrea Triglia to the marriage of his son, the priest Luigi, with Marianna Montefusco, was valid; forbade the civil officers of Vietri and Cava (near Salerno) to proceed with the said marriage, and ordered that the promise already given should be struck out of the registers."

From this sentence the priest and the lady appealed; and the case, which has excited intense interest, was heard last

month. The advocate for the opposition had adduced the following arguments in support of his views. The new Code, he urged, prescribed (1) "that all the other documents which in a variety of cases may be necessary to justify the liberty of the parties desiring to be married, and their family condition, should be declared." Now the priest must have known that he was irrevocably bound to observe celibacy: liberty to marry was therefore denied to him. (2) The Code, in making no mention of the person of priests, left them in the same position in which they stood—free subjects of the civil power, and slaves of the canonical law. Where positive laws pre-exist, the revocation of them cannot be assumed from silence. (3) Nor can it be maintained that this silence does exist; for as the statute directs that the Catholic religion should be alone the religion of the State, the canons which govern it are included in this idea of exclusion. (4) Nor will it ever be permitted to invoke the name of liberty when it is a mask for libertinage—for the priest, the veto on matrimony derives from the law. (5) Notwithstanding a struggle of many years between Church and State, the line of division between the two has not yet been traced. How can this Court constitute itself the arbiter in the grand strife? It is for those priests who urge their civil right to marry to do what they can to procure their liberation from the authority of Councils and of the Vatican. (6) All the great facts established by the Council of Trent constitute a withdrawal of the rights of the Church from the action of the common law by the various Italian governments for a period of upwards of three centuries. And who will dare to assert that a Judicial College of this or any other province has power over them? (7) The civil government might have

laid its hand on the canon law, but it did not venture to do so. How shall five judges exercise that power which the national parliament has not exercised? (8) The elastic word Liberty gives no right to dissolve every social and moral tie; and it is impossible for a judge to elevate himself to the rank of a legislator, and under pretext of the silence of the law break down the barriers of his attributes, limited to execute and not to create laws.

(9) The priest is subject to two laws—the common and the canon law. All Catholic Europe is opposed to those who place the canon law amongst the historical reminiscences of the Middle Ages. So long as we live not under the patriarchal sky of Constantinople, nor under the traditional regulations of Fox or Confucius, our magistrates will never recognise the violation of canonical discipline, nor shall it ever be proclaimed to Europe that the priest in Naples celebrates the mass in the oratory of his wife and children. (10) The magistrate must abstain from changing the present state of things, because he stands between two vincula of absolute insolvibility. The sacerdotal character is indelible, as the bond of matrimony is indissoluble. It is not for us to determine if, or when, or how, that grave dualism will be resolved. (11) The advocate towards the end of his speech argued the question historically, attempting to prove that from the time of Calixtus II. to the Council of Trent the marriage of priests had been null and void. (12) To those who under cover of the word Liberty think themselves authorized to demolish Churches and their rites, I repeat, said the advocate, the words of Cicero, a warm democrat, “*Omnes idcirco legum servi sumus, ut liberi esse possumus.*”

Such, in brief, was the course of argument pursued before the Court of Salerno, in order to prove that priests are unable to contract matrimony. As has been already stated, the judges admitted the force of the reasoning, and an appeal to Naples was the consequence. The interest which the case excited, was, as might have been expected, extra-

ordinary; for though appeals do not favour the display of that eloquence which influences the jury of an ordinary tribunal, and are argued according to strict technicalities of law, the court and its passages were nevertheless crowded to excess by intelligent, respectably dressed young men, who listened with the utmost attention to the advocates. To penetrate that compact mass which I found assembled would have been impossible, but being an old *habitué* of the Neapolitan courts for the last twenty years, the usual courtesy was shown to me, and I obtained a seat by the judges.

The Court was composed of the president and five judges, all learned in the law. The proceedings were opened by the president, who made a lucid *exposé* of the case, and he was followed by the advocate of the appellant. Of his speech I give an *abregé*, so that with this, and the digest of the arguments urged before the Court of Salerno, the reader may form an intelligent opinion of the case.

Undoubtedly, it was urged, this case is of the highest importance; but the Italian magistrate must confine himself to the consideration of the great principles which the new legislature has finally established.

In form the question of religion is indifferent; as by the Civil Code, which writes articles, and does not recognise canons, the Church and State are separate. On this basis it is that the present case must be examined and resolved. The text of the law admits of no dispute. Now in the Italian Code are enumerated all the impediments to marriage, but holy orders are not recognised as an impediment.

Still more, the law lays down the causes for which the annulment of a marriage already contracted may be demanded; but, amongst these, holy orders are not named. Again, it is prescribed that the civil officer cannot refuse the celebration of matrimony, except for a reason admitted by the law. Holy orders are not, therefore, in any part of the law adduced as an impedi-

ment to matrimony. The propositions now deduced from the text of the law are but the direct consequences of the great principle of the separation of the State from the Church, which principle, from a logical necessity, must exercise an influence on all situations. The Code of the kingdom of Italy does not require for matrimony that the parties should belong to the Roman Communion, but only that they should be in certain civil conditions, leaving every one free to regulate his own conscience.

Now if it be true that the civil condition of the priest is unchanged by religious orders, he is on the same level with other citizens before the law. Were the contrary the case, liberty of conscience would be a vain name; the social power cannot enter the sphere of religious action. If holy orders could be adduced as an impediment to matrimony, it would be established that a principle of religion is an obstacle to the exercise of a civil right; and would not this be an absolute negation of the principle of liberty of faith? Against the theory now asserted, the following objections are urged, which I will now (said the advocate) state and answer.

The first is derived from the opening article of the statute, which declares the Catholic religion to be the religion of the State. But this does not imply that the State should use force for the promotion of the precepts of Catholicism; for if it did, religious and political despotism would again be elevated to a principle. Whether the Catholic religion enjoys few or more special prerogatives in the State, these do not diminish the liberty of other forms of worship, nor can they weaken the great principle of liberty of conscience; which liberty, grafted on the civil liberty guaranteed by the laws, implies by a logical necessity the full enjoyment of civic rights, amongst which is especially comprised the rights of the family, independent of the conditions of this or that religious communion. Our antagonists again object to us the nature of the sacred vows, as engagements freely contracted towards a Church recognised by the State; but such vows impose no civil

obligation, for it is now a principle of universal law, that it does not consent to the perpetual limitation of personal liberty, except as regards matrimony. It is true that the civil power occupies itself with certain conditions of religious institutions, but only to keep them within their proper sphere: true too, that it recognises the priest, but only to protect him in the exercise of his functions; it does not recognise him in regard to the obligations which he has contracted with the Church. Thirdly, it is objected that the silence of the law on the subject sanctions the impediment to the marriage of those in holy orders. The fallacy of such reasoning is clear; the argument is absurd: for the new Civil Code of Italy has not only modified the ecclesiastical system, but, as regards matrimony, has introduced a complete innovation, in proclaiming the mutual independence of the two powers—temporal and spiritual: so that the root being cut away, the branches which sprang from it fall. Again, to attach a judicial efficacy to religious precepts independently of the sanction of the law, would be to deny the strongest political principles of modern times. As to the pretension that a positive regulation was necessary to authorize the priest to marry, its very folly excludes it from the honour of an answer. A law forbidding it might have been necessary, not one permitting it; for the permission is included in the general law of marriage.

Lastly, it is objected that such marriages would be opposed to our customs; would furnish matter for scandal; would expose the unhappy offspring of such connexions to hatred and contempt. It is true that ignorant popular sentiment will be shocked; but what will happen afterwards? Wait, and you will see that a moral life with the formation of a family is something better than a base and irregular life, the certain consequence of a prohibition maintained by external force. The history of our legislation in elaborating the laws on civil matrimony confirms, too, the views I have supported.

"And now, gentlemen, let me add

finally, when the Church of God had no other ornament than humility, no other power than the persuasion of reason, nor other laws than those written in Scripture, the law of celibacy was utterly unknown: and, notwithstanding this, the first priests attained the highest grade of perfection—the true glory of Christ. And true it is that those first holy legislators saw well that such a precept was in perfect contradiction to the nature of man, and to the Divine word revealed in the Sacred Scriptures; where, without any exception whatever, it is commanded, ‘Increase and multiply;’ and in another place, ‘A man shall leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and the two shall become one flesh.’

“Lastly, it is in contradiction to the example of Christ Himself, who chose for His apostles and disciples persons already married. According to the testimony of St. Ambrose, writing to St. Hilary, ‘all the apostles, excepting John and Paul, had wives.’ But when the pontiffs began to be rich and powerful; when they began to cherish an ambition for the dominion of the earth, instead of that which leads to heaven, and in their hands were seen the ring, the Papal banner, the sceptre, and the pastoral; when, in brief, arose the Stephens, the Gregories, and the Innocents: then—with a view of creating a powerful militia, which to the injury of society might blindly serve their unbridled ambition—there was conceived the idea of celibacy. Destroying the soul, the heart, and the moral sentiment, it has well responded to the expectations entertained from it; so great have been the perfidy and the tyranny under which, through these anointed of the Lord, humanity has groaned, and still suffers. From the statements which have been made, it is clear that the law of the Celibacy of the Priesthood is not a divine dogma: on that our adversaries themselves are agreed; and the Fathers of the Church and all the canonists teach the same—it is a disciplinary law, purely ecclesiastical. At first it did not even assume the form of a canon, and in early times

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it was held that neither a priest nor a monk could contract marriage; still when contracted it was considered valid, the parties submitting to a public penance. This was the state of things up to the year 1139, when, under Innocent II. sacerdotal celibacy was elevated to be a canon. Hence the determined and constant separation of the Greek Church from the Latin, hence the enormous scandals, the protests, the daily and ever increasing immorality of the priests, until, the necessity of ecclesiastical reform being asserted, the Council of Trent was summoned, when the Canon of celibacy was sanctioned for the whole Roman Catholic Church. Established then, as it is, as an incontestable principle, that the law of the celibacy of the priests is not divine, but human; not dogmatic, but disciplinary: who will dare to maintain that it is immutable, and that it must not, on the contrary, be subjected to the reformatory progress of society, and follow the course of universal legislation?

“The law of celibacy is an abuse of Papal tyranny, and as such must disappear from the world. The priest is a man and a citizen, and as such is entitled to all those rights which God, Nature, and Society accord to all men.”

During the delivery of this speech, which displayed a profound legal and historical knowledge of the subject, and was relieved by that eloquence so frequent at the Neapolitan bar, the attention was immense; often the public could not control their feelings, and “Bene!” “Benissimo!” and audible cheers, resounded from all parts of the Court. These demonstrations were with difficulty suppressed, and the advocate for the defendant rose. It is useless to repeat arguments which have been already cited in the report of the proceedings at Salerno. Out of harmony with the principles of modern legislation and modern civilization they fell upon listless ears, whilst the gentleman who urged them, conscious of all the disadvantages of his position, displayed none of that energy and eloquence which had so eminently distinguished his antagonist. He spoke

without any attempt at interruption, but was received with respectful indifference. But how different was the case when the Attorney-General rose, and in a recapitulation of the arguments used on either side, contended that the marriage of priests was not only strictly legal, but that it was sanctioned by the law of Nature and of God! The audience broke out continually into such enthusiastic cheering as to drown even the President's bell, until every effort was abandoned to suppress so lively an expression of feeling.

Arguing the question on legal, historical, and moral grounds, he swept away all the objections which mediæval legislation had raised to the matrimony of priests. For himself he would acknowledge no other sovereignty than that of the law, which regarded all Italians as citizens, entitled to the same privileges, barred by the same prohibitions, none of which existed to a priest's entering into a matrimonial contract.

Historically the case was clear; the advocate for the opposite party refused to pay attention to the practice nearly two thousand years ago, when Christ and the Apostles were on earth, but commenced his investigations lower down the stream, when it had been puddled by the ambition of the pontiffs. But by no effort could it be shown that celibacy was elevated to a dogma; it had never attained a higher rank than that of a canon, and of what evil had it been productive!

Let Catholic ecclesiastics make what regulations for themselves they please—let them decorate their churches according to the caprices of taste—they shall be protected, as shall be those of all religions; but let them not dare to interfere with the civil laws of the country. The law is sovereign, and before that all are equal. It is probable that many will be offended at first by the marriage of a priest, but that feeling will pass away; and for himself, he would greatly prefer to take a priest by the hand who led not a concubine but a wife to his house!

Here the Attorney-General ceased; and it would be impossible to describe the scene which the Court presented.

The audience burst forth into one long-continued cheer; hats were raised in the air, for so crowded was the place that most had been compelled to wear them, and many persons thronged around the speaker to thank him, and to express their admiration of his eloquence. Yet it was not the eloquence of the orator, nor was it a respect for law, nor was it a regard for public morality which awakened this enthusiasm, but rather it was delight in anticipating the prostration of a power which had acted like an incubus for centuries. Whether a priest named Triglia might form a matrimonial contract or not, was a small matter; but whether an ecclesiastical corporation was or was not any longer to be regarded as independent of the action of the civil law was a question of social and religious liberty. Apart from its many intrinsic excellences, the speech of the Attorney-General was interesting from another cause—that high legal authority is the representative of the King before the tribunals, and speaking as he did must have been supposed to express the deliberate opinion of the Government. Still, as the decision of the case lay not with him but with the judges, public expectation was held a little longer in suspense, although slight doubt was entertained as to the result. A few days therefore after the conclusion of this important trial, the written decision of the judges was made public to the following effect:—The sentence of the civil tribunal of Salerno cancelled; the opposition to the celebration of marriage between Luigi Triglia and Marianna Montefusco, on the ground that the former was in holy orders, declared to be inadmissible; and directions given that the marriage should be or might be proceeded with according to the ordinances of the civil law.

Thus terminated the most important trial that has taken place in Naples for many years, since it establishes in principle the separation of Church and State, or, at all events, the independent action of each. All the arguments used *pro* and *con* during the discussion of the question have been succinctly stated,

for it appeared desirable to furnish a complete view of the case as it has been regarded here. That married priests will perform mass, or any other religious functions, cannot be expected for some time; nor indeed until the ecclesiastical authority which they acknowledge gives its permission. Here, on the principle which it has laid down, the civil power has no right to interfere. The priest may marry, may claim all the privileges which any other citizen enjoys; but in that separate contract which has been made with the Church the Church alone is arbiter. It cannot deprive him of his sacerdotal character, for "once a priest always a priest;" but it can, and no doubt will, prohibit him from exercising priestly functions as a "*prete spogliato*," an epithet of great reproach in Italy. He will have to combat strong public prejudice; but a better day is coming; the mists of mediæval ignorance and superstition are being rapidly dissipated, and a respectable married clergy may in a generation or two stand on the altar—for in its own interests Rome must yield on this point. The case which I have stated has an interest *per se*; for whereas the Tribunals of Genoa, Palermo, and Trani have already decided the legality of the marriage of priests, the decision was in favour of men who had already passed the Rubicon, and renounced allegiance to the Church. In this province alone there are upwards of forty persons who are in this position; but Luigi Triglia, who has just received the privileges of citizenship, was, and is still, in communion with the Church whose authority he originally acknowledged. His case, therefore, furnishes a strong precedent for a practice which is daily becoming more general. The wedge has been introduced, and the celibacy of the priesthood, though maintained by Rome, will be gradually and practically rejected by its ministers.

I cannot conclude this article without enforcing a conviction formed after a long acquaintance with Italy and the Italians, and on which I have always acted, that it is unnecessary and unde-

sirable for foreigners to assume the character of teachers and reformers. That which is necessary the Italians are doing and will do of themselves. Priests began to marry on their own responsibility, and the law has now sanctioned the act. The abolition or reduction of religious, or rather ecclesiastical fetters, is now being agitated from the North to the South. Religious liberty, too, is not a phrase but a broad fact. Five or six Protestant churches are opened for public service every Sunday in Naples, and several in the Provinces. Whilst therefore reforming the discipline of their own Church, the Neapolitans concede full liberty to other faiths. In short, religious reform in Italy is a political question, and requires no impulse from without. Far better, indeed, is it without such impulse; for that at which they would shudder if presented as a suggestion from foreigners, the Italians will readily accomplish if it emanate from their inner consciousness of what is convenient and right.

Few persons tolerate interference in domestic matters, and in no way is it possible to wound their susceptibilities more than by interference in their religious affairs. In the present state of Italy, too, as I have had frequent opportunities of witnessing, it only creates political and social embarrassments, and leads to the defeat of the very objects we profess to have in view. Let well alone! The Italians are awakening from the lethargy of the Middle Ages; they are beginning to remove the excrescences formed on the grand and mighty structure which has overshadowed many people, and when these have been cleared away, they will enter into the interior of the Temple, and re-dedicate it to the worship of Him who must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. But if, ignorant of the genius, mental wants, and habits of the Italians, we obtrude our assistance upon them with the assumed superiority of the teacher, and the presumption of the fanatic, we shall arrest their good work, and unite them in hostility to us.

. NAPLES, March 1869.

RUSSIA AND THE EAST.

BY KARL BLIND.

WE all know the person who lays down his opinion about nations and things in general by means of some stock quotation. "*The Last Will of Peter the Great*" is one of these favourite allusions. Very rarely is the Eastern Question treated on without that "arm'd head" making its weird apparition from the cauldron of political witchcraft. Yet, so far as authenticity goes, that much-talked-of Russian document has no more foundation than the "*Finis Polonice*" attributed to Kosciuszko, which, in a previous number of this Magazine, I have proved to be a forgery.¹

History is full of such fabrications; and the student finds his feet entangled almost at every step in some intrusive weeds of this kind, which cover the ground to an amazing length, and hold it in tight grip with their gnarled and knotty roots. The "Last Will" of Peter I. is one of the queerest specimens. It appears for the first time in an apocryphal memoir, falsely published under the name of the notorious Chevalier d'Eon, who was one of the mysterious characters of last century. Being employed as a confidential agent of France at the Courts of Russia and England, the Chevalier d'Eon soon grew into such a puzzling personage that, during his sojourn in London, and afterwards at Versailles, his very sex became doubtful, owing to his use of women's dress, which he had to put on at the order of the French king, from a cause never yet explained. It is in a concocted paper, issued with the forged signature of a secret envoy, whose very individuality was a riddle, that we find a counterfeit political bequest, fabricated so cleverly as to have deceived many a cautious politician. Surely, if

ever there was a *Rattenkönig* of frauds—an inextricable confusion of wrong literary tails grown together in a maze—this is a magnificent example.

And yet, strange to say, the alleged "Will of Peter the Great" may in a great measure be considered a text-book of Russian policy! Whoever was the author of that fictitious document, he did his work efficiently. He must have been a keen observer of contemporary events. He must have understood them to be the result of deep-rooted tendencies to aggression, such as they appear among Russian rulers from the earliest times—that is to say, from the formation of the Empire in the ninth century, when a race of Norse or Warangian invaders subjected the tribes of the great plain to their sway, and already attempted the conquest of Constantinople. Who shall say whether the writer of this document intended it in furtherance of Muscovite designs, or as a warning to Europe? The latter supposition is, perhaps, the most natural one. Nevertheless, such has been the cunning of Russian statecraft, that no sooner was the "Last Will" fully accredited in public opinion, than it was used as a means of paralysing resistance, and paving the way for the ready acceptance of what was proclaimed as an inevitable destiny.

There is much to be unlearned, and not a few things of importance to be learnt, with regard to Russia. It has been said by a pan-Slavic propagandist, with more apparent than real originality, that "Russia was discovered at the same time as America, and formed itself politically in the same century with the United States." An old fallacy freshly dished up! Instead of beginning at the beginning, as the French say, the Russian author, in quest

¹ Macmillan's Magazine for December, 1868.

of a striking simile, took up the history of his country at the period convenient for his purpose, and then grouped the facts with corresponding boldness. His aim was to make out a case of "youthful barbarian strength" against European corruption and degeneracy. The "senile blood of the Germano-Romanic world" was to be rejuvenated by a "sinewy Northern people" that had just pushed itself into historical prominence. A great tragedy was to be enacted: the United Slaves were to step upon the scene as the destroyers of an effete civilization, and the founders of a new pan-Russian world. The Mujik and the Cossack, fresh from the "workshop of nations," were to regenerate the worn-out inhabitants of Western Europe; or, rather, to "improve us off the face of the earth."

Now, in point of fact, nothing can be more erroneous than the idea that Russia was discovered in the fifteenth century, or that under Peter, son of Alexis, she first emerged from a chaotic state into the proportions of a realm, or that since his reign she has been continually developing her "juvenile vigour." Rediscovered, then, Russia no doubt was. Before that time, her Warangian rulers—a foreign race, ruling with the aid of a foreign military clan—had often stretched out their hands towards the sceptre of Eastern Rome. They did so when the Russians were still worshipping the heathen idols of Porun and Yurru, and while Constantinople was governed by an orthodox Emperor. As soon as they were baptized, they changed their argument by asserting a "religious mission." But it was merely a change of argument, not of purpose. They asserted that mission against the Christian rulers of Byzantium, just as they subsequently did against the infidel Ottoman. It is as if the abject spirit of slavery in so many millions of their subjects had continually tended to produce a vertigo of ambition in the minds of the Russian monarchs.

But after vast exertions, their Empire, by a sort of historical retribution, collapsed under internal convulsions and

outward attacks. Its political unity was destroyed by quarrels among the different branches of the reigning family; and when at last the nomadic hordes of Genghis-Khan and Batu appeared on the confines, there was no centre of resistance, no strength or patriotism to oppose them. Within a few years Russia became the slave of the Golden Horde, and from the middle of the thirteenth to the end of the fifteenth century the Mongols governed the kingdom of the proud Ruriks. The very name of Russia became now confused in the memory of Europe. She sank back into utter oblivion. When, through the downfall of the Mongol Kaptchak, her independence was restored, she was indeed, in some manner, rediscovered for Europe, through ambassadors and scientific commissions from Germany; but the state of things which they found in Russia is described in their reports as the very reverse of "youthfulness." Hence the parallel with the discovery of America is nothing but a shallow witicism, or an audacious presumption on the ignorance of the many.

The truth is, that Russia is an old Empire. Its first establishment is about coeval with Alfred of England. But, unlike other European countries, Russia has for a thousand years oscillated between existence as a military empire of menacing aspirations, and total political eclipse. Steady internal development she has hardly had until now. From her, nothing has yet accrued to civilization. She has only destroyed the independence of more advanced communities, and pushed the boundaries of barbarism farther into Europe. Finding at home scarcely any impediment to their most extravagant wishes, the Grand Princes and Czars indulged in the wildest dreams of conquest. Their exaggerated aspirations were, however, followed by terrible catastrophes. Still, after a period of prostration, the insatiate spirit of ambition regularly reappeared. And this ugly see-saw game will, I apprehend, continue, until Europe has succeeded in pushing the frontiers of civilization farther into Muscovy, by means of the

resurrection of the Polish, Finnish, and other nationalities, in whom the spirit of self-government is yet unsubdued.

The issue of the Crimean war, though, territorially speaking, it did not restrict Russia, has had one important civilizing effect. It has led to the emancipation of the bulk of the people, which until then had been serfs, either under the Crown or the landed aristocracy. The Crown and the aristocracy had been slaveholders to an equal extent, each having about 24,000,000 of serfs. When the prestige of the Crown was deeply shaken through the defeat at Sebastopol, an attempt was made by the more advanced section of the aristocracy, together with agitators in a few of the towns, to obtain a share in the government by the introduction of a kind of parliamentary régime. At the same time the landed gentry of some of the former Polish provinces stepped forward with plans for the manumission of their peasant bondsmen—partly from motives of humanity, partly from political calculation. It was then that Government, hemmed in on many sides, endeavoured to break through the narrowing circle by raising the standard of the "Emancipation of the Serfs" throughout the Empire; thus assuming suddenly the part of a liberator of the masses. The plan succeeded, and has probably saved the Czars for a time. Despotism, in a political sense, was maintained by the resolute and timely abolition of an iniquitous social privilege of the Upper Hundred Thousand. This, in round figures, was the number of possessors of serfs, reckoning both those who had less than twenty-one and those who had over a hundred and fifty thousand bondsmen.

Can it be reasonably hoped that the system of territorial aggression and absorption, which the Czars have carried out on the principles of the apocryphal "Will of Peter I.," has received a final check through external defeat or internal social changes? The subjugation of Caucasian tribes, and the sudden bound made by Russia into the khanates of Independent Tartary—all effected *since* the end of the Crimean war—are a significant

answer to the question. More than this: in dealing with the cognate races on her south-western border, Russia has, within the last ten years, developed a propagandism from which diplomatists of the old school would have shrunk. It is the propagandism which lately culminated in the great "Slavonian Exhibition" at Moscow, where delegates from all Slave races—the Polish alone excepted—made their obeisance to the Russian power, and where the startling doctrine was proclaimed that the Russian language ought to be the "language of the future,"—if I may express myself so without disrespect to music.

It is as if Germans, Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, and English were suddenly to be fused in nation and language, the idiom of one of them being taken as ruling for all! In like manner, the project of the pan-Slavists is, to weld together the Great and Little Russians, Poles, Russines, Slovaks, Croats, Czechs, Servians, Boenians, and even that semi-slavonized Tartar people, the Bulgarians. An impossible plan, on the face of it. But the thoughts of men must be bent to "the Great Idea!" So these scattered fragments of Slavonian tribes are to be taught to look up to Russia as their leader in the struggle against those inconvenient nations which lie athwart South-eastern Europe as stumbling-blocks to Muscovite aggrandisement. Hence, theories of language are called in to aid a movement which tends to the expansion of the Russian Empire over Turkey, Hungary, and even parts of the territory of the German nation.

Is it too much to say that a certain internal weakness and gnawing disease is the cause of this unnatural appetite?

After having gradually absorbed a considerable portion of the Ugrian race by which it was formerly surrounded in the north-east, the Muscovite stock has still, on its southern confines, a large fringe of Malo-Russian, Cossack, Tartar, and other races, which in habits, speech, and creed, form a discordant element in the level uniformity of the remainder of the Empire. It took some centuries

to establish the spiritual supremacy of the Czar over the Church of Russia proper. But among the races that do not belong to the Muscovite stock properly speaking, a sullen resistance to this Papal claim of the helmeted chieftain of the Empire has never died out. Schismatic tendencies of this kind, fanned into open revolt by persecution, have often proved the cover or ally of insurrectionary movements—not the less important because Europe paid little heed to them.

It was from the Steppe countries in the south-east that Pugatscheff, the Cossack rebel—with the aid of "heretics," "roskolniks," who would not hear of the Petersburg Papacy, and supported by men unwilling to bear the yoke of serfdom—shook the throne of the Czarina Catharine during two years; the insurrection approaching in its irregular course almost to the gates of Moscow. That mighty upheaval was cruelly quelled. In our days it is scarcely to be expected that a second Pugatscheff will arise. Still, the assimilation of those tribes with the bulk of the Muscovite nation is far from perfect. Nay, in a religious sense it is so little advanced that the Imperial Government, with the suspicion natural to all holders of, or aspirants to, unlimited power, has now and then allowed itself to be excited to acts of persecution, which only served further to alienate populations already inclined to disaffection, and to make even Turkey appear as a tolerant country. Schismatic refugees from Russia, of Cossack and Malo-Russian descent, have indeed sometimes sought an asylum on the Sultan's territory. The fact may seem the more strange when we remember that the Russian Government has been tolerant enough to its own Mohammedan and heathen subjects, of whom there are not a few on the European soil of its empire. An extraordinary complication indeed, that a Power, some of whose provinces are studded with mosques and pagan temples, should launch out against the "infidel Turk," and that its emissaries should tell tales of

an "oppressed faith" abroad, whilst at home there is religious feud and occasional persecution of those who deny the Czar's quality as the "vice-gerent of God upon earth"!

A fact of paramount importance is here to be noted. The schismatic Russian Churches have a nearer affinity to the Greco-Catholic Church of the Christian rayah of Turkey, than to that of which the Emperor asserts himself to be the head! If, therefore, the spiritual supremacy of the Czar could be transplanted from St. Petersburg to Constantinople, an immense step would be made towards extinguishing Malo-Russian and Cossack "heresy." This is one of the reasons which incessantly urge forward Czarism to new attempts of conquest or convulsion in the Eastern quarter. The establishment of Muscovite rule at Constantinople would not merely displace a Mohammedan power, but would take the Nonconformists of Russia in the rear. Thus we find that spirit of "universal dominion," which is one of the political traditions of the unwieldy Northern Power, fed by a side-current of Greco-Catholic Popedom.

It may create surprise that the Greco-Catholics of the Ottoman Empire, with such prospects before them, should yield to Russian influence. The explanation is to be found, partly in the greediness of some of their poorer priesthood, partly in the desire of the national secessionists of Turkey to obtain efficient aid from the mighty ruler across the border. On her part, Russia calculates that, if by her agency the Turkish State edifice be once overthrown, the collapse of the Hungarian realm, which is replete with discordant races, will speedily follow. In the absence of a new state-forming power among that medley of nationalities which is grouped, on the one hand in the Ottoman empire, on the other in the Magyar kingdom, Russia herself hopes to be able to take them all in hand by girding them with a Slavonian belt. It is with this view she carries on her propaganda among the Ruthenes of Galicia; the Czechs and Slovenes that are interspersed with

the Germans of the former Federal provinces of Austria; the Slovaks, Croats, and Serbs of Hungary; and the Bosniaks, the Montenegrines, the Servians, and even the Bulgarians of Turkey. The Bulgarians, however, are rather loth to catch at the allurements held out to them. They consider themselves a distinct nation—equally removed from the Turks and from their Servian and Rouman neighbours.

Let the reader take a glance at an ethnographical map. He will see by its aid how the pan-Sclavist movement—of which the Russian Government now acknowledges itself with great openness as the protector, and which has for years been carried on in Bohemia by men decorated with the Order of St. Andrew—is destined to gather a great many races of different origin, speech, and creed, in a gigantic frame, the various component parts of which are to be of Slavonian make. There is a break, here and there, in the links. At other places, the material used is of a doubtful kind. In case of need, Russian policy would not be at a loss for an iron substitute. It has shown in Poland within the last year what it means to do with a restive nationality, even if it be of Slavonian extraction. The doctrine that Russian ought to be the language of all Slaves has been applied there by a famous military order, with a severity of which there is perhaps not a similar instance on record in the history of the world. With great truth Kossuth once said (at a time when he himself had not changed in his public conduct) that “no word has been more misrepresented than the word Nationality, which has become in the hands of absolutism a dangerous weapon against Liberty.” He added that—“the idea of pan-Sclavism, that is, the idea that the mighty stock of Slavonic races called to rule the world, as once the is Romans did, was a Russian plot, a dark design to make out of national feelings a tool of Russian preponderance over the world.”

The “Eastern Question” cannot be understood without a reference to the more than secular—because millenary—

policy of Russian rulers, as well as a clear knowledge of the distribution of races between the Carpathian range and Cape Matapan. It is the characteristic both of Hungary and of Turkey to present, not so much the features of a strong national unity, as of a jumble of fragments of nationalities and tribes. The case of Turkey is the worst as regards political rule. That of Hungary is not less complicated in confusion of tribes. At his coronation, the Magyar king, by way of public ceremony, has to ride up a mound, called the Coronation Hill, and there, turning successively to the four quarters, has to brandish a sword against phantom enemies. They are located, these phantom enemies, in the country itself. They may be conciliated for a time: they may be only latent adversaries. But the danger is still there; it only depends on the wiles of some foreign Power, or on an injudicious political act at home, to call them out into the field.

The fact is, the great migrations and invasions of bygone ages have turned the whole Eastern quarter of Europe topsy-turvy. Every claim of one race is contested by a score of others. The Magyar nation, occupying the centre of Hungary, is matched off, in the four quarters, by a heterogeneous mangle of populations strangely huddled together, and in descent and idiom differing as much as Turks do from Russians, or Italians from Dutch.

Fortunately, the central Magyar race, originally sprung from a stock of nomadic chivalry, has in course of time developed remarkable qualities of self-government, albeit up to 1848 in a narrow aristocratic sense. On the banks of the Danube they established a sort of “British Constitution” even before the time at which England had properly arrived at parliamentary government; thus practically contradicting a superficial race-theory which is at present too much in vogue. It is this strong state-forming quality of the Magyars which has enabled them to preserve their community through dangers which would have split in pieces many a commonwealth of stronger

national cohesion. What the German sword did for them against the common foe, need not be forgotten. It remains nevertheless a wonder that the country has survived so many shocks from without and separatist movements from within—movements which have at times brought it to the verge of destruction. Within contemporary remembrance, I need only allude to the last War of Independence. Then, Hapsburg and Romanoff statecraft joined hands for a while to set up local counter-insurrections, so as to convulse Hungary from within, and render her an easy prey to attack from without. The scheme proved only too successful for a while. The Hungarian Revolution was undermined by a war of races, kindled by despotic guile, before it fell under the weight of the combined armies of the Kaiser and the Czar.

I have purposely dwelt on these matters, for it is idle to approach the Eastern Question to-day without thinking of its bearing on reconstituted Hungary. The very elections which have so recently taken place in that country prove the existence of an intimate connexion. In the Slovak, Croat, and German districts of the Magyar realm, the party favourable to Hungarian union have triumphed. It is different in the districts inhabited by a majority of Rouman and Servian-speaking peoples. In that quarter, the Eastern Question turns up; the Rouman and Servian population being located or loosely scattered on both sides of the border between Hungary and Turkey. The Rouman leaders at Bucharest, of the Bratiano stamp, and the Servian enemies of the Magyar realm, wish to cut up Hungary; the former demanding the whole country as far as the river Theiss! It would be the "*Finis Hungariæ*" for good, though nobody might have uttered the word. Russia, which looks at the independence and aggrandisement of Moldo-Wallachia as a mere incident, would at all events be satisfied by the disruption of Hungary. For, if the Magyar people, which forms the matrix of nationality in that

Danubian quarter, be once dispossessed, the whole political building will collapse, and, with it, the shelter against the icy storm from the great Northern plain. Instead of the "principle of Nationality" being triumphant, Liberty would have but to grieve at such an issue. With the barriers of the ancient Danubian commonwealth once destroyed, Russia would suddenly have circumvented the Bosphorus, and, through affiliated Slave tribes, would claim sway on the shores of the Adriatic, where she has already endeavoured to secure a port.

In Hungary, in spite of undeniable difficulties, a strong political mainstay exists, in the powerful development of a free spirit of self-government in that race, round which the others are territorially grouped. When we come to the Ottoman Empire, we find difficulties vastly on the increase: a strong centre of freedom being entirely wanting, and clashing national aspirations being simply checked by the stationary rule of a conquering people. It is true, there are some who solve the "Eastern Question" offhand by bequeathing the European part of Turkey to the "ten million Greeks," the descendants of the old Hellenic stock, and the natural inheritors of the Byzantine Empire. I once heard an eminent writer, who has made deep researches on matters connected with his own country, start, or rather credulously repeat, this wonderful proposition. The "ten million Greeks" he had evolved from the depths of his own consciousness, though not belonging to the nation somewhat hastily described as liable to the performance of such clever feats. His mistake was, of course, that he substituted "Greeks" for adherents of the Greco-Catholic belief. Of Greeks in a national or ethnological sense there are in European Turkey not more than a million, one half of which live scattered through the various provinces! A little more than another million lives in the kingdom of Greece. Another million, at most, is scattered through Asia Minor. Of all

the races in European Turkey, the Greek or Romaic is the weakest, numerically speaking. Besides, neither the Latin-speaking Roumans of the Danubian Principalities, nor the semi-Sclavonian, semi-Tartar Bulgarians, nor the Servians and the cognate Slave populations in the north-west of Turkey, nor the Albanese or Shkipetars, the majority of whom are of the Mohammedan creed, will hear of any Byzantine claim of the Greeks.

It would be possible, no doubt, under favourable circumstances, to form independent groups of Rouman, Bulgarian, and Servian nationality. Unfortunately, under the guidance of a foreign aggressive power, the first and last mentioned national elements are used as agencies for disturbing the Hungarian commonwealth, whose reconstitution is an eyesore to autocratic policy. On their part, the Bulgarians seem to aim at nothing more than local autonomy. As to the different national groups south of the Balkan range—Osmanlees, Hellenes, Wlachs, Greco-Sclavonians, and Shkipetars—they are inextricably confused. But the Greek race cannot be said to have the upper hand even there in point of numbers.

Thessaly alone forms an exception. In Epirus, however, there is the most puzzling variegation, the non-Greek population predominating. In Greece itself, to this very day, though the process of Hellenisation has much advanced since the War of Independence, nationality is not yet fully reconstituted. There, a considerable Albanese-speaking population forms, as it were, a series of strange erratic blocks lying across that little country—not only north of the Gulf of Lepanto, but at the

very gates of Athens and in parts of the Morea. It is vain to overlook this state of things, which has arisen from historical misfortunes that can never be fully retrieved. When the whole face of Europe was changed by the inrush of successive streams of wandering tribes, Greece was turned inside out, only a small remnant being left of the original stem. This renders the restoration of Greek nationality a rather laborious task. None can more deplore the difficulties than those who would fain see the classic soil of Hellas restored to something of its pristine glory.

"Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed."

Yet even Byron, whose enthusiasm drove him to lay down his life on Hellenic ground, wrote well-known words of warning against a rash, inconsiderate step which would threaten the cause of universal progress by bringing an ambitious barbarian power to Constantinople. The enactment of such a dark tragedy is by all means to be prevented. It is difficult steering, no doubt, through the Scylla and Charybdis of a benumbing Oriental sway, and a crushing, relentless despotism that lies continually in wait for new victims. But, much as the unsatisfactory state of the East may be deplored, a proper solution will not be arrived at so long as Central Europe lacks a strong constitution on the principle of freedom, and Poland, instead of being a shield for the security of the Continent, is turned into a weapon of aggression against it.

ESTELLE RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XXI.

ONLY AN OLD PORTFOLIO.

THIRTY thousand a year is a nice thing ; so is a title. The two combined allow of a man's expressing his opinions pretty freely, besides imposing them, if he be tyrannically inclined, on such small people of his acquaintance as count their yearly income by hundreds instead of thousands, and contrive to eke out existence without the help of ice-houses, pine-pits, or a handle to their names.

But from him to whom much is given much is required. When a baronet is so obliging as to die in the prime of life, the very least his successor can do is to bury him decently. This Sir Louis did, and something more. He set Muroni to work out a design for a monument to stand beside Lady Caroline's ; and he contemplated putting in a stained window to the united memory of the family so strangely swept off to make room for him. He thought of it all, and spoke of it to his mother, without any affectation of sorrow or regret more than he really felt. The only two he grieved at all for were those two pretty boys ; it was for their sakes principally that he wished to put in the window. His mother assented to everything he said. Her son always acted rightly and feelingly, said she. That settled, and Muroni hard at work, Louis wanted to set off straight to Toulouse to plead his cause face to face with his lady. He guessed truly that if he chose to write again it would not be Mrs. Russell's fault if he were refused. But he was proud, and did not choose that she should interfere any more, either for good or evil.

But now his own mother interfered, unknowingly, to keep him back from hearing his fate. She did not feel equal to being left alone yet, she said. It was

all very new and unexpected, and Louis must stay and help her through. She wondered at this erratic propensity so suddenly developed, now when he was just come into the possession of a home worth staying at home for.

"You cannot go abroad," she said, nervously ; "you really cannot, till you have taken your position in the county."

"Here I am," said Louis, rising and planting himself on the rug in front of the fire. "Now then !"

"Nonsense ! You know what I mean," Mrs. Vivian insisted. "Everybody will be calling, of course ; nobodies and all" — Mrs. Vivian had gone through Lady Caroline's visiting-book, and had made shrewd guesses as to who were the nobodies, already—"and we shall have to call in return. And I really don't feel equal to the exertion alone, my dear boy ; I don't indeed." Which was an unrighteous fib. For Mrs. Vivian the baronet's mother, in the mourning robes furnished by Madame Elise, was a very different woman, inside and out, to Mrs. Vivian the poor barrister's mother, in a feebly-rustling, scanty garment of three-and-twopenny silk, that Miss Pincot would have scorned for her own afternoon wear.

"And how long will that take ?" asked Louis, after a pause. It was horribly vexatious to be kept dawdling at Vivian Court for such a miserable, futile business as making the acquaintance of a lot of county magnates, who cared as little for him as he did for them, and whose sole claim to his courtesy was the fact of their having ridden across country with his uncle, and accepted Lady Caroline's dinner invitations once or twice annually.

He knew that his mother was right in a feminine, conventional point of view, about his "taking his position." But he was horribly vexed. He ground his teeth as he thought of the possible

consequences of delay. But he took up the tangled threads of patience again before he spoke. He was not going to vent his vexation on his kind, fond, fussy old mother. And his voice was just as quiet as usual when he asked her that question.

"How long? That was really impossible to tell," said the artful woman, determined not to be left in the lurch before every one of those precious "county" people had called. They might get it over in about a fortnight or three weeks, perhaps. Much depended on the state of the weather. But everybody would be calling now that they had appeared in church.

This little conversation took place on a Monday morning, in the pretty morning-room opening on the fernery. At the word "church" Sir Louis's mouth relaxed into a broad grin, and he held his book up to his face much closer than was either necessary or comfortable for reading purposes.

They had gone to St. Stephen's together the day before, and Mrs. Vivian's dissenting eyes had almost started from their sockets at the sight that met them, when, after performing her private devotions, she lifted her thick veil and looked round the church from the queer little gallery which had always been used as the Vivian Court pew. There was a large cross—a cut, carved, gilded abomination—on the top of the altar-screen. There was a red dossal. There was a pair of tall, handsome candlesticks, suspiciously like the Vivian Court candlesticks, on the altar; and up the middle aisle, preceded by a lad in a white vestment, bearing another cross on a black pole, cut, and gilt, and jewelled—and followed by more lads in white robes—came the Rev. Alban Gray, in Romish vestments, cope and stole and chasuble, all made at the same shop which supplied St. Elfrida's, where Lady Caroline had been wont to perform her devotions during the season! All this she saw, and sat down with a gasp, when the congregation rose to receive their priest as he passed up to the chancel.

If Sir Louis had not been there, Mrs. Vivian would have descended from the strange perch in which she found herself, and walked out of church in face of all the congregation. But with him sitting by to remind her that she was a baronet's mother, her powers of endurance rose, and she stayed through the service as pluckily as if she had been a martyr tied to a stake, although the Misses Maurice in the pew below kept bowing at intervals all prayer-time, in a most aggravating manner, and Mr. Gray preached in his surplice on *Baptismal Regeneration*.

But as soon as the dismissal had been pronounced, she rose, hastily descended the stairs, and was out in the churchyard and in the carriage before the astonished Louis could offer his arm. "Rotten! rotten to the core!" she ejaculated, as they drove home.

She electrified the Evangelical butler at dinner by declaring that no earthly power should induce her to enter such a blasphemous place again. No; give her a barn—an outhouse—so as she might hear sound doctrine preached in it. It was the first time that such "low" sentiments had found an utterance at the Vivian Court dinner-table, and the butler might well be electrified.

"Well, you know, mother," Sir Louis said, "one must go to the parish church when one is in the country. When we are in town, we can wander about till we find a preacher to our tastes. Here we have no choice. If we go to the next parish, we naturally are supposed to be at loggerheads with the clergyman of our own. And I, mother, would be the last man to degrade a parish priest in the estimation of his own poor flock, as he would be degraded if the first man in his parish chose to go to church in the next. And I declare, as long as a fellow preaches a good sermon, I don't care a straw whether he preaches it in a white gown or a yellow one."

"Better give the parish the example of staying away from a place where such sermons are preached as that we heard to-day. To think," Mrs. Vivian con-

tinued, warming with her theme, "that so near the scene of the blest labours of Whitfield and Wesley we should still have men who can dare to preach of baptismal regeneration!"

"Good gracious!" said Sir Louis, with ever so slight a tinge of impatience in his voice, "if there are still men who believe it, why on earth shouldn't they preach it?"

"I don't believe that they do believe it. They only say it in order to keep the poor people in more subjection to the yoke. I couldn't have credited what I heard from the pulpit this morning if anybody had told me at second-hand. It was awful."

"What could the fellow have been saying?" Sir Louis wondered.

"Not one word about 'conviction' or 'saving grace' from beginning to end."

"Well, I suppose a fellow can't be always dragging in 'conviction,' can he? Perhaps he'll preach about conviction this evening." He wanted his mother to stop. But when once she was mounted on her hobby that was hard to accomplish. On she went, full tilt. Lady Caroline herself would not have stopped her now.

"You don't mean to tell me, as a candid person—I don't mean to say as a converted person, for that you are not—but candidly, did you approve of that sermon? Was there one jot of edification all through it?"

"I really am not qualified to sit in judgment over it," said Sir Louis; "for, to tell the truth, I was thinking of something else all the time. There are very few sermons a man cares to listen to now-a-days."

This gave Mrs. Vivian something else to think about, and put an end to the conversation. Of course there were no sermons fit to be listened to in the Establishment. But if her Louis could be brought to sit under a minister of the "connexion!" And straightway the widow fell to praying that her son might be freed from Church trammels and get "convinced" of sin.

That afternoon she set out through

the muddy lanes to find out whether there were any meeting held in the adjoining village. She entered one little dwelling on her way, seeing the door stand open and chairs placed round the stone-flagged kitchen, as if in expectation of a gathering. But, on inquiry, she found the people were Bryanites, mostly from the next village; and, as her *esprit de corps* would not allow her to fraternize with a body entirely unrecognised by the "connexion," she turned her back on the cottage, and consoled herself by reading some of Wesley's sermons to unbelievers convinced of sin, in the solitude of her own room for the rest of the afternoon.

Owing partly to the beauty of the weather, and partly to the curiosity of country neighbours as to what manner of people the Vivian Court people were, Mrs. Vivian's visiting-book—a brand-new red morocco affair, exactly like Lady Caroline's—was filled with the desired names in a comparatively short space of time; and Mrs. Vivian was thinking it would be proper to fill her card-case and return calls; a much more formidable matter, she averred, than receiving them.

"Why should you bore yourself on my account?" said her son. "I'd much rather you did not. Give one of the servants a list of names, and send him round with the carriage. That's what people do; so why not take advantage of the custom, instead of worrying yourself about a lot of people for whom you don't care a twopence?"

"Send cards round! Oh dear, no!" Mrs. Vivian said. She was not going to shirk her duty. So she ordered the carriage, and filled her card-case, and drove solemnly round and round the neighbourhood, with Louis at her side. After the first day or so, I am bound to acknowledge that she liked her duty very much, and felt uncommonly disappointed when people happened to be out, and the card-case was called into requisition. Everybody was very civil and kind—quite friendly, she declared to her son over and over again, as they drove through the lovely Devonshire

lanes to and from the various country seats on her list.

"But then, you know, my dear," she added, with an after-thought of motherly shrewdness, "they would be civil naturally, when one comes to think of it, merely on account of your being an unmarried man."

"Oh, indeed!" said Sir Louis, laughing.

"Yes, my dear; and you will have to be very careful. Nothing can exceed the artfulness of girls now-a-days, I'm told."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Sir Louis, briefly. And then he went up again into the clouds, whence he had descended to hear the reason of people's civility to Mrs. Vivian.

Although Wembury Hall was near Vivian Court, it came quite at the bottom of Mrs. Vivian's list. This was partly because the Maurices were among the "nobodies," and partly because they—that is, the Admiral—had not chosen to hurry that matter of calling, so anxiously expected and commented on by one, at least, of the new-comers.

"Do you suppose the new Baronet will miss us if we don't call at all?" he had said surlily, when Lizzy eagerly referred to Sir Louis and Mrs. Vivian's appearance in church, and asked when they might have the pony-carriage, which nobody except Julia ever ventured to order without the Admiral's express permission.

"We shall be expected to call, of course," said the confident Lizzy, "and everybody will think it very odd if we don't do it soon, being such near neighbours."

"And do you suppose I care for what everybody says or thinks?" the Admiral had retorted crustily. "I'll be shot if I go near the place this week, or you either."

And the three young ones opined from this conversation—which took place on Sunday, at dessert, else they had not heard it—the three young ones opined, as soon as they were alone in their schoolroom, that Lizzy was always putting her foot in it, and that she

never would come round papa like Ju, not if she tried till she was a hundred.

It was a great relief to Lizzy, feeling powerless as she did against the Admiral's crustiness, when Julia returned and gathered up the reins of authority at Wembury Hall.

"We ought to call on those people," she said, when they were alone in Julia's room the night of her arrival, after the younger sisters had been dismissed by a broad hint of the lateness of the hour.

Julia sat lazily in her dressing-gown, watching her sister as she brushed her long curly mane, and told the news. "The girl is handsomer than ever," she thought, drawing her hair absently round and round her finger. "It's very lucky I didn't dismiss Master Herbert as I intended. I think I'll write to him to-morrow. I must make him do if nothing better offers."

"And what sort of people are they?" she said turning to the glass to see how her own face looked compared to Lizzy's. She averted her face hurriedly. The comparison was unfavourable. Bah! she had been journeying all day, and, of course, she was tired to death. She would look to-morrow.

"I can't tell what sort of people they are. That's what is so provoking," said Lizzy. "If I only saw them in a room once I could tell. That is just it. Papa won't call yet; only because I was unlucky enough to say we ought to call sooner than people who lived farther off; which was perfectly true. And positively we've met them when we were out walking three times; and they have whirled by and cut us dead, although we know who they are, and they know who we are, as well as possible. And all because papa chooses to be pig-headed. I declare it's too bad!" And Lizzy brushed her hair violently.

"Is it worse than it was when I went away?" asked Julia, after a reflective pause, alluding to the pig-headedness.

"Worse? I should think so. It's something awful!" cried Lizzy, seizing on her sister's brush as well as her own. "It's well you are come home to keep him.

in order, Ju: for I don't know what would have become of us else. The last thing he made a row about was the butcher's bills and the groceries. There was such a shindy. He had cook up, and lectured her; and, of course, cook gave warning that instant. Then he rowed Hen about the quantity of tea and orange marmalade. Hen had such an awful cry; thought, like a great goose, that he must be in difficulties, and offered to give up part of her quarter's allowance. Difficulties, indeed! If we can't have as much marmalade for breakfast as we like, I'd like to know what business he had to buy that terrier *Alerte*, and give ten guineas for her only the other day?"

"Ten guineas for that beast that he lets into the dining-room! It's pure-bred, to be sure, and a splendid dog, but it was a shame to pay that money for her. If I'd been home— How do you know he gave ten guineas for her?" asked Julia.

"I do know," was all Lizzy said, brushing away at her curly locks.

"You shouldn't brush your hair so much at night. It's bad for the hair," observed Julia.

The young lady desisted immediately. "I didn't know that," she said, laying down the brushes; "but somehow, brushing away at my hair is the only way I've got for expressing my feelings about papa. It would be awfully jolly if ladies could swear, I often think. Shouldn't you like it, Ju? Oh, I say, Ju, he's been and sold *White-stocking*, because he said he was eating his head off. I didn't tell you when I wrote last, because I thought you'd be in such a towering rage. Why, Ju!"

For Julia's face had turned white, and then red, and she had seized her brush, and thrown it to the further end of the room. Her lips moved, but no sound came, and her eyes had quite a murderous look in them for one moment. That passed, and then she rose and began pacing the room.

"Oh, Ju, I'm sorry I told you," said the half-frightened Lizzy.

"Never mind," said her sister, "I

should have found it out by to-morrow morning. Con—found him!" she said, between her teeth, stopping short and stamping her foot. "What am I to do for my ride now, I should like to know?"

"Oh, Ju, take care, he'll hear. His dressing-room is just below."

"What do I care?" exclaimed her sister violently. "I wish he may hear. The only thing I care for in this wretched, dull place is my ride, and it's nothing but his horrid, mean selfishness that would have made him part with my horse."

"Oh Ju, why haven't you got married all these years that you've been out?" said Lizzy, with tears in her eyes. "You have had chances. I should think it was better to put up with anybody almost than to go on like this."

"I shall do something. I won't put up with it much longer," was Julia's reply.

"And you'll have the pony-carriage out to-morrow, eh?" was Lizzy's parting word.

And they did have the pony-carriage out on the morrow, and aired their best bonnets by a drive to Vivian Court and back again, for the Vivians were not at home. But, as Lizzy remarked, they could not cut them dead again if they met in the road, and that was a mercy.

"I am going up to town to-morrow," Louis said, when he met his mother at luncheon, after a long morning spent with the steward in the library.

"Oh," was all Mrs. Vivian said.

"I shall be away a week or ten days. I am going abroad. Here's a cheque that will enable you to carry on till I come back."

"My goodness, Louis, you have made a mistake. It's for two hundred pounds. My dear, it is too much. What were you thinking about?"

"I was thinking that very likely you had a dreadful milliner's bill to pay. You are so remarkably well-dressed, do you know, Mamma."

"I wish to dress according to the station in which Providence has pleased to place me. We are but worms,

worms," said Mrs. Vivian, shaking her head mournfully.

"You don't look much like one yet," said her son, with wonderful gravity; "and I wish you would not make vermicious allusions at luncheon-time, Mamma, for it spoils my appetite."

Thus admonished, Mrs. Vivian finished her luncheon without further attempts at improving the occasion, and merely asked if he would come with her, as she had to make a call that afternoon.

"Another!" said Sir Louis. "How many more, in the name of wonder? Are we to spend our lives in the vocative case?"

"I've only this one, now," said his mother. By way of expressing her sense of their tardiness in making her acquaintance, the Maurices' name had been put at the very bottom of her list. Poor Lizzy had been in an agony of apprehension lest they should not call at all.

As the carriage turned into the small enclosure dignified by the name of shrubbery, which hid Wembury Hall from the vulgar gaze of the day-labourers and market-folk, the only wayfarers, almost, that ever trod that road, Mrs. Vivian said to Sir Louis,—

"Now, my dear, be careful. Nothing can exceed the artfulness of girls, and I understand there is a large family of them here."

"They can't all marry me, if that's what you mean," said Sir Louis. He was thinking which route he would take; Folkestone and Boulogne, or Dover and Calais. He was not quite sure which would take him to Paris quickest. And then the carriage stopped, and Clara, Emily, and Lucy, who had all three sprung to the school-room window at the sound of carriage-wheels, rushed upstairs in defiance of Miss Brydges, to notify the visit to Lizzy and Julia, who were closeted in the bedroom of the last-named sister.

"They're come!" cried the girls, out of breath with their race.

"I wish you would not burst into my room in that rude way, really," said Julia crossly.

"Who is come? Not the Court people?" asked Lizzy, looking up from a box of millinery of Julia's which she was turning out.

"Yes. Sir Louis and Mrs. Vivian!" shouted Clara. And then they all ran away again.

"Really," said Julia, as she put away her blotting book with a letter in it, half-finished, to Herbert Waldron, "that child Clara gets so hoydenish that it is quite unbearable."

"You'll have to take her in hand," said Lizzy, taking up a small mirror to look at her back hair.

"Shall I do?" said Julia.

"Yes, you'll do," said Lizzy. And then they went down into the drawing-room, and found Mrs. Vivian talking to their mother quite pleasantly about Mdlle. Riego's new anti-macassar patterns, and Sir Louis laughing at something that Clara was saying.

For those three schoolroom misses, Emily, Lucy, and Clara, instead of returning to Miss Brydges and their German lesson, had boldly invaded the drawing-room, contrary to all rule and precedent, in their anxiety to have a good look at their new neighbour. Julia put a good face on the matter, but promised herself the satisfaction of giving them a good scolding by and by, the impertinent monkeys.

"Don't run away," said Mrs. Maurice, when Mrs. Vivian rose at the end of the conventional ten minutes. "We always have tea about this time; do stay and have a cup. Julia or Clara, will you touch the bell? I think it is just five, is it not?" said the poor lady, appealingly; as though she feared the Admiral might hear and contradict her.

So they had tea, young ones and all, in a friendly family way, and grew very chatty and communicative over their cups, as people do in the country.

Presently Julia said, "Dear me, how could I be so thoughtless! Clara, will you take Miss Brydges a cup? And ask her whether I have made it sweet enough. Take down the sugar-basket with you, dear."

Miss Clara was engrossing far too much of the Baronet's attention, Julia thought, and this was a feint to get rid of her.

"Lucy, you had better go to open the schoolroom door," she added, as Clara rose to take the cup.

"Miss Brydges is our governess. She generally takes her cup of tea with us of an afternoon. But she does not care about coming into the drawing-room when there are strangers. I hope she won't think me neglectful. The fact is, that I've been from home so long that I've forgotten some of our home ways," said the young lady to Mrs. Vivian, who thought, "How very considerate! Such a beautiful young woman, too!"

"My daughter Julia is just come back from the south of France, where she has been for her health," said Mrs. Maurice.

"Indeed! Miss Maurice looks the picture of health," says Mrs. Vivian.

"She is quite restored, I am thankful to say," replies the mother. "She has brought us home such a quantity of photographic views; and a most interesting collection of water-colour drawings of Pyrenean costumes. My dear, where did you put them?"

"Sir Louis won't care to look at them, Mamma. No doubt he has thousands of drawings and photographs a great deal finer than what I have brought home."

"Indeed," says Sir Louis politely, "I shall like to see them very much, for they will remind me of a tour I made some two years since. And I am not aware of possessing any collection of Southern views. Of Pyrenean costumes I am sure I have not one."

"Oh, but I know there is such a collection," said Lizzy; "for the last time we were there, Lady——" And she stopped, for Julia trod on her foot under the table.

"You must come up one day soon, and show me my riches," said Sir Louis, kindly. "I am very fond of pictures of all sorts. I have got a sculptor at work at my aunt's—at Lady Caroline's monu-

ment, which will be, I think and hope, a *chef d'œuvre*. He is a genuine Italian, and such an odd, simple fellow. I dare say it would amuse you to see him at work." He said this merely because he was sorry to see Lizzy's sudden look of confusion.

"Oh, thank you; it would be so nice," she replied, relieved at hearing him speak so calmly of Lady Caroline.

Mrs. Vivian was not near enough to give him a warning nudge. But all this was trying, after her begging him so earnestly just before they entered the house to be careful, because of the artfulness of girls.

"I am afraid Sir Louis is promising more than he knows how to perform," she said, pointedly. "Signor Muroli likes to work alone. He told me only yesterday he could not bear interruption."

"I have placed the photographs on the stand by the window, if you would like to look," says Julia.

"Thank you," said the Baronet. And then he began turning them over, and she had him *tête-à-tête*, which was what she wanted.

"And now I must show you my water-colours; they are in another portfolio," she said, when the last photograph had been admired.

"We are making quite a visitation," says Mrs. Vivian, ceremoniously.

"Oh, but I must show you these," cried Julia, "for I consider them quite valuable. There are lithographic prints to be got of these costumes, certainly; but they are horrors compared to water-colour drawings really well done, as these are. They were a parting gift from a very, very dear friend of mine," said the young lady, with a passing sigh. "These are all of the Hautes Pyrénées. Do you recognise any of them?"

"I do; this one, for example, seems quite an old friend," said Louis, taking up a drawing of a peasant of the Gorge of Luz. "I could almost think I had seen this very peasant-woman sitting by the stream, ladling her pig, and scratching his back. There is a great

deal of spirit in this drawing, as far as I am a judge. I should say the artist might do great things some day."

"So I think. My friend will never do any more though, so I may consider myself lucky to have got these. Women always give up their accomplishments when they marry."

"What's that about marrying?" said Mrs. Maurice, approaching the window.

"Miss Maurice was observing that women always gave up their accomplishments when they married," said Sir Louis.

"Well, they do generally, somehow. I can't say I did; but then I never had any to speak of. I married too early; quite a girl, you know; and I didn't know how to order dinner a bit; and I was afraid of my cook. I don't approve of early marriages; do you? Girls ought to enjoy themselves while they can; ought they not, now?"

Mrs. Vivian agreed entirely with Mrs. Maurice.

"Ah," said Julia, "you would say so if you had been in the South, where I was all last winter; where every girl is expected to marry before she is eighteen, and where she is an old maid at one-and-twenty! The young lady who gave me these drawings was married on her eighteenth birthday, and would have been married before if she had not resisted her mother's wishes. As it was, if ever there was a forced marriage, that was one."

"My dear, you should not say that," said Mrs. Maurice, timidly. "You don't know——"

"Truth is truth, Mamma. And I ought to know, as I watched the thing from beginning to end," said Julia, with decision.

"The dark places of the earth are full of cruelty," observed Mrs. Vivian. "After all, what natural affection can we expect among those wretched Papists?"

"They weren't Papists, Mrs. Vivian——"

"Good gracious! What's the matter?"

The exclamation came from Mrs. Maurice.

"I beg your pardon," stammered Sir Louis; "I slanted the portfolio too much, and it made the stand top-heavy. They are very interesting drawings—as you say; but I fear we must defer seeing the remainder to some future time."

"Oh," said Julia, with her most fascinating smile, "if you really like them, pray take them home, and look them over at your leisure."

And, much to Mrs. Vivian's wonder and vexation, the Baronet actually seized upon the offer, and, what was worse, carried the portfolio downstairs and put it into the carriage himself, although the servant was in attendance. In consequence of this, she made her adieux to the Maurices much colder than she had at first intended them to be. She felt that she must take care of Louis, if he was really so stupid and absent as to commit himself in this way. So she made not the slightest allusion to the fact of their being near neighbours, nor hoped that they should see much of each other.

She took her son to task as soon as they were fairly on the road again.

"What on earth did you want of that lot of drawings, when you know the house is positively littered already with photographs and things? I declare, Louis, one would think you wished to have an excuse for becoming intimate. I shall send that old portfolio back to-morrow."

"Don't talk such nonsense!" exclaimed her son, in a tone that signified what his displeasure would be at such a piece of interference.

Mrs. Vivian got frightened at his unusual bluntness, and held her tongue, but eyed him inquisitively from behind her crape veil. "Good gracious!" she thought, "how dreadfully pale he is! Is it possible that he has gone and fallen in love with one of those girls at first sight?" And then she wandered off into speculations as to her future daughter-in-law. There was one very consolatory feature in the Maurice family. They did not appear to be at all clever. There were nothing but silly novels and volumes of poetry on their

drawing-room table;—and yet, with such pairs of fascinating eyes round him, a man might forget that there were such things as learned books till it was too late. Thus balanced between hope and fear, Mrs. Vivian reached home and dressed for dinner, a laborious daily ceremony which her soul abhorred, but which she never flinched from, believing that her position required it.

"Well, Ju," said Lizzy, when the carriage had driven off, "what do you think of him? I think he's rather slow, myself."

"Horrid shaggy, unkempt brute," says Julia, who was never at a loss for adjectives; "he looks for all the world like the Wandering Jew, and he can't talk one bit. That's what I think of him. And the old mother is a muff!"

"I shouldn't mind being mistress at the Court, though; should you?" suggested Lizzy.

"Oh, that's quite another thing, you know," says Julia.

"Thank goodness," Mrs. Vivian thought, as she bade her son good night, "he is going away to-morrow. I wish I hadn't asked him to go with me to call on those Maurices. He ought to marry higher than that, most certainly."

All night long did Sir Louis struggle against the uncontrollable longing to see Estelle once more; to hear her lips say what those sweet grey eyes of hers had said already, "I will love you all my life," and then bear her away like a knight of old from the man who had dared usurp his place. For was not he her true husband? his hungry heart asked again and again. Had not their two souls been united in holy wedlock, in the sight of God, with the Pyrenees in their white and purple vesture standing as witnesses? Who was this interloper, that dared drive them asunder?

When the early sun shone into his room, it lit up the table still scattered with her drawings, and his weary head pillowed at last on the old portfolio that bore her maiden name. One ray, warmer than the rest, touched his face, and woke him.

The night had brought counsel. A

still small voice had spoken, silencing his heart, accusing him of the selfish cowardice that hid behind his better love; telling him, that as things had fallen out, so they must remain, even for her good, in the midst of all possible misery. For to a nature so pure and loyal as Estelle, the bare fact of a man's being her husband would invest him with a sanctity that could belong to no other.

He rose, and gathered up the drawings reverently, as men handle what has belonged to the dead.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH MRS. VIVIAN LOOKS ABOUT HER FOR SOMETHING TO DO, AND FINDS IT.

MRS. VIVIAN kept on repeating to herself that girls were very artful, and that she was glad Louis was out of the way; but he had not been gone a week before she began to feel very desolate in the great, silent house, and to want him back again as heartily as she had wished him gone. As an antidote against vain wishes, one fine morning after luncheon she put on her bonnet, and set out with her feet encased in a good unpromising pair of thick boots—for there had been rain overnight—and a roll of tracts covered with brown paper in her hand, on an amateur district-visiting tour among the neighbouring cottages.

The sun was hot, and a steaming mist rose from the land and lay like a white belt round the horizon. Mrs. Vivian went on bravely at first, picking handfuls of the red cuckoo-pint and silver-lady which spread in broad streaks up and down the high hedges; but the hedges came to an end, and she had before her a long, stony, shadeless piece of road, which seemed to lengthen at every step. She went on till she had got about half way, and then was so dead-beat that she had to sit down on a big stone by a furze-bush, and rest, with her back to the hill and her face seawards. She sat there so long, that two rabbits which were pass-

ing stopped to look at her, and a big green and yellow caterpillar began to crawl up her back, thinking it the shortest cut to the furze-bush. The rabbits, feeling they could make nothing of it, had hopped away home, and the green and yellow caterpillar had just got one front leg on to a furze-twigg, when Mrs. Vivian, who had only kept so still hitherto because she was dozing, gave a great start, and the caterpillar fell down on the thymy slope, rolled like a ball a matter of four feet downwards till he was stopped by a pebble, and then had to begin again.

The reason of Mrs. Vivian's start was, that she had been roused by the sound of footsteps on a country road where you might walk for miles and not meet any one. She turned round in a fright, and grasped her umbrella, expecting to see a beggar, but was surprised to find it was only a young lady.

The young lady was surprised too. She had evidently imagined that her walk down that road was to be quite private and lonely, for she had taken off her hat and unpinned her shawl, and held a villanous old parasol over her head. She stopped for a second and looked, and Mrs. Vivian, returning the look by one of half-recognition, jumped up from the big stone with a feeling of annoyance at being found in such an undignified position. Here was somebody she had met before, and ought to speak to; and she had been caught with her back in a furze-bush, her crape skirts drawn up, showing thick, unmis-takeably muddy country boots, and her bonnet-strings all awry. She felt somehow as though she had been disgracing the baronet whose mother she had the honour to be, and jumped up quite flustered.

"One of the Miss Maurices—I think," she said, holding out her hand doubtfully. She had a beautiful French glove on, and the sight of it restored her self-possession.

(N. B. Now it was the caterpillar's turn to get flustered. He had unrolled himself cautiously, had crawled within a foot of the desired furze-bush, and was

preparing to mount a pebble of some magnitude, when Mrs. Vivian put her foot on it, and thereby all but squashed his head off. He ducked in the very nick of time, and did not regain nerve enough for the ascent till nearly sunset. Mrs. Vivian was unconscious of the small tragedy so nearly enacted through her instrumentality; therefore, instead of improving the occasion, she shook hands with the unknown, who was in reality Henrietta Maurice.)

"I am Miss Maurice," said she, giving a hand by no means white, and a gloveless one; for she never put on gloves except to go into the town or to church. Her hands were a disgrace, to be sure, but then, as she said to herself, when they got more scratched or tanned than usual, who cared? And she had a few more half-crowns for the poor thereby.

"I think I must be speaking to Mrs. Vivian," she added, and even as she spoke the flush on her cheeks that had arisen from walking down hill against the breeze died away, and Mrs. Vivian felt sure that she and this Miss Maurice had not met before.

"I was not at home when you and Sir Louis called on Mamma the other day," she said; "it was one of my busy days, and I was on my visiting rounds among the poor people. There is so much sickness about now that I am obliged to make quite a day of it when I go."

"Oh, so you visit in the parish," said the widow, aware now that she had been very near poaching on somebody's grounds.

"Yes." And then they walked homewards, and after a remark or two about the beauty of the weather, Henrietta, seeing that Mrs. Vivian appeared a kindly, unsophisticated sort of body, plunged into the grievance nearest her heart, viz. the disgraceful state of Five Fields, and the parish in general. She enlarged on this theme so that it lasted till they got within sight of the Vivian Court woods. The salient points of her discourse were: pigsties commanding a front view of the dwellings to which they belonged (she laid great stress on

this, having been frightened out of her wits that very afternoon by two big grunTERS that had barred her passage on the high road for full ten minutes); public-houses, of which the proportion was one to every three cottages; and bedroom windows that wouldn't open.

"And the poverty is something indescribable," she said; "as it is generally in the agricultural parishes down here. I know many families who live on barley bread and treacle and weak tea nearly all the year round. One can't scold them, you know, for being dirty and ragged, when one knows that they have no money to buy either soap or needles and thread."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Vivian, "the poor must be much worse off down here than they are about Dorking—that's where I used to live before I came here."

"I am just come from a cottage where there are eleven children, half of them babies, and the father only gets twelve shillings a week," said Henrietta.

"Dear, dear! I declare it's quite tempting Providence," Mrs. Vivian exclaimed, aghast.

Then Henrietta descanted upon the low fever which was perennial in Five Fields. This topic brought them to a gate, where they stopped to take breath, and where a dip in the ground showed them the sea with the sun on it.

"I am glad to have met you, Mrs. Vivian," Henrietta said presently, "for I intended calling on you, on purpose to try to interest you in the poor belonging to the parish. I do what I can, but I want help sadly. I am almost alone, for the clergyman's wife, poor thing, is a sad invalid, quite unequal to the exertion of walking. The parish is a very scattered one; it consists of three straggling, wretched villages——"

And Henrietta suddenly turned ashy pale, and collapsed quietly into a furze-bush.

Mrs. Vivian was too surprised to scream. She picked her out of the furze-bush, laid her on the grass with her head raised, and waited, supposing the young lady would "come to"

presently. But Henrietta was a long while "coming to;" so long that Mrs. Vivian had time to observe her features attentively; and the sum of her observations was that Miss Maurice was a plain, a very plain, likeness of her two sisters, Lizzy and Julia; that she had a singularly old expression, and that her hair was turning grey.

By and by Henrietta opened her eyes, and said, with some alarm,—

"How shall I get home?"

Mrs. Vivian had thought of that already; the easiest way would be for her to walk on and send the carriage from Vivian Court, but she did not exactly like to leave the invalid alone.

"Oh, you needn't mind that," said Henrietta, feebly. "It is the most unlikely thing that any one should pass at this time of day, and if they did they would not hurt me. All the cottagers round here know me well."

"But the beggars, my dear. Round Dorking there used to be such numbers of them in spring."

"I don't think there are any here," said Henrietta; "only a few poachers, and I am not a bit afraid of them."

Reassured by Henrietta's confidence, Mrs. Vivian set off homewards, and returned in less than an hour with the carriage, both the tall footmen, and Miss Pincot, carrying eau-de-cologne and brandy. A young lady fainting by the roadside was such a novel occurrence, and Mrs. Vivian's having somebody to take care of so novel too, that she enjoyed herself very much, in spite of her feeling, very properly, sorry.

Henrietta, after being lifted into the carriage by the two tall footmen, fainted away again quite comfortably, with her head on Mrs. Vivian's lap, so alarming Miss Pincot that a recourse to stimulants by that young woman became a *sine quâ non*. When Miss Maurice, on being lifted out of the carriage, and laid on a sofa in the blue drawing-room, relapsed into a third fainting fit, Mrs. Vivian's sense of enjoyment changed into very genuine alarm, and a groom was ordered to ride

hard for a doctor. The housekeeper, a pink lady in *moire antique*, weighing some twenty-four stone—the lady, not the *moire antique*—opined that Miss Maurice had better be undressed and put to bed. As the suggestion appeared a very sensible one, Mrs. Vivian resolved to act upon it; but movement of any kind had such a bad effect on the patient, that they were forced to leave her alone until the doctor came, which he did about dinner-time.

He was a jolly little man, very nearly as fat as the housekeeper; and he came into the blue drawing-room with such an all-pervading air of nothing-at-all-the-matter-my-dear-Madam, that Mrs. Vivian felt sure it must be all right, and that she would get laughed at and pooh-poohed for her pains.

The jolly little man bobbed in acknowledgment of the lady of the house, and said: "A case of syncope, nothing more is it, Ma'am?" and looked as if syncope was rather pleasant than otherwise, and he defied you to prove it was not.

"That is all," said Mrs. Vivian; "only it is so lasting that I became quite alarmed. The young lady is here, on the sofa by the window, Dr.——"

"Jenkins." And he walked quickly to the space between the sofa and the window so as to have a front view of the patient.

"Bless my soul!" he cried, "why, it's Miss Maurice."

"Is that you, Dr. Jenkins? Oh, I am so glad," said Henrietta. "I don't know what's come to me. I have been giving Mrs. Vivian such trouble."

"No trouble at all, my dear," said Mrs. Vivian kindly, as Dr. Jenkins stretched out his hand to feel the patient's pulse.

"You have been overwalking, Miss Maurice, as usual," said he, "and now you've knocked yourself up altogether. I told you last year that would be the consequence, but you would not attend to me. Now you must, whether you like it or not. You've strained your back, and you're down for a fortnight." Henrietta could not defend herself. She felt too ill.

"This is an old patient, Mrs. Vivian," said the doctor, turning to her, "and a very obstinate one. I ought to know, for I've attended her family ever since she was a mite."

Mrs. Vivian took him into the next room, and asked whether there was anything serious the matter.

"Oh dear, no, not in the least, not in the least," said Dr. Jenkins. "I know her constitution, my dear madam. Weak back, that's all. Perfect repose for a certain length of time is all that is required. I should not advise her being moved for a day or two, if you can keep her here conveniently."

"Of course," Mrs. Vivian said. She should not think of allowing her removal till she was perfectly recovered. And then, just as the doctor was going away, she bethought herself of the desolate great dining-room with its expanse of table-cloth, and begged him to stay and dine with her. Thinking it would not be a bad thing, he looked at his watch and said he would stay, if Mrs. Vivian would engage to let him off immediately after.

Mrs. Vivian, who had the habit of passing each day's occurrences in review before she sought her pillow, and strictly scrutinizing her own part in them, was shocked to find how pleasantly and how fast the hours had slipped by since the afternoon. She confessed humbly that she was not half sorry enough for Henrietta, whom she had by her own hands undressed and laid in the best bed-chamber, with infinite difficulty, owing to the oft-recurring fainting fits, which awed Miss Pincot into helplessness, and made the pink housekeeper turn pale and quiver like a *blanc-mange* that had not enough isinglass in it.

I leave you to imagine Wallis's feelings when the hall-clock struck six that evening, and no Miss Maurice appeared. He declared himself, before the whole array of decanters and tumblers on the pantry shelves, to be fit to go wild. He knew his young mistress was gone on one of her charitable expeditions, for he had himself poured the wine for her sick people into a medicine-bottle,

corked and wrapped it up, and lain in wait at the pantry-door, ready to give it to her as she passed dressed for her walk that morning. He had asked if she would be home to luncheon, and on being told "No," had urged respectfully that long walks without food were hurtful. "When the Admiral goes out shooting, Miss, he has his luncheon took to him reg'lar, if you'll excuse my saying so, Miss."

"I shall get some luncheon at the vicarage, Wallis," Henrietta had said, with a shadow of a smile for the old servant who took an interest in her. And Wallis had opened the door for her with a weight off his mind. Now six was striking, and she ought to have been back nearly two hours ago.

"Darn that rampaging old clock!" he muttered, standing in front of it. "I wish I could just get tu the inside of un for one half-minute. But if wishes was horses, beggars would ride. So here goes." And the gong went like mad. "Like the day of judgment," Wallis said. You see, Henrietta's non-appearance was so certain to affect the Admiral's temper, that it affected his servants by anticipation.

There was the usual sharp look round, the inquiry for Henrietta, and the grunt of disapproval on being informed she was not yet come in. The Admiral spoke no more till he had finished his soup. Then he said sharply: "Take away. If Miss Maurice comes in, she can dine in the schoolroom, or in her own room. I won't have dinner kept here all night. This is always happening now." Mrs. Maurice coughed meekly, but did not speak, and Julia said to Lizzy in French that no doubt Hen would rather have her dinner in peace, and had very likely stayed out on purpose; and she thought they had all better patronise the schoolroom tea in future.

The Admiral ate his dinner in very tolerable silence, and Wallis hoped for the best. But when dessert was put on the table, and still no Henrietta appeared, her father became furious, and used a great deal of quarter-deck language,

which caused his wife and daughters to beat a retreat to the drawing-room.

"I declare it's too bad," said Lizzy to her sister. "I can't help laughing, Ju, but it is a shame for Papa to get into such bad tempers. It's a bad example to Wallis; and, if I were you, I should tell him so."

"Tell him yourself!" retorted Julia, who was not in the best of tempers that evening. "I know the length of my tether!"

"My dears," said Mrs. Maurice, with the air of a woman who has made an important discovery, "your Papa is rather irritable, you know. It's his constitution. He requires a great deal of soothing, my dears. All the Maurices are so: it runs in the family; and it was very wrong of Henrietta not to be in. I must beg her not to let it happen again. Your Papa will be a little better after a little change of air. He always requires it, you know. I think it's the weather, myself. We had rain last night, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if we had a thunderstorm to-night."

Lizzy threw herself into an arm-chair, and screamed with laughter.

"Oh, that's too good!" she cried. "Mamma putting Papa's temper down to the weather! I daresay Hen stayed away to have a little peace at dinner when she came home. For my part, I think we had better all of us dine in our rooms, and let Papa fume alone in his glory."

"Hen is a great fool!" said Julia, from the ottoman. "Note for me, Wallis?" she asked, stretching out her hand, as the servant entered with a salver.

"Not for you, Miss," he replied, approaching her mother. "The groom said there was an answer, Ma'am."

"Who from, Mamma?" Julia asked, before her mother had had time to read the note.

Mrs. Maurice ran through it hastily, and then burst into a violent fit of weeping, and exclaimed that she had always said so.

"Gracious, Mamma, what's the note about?" cried the girls.

"Your sister's been and killed herself," sobbed the excited lady. "If she had taken my advice——" But such a shriek rose from the two girls, that the Admiral heard it, and opened the dining-room door.

"Nonsense, Mamma!" Julia exclaimed, angrily. "How can you frighten one so? It's nothing of the sort. Be quiet, Lizzy. Hen's all right at Vivian Court. Read what Mrs. Vivian says. Tell the groom to wait," she said, turning to the servant; "I must write an answer."

By the time Lizzy had mastered the tenor of Mrs. Vivian's crabbed writing, the Admiral had entered the room, and was inquiring in a highly metaphorical manner what the noise was about.

Mrs. Maurice, dissolved in tears, still adhered to her original proposition that Henrietta had killed herself, and that she had foreseen it. The Admiral, having read the note, exclaimed in his gruffest voice, "Serve her exactly right!" and ordered his boots to be brought immediately.

"Oh, my dear," whimpered Mrs. Maurice, "if you go, I must go too. Lizzy, please ring for Jane to come and help me to pack; and, Julia, will you mind looking out Henrietta's nightcap, and brushes, and combs, and things? She is very orderly, and you won't have much trouble in finding what you want. I wouldn't trouble you, my dear, only——". And here Mrs. Maurice became speechless once more behind her pocket-handkerchief.

"Goodness, Mamma, don't cry like that. You will get such a splitting headache," said Julia, in her most authoritative manner. "There's not the least necessity. Papa, you are not thinking of going to Vivian Court to-night; you'll only disturb Mrs. Vivian, for she evidently doesn't expect you, as she says she hopes to see you to-morrow morning. If you go to-night, you'll find her just going to bed; now see if you don't."

Admiral Maurice thought there was something in that, certainly; and, turning round on his wife, desired her to stop that noise, and not make such a fool of herself; whereupon Mrs. Maurice wept the more, and said she had always said it would be so, and the Admiral should have used his authority to prevent Henrietta's sacrificing herself.

Invoking confusion upon the race of idiots in general, and his wife in particular, the Admiral fled the room, and was heard no more till prayer-time, when he confounded Wallis for being three minutes late, and read through the morning instead of the evening prayers to the end without discovering his mistake, a thing which he had never been known to do within anybody's memory, and which, Lizzy pertly remarked, ought to be made do for the next morning.

Black care sat on Julia's pillow that night, and for many nights after. Not in the shape of anxiety for Henrietta, nor of misgivings on the subject of her correspondence with Herbert Waldron; but in the guise of a long bill at her dressmaker's, which she had no means of settling. Since her return from France, she had resumed the post of housekeeper, delegated during her absence to Henrietta, who, like an honest fool, had been in the habit of accounting strictly for every farthing she spent. Julia knew better. Under different names, her eau-de-cologne and Jockey Club and her Jouvin's gloves always went down in the accounts, and so far so good. But that only helped as a drop in her bucket. The dressmaker was tired of waiting, and threatened to apply to the Admiral. Julia wanted a ten-pound note to stop the woman's mouth with, and knew no way of getting one unless by robbing her father's cash-box, which was scarcely practicable. So Julia did not sleep well that night, nor for many nights after; and she began to tremble when the post came in of a morning.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CROSS PURPOSES.

DR. JENKINS came to see Henrietta on the morrow, and the next day, and the next day after that ; then he prescribed repose for a few days longer, and when they were past, he repeated the prescription ; and so on, for more than a fortnight. It was good fun for Lizzy and Julia to walk up every day and make themselves at home, under pretence of nursing Hen ; but whether the patient enjoyed herself very much is not on record.

There was but little to be done. Mrs. Maurice came to see her the morning after Mrs. Vivian had taken possession of her, and went into such a fit of crying that she had to be taken away and dosed with sal-volatile. Seeing her so overcome had the effect of sending Henrietta into hysterics for the first time in her life ; and altogether there was noise enough and rushing about enough above stairs for an hour or so, to make Mrs. Vivian long for solitude again.

But when Henrietta had lain on her back for three weeks, and was no better, Mrs. Vivian's faith in Dr. Jenkins began to wane, and she wrote to ask her son's advice, addressing her letter under cover to his lawyer's chambers in Regent Street.

She had written to him at length after what she was pleased to call her adventure on the moor, but had received no answer, nor indeed had she expected any, since her son was travelling on the Continent on business. Now, to her great surprise, she received an answer dated from the house in Hyde Park Gardens, saying briefly that he had received her former note, and that his business had not taken him farther than London after all. The letter continued thus :—

"You seem to be very anxious about this young lady whom you are nursing. If it would be a satisfaction to you, and her friends make no objection, bring

her up to London most certainly, my dear mother. This house is as much your home as Vivian Court, and I hope you will bring whom you like, and do what you like, and in fact behave as a mother should who knows she can trust her son in all things. Do you want more money ? Do you want anything ? Remember, my mother, that between us two there can never be any question of *meum* and *tuum*. I do not see any good in all this money, except that I can gratify every wish my mother takes into her old head, and that a good number of wretched beings may be made less wretched by it. That is all the good it is ever likely to do me, and that, after all, is what every great gift is intended for. So it is all right.

"If you carry out your contemplated plan—your note seems to say you wait for my decision ; I have said what that is—you must bring some of the servants with you, of course ; just those that my uncle and Lady Caroline were in the habit of bringing to town with them. The housekeeper will know about everything, I doubt not. Still, if you would like me to come down to be your escort, say so.

"Don't make any delays. I see you are anxious, and I don't like my old mother to worry herself a moment longer than is necessary about anything or anybody ; certainly not for a strange young lady picked up by the roadside. No offence to her, though. I shall expect you on the second evening after you get my letter, and I have already written an order for an invalid carriage to be sent down immediately to Vivian Court, as I thought you might possibly like one for your friend, and not be able to get such a thing down in the country without much delay."

"My dear, dear, boy. God bless him !" said the widow, wiping her eyes, after she read this letter.

She put on her bonnet and drove over to Wembury Hall, leaving Julia to keep guard over her patient. Mrs. Maurice was thanking her for her kindness, and acquiescing in everything she proposed, when the Admiral walked in, and

knocked the whole scheme on the head by declaring once for all that he couldn't think of it; that he couldn't be under such a tremendous obligation to anybody, not even an old friend. Henrietta must come back, and they must do their best for her.

"Dear me, yes," said Mrs. Maurice, going off on another tack; "now one comes to think of it, she has been away a long time, and, as my husband says, she ought to come home. We are very grateful to you for your kindness to her, dear Mrs. Vivian, but, as my husband says——"

"Now," said Mrs. Vivian, who could be as determined as the Admiral when she chose, "just hear me. I believe, myself, that my meeting with your daughter as I did was quite providential. I was wearying in the midst of plenty for want of something to do, and just as I was thinking I couldn't bear it any longer—one can't knit all day long in such weather as this, you know—I was provided with an occupation. I said to myself then that the hand of Providence was in it, and I say so now. Now, Admiral, don't interrupt me yet. Mrs. Maurice, I want you and the Admiral to take a common-sense view of the matter. Here am I, with a deal of time on my hands, and all alone; with a deal of money, and nothing to do with it. As I said, you know"—turning to Mrs. Maurice,—"one can't knit for ever, and one can't wear more than one gown at a time, can one? Now here's a little opportunity for doing good that falls in my way, and why should you two prevent my doing it because you've only known me months instead of years? You would think it was all right if it was some poor girl that I had got hold of; and don't young ladies deserve as much petting and care when they are ill, as those of the poorer class? And this dear girl, too, that has brought on her illness by her devotedness to the poor, doesn't she merit good nursing more than another?"

"Confounded folly. Better have stayed at home," growled the Admiral. "I don't approve of all that meddling with

the lower classes; and I know she only went among 'em out of obstinacy."

"Ah, well, Admiral," Mrs. Vivian returned briskly, "we can but do what we believe to be right in this world, and hope we are not in the wrong after all. Anyhow, I've got this dear girl to take care of, and I intend to keep her. Why, I've had nobody to nurse since my son Louis had the measles when he was fourteen! And such a dear fellow he was to nurse; so thankful for everything I did to make him comfortable. And your daughter is quite as good. Dr. Jenkins said she was obstinate, and would not attend to him. I can only say she does everything I tell her. I don't believe he understands the case, and I tell you, Admiral, I must and will take her to London, and my son has sent down an invalid carriage for her, and you must let her go."

And Mrs. Vivian carried her point. Two days later she was settled with her invalid in the mansion in Hyde Park Gardens, and was putting her son through a severe examination as to the merits of the most celebrated doctors.

Louis was surprisingly ignorant on the subject. He said he didn't know of any: which naturally put his mother in a pet.

"To think of your living all the years you have in London, and not to know who's clever!" she cried.

"I do know a clever fellow," said her son.

"Then why did you say you didn't?"

"Because his is not of the kind of cleverness that keeps his carriage, and so you women wouldn't believe in him, perhaps," said Louis.

"You women." Mrs. Vivian had never heard him say such a sarcastic thing before. "*You women!*"

"Nonsense," she said. "If you are satisfied about this man——"

"I believe him to have an unequalled potentiality for keeping his carriage," said Louis.

"What's that? I can't make you out at all. Well, what is this man's address?"

And, ignoring the aristocracy of the

medical brotherhood, Mrs. Vivian sent a note to Vaughan Street, requesting Dr. Vandeleur's attendance.

Dr. Vandeleur came, saw the patient, took his fee, and departed. This went on for about a fortnight, and Henrietta got no better, but rather worse. The slight colour that had come into her face the first few days of her being in London was quite gone, and had left her paler, if possible, than she was before. Mrs. Vivian was in a puzzle, and resolved, if there was not a change for the better in a few days, to have another opinion. She told her son this, and Louis said, by all means, let her call in anybody she liked; for himself, if he were dying, he would trust in Vandeleur to bring him round, if man could do it. But before Mrs. Vivian had quite got to the day on which she proposed notifying to the doctor her sense of his insufficiency, Louis made a discovery.

In the drawing-room where Henrietta lay when she was dressed was a large bow-window looking south, and filled with stands for plants, a fernery, and a large vivarium, Louis's last hobby. One day he was stooping over this, absorbed in watching the manœuvres of two prawns, when he was startled by hearing a low sobbing from Henrietta's corner of the room, and then the words, "Oh, Jack, Jack, to think that you didn't know me!" in a sort of despairing wail. It must be observed that the bow was divided from the body of the room by lace and silken curtains which could be drawn back at pleasure. This morning they had been drawn completely across, to make the rest of the room cooler for the invalid. Louis was in a dilemma. She had evidently imagined herself quite alone; and he could not get away from where he was, except by the drawing-room; and how very uncomfortable to be a forced listener to a lady's soliloquy! He began to think he had better throw something down, and was looking to see which plant of all those within reach could best be devoted to destruction, when the open window met his eye. He went softly to it, threw it up to its full height, stepped out on the

balcony and in again, making a great deal of noise in the proceeding. Then he went across the room, shook hands with Henrietta and made the never-failing observations on the weather in, as he flattered himself, a most matter-of-course, unconscious manner. Then he began talking about his vivarium, and Henrietta, who had listened listlessly at first, grew animated, and said, half raising herself, "How I wish I could see those prawns swimming!"

And why should she not? asked Louis. Would she take his arm to the other end of the room? Henrietta said Yes, and then drew back and said No, she must not disobey the doctor's orders. "Just for once," pleaded Louis, who really wanted to please the invalid, besides wishing to show off his prawns. But Henrietta was firm, saying that it would not be fair to Dr. Vandeleur to walk, when he had desired her on no account to do so. And as she said this the colour shot into her cheeks for a second, and her voice sounded less monotonous than usual. "I'll tell you what," said Louis, getting interested in her face—for so people did, if ever she gave them a chance—"I'll get you a small vivarium on a stand, which you can have drawn close to your sofa. That will amuse you for hours together if your tastes lie at all that way."

"You are very kind, but you must not take all that trouble for me," says Henrietta.

Louis was demonstrating that it would be no trouble at all, and that the large vivarium must be weeded in order to keep up the balance of life therein, when Dr. Vandeleur was announced, and he had to defer his demonstration and take himself off for the time.

Dr. Vandeleur put his hat and gloves on the table, and sat himself down with his back to the window, so that the light fell upon the patient's head. He took a very deliberate look at her, and thought to himself, "Bless my soul, how grey her hair is getting, poor thing!"

But he said, "How do you feel to-day, Miss Maurice?"

"Just the same," said Henrietta, drily.

"No stronger?"

"Not in the least," said she in the old monotone.

"The fact is," said Vandeleur, stretching out his hand for her wrist, "you have nothing on earth the matter with you except this. Your brain has had a shock—it's brain—not spine; and you must have complete rest for a length of time."

"Oh!" says Henrietta. "A length of time. How long does that mean? Two months? It is six weeks since I hurt my back."

"Two years," said Dr. Vandeleur, looking at her narrowly to see how she took it. She gave a slight, almost imperceptible gasp, but recovered herself instantly.

"Oh! Two years. Thank you. That, at any rate, is something definite. Then I suppose I may return to Devonshire whenever I please?"

"I suppose so," said Dr. Vandeleur, drily. He felt rather provoked at the cool way in which she was taking her sentence. He would much rather have seen her fret, or getting angry and contradict him.

"Mrs. Vivian will be sorry," said Henrietta after a pause. "And she has been so kind to me."

"I am sorry, if you will allow me to say so," said Dr. Vandeleur, bending forward as he spoke.

"Thank you," said she coldly, and turning slightly away. He ground his teeth silently, calling himself a fool for betraying an interest in a heartless, soulless creature like Henrietta Maurice. But even as he did so a ray of sunlight stronger than the rest pierced through the curtains, and showed her to him in a clearer light than before; greyer, thinner, paler, a mere ghost, in fact. He took all this in at one glance, and said again to himself, "Poor thing!"

"Yes," he said aloud, "I wish I could shorten the time of your imprisonment—for—for old acquaintance' sake. I suppose you have quite forgotten me in all these years, Miss Maurice?"

"I have tried," said she, as coldly as before.

"Tried? Does that mean you have succeeded?"

There was a pause. He thought she was not going to answer.

"I—I knew you directly," said she, looking him full in the face for an instant. "I knew your step as you walked across my room—and——"

"And what?" said he, taking her hand,—such a poor thin hand now, all blanched from staying indoors.

"And—your voice——"

"I thought—at least I supposed—that you were married years ago," said he, still keeping her hand.

"Who told you so?" she exclaimed, flushing. "I—I—it is not true—who dared say so?"

"No one said so," he replied. "It was my own fancy. I thought perhaps that you would not have given me up unless—unless there was some one else——"

"You were wrong," said she, taking away her hand. "I might have thought the same of you, from your letting me go so quietly." She said this with just a shade of bitterness.

"Quietly?" Dr. Vandeleur's mouth twitched in amused recollection of something. "I made a precious shindy, unless my memory plays me false; but not in your hearing, of course; I hadn't a chance. Your father hurt my pride terribly, Henrietta. I had half a mind to call him out." Just then the clock struck.

"I must be gone," he cried, starting up. "I shall see you again to-morrow. And—think again about taking yourself off to Devonshire. Mayn't we have a few talks about old times yet?"

"Ah, Jack, you didn't remember me," said Henrietta.

"You were such a plump, rosy girl," he rejoined, "and now——"

"Now—I'm a woman of thirty," said she quietly.

"I was going to say, now you are so pulled down, if you hadn't interrupted me," said he.

At that moment Mrs. Vivian came in, full of apologies for her absence. There had been some stupid mistake, and she had only just been told, and

so forth. She accompanied the doctor when he left the drawing-room, and asked his opinion. She did not take it as coolly as Henrietta had done.

"Two years!" she repeated after a short pause, with tears in her eyes. "I should like another opinion, doctor, I can't make up my mind quietly to this. Poor dear Henrietta! She is the dearest, most patient girl I ever had to do with," she said warmly.

Dr. Vandeleur felt inclined to embrace her, cap and all, for that kind-hearted speech. (He was Irish too, be it remembered.) But he put a strong restraint upon his feelings, and only answered that he had no doubt of Miss Maurice's estimable qualities, and that he should be only too happy to meet any one in consultation whom Mrs. Vivian would please to name.

"I'll meet all the physicians in London, if you like. I fear their opinion won't differ from mine, but you can see. We will talk about this to-morrow. I think I ought to see her again; though, after all, in these cases, we can do very little. We must not let her mope, and the system must be kept up." And Dr. Vandeleur, with a hasty look at his watch, bade Mrs. Vivian good morning, and was gone.

Mrs. Vivian's mind was too full of what she had been told respecting Henrietta, not to speak of it to her son when she saw him at luncheon. "I'm sorry to hear it," said he. "You must try and cheer her up, mother. I am really afraid she does mope." He had half a mind to tell his mother what he had heard, but did not. She was a dear old woman, certainly, but—and further than that "but" he did not specify. He said, instead,—

"Had you not better have one or two of her sisters up to amuse her? You and I mean very kindly, but we are a couple of old fogies, after all."

"I will think about it," said Mrs. Vivian, cautiously; remembering the eagerness with which her son had possessed himself of that wretched portfolio of Julia Maurice's. "I can't crowd your house with young ladies;

I know you like quiet. Girls make a fuss wherever they go; and country girls especially would want perpetually to be taken to see something or other; and it would be very disagreeable."

"Come now, mother," said Louis, smiling, "you liked seeing sights too when you were a girl. And as to not having them because of me—why, a dozen girls in the house wouldn't disturb me when once I am in my unapproachable den of a library yonder; I should only become conscious of their existence at meal-times."

"Do you really wish them to come?" said his mother, crossly; "because, of course, if you do, I've nothing more to say."

"I think that for Miss Maurice's sake we ought to have one of them up. You can have one or all; it is quite immaterial to me."

Mrs. Vivian looked at him, wondering whether he really meant what he said. He looked as unconscious as possible; but then men were so artful, she thought. "Which shall I invite?" she persisted, to see if he would name Julia.

"What a fuss about a pack of girls!" said he, in a tone that showed him to be heartily sick of the subject. "How on earth should I know which is which? I never saw them but once, and my impression is that the room was full of them. You had better tell them to draw lots which shall come if you can't decide for yourself."

After that speech, Mrs. Vivian had nothing to do except write an invitation for Julia. On second thoughts she extended it to Lizzy. One would keep the other in check, she thought, if there were any underhand proceedings set on foot by either to entrap her Louis.

Within a week after this invitation went down to Devonshire, Julia and Lizzy had arrived and made themselves quite at home; a line of conduct which Mrs. Vivian by no means approved of, but which she bore with equanimity, owing to the fact of her son's having gone out of town suddenly on business.

But she drew her own comparisons between their behaviour and that of their elder sister, and trusted in Providence that Louis might be kept away on business for a month. Providence, however, did not keep him away more than four days. At the end of that time he returned, and notified his advent by silently taking his place at the bottom of the dinner-table, just after Mrs. Vivian had said grace. She asked how it was she had not been told of his return. He replied that he had let himself in with his latch-key, and had had barely time to dress. And then he became absorbed, and scarcely spoke a word, except to ask how the invalid was progressing; nor did they see him again that night.

"He's a sulky brute, that's what he is," said Lizzy to Henrietta one day, *à propos* of Sir Louis. They had been a full week in the house with him by this time, and had never met except at breakfast and sometimes at dinner, when he would sit frowning and making faces to himself, and never speak a word.

"I wish you would not make such rude remarks," said Henrietta, sharply. "You learn all that from Julia. Sir Louis has something else to do besides making small-talk for your benefit. He is engaged at this moment writing for the *Quarterly*. Something about lunatic asylums. I heard him and Dr. Vandeleur talking about it the other day. I daresay he doesn't know even that you are in the room when he is thinking deeply."

"What's that?" asked Julia, entering.

"About Sir Louis," said Lizzy.

"Horrid brute! I hate him."

"I wish you two had never come up," said Henrietta.

"Thank you very much," returned both together.

"And I think you needn't call a man names in his own house," Henrietta went on. "It is not ladylike, to say the least of it. And it shan't be done, in my room at least."

"Come, then!" cried Lizzy, "is it

ladylike to let a doctor make love to you? If that wasn't what Dr. Vandeleur was doing yesterday morning, I'm a blind beetle!"

"Your impertinence is beyond endurance," said Henrietta, choking. "If you will not leave my room, I shall ring and ask to speak to Mrs. Vivian."

Lizzy, astonished and awed at this unusual burst from her apathetic sister, left the room without another word.

Then Julia spoke. "You don't mean to say it's the same?"

"Same what?" said Henrietta. She could not at a moment's notice break the barrier of reserve that had grown up between herself and Julia all these years, else she might have told her sister that Dr. Vandeleur had proposed to her again and had been accepted that same morning.

"Why," said Julia, admiring herself in the cheval-glass, "the same man that you had a love affair with years and years ago, you know. I was in the nursery then; but I remember that Papa came home from the Mediterranean and kicked up an awful row about it; and you cried, and Mamma cried, and Mr. Vandeleur disappeared most suddenly and unaccountably from the scene. Dr. Jenkins always attended after that, and we children used to wonder why he came, and Emily cried for Vandeleur. Nobody told me anything, but I could put two and two together as well as most people even then. And so he's spooning upon you again, is he? Are you going to defy old dad this time?"

"I wish you would go away," Henrietta exclaimed; "I hate the way you talk. It is horrid! it is disgusting! If that is the style you converse in when Sir Louis is present, I don't wonder at his being silent. I wish you would leave me in peace: you worry me till my head throbs."

"My dear child," rejoined Julia, "I flatter myself I can adjust my conversation to the company I'm in. But tell me about this Dr. Vandeleur."

Just then Mrs. Vivian came in, and, seeing Henrietta's disturbed looks, felt

her pulse, and immediately taxed Julia with talking too much. "You know the doctor said she was to be amused, but not excited." And therewith Julia was banished from the room. Shrugging her shoulders—a trick she had learnt in France—she went into the drawing-room, and amused herself by poking at the creatures in the vivarium.

"What are you doing?" said a voice close by her.

She looked up, and smiled a smile which had done her good service more than once, for it was the Baronet who addressed her. She had been perfectly aware of his entrance, and had purposely thrown panic among the inhabitants of the vivarium to attract his attention.

"I've got nothing to do," she said, "so I couldn't help teasing them."

"That is a frank confession," he rejoined. "I suppose I must forgive you. What a lovely morning!"

"Yes," said Julia, going to the window, "just the time for a ride. Oh, how I should enjoy one!"

"To be sure," said Sir Louis, looking up from the vivarium, "of course you would. I never thought of that. I have been very busy lately, but now I'm going to have a holiday. What do you say to a ride this afternoon?"

"The very thing. It would be lovely," said she.

Sir Louis rang to give orders about the horses. "Does your sister, Miss Lizzy, ride?" he asked, when the footman appeared. Julia answered that she did, and Sir Louis ordered his horse and two with ladies' saddles to be brought round at three o'clock; and then, scarcely heeding Julia's thanks, he again applied himself to observing the habits of his water-pets. Julia thought she had never met with a man so completely out of her reach. If he would but talk! If he would but look at her, instead of poking his nose so persistently close to the water!

The pet prawn having hidden himself for the time under a weed, Louis lifted up his head, and seeing Miss Maurice still there, said, "You cannot think what curious fellows they are—the prawns, I mean."

"I daresay," Julia replied. "I wish I was not so ignorant of natural history. I should so like to have a vivarium. Is it easily managed?"

This was the luckiest question she could have asked. Louis began relating his first experiences with his marine guests, and Julia was astonished to hear the luncheon-bell ring before he had exhausted the subject. It was interesting to hear him talk, that was undeniable. Pity the subject had not been better chosen. Those crawling, darting creatures were enough to give one the shivers. But she had made him talk to her. That was one point gained. And he behaved "decently," as Lizzy phrased it, all luncheon-time; that is to say, he was fully conscious of the Miss Maurices' presence.

"What's your little game?" asked Lizzy of her sister one evening as they were dressing for dinner. The afternoon rides had become quite a thing of course by this time, and Mrs. Vivian was again in a state of alarm for Louis. But of this the young ladies were as yet unaware.

"My little game?" said Julia, meditatively. "Well, really, Liz, I hardly know quite myself."

"Oh, nonsense! What did you mean by going into fits of admiration over Hen's patience, and all the rest of it? It looks as if you wanted to recommend her, as it were, to Sir Louis. I'm sure he thinks highly enough of her as it is. If you observe, he'll wake himself up, as one may say, to talk to her; and he remembers little things that she likes. But any attention to us always seems as if 'twas forced. Now yesterday he kept us waiting for our ride, because, if you please, he was busy writing, and it had slipped his memory, and for all the conversation we had the groom might as well have ridden with us instead. I hate the man!"

"I feel very much inclined that way sometimes," Julia said; "but on second thoughts I refrain. Don't you see, Liz, I'm tired of my name, and I want a change?"

"That's no news. What next?"

"I mean to change it for one with a title. I have a fancy for being presented at Court; for a diamond necklace, and so forth; for calling a house such as this mine, for example. When I have a plan, I generally carry it out, unless the Fates positively say 'No.' As to this one in particular, I've only got it in outline as yet. You know one can't always calculate how other people may behave. If this man had been like any other man, my affair would have been settled by this time. However, there he is, and there is Vivian Court, and the Vivian jewels, and this house, and I mean to enjoy it all before I die."

"*He!* You won't enjoy *him* much, I should think," sneered Lizzy.

"You goose! Won't there be place enough for him and me here? He'll be useful, too, if he isn't ornamental. It's a very useful thing to have a husband when one wants to enjoy life."

"But people make a row if a married woman flirts much."

"More fool she, I say. If you do the thing properly, there never need be any row."

The dinner-bell rang after that, and they had to hurry. But before they left the room, Lizzy repeated her question: "What on earth did you mean by praising Henrietta?"

"I meant to make him talk, and I knew he would wake up and talk to me about her when he wouldn't about anything else. He likes her, and I—of course, I like her. So there's a subject in common directly."

"What a clever one you are! Now that would never have entered my head," said Lizzy, passing her arm round her sister's waist. Sir Louis came into the drawing-room as they were standing looking at a picture in the same attitude, and thought, "A pair of empty-headed creatures, but fond of each other;" and being no longer absorbed in the statistics of lunacy, he made himself agreeable, and talked all dinner-time. "This comes of the rides they have been taking," thought Mrs. Vivian, and resolved to put a stop to them.

"I have been neglecting you alto-

gether, my dears," said this artful woman, as soon as she had them to herself in the drawing-room. "You haven't been to the Royal Academy, have you? Well, then, we'll have a long day there to-morrow. I am sure you will enjoy seeing all the new pictures."

"If it's a fine day," Lizzy put in. "There won't be a possibility of seeing them if the sky is as cloudy as it was yesterday."

Mrs. Vivian was prepared for that contingency.

"If it rains," says she, "we'll go to the morning concert at Willis's Rooms. Either way, you shall not be disappointed."

"I'm sure I shan't go," Lizzy said aside; "my best bonnet isn't fit for a morning concert."

Mrs. Vivian heard something like a dissent. "What is in the way?" she asked.

"She got her best bonnet damaged with the rain last time she wore it," observed Julia; "and she can't buy another, because she's particular about not exceeding her allowance; and her allowance doesn't afford her more than one best bonnet for the summer."

This was true. Lizzy had, as yet, a wholesome fear of exceeding her allowance.

"Quite right, my dear," said Mrs. Vivian, approvingly. "My dear child," she said, turning to Lizzy, "you are beginning life on a right principle. You may find it a little inconvenient to adhere to at times, but be firm, my dear—be firm, and you will be glad afterwards. My dear, I have known people professing religion, whose peace of mind and whose influence as Christians were both lost, because of their want of firmness in going without things their purses were not long enough for. My dears, both of you," she continued, laying her hand on Julia's arm, "let the rule of your whole life be, 'Keep out of debt.' It's been my rule through life, and I've found it answer."

"I should think it was easy enough to go without a new bonnet," says Henrietta from her sofa.

"That's all you know about it," retorts Lizzy.

"No," says Mrs. Vivian, "it does not come easy to every one. To those whose faces are set Zionwards, it ought; but even Christians often think too much of their poor perishing bodies, so what can be expected from the unconverted?"

This was the first time Mrs. Vivian had had a fair opportunity of being "faithful," as her phrase was; and it was too good a one to be let slip. Julia listened with becoming gravity, and frowned at Lizzy when the latter would have taken up a picture-book. Lizzy composed herself in an attitude of attention with rather a bad grace; but Mrs. Vivian was too much taken up with her subject to notice the half pout on the girl's lip. There was silence till she had said her say, and that was all she wanted.

The next morning was gloriously bright, and the sisters told each other at breakfast, by one of those telegraphic signals they used at home, that there was no help for it; they were doomed to go and see the pictures with Mrs. Vivian. Sir Louis did not know of the plan yet, though. He had spent the evening before in the library, instead of coming to the drawing-room to talk.

Julia resolved to give him a hint. "We are going out this morning," said she, as Mrs. Vivian was pouring out the coffee.

"Coffee or tea, my dear?" asked her hostess, cutting her short.

"Coffee, please.—We are going to see the pictures. Will you let me have that beautiful opera-glass that's in the drawing-room? New pictures tire one's eyes so."

Sir Louis made no answer. He was reading a letter. When she spoke to him, he was apparently looking at the portrait of Lady Caroline Vivian above the mantelpiece; but the contents of the letter filled his mind so completely as to take off all consciousness of being addressed. He stared full at the portrait for a minute, and then down at his letter again. Mrs. Vivian answered for

him. "You can have the opera-glass certainly, my dear. My son didn't know you spoke to him. He is absorbed in his letters, you see. I never speak to him, myself, while he is reading letters. It distracts him so."

Julia bit her lip, and looked daggers at Mrs. Vivian for one instant.

"I beg pardon, mother; did you speak to me?" said Sir Louis, suddenly waking up to the fact of its being breakfast-time.

"Coffee or tea, my dear?" asked his mother.

"Tea, please. Nothing like tea. Mother, should you like to have a Russian urn?"

Mrs. Vivian replied cautiously that she knew nothing about the virtues of Russian urns, and breakfast proceeded in silence, for Julia had fallen into a fit of sulkiness at Sir Louis's gross inattention, and Lizzy was watching her. The Baronet drank off his tea, gathered up his letters, and retreated to the library, not one whit the wiser as to the game at cross purposes which had been played under his very nose.

Mrs. Vivian carried the girls off early, leaving a new book for Henrietta. First she took them to a milliner's, and presented each with a new bonnet. "It was lucky you made me pretend to listen to her lecture last night," said Lizzy, as she tripped after her sister to the carriage, in all the consciousness of having on her head a love of a magenta *capote* which would attract notice, and make the portraits on the walls of the Academy grow pale as she passed. Julia made the most of her thanks for both. "Dear Liz is so overjoyed at the wonderful fact of a second new bonnet," said she, "that her mind won't take in anything yet. She is so young; only just out, you know. But I do feel it so kind of you, dear Mrs. Vivian. I remember well how, as a very young girl, I have felt mortified at not being quite as smart as other people, and I feel so sorry for poor dear little Liz; and I couldn't have made her the present of a bonnet, you know, because my allowance is scarcely large

enough for my own necessities. Thank you for my new bonnet, too."

"Don't say a word, my dear," said Mrs. Vivian, pleased nevertheless at having so much said about it, and at the way Julia looked and spoke of her sister.

They got to the rooms without any of the pushing and crowding that Mrs. Vivian had feared in her secret heart, but had resolved to brave rather than bespeak her son's protection, and have him dangling round those girls. But they were unfashionably early; and the girls felt ashamed of themselves as they walked through the nearly empty rooms. Mrs. Vivian was not ashamed in the least. She bought three catalogues, and proposed to take a look round first, and then to begin at the beginning, and go through in an orderly manner. The exhibition was as great a novelty to her as to Lizzy. It was her first London season, too. But she purposed taking the enjoyment in a solid, creeping, grub-like fashion, as became a woman who knew she was nought but a worm; and Lizzy received a grave reprimand for rushing across the room to look at a mass of crude colour which she dignified by the epithet of "brilliant," instead of following in Mrs. Vivian's train, reading the descriptions in the catalogue before looking at the pictures, and taking them in the order they came, good, bad, and indifferent.

"You really must keep quiet, Liz," said her sister, after Mrs. Vivian had recalled her for the third time. "You'll get us both into disgrace if you don't; the old lady's looking black already."

"I am so tired of crawling on in this dull way," pleaded Lizzy. "I wish we had never come. I wish we were going for our ride. I feel ready to cry."

"Nonsense, child. You are only paying for your bonnet. I paid for mine at breakfast; I won't forget it in a hurry either."

"I don't care a bit for my bonnet; my head aches," pouted the fickle Lizzy. The rooms were fast filling now, and getting very hot, so that there was some excuse for her irritability.

"Dear me, this is very interesting," observed Mrs. Vivian, looking up from her catalogue, and repeating from it, "No. 110. *Waiting for an Answer*." "Now, that's the kind of thing I like. You see exactly what it means the first time you look. Even without the catalogue you'd know the serving-man couldn't be doing anything *but* wait for an answer, now, wouldn't you? Dear me! The window in the background reminds me so much of one at Vivian Court; the staircase-window, you know, my dear. And the staircase to the left is the very image of ours. Oh! it can't be, though, because it would be in the centre. Let me see ——"

But they were suddenly forced onwards by the throng pressing towards a painting of Millais'. Mrs. Vivian lost her place in the catalogue, dropped a glove, and got—as she expressed it—flustered. "Keep close, keep close," she said hurriedly to the two girls, as they were borne on in the stream far from No. 110, where the serving-man was waiting for the answer.

Mrs. Vivian began to feel tired now that her attention had been called away from the pictures.

"I'll sit down there," she said, pointing to a seat in a comparatively empty corner. "Don't go far, my dears, for fear the crowd should come this way."

"Come, Liz," said Julia, "we'll try to find a staircase like the one at ——" She had turned her head as she spoke, and now stood transfixed by a face which appeared in the doorway. Lizzy cried out, for she had turned quite white in an instant, and dropped her parasol.

"Come back," she whispered, seizing Lizzy's arm; "hush! I'll tell you by and by." And she dragged her, keeping her on the side next the doorway, back to Mrs. Vivian. "Stand before me," she whispered, as she dropped on the bench close by her chaperone, cowering down so that no bystander should notice her; and yet, after an instant, peeping at the doorway under favour of Lizzy's arm, upraised to hold the opera-glass.

"Thank goodness!" she muttered,

with a sigh of relief. The face was gone.

"Are you better, Ju?" said Lizzy, turning round.

Julia nodded, and asked for the opera-glass. While she was scanning the crowd beyond the doorway Lizzy suddenly touched her arm, saying in a low voice, "Look, look!"

"Where?" said her sister impatiently.

"There! Why, I see him as plain as possible; coming straight towards us. What fun! our dear old chaperone is fast asleep."

"I can't see. Coming straight here, you said. Sit down, Liz. No, stand up. Let me sit. Stand before me. He won't know you. How shall I get out of this?" And she sank down again, muttering, "What a fool I was to send that letter!"

"Not know me? What are you talking about?" said Lizzy.

"Of course not. You were quite a child then. Oh, I hope he won't see me. Tell me what he looks like when he's near, Liz."

"What stuff!" exclaimed Lizzy; "it's Sir Louis I was speaking of. Why, have you seen anybody you don't want to see?" Lizzy, feeling now that there was a little mystery to account for Julia's paleness and incoherency, was suddenly seized with a sharp fit of curiosity, and resolved that if Julia did not satisfy it, she would do so herself, and begin by mastering the contents of that odd little box which had remained locked, in one of the drawers of Julia's room, all the time she was abroad.

"Sir Louis! I thought you meant Herbert Waldron. How you frightened me, child! Hush! I'll tell you about it this evening."

To be continued.

THE FIELDS IN MAY.

WHAT can better please,
 When your mind is well at ease,
 Than a walk among the green fields in May?
 To see the verdure new,
 And to hear the loud cuckoo,
 While sunshine makes the whole world gay:

When the butterfly so brightly
 On his journey dances lightly,
 And the bee goes by with business-like hum;
 When the fragrant breeze and soft
 Stirs the shining clouds aloft,
 And the children's hair, as laughingly they come:

When the grass is full of flowers,
 And the hedge is full of bowers,
 And the finch and the linnet piping clear,
 Where the branches throw their shadows
 On a footway through the meadows,
 With a brook among the cresses winding near.

Any pair of lovers walking
 On this footway in sweet talking,
 Sweeter silence, often linger and delay,
 For the path, not very wide,
 Brings them closer, side by side,
 Moving gently through the happy fields of May:

Till they rest themselves awhile
 At the elm-o'ershaded stile,
 When stars begin to tremble in the blue,
 Just to hear a nightingale
 Near our village in the vale
 To his sweetheart singing carols fond and true:

Evening wind, and brooklet's flow,
Softly whisper as they go,
Every star throbs with tenderness above;
Tender lips are sure to meet,
Heart to heart must warmly beat,
When the earth is full and heaven is full of love.

Oh, I would the song I sing
Might to me a sweetheart bring,
For companion through the green fields of May!
She should nestle in my heart,
And we never more should part,
While the summers and the winters rolled away.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

A WORD ON THE DRAMA IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

WE stood once highest among those countries whose dramatic literature was the highest. We have entirely lost that position now. We stand in the matter of dramatic literature on a lower level than any other country in Europe.

It will not serve us as a justification to say that the taste for the drama itself has declined; for when our drama stood loftiest (in modern times) the drama was cultivated and respected in all other nations, and it is so at this moment in every other European country save England. It is in England only that the glory of the drama has gone down, and it is a fact much to be deplored, for it coincides with an undeniable degeneracy of taste, and it suppresses the noblest form of expression affected by the national tongue.

We say advisedly "the noblest," because in a really great drama nothing should fail, and the higher the truths you utter (so they be truths) the more inevitably you impress the crowd, no matter of what various elements it may be formed. To compose a great drama is a lofty aim, and one to which any man may be proud to aspire.

To restore life to the glorious dead, and for a brief space put the present and the past face to face, was for ages the chief object of dramatic art. It implied a grand exercise of man's finest faculties, and through all time we devoutly honour such names as that of *Æschylus*. But as the years roll on, the deed grows to be less thought of, and the *man* who did it, more; we become as St. Augustine wished we should do, curious of ourselves. After Action had reigned supreme through the whole of the Middle Ages, and—extremes yielding for ever the same results—we had witnessed the same sacrifice of the Individual to the Fact achieved, of which our most advanced brethren in America furnish a fresh example; after this

period, men came to turn their eyes inwards, and ask why they did this or that deed? The deed itself lost its exclusive interest, and the doer of it became the problem to be solved.

Of this modern school of dramatic art the completest expression that can be conceived is *Shakspeare*. However we may try, we *can* conceive nothing beyond him.

Throughout antiquity and the darker times, men did more than they talked or thought. Now, and since the sixteenth century, we gradually talk and think more than we do; man's motives become as it were actors, and the *reason* of what he achieves interests us even more than the achievement. We repeat it, we are curious of ourselves, and one vast note of interrogation stamps itself upon nearly every expressed form of our thought.

It is just possible that in this fact of the altered *motive* of the drama may lie somewhat of our national neglect of it, for we still appear singularly desirous of avoiding whatsoever comes under the head of self-analysis. Foreign nations have never shrunk from this, but on the contrary; and for two centuries the French drama has in reality rested its whole fabric upon the development of character,—upon the causes which have determined certain men to do certain deeds.

This school begins with *Racine's* "*Bérénice*," which is, from first to last, an inquisition into the depths of the human heart. No *roman d'analyse* of *Madame Sand* herself ever proved greater skill in the art of moral anatomy.

And this is now the lasting principle of all the modern dramatists of France. Take all recent successes: *M. de Girardin's* "*Supplice d'une Femme*," *Augier's* "*Paul Forestier*," and the overwhelming, incomparable triumph of the last few weeks, *Sardou's* "*Patrie*:" take all

these, and you will find that the interest rests upon the solution of some psychological problem. Even in the case of M. Sardou, where the *act*, the deed, has its large share, the genuine interest nevertheless rests on the passion that is endured, on the suffering that is brought to bear from without, and moulds the internal man.

Shall love compel patriotism, or patriotism love? That is the whole question with M. Sardou. He decides in favour of patriotism; and the great public out of doors, the population of *all classes* of a vast city, decides with him, and, short of absolutely carrying him in triumph, gives every other mark of enthusiasm that can be imagined.

Here again, in countries where the drama is still actively cultivated as in Germany and France, is its supreme dignity and use—that it is to the full as much as political discussion, the exponent as well as the thermometer of the public sentiment.

The drama can only attain to its utmost height among a free people, but there it is one of the best and strongest elements of political life.

Parliament and the stage are two parts of one whole; they complete each other; and wherever the form of government is representative the drama ought to flourish; for if it does not, the true inference is that civilization is tending downwards instead of upwards, and is material and coarse. A great parliamentary speaker may become a minister, and help to fashion the institutions of a country, but a great dramatic creator (i.e. a man who utters grand thoughts through the mouths of beings who while they speak them live) helps to fashion human minds in all countries. Parliament makes measures, the drama makes men.

It is not true to say that a great poet has as much influence as a great dramatist: he has not, for the element of publicity is wanting; the electric action of soul upon soul, the immediate action of man upon man. It is for this that the drama in itself is the grandest form of expressed thought—it contains all others. To be

a supreme dramatic poet (we will take Shakspeare, Calderon, Göthe, as the highest examples—Schiller comes long after) a man must be everything else. He must be a politician, an historian, a poet, a philosopher, and an orator. He must combine two radically opposite natures, and be at once a man of action and of thought; he must conceive and criticise, but, above all, he must *directly and publicly* impress a crowd of other men. He must, with Egmont, teach tyrants of all times how they foolishly forfeit dominion; and with Hamlet reflect the impress of other men's deeds, and live perpetually irresolute, "sicklied o'er" himself "with the pale cast of thought."

Absolute excellence—hard to attain everywhere—is of harder attainment in the drama than in any other form of literature, because, as we have said, it implies so much; but apart from absolute excellence achieved, the drama is, of its *kind*, noble, and its cultivation is a healthy thing in a great community.

Now at the present moment how does it stand with us? As compared with the two great centres of European civilization, with France and Germany, and above all with France, what have we? France has orators, so have we; novelists, poets, first-rate historians—so have we; but France has dramatists, we have none.

Take for instance a man like Robert Browning—a man evidently made for dramatic composition, gifted with the peculiar assemblage of gifts requisite for making the creatures of his brain live and act—what chance has he of attaining to the complete manifestation of himself that is implied by dramatic art? He has none, and therefore remains incomplete, and we, the public, remain ignorant of the entire worth of our best poets and thinkers. We never possess them wholly.

The French do. A man like Victor Hugo, for instance, feels life surging up within him; he finds expression in verse, seizes the public ear while yet a boy, and is driven onwards by success. The creative power oppresses him; he

bursts upon the stage, *creates*, imparts life to human beings, and begins a struggle with the entire public of France, which lasts for over a quarter of a century. There is, from a purely æsthetical point of view, far more to blame than to praise in Hugo's dramas, but they run over with life, and they are the extreme expression of the poet. France knows all about Hugo; we very incompletely know our thinkers and poets. That it was worth while knowing what was in Victor Hugo is proved by the recent revival of "*Hernani*."

Here is a play, written five-and-thirty years ago, at the outset of a career, which play suffices as the proclaimer of national protestation five-and-thirty years after. There was evidently something *there*, and that *something* could have been obtained in no other possible form. When the younger masses of the nation, in the year 1867, were chafing and sickening over the basenesses and corruptions of the actual *régime* in France, they did not exhume a speech of any political orator, or quote phrases from any great moralist's lucubrations; they found all they wanted in the *grandeur* (for in spite of all its enormous defects it never loses that) of "*Hernani*," and, catching fire at that flame, they exploded.

Here was a public fact—a fact telling upon the public life, and productible only by the *public poetry*, as I would fain style it, of the stage.

Another case in point is to be found in the "*Supplice d'une Femme*." M. de Girardin—to whose various manifestations of himself the *public* is indispensable, who could not breathe if he did not feel that the public was there,—M. de Girardin, who could address the nation from every tribune and through every organ, did not hesitate to turn at once towards the stage. A great disorder seemed in his sight to be existing socially; he laid it bare. For years, writers of all degrees had been excusing adultery, poetizing illicit love; he was struck only by its terrors and its vile-ness. He painted coarsely a picture of what adultery really is, tore away its

poetry, showed the degradation achieved by a woman who is loved illicitly, and sentenced to the perpetuity of her fault; and the effect was attained.

The piece was inferior in every point of view, save one. It was ill-written, ill-constructed; but it contained a truth, and for that it stood, and yet stands. It also told upon the public mind and life as much as any political harangue, or any lawgiver's theories, or any Churchman's sermon.

There is no citizen in France who would not desire, if he had it in him, to produce a great drama. There lies the dignity of the stage in France. The drama, besides being a supreme expansion of human thought which it is unwise to suppress, is an aim towards which every man of genius tends naturally; for whatever his other literary successes, this distinguishes him most in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen.

When Byron lived his great ambition also was the drama. If such a man came back amongst us now, would he find any encouragement to embody his thoughts in creatures who act and live? None. Rather the reverse. He would find the lower productions of the French stage, the most immoral and least talented, clumsily "*done*" into English, "*adapted*," as it is styled, to a language and to a state of civilization to which they are (thank Heaven!) utterly opposed.

What is most to be deplored is the absence of serious criticism in this country on whatsoever touches the drama. Without soaring into the cloudy transcendentalism of German æsthetics, it will suffice to cast a glance over the average run of literary criticism in the daily press of France to see how vastly superior in *conscientiousness* it is to ours. There are ups and downs in literature in France as everywhere else; periods when this or that form of thought asserts itself more or less, but there is always a Body-critical and always a *public*. Now these two aliment each other. Where the public is intelligent and active the Body-critical cannot afford to

be negligent; and where the Body-critical does its whole duty always, the public will never fail.

Our complaint is, that here in England, we have neither Body-critical nor public in the true sense. When criticism nods, a genuine public wakes it up very quickly; but where there is no longer such a public, criticism must take care of itself, for it has immense responsibilities. Three or four writers of moderate talent but thorough conviction would suffice; the small change of one Ruskin would do for literature and the drama what he has done for plastic art. But there are a few primordial rules that critics must lay down for themselves and observe. It is not enough to blame or praise *merely*. Criticism ignores wholesale praise and still more wholesale blame. Criticism takes every part of a whole into account, and that nicely; adds up scrupulously the sums on either side and tries conscientiously to strike at the end an even balance. Criticism is the assize court of authors, and you've done no more to improve a writer when you've condemned his writings, than you have to improve a man when you've hung him.

The duty of a critic is to *weigh all things justly*. Many persons latterly have been struck with a signal instance of the reverse of such justice as applied towards Lord Lytton's "Rightful Heir." It is one out of many cases in point, and happens to be the most recent one.

It seems to many persons that, in the state of our stage in England, Lord Lytton's late drama was not one with which it was fitting to deal harshly. There might be objections to make: granted; there were many deficiencies to point out, and there was the fact (admitted by the author himself in his preface) of the play having been "re-written." *Re-written* is Lord Lytton's own expression, and the circumstance of its having been thus "re-written," and of its having in the origin been "suggested" by a novel of Alexandre Dumas, would seem to be the chief reasons for the disfavour with which it has been regarded by English critics.

We avow our incapacity to appreciate the gravity of these two objections. Most dramas have in all times been "suggested" by incidents recorded elsewhere, either in history or fiction; and if a play, even once acted, be found defective and be "re-written" in order to be improved, we would submit that that is a fact to be welcomed, and not harshly greeted by the public. Now as to the play itself, how does it stand?

The incidents are of a stirring nature, yet not verging on the impossible; taking into account the moment of our history in which the drama is placed, there is nothing extravagant in the plot; nor is there anything in the characters themselves which does not belong to them naturally.

At the outset we make acquaintance with the man who is in reality the mainspring of the whole, with Sir Grey de Malpas; and truly the play might have been entitled "The Poor Cousin" with even more fitness than lies in its present name. The *poor cousinship* of Grey de Malpas is the cause of all, and herein lies an originality which seems almost to have escaped the author himself. There is nothing more certain than that the creatures of the brain have wills and "ways" of their own, lying beyond the immediate authority of their creator. Their importance shapes itself, and their *result* is often not that which their maker foresaw. Evidently, in his recent drama, Lord Lytton's idea rested chiefly on the mother and son, and on the fact of justice being in the end done to the heir, whose birth preceded that of his brother. In the circumstance of Vyvian's troubles, of his hairbreadth escapes, of his struggling upwards to life through death, lies, we suspect, for the author, the interest of his own work. Vyvian is *his* hero. But here you have, as he himself avers, the "suggestion"—the impetus given from the outside; whereas, in Grey de Malpas, you have what springs from the inside and is original. With one single suppression, had the play been called "The Poor Cousin," we might perhaps have had one of the

most original dramatic studies of our day.

Imagine the play to end with the committal of Lord Beaufort as the murderer of Vyvian. The judge, turning to Grey de Malpas, says :

"Sir Grey, to you—
Perchance ere long, by lives too justly forfeit,
Raised to this earldom—I commit these
prisoners."

No Vyvian arises in the flesh to confront his brother's accusers, no *proof* is forthcoming, no revelation of any truth possible, and the falsehood is, and succeeds. What then? Why, then, you have, we repeat, a singularly *original* play, and this only requires the suppression of one scene, of one *fact* which is in nowise *necessary*. Suppose Vyvian really killed, he has *paid* with life for a *de facto* neglect of his country's call; had he been more sternly devoted to his duty than to his love or his anxiety to unravel the story of his birth, he would not have been on the top of the cliff when the signal came for sailing. Well, suppose him dead; there exists no possible salvation for Beaufort, and Grey de Malpas is triumphant; all Eveline's wallings go for nothing; she is insane, and her wanderings but criminate more the man who loved her. All the mother's declarations go for nothing too; for, on the contrary, while dragging her apparently into her son's guilt, they furnish an obvious reason *why* Beaufort should be bent on Vyvian's death. There is absolutely no help, and the "poor cousin" has achieved all his aims. There he stands, crowned with success! and the determining cause of all is that he was "cousin" and that he was "poor."

This conclusion, it will be said, would have been too unsympathetic to the public, and, some will add, "too *immoral*," to have been attempted. We grant the first objection, and so, we presume, did Lord Lytton, or he would not have revived his hero, and ended his piece after the fashion consecrated in fairy tales. But the second complaint—"too *immoral*." What is then to become of truth? Do such injustices of destiny

never occur? and are we such children as to be unable to tolerate the image of what does really often happen in the perpetual shortcomings of real life?

It seems odd that Lord Lytton, with his invariable philosophic bent, his boldness of thought, and his immense mundane experience, should not have dared the conclusion imagined above. He would have been cavilled at, and preached against, no doubt, but he would have never heard himself accused of want of originality.

Failing this one last scene, the action of the poor cousin is complete through all the rest of the drama, and logically causes everything. He it was who years ago got rid of Vyvian; in the past, then, your thought links itself to him, and he but continues his strategy in the present, attaining also to his end; destroying Vyvian by Beaufort, and Beaufort by his own deed.

The author slips in at last, and says, "The sentence is reversed; Vyvian was not killed:" but that merely removes Grey de Malpas; it does not prove his strategy to have been faulty, or prevent him from having succeeded. He remains the mainspring of the drama, and the title which is the natural one, and which stamps the play as original, is that of "The Poor Cousin."

We say that, this being the case, our English stage is not rich enough for it not to have been fitting that our English critics should have discussed the point, as it would have been discussed in Germany or France.

No one who either saw Lord Lytton's play acted, or who has read it since, can deny the rapidity of the action, the power of certain scenes, or the beauty of the language. These are great merits, rare in this day in England, and we think they ought to have secured for the work a more impartial hearing.

Following out our theory that the cousin, Sir Grey, is the real hero, let us see how he expresses his own sense of his situation :

"True! since his father, by his former nuptials,
Had other sons, if you, too, own an elder,
Clarence is poor—as poor—as his poor cousin—

Ugh ! but the air is keen—and Poverty
Is thinly clad—subject to rheums and
agues—
Asthma and phthisis, pains in loins and
limbs,
And leans upon a crutch like your poor
cousin.
If Poverty begs, Law sets it in the stocks—
If it is ill, the doctors mangle it—
If it is dying, the priests scold at it—
And when 'tis dead, rich kinsmen cry,
'Thank Heaven !'
Ah ! if the elder prove his rights, dear lady,
Your younger son will know what's poverty."

We do not think that in the present condition of the stage in England, it is quite warrantable to overlook dramatic productions in which the greater part of all the scenes are clothed in language of this description ; language, be it noted, always in keeping with the situation, always the fitting utterance of the character itself who utters.

"You spent in early life the sums that were given to you," urges Lady Montreville to the poor cousin ; and she adds that these sums were spent in "waste and wild debauch."

Sir Grey's reply is, to our thinking, remarkably fine : "True !" he boldly exclaims, nothing ashamed, and in no way seeking excuse or denial :—

" . . . In the pauper's grand inebriate wish
To know what wealth is ! . . . "

We maintain that therein lies the very root and germ of a whole situation and of a whole character : and more, the very root and germ of more than half the moral trouble and confusion of our time. Such words as those, *pointing* a scene and a character, are not common on our stage. When we meet with them it would be right to record their existence, and pay them proper attention.

Lord Lytton's play is full of passages of strength and beauty ; not made to be read and pondered over, but to be *listened* to by the public as necessary

to the action in which they are interested.

Let us grant that there may be a larger measure of deficiencies in "The Rightful Heir" than *we* individually recognise ; still, for many reasons, we hold that the work was entitled to a very different measure of favour from that which it has received.

Firstly, the absence of a national drama being deeply to be deplored, any serious dramatic attempt ought to be hailed with gratitude and respect, and the poets and thinkers of a country be encouraged to aim at this completest form of expression. And, secondly, Lord Lytton's right to this respect at the hands of every English critic would seem an almost undeniable one ; for not only has he for a quarter of a century had a lion's share in the task of drawing the world's attention to English literature, but specially he has done more than any writer since Knowles towards raising the condition of our stage.

When a man has in the space of a few years achieved *three* such successes as "Richelieu," "Money," and the "Lady of Lyons," he has purchased the right of being treated with more than even bare fairness. If Lord Lytton could number only the success of the "Lady of Lyons," and if "The Rightful Heir" had been a perfect failure, he still had a title to the respectful attention of his reviewers. No dramatic work of a man who has done so much ought to be overlooked or hardly dealt by, and the doing so is a fault, which reflects upon the condition of the Body-critical in England, causing foreigners to congratulate themselves on the superiority of their ways, and on the livelier feeling of sympathy which they entertain for the men who have served their common country, and who

"Twine
Their hope of being remember'd in *their* time,
With *their* land's language."

LECKY'S "HISTORY OF EUROPEAN MORALS."

WE come late to the production of things which seem very obvious. The world has been speculating about morals since it began to speculate at all. We are overwhelmed with systems of moral philosophy, and theories about human nature and its laws. But it is only recently that it seems to have occurred to people that it is desirable to attempt to examine and compare the actual phenomena of morality in action; to see if its working and aspects were, as they are assumed to be in most moral treatises, always uniform, or, if there have been differences in tendencies or developments as times and man's circumstances changed, to mark and trace them; to ascertain and generalize, if the facts admitted it, the course and revolutions of moral ideas, the rise and predominance of this one, the decay of that one, the combined result of their influence one on another, as the fortunes of the human race ran their course. That is to say, it was not till comparatively the other day thought necessary for the construction of moral theories to have an enlarged and comprehensive knowledge of the ways in which, as a matter of fact, morality has shown itself in the conduct and sentiments of men and society at various times: it never struck any of the many keen and powerful inquirers interested in the study of morality to write a history of morals—to state what have been the facts which their vast and complicated subject has presented in that scene of human activity which has been going on so long and so widely, and in which there have been such endlessly diversified opportunities to observe the real play of moral forces. History, of course, has been largely laid under contribution in philosophical speculations on morals; but it is a new thing to attempt a history of morals, of their phases and progress and alterna-

tions, simply as a matter of fact, as we have had histories of mathematics, or of astronomy, or of law, or generally of experimental science, or of the various schools of ancient and modern philosophy.

Since morality is based, as a matter of philosophy, on the facts of human nature as we are supposed to find them, it would be almost unaccountable that such a generalized and comprehensive statement of them should not have been attempted, were it not for the enormous difficulty of the undertaking. This is so great as to render it, at first sight, in any complete and satisfactory sense, a chimerical and futile one. For the facts have to be got at, and then to be valued; and both these processes, on the scale which a history of morals supposes, imply not only a penetration and capacity of mind in the observer, but a possibility of definite verification in the phenomena themselves which none but very sanguine people will as yet anticipate, when the subject of observation is that complicated and enigmatical thing which we call human nature. Any historical account, of wide range, of the facts of moral consciousness and governing principle, exhibited in the manifold conditions under which man has found himself in the world, can only be presented and accepted with great reserve, and many understood deductions. Of course, if it is to be only the interpretation of moral appearances on any given moral theory,—the utilitarian, or the intuitive, or the religious theory of morals,—the work is easy enough. Any one could thus trace the progress and phases of morality, and make a consistent and striking picture, with facts for its basis. We have only to take the facts which help us, or which we can explain, and leave those which perplex and baffle us. But to deal honestly with the facts, as

we really meet with them; to accept them as they come; not to be taken in and imposed upon by appearances, often so ambiguous, fluctuating, and blurred, or so subtle and delicate that they are difficult to seize with truth; to disentangle elements essentially distinct, yet continually associated by nature, and simulating one another; and when we have unravelled the fact, and are clear about it, to be just to it, and also just to our own principles in such a matter as morality, the very law of our being, is a task which concentrates in itself in the highest degree all the well-known difficulties which try the mettle of historians. In such a history we have to meet Epicurus and Zeno, the great Roman Stoics and the great Greek Sceptics and Platonists, Lucian and St. Paul, Julian and St. Antony, Pascal and Gassendi, Hobbes and Bishop Wilson; and we have not only to see things from the point of view of each thinker and each social state, to meet tracts of time marked by strain and effort, in which severity was dominant, and others in which all was lax, easy, and moderate—periods of asceticism and periods of indulgence, the Renaissance and the Reformation, Puritanism and the age of Rousseau; but we have also to see and understand how each looked to its opposite. Where this varying point of view affects fundamentally all that is of the deepest interest to mankind and to each individual man, it is obvious that the attempt to represent and to judge justly is extreme.

This great subject has been undertaken by Mr. Lecky. He has treated it, as need hardly be said, with great ability, and has written a book of great interest. He has brought to it wide and intelligent reading, much acuteness and considerable powers of sympathy, and a characteristic boldness and sweep of generalization which often takes the reader's mind by storm. With considerable powers of ingenious and happy expression, his language suits itself without effort to what he wants to say; and he is often eloquent from the mere force of luminous statement and deeply-felt dis-

cernment of the ultimate and inmost reality of what is before him. His unvarying intention to be strictly candid and rigorously fair only shows by what others may think its failure how hard it is to be candid on so large a scale, where not one or two but all the influences and grounds affecting human belief and life are involved; and how great is the difficulty, often so superficially ignored, of the virtues of the intellect, even to those who most consciously and directly aim at them. Mr. Lecky brings remarkable qualifications to his task, and what he has done will undoubtedly command and reward attention. But his book, in its last result, rather illustrates the difficulties of his subject than surmounts them.

Mr. Lecky has kept distinctly in mind the necessity of limiting and defining his subject. He undertakes to relate the history of morals only within a specified time and on a particular stage; the history of morals in Europe from Augustus to Charlemagne; a most critical period of alteration, transition, and fresh beginnings, but still a restricted portion of the whole history. Further, he lays down with distinctness and frankness the point of view from which he proposes to judge what passes before him. The historian of morals may naturally be expected, before he begins his task, to clear the ground both to his own mind and to his readers as to what he understands morals to be, and what side he takes in the great and still unsettled controversies—at present more speculative, happily, than practical, though of supreme and unexplored importance—on their nature and origin. It does not need to be said that a disciple of Epicurus or Bentham would write as different a history of morals from a disciple of Zeno or Cudworth, as a history of the Reformation written by a Roman Catholic would be different from one written by a Protestant. Accordingly, in a preliminary chapter, which, however open to criticism, has the merit of practical convenience, Mr. Lecky states with perfect clearness the philosophical position from which he surveys and appre-

ciates the field of morals which he has chosen. He does not leave it to be collected or guessed at from the course of his narrative, but he is at great pains to make it plain. It is a position which is equally removed from utilitarianism and from allegiance to any revealed religion, at least as commonly understood. He condemns utilitarianism as profoundly immoral. He treats Christianity as a great phenomenon in human history of the same order as Platonism or Stoicism, though immeasurably more fertile of results, but declines to pronounce on its claims to be something more; and he holds morality in its essence to be as independent of its teaching or sanctions, though, of course, affected by its influence, as it is independent of the teaching of Socrates. He holds the position of an intuitive moralist, who needs to go no further than human nature for the supreme criterion and authority in morals, and who, standing between the utilitarian and religious schools, holds against the one the unalterable distinction between duty and self-interest, and against the other, that this distinction and the recognition of it are prior to all religious beliefs, and, in their permanent and essential character, absolutely unconnected with them. With the fullest sympathy and admiration for all that religion, since Christianity appeared, has done for morality, it must be understood that his view is non-religious; he writes the history of the influence of Christianity on morals, without reference to the question whether as a religion it is true or false. It may be submitted that the omission to determine the real value of such an element, so unique in its aspect, and so profoundly important in its relation to morals and the truth about the position of man in the world, must make an historical survey, however otherwise full and comprehensive, an incomplete and inadequate one. A man can hardly write very surely and firmly about the influence of Christianity, who has not yet made up his mind whether it is the most awful of truths or the most colossal of delusions, or a *tertium quid*, made up of high

truth and base imposture, which has never yet been explained. Perhaps the difficulty is insurmountable; but it ought not to be overlooked that there is the difficulty,—a difficulty which stands in the front, and full in view to any one venturing on Mr. Lecky's ambitious design; and one which has some preliminary claims on his serious attention.

The remarkable qualities which were conspicuous in Mr. Lecky's former book are present in this one. These are the power of subtle and unexpected generalizations on the phenomena of history and of man's intellectual and moral nature; and the power of massing facts. As to the former, there is hardly anything in this book so brilliant in its freshness and so striking as the preface to the "History of Rationalism;" but in the power of handling a profusion of details, collected by indefatigable and wide-ranging industry, there is no falling off.¹

¹ Take as an example the following, from a contrast between ancient and modern civilization:—

"Among the ancients the human mind was chiefly directed to philosophical speculations, in which the law seems to be perpetual oscillation, while among the moderns it has rather tended towards physical science, in which the law is perpetual progress. National power, and, in most cases, even national independence, implied among the ancients the constant energy of high intellectual or moral qualities.

"In modern times, on the other hand, if we put aside religious influences, the principal causes of the superiority of civilized men are to be found in inventions which, when once discovered, can never pass away; and the effects of which are in consequence in a great measure removed from the fluctuations of moral life. The causes which most disturbed or accelerated the normal progress of society in antiquity were the appearance of great men; in modern times they have been the appearance of great inventions. Printing has secured the intellectual achievements of the past, and furnished a sure guarantee of future progress. Gunpowder and military machinery have rendered the triumphs of barbarians impossible. Steam has united nations in the closest bonds. Innumerable mechanical contrivances have given a decisive preponderance to that industrial element which has coloured all the developments of our civilization. The leading characteristics of modern societies are in consequence marked out much more by the triumphs of inventive skill than by the sustained energy of moral causes." [This

But his power of limiting and controlling his generalizations is not equal to the keen sight and quick imaginative constructiveness which create them ; and his power of dealing with stiff and precise philosophic argument, with all its ramifications and balancings and equipoises, does not seem proportionate to the skill with which he can support a conclusion by an accumulation of well-marshalled and well-put instances, supplied by a ready memory from stores collected by his extensive reading. As has been said, Mr. Lecky opens his history with a chapter of theory. Not content to state his philosophic creed, he goes into controversy, and discusses at length the main questions in debate between the rival schools of moralists, as to the nature and foundation of morality. A moment's consideration must show that, though every thinking man must have taken his side more or

This is a good instance of the difficulty of stating a broad and general truth. There is a marked difference between ancient and modern civilization ; and one of the most prominent features of this difference is, of course, the place in the latter of mechanical invention, industry, and physical science. But for all that, has there been any want of pure "philosophical speculation" of the most varied and most effective kind, since the Reformation? Has the "constant energy of high intellectual and moral qualities" been less tasked in the last three hundred years of Europe than in the time of Pericles, or the Roman republic? Does not Shakespeare, and all that Shakespeare implies and creates, make a greater difference between Europe and China than the steam-engine or the press? "The leading characteristics of modern societies are marked out much more by the triumphs of inventive skill than by the sustained energy of moral causes." Exclude the age of Elizabeth and Cromwell as not being modern. The present century undoubtedly is marked by the triumph of inventive skill ; but, to say nothing of what war has brought out, do its literature and political changes tell of a want of "sustained energy of moral causes" alongside of its inventions?

Mr. Lecky remembers in another place, with that fairness which comes out at last, though not always in the right place, that "the unwearied, unostentatious, and inglorious crusade of England against slavery, may probably be regarded as among the three or four perfectly virtuous acts recorded in the history of nations."

less clearly in the dispute, it is quite another thing whether a man is able, or whether it is worth his while, to offer to the public one more attempt to arbitrate between the contending parties, and pronounce a definitive sentence on the merits of their claims. Mr. Lecky states clearly and forcibly, as we have long been accustomed to hear them, the points for and against utilitarianism, but he does not do more ; and as he does no more, it was hardly worth the trouble to do so much. He has written what would be a brilliant prize essay in refutation of utilitarianism ; but no one can think that he has disposed of the question, or even seriously helped towards the settlement of it. The treatment which he gives to it, professedly exhaustive and conclusive, yet undertaken by the way to prepare for the main purpose of his work, is wholly unequal to the demands of so vast and difficult a controversy, in which he attempts to hold the scales between thinkers like Hobbes and Mill on one side, and Butler and Leibnitz on the other. To do such a work to any purpose would need a writer's undivided purpose, and task his whole devotion : as subsidiary and subordinate to something else, not much can be expected from the attempt. Everybody would have acknowledged Mr. Lecky's right to trace the history of morals from the point of view of an intuitive moralist, without his elaborate, yet partial and unsatisfying, argument on the theory of morals ; but few will be convinced by his argument that his point of view is the right one. History, no doubt, to be worth anything, presupposes philosophic culture, and the power of setting the right value on words and thoughts, as well as on men and events. But the provinces, as the talents and processes, of the historian and of the scientific theorist are distinct ; and it is a mistake in the historian to weight his proper work with theoretical discussions which he was not called to undertake, and which, unless they are new and independent contributions to our knowledge, are out of place.

All this is said without any sympathy

for the moral theories and doctrines which Mr. Lecky impugns; not because they are ours, but because Mr. Lecky's criticism of them seems to fail in doing justice to the real difficulties of the subject, and is wanting in the precision, in the careful allowances, and in the grasp of all the conditions of the problem, which are indispensable if anything is really to come of the inquiry. No thinking man, utilitarian or intuitive moralist, can help seeing that the problems of this inquiry have enormously increased in complexity since the early days when Epicurus and Zeno debated the matter, and when simple unanalysed terms like pleasure and pain, the *utile* and the *honestum*, the *summum bonum* and the *law of nature*, sufficed for the needs of the disputants. They have grown in complexity since the days of Cudworth and Locke, and they are growing daily more vast and deep. Mr. Lecky hardly appears to be sufficiently alive to this. He sees the weak points of utilitarianism; how it entirely fails to account for the ideas and words which it seeks to explain, and which it only appears to explain by substituting other and different ones for them; how, set side by side with human history and human poetry, it collapses into a factitious and too narrow hypothesis, which they overflow and contradict in every direction and in every form. But he does not see how much utilitarianism does explain of human life and the actual regulation of human conduct; how, hopeless as a complete explanation, it is luminous and unassailable as a partial one. And he fails to appreciate duly the obvious and formidable difficulties which present themselves in the aspects of the world to the theory of an intuitive morality, or the way in which intractable facts have compelled gradual and very important modifications in its position, exactly as in the case of utilitarianism persistent facts have bent round the crude and absolute doctrines of Hobbes and Bentham to those of Mr. J. S. Mill. It is not scepticism, but a calm and just estimate of the real claims of the rival theories, to say, that the

ultimate residuum, after all facts and appearances are taken into account, is only, as far as the theory is concerned, a small balance of probability either way. The conclusion would be tremendous, if human happiness and conduct really rested, as each theory of course supposes, on its certain and conclusive truth; but, happily, they rest on something broader and firmer, and theories are only the measure and the stage of that attainment of scientific knowledge to which in our age we have reached. To another age scientific width, consistency, and completeness may be possible, which are not yet possible to us; just as scientific accuracy and breadth are possible to us which were impossible to the age of Seneca or Plato; as impossible from the conditions and state of development of human knowledge and power, as our astronomy and chemistry were impossible. But one consequence of an adequate sense of the debateable and partial, if not the provisional, nature of all moral theories, would seem to be caution in characterising them. Mr. Lecky opens his review of the controversy by explaining the necessity of imputing immoral consequences to false theories. Utilitarianism, he states at starting, is "profoundly immoral." A due sense of the real value of all theories, and a consideration of the inevitable effect of words, would have checked him. He means, of course, as he attempts to show at length afterwards, that immoral consequences are logically deducible from utilitarian premises, and that therefore the premises cannot be true. He ought to have recollected, in the first place, that the method of extreme consequences, taken apart from the conditions which all moral theories have to suppose, is a test which is dangerous to most theories, and which certainly the theory of a morality of sentiment or intuition is not more able to support than any other; and in the next place, that there is a force in words which a precise and fair writer hesitates to take advantage of in opening the case and stating the issue between himself and his antagonists.

"Profoundly immoral," than which nothing worse could be said of anything, conveys to the reader's mind in its natural sense more than Mr. Lecky meant; which simply is that utilitarianism rests on something which never could have produced morality, and which may be its enemy; but therefore he should not have used it. Considering Mr. Lecky's claim to judicial impartiality, there is considerable reason to complain, and not in this part of his work only, of broadcast and unqualified measures of condemnation, which are not the result of definite charges and proofs, but the reflection at best of general impressions, and apparently more often of the writer's bias and dislikes. A philosophical writer hardly shows himself fit to cope with the difficulties of subtle disputes which depend so much on nice precision of words and carefully-measured accuracy of statement, who characterises the utilitarianism of Hartley—whose view is that "with self-interest man must begin, but he may 'and in self-annihilation'—as being, in opposition to the coarser doctrines of Hobbes, Mandeville, and Paley, a "refined sensuality;" and who lays down, not as a rhetorical generality, but as a philosophical axiom, that "the universal sentiment of mankind represents self-sacrifice as an essential element of a meritorious act, and means by self-sacrifice the deliberate adoption of the least pleasurable course, without the prospect of any pleasure in return;" and that "the conception of pure disinterestedness is presupposed in all our estimates of virtue." The utilitarian hardly sins more against the plain facts of nature and experience, or states them more artificially and inaccurately, than the intuitive moralist who presents such sweeping assertions as these. Is the love of a child for its parent, of a citizen for his country, of a friend for his friend, only then virtuous when he makes a sacrifice? And what is to be said on such a view of the long tracts of life in which virtuous men aim at and pass happy days?

Mr. Lecky's strength does not lie, No. 115.—VOL. XX.

it seems to us, in his power to estimate the argumentative bearings and force and the comparative claims of great rival theories on the subtlest and most difficult questions of human nature, but in the historical insight by which he traces the presence and the connected sequence of moral phenomena in society. The value of his book consists in the fulfilment which it presents of the design set before us in the following extract from his preface:—

"The questions with which an historian of morals is chiefly concerned, are the changes that have taken place in the moral standard and in the moral type. By the first, I understand the degrees in which, in different ages, recognised virtues have been enjoined and practised. By the second, I understand the relative importance that in different ages has been attached to different virtues. Thus, for example, a Roman of the age of Pliny, an Englishman of the age of Henry VIII. and an Englishman of our own day, would all agree in regarding humanity as a virtue, and its opposite as a vice; but their judgments of the acts which are compatible with a humane disposition would be widely different. And in addition to this change of standard, there is a continual change in the order of precedence which is given to virtues. Patriotism, chastity, charity, and humility are examples of virtues each of which has in some ages been brought forward as of the most supreme and transcendent importance, and the very basis of a virtuous character; and, in other ages, been thrown into the background, and reckoned among the minor graces of a noble life. The heroic virtues, the amiable virtues, and what are called more especially the religious virtues, form distinct groups, to which, in different periods, different degrees of prominence have been assigned; and the nature, causes, and consequences of these changes in the moral type are among the most important branches of history.

"In estimating, however, the moral condition of an age, it is not sufficient to examine the ideal of moralists. It is necessary also to inquire how far that ideal has been realized among the people.

"The three questions I have now briefly indicated are those which I have especially regarded in examining the moral history of Europe between Augustus and Charlemagne."

It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the importance and interest of the scene which he thus purposes to lay before us. It is the description of the turning-point and determining transition which has governed the direction in which

human progress should go forward, and filled it with the living and fruitful seeds of all that we see and all that we undoubtingly hope for. There are clearly-marked lines of direction in which the human race has moved on a great scale for long tracts of time, and with great results, but in which it has manifestly gone wrong—has been brought to a final edge where it could go no further, and has come to a standstill; or has become entangled in confusion and helplessness from which only the knowledge and force of stronger families of the race can extricate it. The great nations of the south of Asia are in the last condition; those of the east of Asia in the former. Mr. Lecky's subject is that astonishing moral and social revolution of the first eight centuries of our era, which—out of materials as wild and apparently untameable as Arabs and Afghans, and out of a great decaying civilization which seemed without the principle or power of self-renovation and restoration, and to have reached its last term, like that of China—produced the varied, and fruitful, and unexhausted civilization which has made man in Europe and North America appear almost a different creature from the rest of the human race.

Mr. Lecky takes up the history of morals at a point when a very important part of it had been run and had produced great and permanent effects, determining greatly its future course. The morality of Judaism,—of which Mr. Lecky hardly takes sufficient notice,—if it affected but slightly pagan morality, certainly prepared the ground for the morality of Christian Europe. The history of morals under Augustus is connected indissolubly with two great streams before it—the history of morals in Greece in the philosophic, and before it, in the poetical and heroic age; and the history of morals in the ruder communities of the warlike tillers of the ground in Italy. The moral ideas of the empire resulted from the fusion of these two streams; and a history of European morals, to be complete, must begin much higher, and must use as its

materials—what Mr. Lecky has too much neglected in favour of the more dogmatic and formal language of philosophers, even in that portion of which he has treated—the writings of the poets, and whatever is the native and unstudied expression of real and prevalent sentiment. But a writer is free to choose his ground; and Mr. Lecky begins with the Pagan empire, and takes its moral standard and type as his starting-point. He points out three great features in the moral type of civilization at this period at Rome: first, the predominance, in the ideal of human excellence, of the heroic and magnanimous class of virtues; next, the entire absence of any connexion between morality and religion; and lastly, the entire absence of any moral discipline for the many, the multitudes of mankind. The first was due to the coincidence of the old national temper, proved and retempered in a thousand hard trials, with the philosophy of Stoicism, one of the only two Greek schools which the Romans could ever understand. The other was due to the inroads which the Greek philosophic spirit, in whatever shape,—Stoic as well as Epicurean or Sceptic,—had made in the popular religious beliefs which had been in old times connected so intimately with Roman life in war or at home. The last resulted from the fact that the salt of morality was a philosophy; and a philosophy, the result of intellectual effort in active minds of some power, can never, except in indirect ways and at a long distance, be the guide of the many. These three points are variously illustrated with a profusion of interesting details, of which, perhaps, the only complaint to be made is that they are too profuse and unselected, and that the enumeration would have been both more instructive and more permanently impressive if it had gone more by weight and significance and less by tale and number. He makes the mistake sometimes of quoting as characteristic of Roman times what really belongs to all times. If men who denied a God, yet consulted the stars or the almanac to find lucky or

unlucky days to bathe or to sow, or if worshippers whose prayers had not been answered ill-treated the images of the gods, or if a Roman theatre cheered the lines of Ennius,—

"Ego defim genus esse semper dixi et dicam
coelitum ;
Sed eos non curare opinor quid agat hominum
genus ;"—

these things belong rather to a stage of mental cultivation than a state of religion. The almanac is a trusted guide to the rustic of all lands and ages, whether he believes or not ; Italian and Spanish and Russian devotees vent their wrath on ill-natured and disappointing saints ; and a parallel to the sentiment of Ennius might easily be found under the natural circumstances leading up to it, in a pious dissenter who never doubted that the hairs of his head are numbered. Plenty of people, perfectly earnest in their religion, would applaud a rebuke given to the unseasonable and presumptuous application of religious considerations to a political question.¹

Mr. Lecky sees in Stoicism the true representative doctrine of the Roman society of the early Empire. That is, it expressed and gave distinct body to the best and noblest instincts and thoughts of which that society was capable. In a striking passage he puts the congeniality of Stoicism as a philosophy with the character formed in the Romans by their eventful history, in which the State had aimed at so much, and had so often been on the brink of utter ruin, only averted by the most devoted and unsparing public spirit :—

"The vast place which the rival systems of Zeno and Epicurus occupy in the moral history of mankind, and especially in the

closing years of the empire of Paganism, may easily lead us to exaggerate the creative genius of their founders, who in fact did little more than give definitions or intellectual expression to types of excellence that had at all times existed in the world. There have ever been stern, upright, self-controlled, and courageous men, actuated by a pure sense of duty, capable of high efforts of self-sacrifice, somewhat intolerant of the frailties of others, somewhat hard and unsympathising in the ordinary intercourse of society, but rising to an heroic grandeur as the storm loured upon their path, and more ready to relinquish life than the cause they believed to be true. There have also always been men of easy tempers and of amiable dispositions, gentle, benevolent, and pliant, cordial friends and forgiving enemies, selfish at heart, yet ever ready, when it is possible, to conciliate their gratifications with those of others, averse to all enthusiasm, mysticism, utopias, and superstitions, with little depth of character or capacity for self-sacrifice, but admirably fitted to impart and to receive enjoyment, and to render the course of life easy and harmonious. The first are by nature Stoics, and the second Epicureans ; and if they proceed to reason about the *summum bonum* or the affections, it is more than probable that in each case their characters will determine their theories. The first will estimate self-control above all other qualities, will disparage the affections, and will endeavour to separate widely the ideas of duty and of interest, while the second will systematically prefer the amiable to the heroic, and the utilitarian to the mystical.

"But while it is undoubtedly true that in these matters character usually determines opinion, it is not less true that character is itself in a great measure governed by national circumstances. Rome was from the earliest times pre-eminently the home of Stoicism. Long before the Romans had begun to reason about philosophy, they had exhibited it in action, and in their speculative days it was to this doctrine that the noblest minds naturally tended. A great nation engaged in perpetual wars in an age when success in warfare depended neither upon wealth nor upon mechanical genius, but upon the constant energy of patriotic enthusiasm, and upon the unflinching maintenance of military discipline, the whole force of the national character tended to the production of a single definite type. Patriotism and military honour were indissolubly connected in the Roman mind. They were the two sources of national enthusiasm, the chief ingredients of the national conception of greatness. They determined irresistibly the moral theory which was to prove supreme.

"Now, war, which brings with it so many demoralising influences, has at least always been the great school of heroism. It teaches men how to die. It familiarizes the mind with the idea of noble actions performed under the influence of, not of personal interest, but

¹ Thus, in the recent election, a zealous district visitor attacked one of her people for the vote which the woman's husband had given: "It was voting against God Almighty." "I told her," was the answer, "that I had much too good an opinion of God Almighty to think that He troubled Himself about our miserable political squabbles." The remark might be unphilosophical, but it was perfectly consistent with the speaker's devout belief in Providence.

of honour and of enthusiasm. It elicits in the highest degree strength of character, accustoms men to the abnegation needed for simultaneous action, compels them to repress their fears, and establish a firm control over their affections. Patriotism, too, leads them to subordinate their personal wishes to the interests of the society in which they live. It extends the horizon of life, teaching men to dwell among the great men of the past, to derive their moral strength from the study of heroic lives, to look forward continually, through the vistas of a distant future, to the welfare of an organization which will continue when they have passed away. All these influences were developed in Roman life to a degree which can now never be reproduced. War, for the reasons I have stated, was far more than at present the school of heroic virtues. Patriotism, in the absence of any strong theological passion, had assumed a transcendent power. The citizen, passing continually from political to military life, exhibited to perfection the moral effects of both. The habits of command formed by a long period of almost universal empire, and by the aristocratic organization of the city, contributed to the elevation, and also to the pride, of the national character."—Vol. i. pp. 180—185.

Mr. Lecky is a great admirer of the Stoical school. But there are two points to which, though he has touched on them, he ought to have paid more attention. Both impair his estimate of it. One was its isolation,—an isolation from the lot and conditions of human existence, which put a bar, an intentional bar, for the high and proud spirits which embraced it, between themselves and the world, between themselves and that mankind which in theory they acknowledged as their brethren: the other was the still more serious one of practical unreality and unfaithfulness in some of its leading men to their own high principles. The Stoics of the Empire, Seneca and Lucan, write very finely; but the impression prevails strongly that their lives did not correspond to their writings. Mr. Lecky has quoted largely from their works; it is to be wished that he had tried to throw more distinct light on the character of the men who wrote them; for the world suspects more than in any other analogous cases a good deal of discrepancy. But he treats very well the modifications which the grand impossibilities of pure Stoicism gradually led to. These were

especially two. Its extravagant doctrines about the emotional side of human nature led to those tacit yet most momentous changes in it, which appear in Epictetus, and still more in M. Aurelius. Always inconsistently compatible with public life, it became in them capable not merely of unselfishness, but of kindness and affection. The other is its marked return to the religious spirit, the sense of dependence and obedience due to the Supreme; which is seen in some of its earlier expressions, such as the Hymn of Cleanthes; which is dispensed with in the proud self-sufficiency of the first Roman Stoics, but which comes back in the later ones. The course of these changes is traced fully and carefully by Mr. Lecky. But he brings out too, as distinctly, that this improvement and elevation of the Stoical ideal were totally without effect in arresting the corruption and degeneracy of the Empire. Stoicism actually went on rising, while the multitude was sinking daily into greater vileness and weakness. It was a refuge from their folly and wickedness; it did not dream of curing them, or affect to care for them.

Thus that rich and magnificent civilization of the ancient world, than which at one time of its course nothing can be conceived more promising, ended, as Mr. Lecky points out, in failure which seemed to leave no hope. The difficulties and increasing complexities of the world were too much for it: under it mankind was fast going down hill. And the failure was the more decisive from the great, and in some respect unequalled, excellence of much within it. Its virtues were heroic, and public spirit was the soul of its virtue; but society kept sinking deeper in meanness, poverty of heart, and incapable selfishness. Never was the note of duty pitched higher than by that lofty Stoicism, which was its guide and source of enthusiasm, and which tried to do without either God or immortality as supports for a goodness which sought no reward but the consciousness of truth and light; never was the philosophy of

duty more faithfully and grandly realized than in the Stoic slave and Stoic emperor, who are only the flower of a number of splendid examples. But they could not save the world. Stoicism, acting on public life, produced a jurisprudence which still serves Christendom; the more supple and versatile temper of Epicureanism, along with less wholesome lessons, taught much of that humour and play of kindly irony which is so near of kin to reality of feeling and truth of thought; and Virgil and Horace, honoured prophets, held the same place as lights of moral wisdom which they continued to fill in the Middle Ages and our own. But government became more anarchical and lawless in spite of Ulpian and Paulus, and society more coarse and degenerate, while it prided itself on the masterpieces of ancient culture. There is no more impressive picture to be found anywhere than that which Mr. Lecky has drawn of the impotence of the highest and noblest heathen civilization, by itself, to secure the progress of mankind. Left to itself it "visibly tended," in the uncouth but expressive scholastic language, "not to be;" *tendit visibiliter ad non esse*.

But another current set in,—from whence, Mr. Lecky prefers not to pronounce,—which changed the fortunes of the world. Though it took its rise in the historical period which is his field, he leaves the origin of Christianity on one side, contenting himself with some general remarks on miracles, and on the prevailing temper of the times in regard to them, which, though not without some acute observations, are marked with apparent hesitation and indecisiveness, and are too loose and wide to contribute much to the elucidation of the vast question, except as an additional illustration of the difficulty, as well from our habits of thought as from our actual knowledge, of judging it fairly. In spite of much elaborate discussion, Mr. Lecky appears to misunderstand and underrate greatly the place which miracles hold as links in that great chain of causes which led to the moral changes of the modern world. But the pheno-

mena of the influence and effect of Christianity on morals are all that Mr. Lecky undertakes to investigate and portray.

The new current was, as Mr. Lecky with truth insists, a most varied, manifold, and mixed one; and the omission to recognise this as a capital and prominent truth about it constitutes the weakness of much ecclesiastical and much secular history. It is one of the most striking points connected with the history of mankind, that when Christianity appeared on the scene, no one could possibly have imagined what it bore in its bosom, what it was to do and to grow to. When we look back on it in its prime, viewed as an influence on the world, its interest arises not so much from what it was and did at the time, as from what it so strangely aimed at and dared to promise; from that of which it contained the strong and living germs, and to which it opened the door. Its early days, to common eyes, look hard, dreary, unattractive, as the world on which it was thrown.

"There is a day in Spring
When under all the earth the secret germs
Begin to stir and glow before they bud;
The wealth and festal pomps of Midsummer
Lie in the heart of that inglorious hour
Which no man names with blessing, though
its work
Is blest by all the world."

Such days, in the "slow story of the growth" of man, were the early centuries of Christianity. Those who were alive in them, friends and foes, knew not the stupendous powers which had been set moving, the stupendous importance of what was passing. There is truth, though as is often the case, accompanied by inconsiderate rhetorical exaggeration, in Mr. Lecky's statement about the early Church—outwardly a sect resembling Quakers, of singular purity, singular eccentricity, and great insignificance:

"Few persons, I think, who have contemplated Christianity as it existed in the first three centuries, would have imagined it possible that it should completely supersede the pagan worship around it; that its teachers should bend the mightiest monarchs to their will, and stamp their influence on every page

of legislation, and direct the whole course of civilization for a thousand years, and yet that the period in which they were so supreme should have been one of the most contemptible in history."

Mr. Lecky calls attention to three leading features in the moral action of Christianity. It enlarged greatly the scale and range of the virtues, adding to the heroic ones, which had been so nobly understood and interpreted by Stoicism, the benevolent ones, and those connected with purity; and it further affected greatly the relation, proportion, and value of the virtues among themselves. It made, or it restored, the connexion of morality with religion. And it did what had been absolutely unattempted before—it sought, in its morality, contact with the multitudes, regarded their needs as its object, and tried to place virtue within the reach of their hopes and efforts. It preached the Gospel to the poor, and sought the lost, the castaway, and the forsaken.

On the other hand, loss in some things, and new false directions in others, went along with this new and vast moral advance. If the amiable virtues gained, Mr. Lecky thinks that the heroic ones suffered. If benevolence, charity, modesty—and, above all, purity—took a place in real life which went beyond all former ideals of virtue, it is no less certain, Mr. Lecky holds, that Christian civilization has been much less rich than heathen in the grand excellences of civic and political life, in the nobleness of patriotic and public virtue. In the next place, Christian morality, like heathen, had gone wrong in exaggerated and mistaken developments. Its great conquest was purity; its eternal disgrace was asceticism. Heathen morality never soared so high as that conquest, not merely by the rational, but by the spiritual over the animal nature, that cleansing and lifting up of the affections, which Christianity has not only set up as a standard, but realized so conspicuously as a social fact; but heathen morality never sunk so low as to the sanctity of the monks of the desert. Further, in the hands of Christianity,

morality, animated by religion, was opened in a novel way, and on an unexampled scale, to the average crowd; it found new modes of reaching and regulating, not merely a few choice natures, but numbers who in heathen days would have been left as not worth attending to, desperate and incapable of improvement. But this great advantage was dearly purchased. When religion taught morality, and addressed the masses, the preachers of morality were priests: a new channel of despotic power was opened; and as religion must always suppose itself to be certainly and exclusively right, liberty of thought almost perished for the world as a habit of the mind, and in outward and practical things intolerance, the most brutal and blind, became the rule.

In all this there is abundant truth: the difficulty is about its amount and proportions. To prove that, as seen with our eyes, Augustine was extravagant or Athanasius overbearing, is not necessarily to do them historical justice. The general difficulty of being candid in the right place, where candour tells, and perhaps impairs the force of a statement, is often exhibited in Mr. Lecky's elaborate and learned pictures. Some of them have the intrinsic fault of being overcharged. More often they mislead, from not being placed in sufficiently distinct relation to those which balance and qualify them. In judging an influence or a character, it makes all the difference what you make paramount and what subordinate, which the substance and which the qualification, which the governing result and which the abatement. In Mr. Lecky's view of the influence of Christianity on morals, a very important consideration appears to be, if not overlooked, at least not present with sufficient constancy. This is the inchoate and germinal character of this influence in the period which he treats. What the Christian Church attempted in elevating man and society was something without precedent, and of which the difficulty is beyond calculation. Without experience, without knowing, or having any means to know,

how great principles would work, and how they had to be guarded and modified, with society going to pieces, with the multitudes at the stage at which they were in the provinces of the Empire and the hordes of the invading barbarians, the Church leaders, men of their own age, and necessarily reflecting much of its character, had to carry on their bold and eventful experiments. It is easy for us, reaping at the end of century upon century the fruit of their great attempt, and able to see how tendencies and efforts have worked out, to criticise what they thought that they had to do. Much of it was rough, harsh, immoderate, and, we see now, unwise; it partook of the nature of all beginnings; as in the beginning of knowledge, of art, of mechanism, the aim was crude and vague, and the ways of attaining it still more so. But besides that the aim in those early Christian times was distinctly and with overruling purpose towards higher things, and that all that early Christian literature, to our eyes so often deformed by extravagance and error, was in all its intensity a force towards moral good, there was this also: that from first to last, one thing has never failed in Christianity,—the power of self-correction, self-renovation, self-reform. The course of good and evil, of light and darkness, have swayed backwards and forward in varying lengths of time and degrees of force: but no alternations on the bad side have ever yet succeeded in extinguishing the power so characteristic of Christianity, of trying again and again after failure, to realize its first principles in a still better form, of restoring what has decayed, of returning to the lost path. In the very darkest times of those dark ages,—about which Mr. Lecky, after all that Guizot, Palgrave, and Freeman, certainly not ecclesiastical zealots, have written, is too apt to repeat the prejudiced judgments and the summary sneers of Hume and Robertson,—the idea of continual reformation, of the duty and the obvious possibility of correcting what had gone down and gone astray, was never lost sight of. The

reformations of Councils and Church rulers may often have been strange and ill-judged: but they kept alive the spirit of progress and improvement, and were real steps in that long but unceasing ascent by which European society has reached the point, far as it still is below the summits, from which we can look down, sometimes with scanty justice, on the rough hard efforts which in their place contributed to our advance.

It is the failure to give due weight to this peculiarity of Christian history which impairs the value of Mr. Lecky's survey, and makes his judgments sometimes unjust. Under it men have steadily grown; there have been pauses in the progress, but the progress has never ceased. But, of course, much that was natural or inevitable in the earlier stages is as utterly out of place in the later, and is seen, perhaps, to have been in its own time mistaken or excessive. But you cannot expect men in rude times to be in earnest or have strong convictions, and to be as tolerant or as moderate and judicious as they learn to be by the experience and miscarriages and terrible disasters of successive ages. When in our days we condemn the old asceticism, we do not always realize the frightful forces on the other side, to which at the time asceticism seemed the only practical counterpoise. When we complain of the want of free inquiry, we do not always ask ourselves what sort of free inquiry would have been possible in the days of the falling Empire, or of the barbarian conquest, or what it would have led to, not only in the region of theology, but of morals. When we are shocked at intolerance, we do not always sufficiently reflect that, in all things, the law must come before freedom, and that law is intolerant in its very nature; and if time and discipline are elements of progress in the race as well as in the individual, it is idle to carry back the conditions of one age to another at a totally different stage of growth, and unjust to be severe, in the name of freedom, on what was a necessary antecedent to its healthy growth.

In the general summaries which Mr.

Lecky gives on these points, and in the balance of judgment to which he attempts to come, he is, with all his fulness, hardly satisfactory. He leaves some great questions, arising out of his subject, untouched; or he deals with them in a commonplace and superficial way which is sometimes astonishing. But there is one thing in which he never fails. He keeps nothing back that comes before him. You may differ from him in your inferences or judgment. You may not always be content with the fashion in which he exhibits his details. You may think that with the facts which he produces, he ought to have remembered them when he was stating—perhaps with rhetorical point and strength—his general views, and ought to have been more guarded and measured. But if you have patience, you will almost always find in Mr. Lecky both sides of the question. There is something about

the book, with all its earnestness and strength of assertion, which strikes a reader as inconclusive and indeterminate. But no book has yet attempted, as this does, to bring under one view the facts of moral progress in all their variety and complexity at the opening period of modern society, and to connect them in a comprehensive and reasonable order; and Mr. Lecky has further the great and uncommon merit—in which those who most differ from him may well learn a lesson—the merit of furnishing in his details the materials for correcting his own inferences and for qualifying his general statements. There are deeper and more powerful thinkers than Mr. Lecky; there are writers even more able than he to be fair and tolerant to what they dislike and disapprove: but there are very few so candid in showing their hand and letting their readers know the grounds of their judgments.

R. W. C.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1869.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA :

A LETTER TO CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, ESQ.

MY DEAR NORTON,

I am about to write to you upon a subject which very much concerns the authors of our two nations : it is the subject of International Copyright.

The reason why I address you, is that I know of no man who takes a greater interest in the literature both of Great Britain and America than you do. Moreover you have added to that literature. Your father, as a distinguished theologian, also did the same thing ; and you are allied by birth and by good fellowship to most of the eminent men of letters in your country. Besides, we have you here ; and it is a great advantage to be able to talk to a man, as well as to write to him, when one wishes to impress upon him one's own particular views upon an important subject.

I am for placing this matter upon a basis which it has not occupied since the days of Queen Anne. I am for making copyright in literary, scientific, or artistic work, as much a species of inalienable and indefeasible possession as land, houses, or chattels of any description.

You may, or you may not, agree with me in this desire of mine, and I admit

that there are some strong, but not, I think, convincing arguments to be adduced against it. What, however, I have to say to you, as an American, rests upon a different basis, and does not depend upon the peculiar rights and privileges granted by our respective nations to the writers of original literary, artistic, or scientific works. I am only going to try and argue out the question of international copyright.

Now, I begin by saying, that as regards this matter we are substantially one nation. For my own part, I never feel that there is any distinction worthy of much notice between an American and a Britisher. We must not look upon ourselves as foreigners to one another. The essence of the characteristics of both nations is identical. We love liberty, you love liberty ; we abide by law, you abide by law. We are essentially alike, and we differ from many other races, in this most important respect. We are at variance, we will say, in our respective nations about some great political matter. There is great difference of opinion. Every known force, except that of arms, is brought to bear upon this opinion. We come at last to a vote upon it. After that, in both of our nations, there is peace for a time. We understand what it is to beat, or to be beaten, in civil

contest. We have learnt the great art, the result of much statesmanship in our ancestors, of acquiescing in the decision of a majority. We hate conspiracies, and so do you; and we have learnt to abide by decisions openly taken by the people at large.

Your great Civil War, it may be contended, was an exception to this rule; but, nevertheless, the rule, as a rule, holds good.

Well, now I think I have said enough to show that the two nations of America and Great Britain are sufficiently alike to allow of their acting in concert in such a matter as international copyright.

I proceed to show the mischief that is inherent in the present state of things. I begin by saying that it is desirable that authors should be able to live. Men of the world might reply that they do not see the necessity; but you, at any rate, will not agree with them. I admit that lighter literature supports itself and its authors; but history, scientific research, and theology (unless it be controversial), do not. It would be a very great advantage for literary and scientific men if they derived some measure of support from all those countries where the language is spoken in which their historical or scientific books are written. There are now no patrons for literature or science both the public; and authors would be able to afford more outlay of time and money than they can do now, if they had a larger public to appeal to. Books written in the English language ought, at the present moment, to be able to repay a greater expenditure of time and labour and money on the part of their authors than similar books written in any other language. Whereas, I believe that, owing to the want of international copyright between America and Great Britain, the books written in English are at a great disadvantage in comparison with those written in French.

I spoke just now of expenditure of money. The world probably thinks that very little money is expended, especially by the author, in the production even of

great works. But this is a signal error. Take, for instance, the production of maps to illustrate some ancient or modern history. None but those who have had this kind of work to encounter, know how costly it is. Days are spent by the author, or by some one whom he employs, in determining the relative distances of cities, some of which perhaps are not now in existence. Voluminous correspondence has to be undertaken in order to verify doubtful points. Designers and engravers have to be employed. The map is made, and inserted in a work published in London or New York, and is copied at once in a reprint of that work published in New York, or London, at about a thirtieth part of its original expense.

What I have said above relates chiefly to the interests of authors, and only indirectly to the interests of literature and science. But what I am going to say now, touches closely those latter and greater interests. The books themselves in these reprinted (I suppose I must not say pirated) editions, which are published in countries in which the author has no power, are often very inferior. I will give an instance of this, which must, I should think, often occur.

A work is published in England, bit by bit, in some magazine. As it approaches to its termination in the serial form, the author gives a final correction to it, and probably a most valuable correction. What happens in America with this book? It is, we will say, the work of a popular and well-known author. The American publisher, fearing lest the English edition should enter at all into the American market, has the bulk of the work got up in type within a month of the time when the last section of it will be printed in the magazine; and then, a few days after a copy of the magazine, containing the last number of the serial work in question, is received in New York, the whole work, with all its imperfections on its head, is published and circulated amongst the American public. This, independently of the injustice to the

author, is a real injury to literature—by giving circulation to an imperfect work.

I have ever had a horror of legalized infamies, and of the infamies which law cannot, or can scarcely, touch. They are the worst of all. You can tolerate, and even have some sympathy with, a good honest thief. You know where you are with him. He is at open war with you and with the rest of society. He means to break into your house if he can, and you mean to prevent him if you can, or to shoot at him if you find him there in the small hours of the night. But the piratical fellow, who keeping on the safe side of the law, yet violates every principle of justice and humanity, is my aversion. These are the men who safely dust the pepper, sand the sugar, simulate coffee-beans in clay, cocculus-indicise the beer, adulterate drugs, and stuff safety-belts with unseaworthy material.

Do not think me over-harsh, but I cannot view a publisher, who publishes a work, either on our side or on your side of the water, for which he has paid nothing to the author, as differing essentially from the above-named gentry.

I know perfectly well what may be said in such a man's defence. He is acting completely within the compass of the law of his own country. He has no feeling for science, literature, or art. He is perhaps a man of unctuous respectability. If he is on your side of the water, he has, I dare say, a most comfortable house in the suburb that corresponds to our Clapham or Peckham. He pays his rent; he pays his rates; he is kind to the young vultures in his nest, whom he feeds from the proceeds of the labour of others. But I do not think it would be well to have good fortune upon such terms, and I think he must have an occasional twinge of what with him stands for conscience, when, amidst all his wealth and comfort, he reflects (if he ever does reflect), that some of that wealth has been attained by defrauding, quite legally—yes, quite legally—certain poor men who speak his own language; but who happen to be divided from him by some thousands of miles of water.

No State was ever ruined by what I call its downright honest thieves, however numerous they might be; but perhaps no State was ever ruined unless it nourished in its bosom a large number of those people whom I have ventured to class with piratical publishers. There has seldom been a heavier blow aimed at civilization than when some man, of a character equally mimic and rapacious, first laid down the maxim, "Whatever I can imitate is mine—at least, is mine to imitate."

If any other class were as ill-treated as British authors are, they would worry the lives out of men in power with remonstrances and deputations. Let farmers, or graziers, or butchers, have any grievance which they think that men in power might remedy,—see how readily they combine to enforce their views on the Government. And what a deputation we could make! There would be Tennyson and Browning, and other poets, great and small, who would express our grievances with all the force and flow of poetical language. Then there are the historians—Carlyle, Grote, Froude, Merivale, and others. Accustomed as they are to make long speeches for their historical characters, they would be ugly customers for a minister to receive in a deputation. Besides, we should have Lord Derby, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli to assist at this deputation, not in their usual character of the receivers of deputations, but as the received.

Then, in other branches and in other ways, how powerful we should be. Think of the great novelists, Dickens, Lord Lytton, and Trollope; of the ladies who would assist us, such as "George Eliot" and Miss Mulock; not to speak of those who write what are called sensational novels, which the world devours largely—I know I do; don't you, notwithstanding these writings have the ill name of "sensational?" What a subject for sensation, too, they might choose—a poor author, ruined in fame, defrauded in pocket, and driven into madness by an incorrect and slovenly

reprint of his principal work, the last chapter in which will be made to end exactly in an opposite way to that which he intended. Then there are the essayists who would be on our side, a host in themselves. Then the dramatists, both Henry Taylor and Tom Taylor, to shape our grievance into tragic or into comic form, whichever might have most influence on the public. The author of "Realmah," instead of pressing upon our unwilling minds, with his accustomed obstinacy, his views about Gibraltar, might give us a pre-Adamite tale, to show how the earliest authors were ill-treated by their countrymen, and by those States which had swarmed off from their country. Mr. Tupper, with his usual kind-heartedness, would not be found wanting when he could aid his poorer brethren. I foresee some threatening Proverbial Philosophy, which would run thus:—

"You fear the lion,

When you behold the foot-prints of his tawny self

Deep-marked upon the desert: fear far more
The foot-prints on the yellow sands of time,
More deeply marked, of meditative authors.
To give, or to withhold, the meed of praise,
Which Kings, and Presidents, and statesmen
crave,

And look for in the daily papers, theirs
It is—the meditative authors—wherefore
Be wise, and thwart them not."

I am afraid this is not the right metre, but the idea will suffice.

Now, if authors would only combine in this way, the world would do anything to get rid of them and their grievance. Indeed, I believe the world, rather than be plagued by our remonstrances, would pay us our back dues, which, for living authors alone, would probably amount to 170,000*l*.

I write jestingly—it is my way—but I am very serious. I could not, however, advocate the claim of British authors in this matter, if I were not convinced that the interests of literature are seriously involved in it.

I suppose you will not dispute that British authors at present derive no benefit, or next to no benefit, from the reprints of their works in America. I

overheard some time ago a conversation upon this subject between two well-known men of letters in this country, authors very popular in America, and one of them remembered, to use his own quaint phraseology, that he had once received "an exiguous ten-pound note" from a publisher in America. This great author was a fortunate man, and must have been born under one of your own stars. It is well indeed if an author receives a copy of his pirated work from the pirate; and better still, if he is not served, as I have been, by having a book compounded out of some work or works of mine, and published in America under a title that was not in any way invented by me.

That the laws, or want of laws, of any country should enable a man to commit so great a wrong against his fellow-man as often is committed by this unauthorized reprinting, is astonishing. It is a wrong which is most peculiar in its nature. Mr. Bass would complain, and justly, at that red triangle of his being put upon a bottle of pale ale, not of his brewing; but what would he say if his mark were put upon a bottle of ale, which he could not declare was not brewed by him, but which was not first-rate, which required correction, and which, if not absolutely stolen, was taken from him before it was ready for issue? He would feel that his fame, as well as his pocket, would suffer. Now this instance has its parallel in what I have described above as the fate of a work, published in a British serial, and reprinted without correction in America.

Now this matter apparently touches us at present more than it does you. We are the older nation. We have, for a long time, had more leisure; and, not having so much land to spread ourselves over, we have given more time to writing books than you have. But your time is coming, and coming rapidly. You must become great writers of books; and you are subject to the same system of legal nefariousness that we have long laboured under. In another generation or two, the balance of writing power will perhaps be in your favour. There

will be many Hawthornes, Emersons, Motleys, and Longfellows, and, let us hope, many an Agassiz. Motives of self-interest will therefore soon compel you to consider this question; but, from what I know of your nation, I believe that you will previously be inclined to take it up and settle it upon much higher grounds.

I cannot help, however, insisting upon certain lower grounds of motive, for I believe they are unknown to most persons, even of those who have taken much interest in the general question of copyright. No man can doubt that the British author suffers severely from the want of international copyright between Great Britain and America. His is a most patent wrong; but wrongfulness is seldom or never isolated; and the indirect consequences of injustice are often more fatal than the direct. It is so in the present case. If British authors are injured, American authors are repressed—indeed I might almost say suppressed—by the present state of things, the tendency of which is to prevent all American authors but those of the highest eminence from getting a hearing. The reason is obvious. If an American publisher can publish a work, without giving its author any money for the copyright, why should he publish a work of a similar nature, unless it be of very superior merit, for the copyright of which he has to pay money? He must pay an American author something, he need not pay a British author anything. Of course he finds a peculiar merit in British authors. This principle of action will not apply to the greatest and most original works, but it will apply to all those which are of the second order. This must prove “a heavy blow and great discouragement” to men of letters in America.

It is thus that they are prevented from adopting the higher walks of literature, and must, in many instances, content themselves with writing for ephemeral productions which do not suffer from competition with unpaid-for British writing.

I began this letter, thinking that

British authors had the largest grievance to complain of: in working out the subject, however, in my own mind, and availing myself of the knowledge and experience of men possessing special knowledge and experience in these matters, I have come most decisively to the conclusion, that the American author, or rather the man who would be, and who could be, an American author, has the greater grievance to complain of. I have gone round to his side, and feel that I am an advocate for his interests far more than for those of my friends and brethren, the British authors, when I ask for International Copyright.

Now let us look at the interests of the American public. Lord Russell once said, “I hear a great deal about this interest and that interest, but I do not so often hear about the interest of the great body of the public at large.”

His lordship, if he were to read this letter, might say to me, “You have spoken much about the interests of authors, British and American; you have spoken of the interests of literature; but I have not heard much about the interests of the British and American public.” I cannot reply to him in the words of a great wit, who was also a very High Churchman, and who said, “I really cannot see what the laity were made for.” I feel very much for our laity, and if their interest were really adverse to ours, the priesthood’s, I should say, Let the priesthood give way. But I contend that both the American and the British public would gain enormously by a good system of international copyright. If both the American and the British authors possessed the advantage to be gained from entering upon an equal footing into both markets, British and American, the works published in both countries by these authors would be more numerous, could be produced at a lower price, and yet would admit of more labour, skill, and money being expended upon them. The present system of legalized robbery on both sides tends to stunt and dwarf the literatures of both countries, and to make the public in

both countries, comparatively speaking, ill-served in literature. Of course, what I have said of literary works applies equally to scientific and artistic works.

Numerous illustrations might be drawn from other branches of human labour to fortify the position taken above. The interests of the public generally go hand in hand with those of the promoters of any material undertaking, such as the making of canals and railways, or the establishment of international communication. The interests of all people throughout the world are in these days so closely combined, that a mistake made by, or a wrong committed upon, any class of producers inevitably reacts upon the consumers.

Now, how should these injuries and scandals be prevented? Diplomats will not be able to do much for us, although several of them, yours as well as ours, are men who love literature, and have distinguished themselves in literature. Still we must not look for any signal help from them, unless they are stimulated by the demand of the public on both sides of the water that divides us. It is to that public that I would appeal through you; and I believe that if the American authors, and the American public, would bestir themselves in this matter, they would find that the British authors, and the British public, would be anxious and ready to co-operate with them, and would force upon governments and diplomatists a due consideration of this important matter.

Why do I say that it is important? For four reasons.

1. Because the present system, or rather want of system, is injurious to authors, both American and British; especially to the American, for, as I have shown, it tends to suppress him.

2. Because it is very damaging to literature.

3. Because it prevents both the American and the British public from profiting by the united and the best efforts in literature, of authors having the advantage of writing in that great

language which is common to both countries.

4. Because it hinders the amity of two nations which, for their own interests and the interests of the world, should be the closest friends.

Authors are, after all, the people who give the tone to the mind and thought of each generation. They have, at least, much to do with creating future peace or war, far more perhaps than diplomatists or statesmen. It is of great importance that the *genus irritabile* of authors should have a friendly feeling to the inhabitants of other countries if there is to be peace between those countries and their own.

I do not mind confessing to you, for you are a kind-hearted man, and will readily give me absolution if you can, that I have sometimes felt a shade of bitterness come over me against all Americans, when I have seen how my works have been dealt with in America; but I have got rid of it, at once, when I have seen any of you, and have found out what good-natured fellows you are, and how tolerant you are of our bad grammar, and of our shortcomings in political development.—I am, as always,

Your sincere Friend,

A BRITISH AUTHOR.

CHAS. ELIOT NORTON, Esq.

P.S.—I have shown to an eminent publisher this letter to you. He says that I have understated my case, and gives this notable instance of the injury done to young American authors by the present system. He has, before now, taken note of some work of much merit, or much promise, written by a young American author. He has felt that it would only interest a comparatively small circle of readers; but that it deserved to be made known. He has, accordingly, communicated with the American author, and has published an edition of the book, got up in the way in which this publisher's books are always presented to the public. Then some other person, thinking that

if this well-known publisher has thought it worth while to publish the book in question, something may be made of it for him too, has forthwith published an inferior edition of it. The public, ever charmed by cheapness, buys the inferior edition; and the eminent publisher resolves for the future not to publish any more American books of this kind.

The said publisher also made me acquainted with another remarkable fact. There is an excellent work, well known, I have no doubt, to you, called Hallam's "History of Literature in

Europe." Mr. Hallam was a most painstaking, honest, accurate, observant writer. In the course of his life he very much improved this "History of Literature in Europe." But the copyright of the first edition published in 1826 has, according to our present law, expired, and this edition, without the author's later corrections, is now reprinted by an English publisher, who bears the same name as the eminent publisher of Hallam's works. The author's memory is thus injured, and the public is apt to be misled.

A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

THE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

I AM going back in my history of Lady de Bougainville nearly fifty years.

But before taking it up at that far-away period, so long before I knew her, and continuing it down to the time when I did know her—where I have just now let it drop—let me say a few words.

To give the actual full details of any human life is simply impossible. History cannot do it, nor biography, nor yet autobiography; for, even if we wished, we could not tell the exact truth about ourselves. Paradoxical as it may sound, I have often thought that the nearest approximation to absolute truth is fiction; because the novelist presents, not so much literal facts, which can be twisted and distorted to almost any shape, as the one underlying verity of human nature. Thus, Lady de Bougainville's story, as I have gradually gathered it from herself and others, afterwards putting together all the data which came into my hands, is given by me probably as near reality as any one not gifted with clairvoyance could give it. I believe I have put "the facts of the case" with as much veracity as most historians. Nor am I bolder in discriminating motives and judging actions than many historians—nay, than we all often assume to be, just as if we were omnipresent and omniscient, towards our poor fellow-worms.

But still, any one with common sense and common perception, studying human nature, must see that certain effects must follow certain causes, and produce certain final results, as sure as that the daylight follows the sun. Therefore, when we writers make a story, and our readers speculate about it, and "wonder

how it will end," we rather smile at them. We know that if it is true to human life it can end but in one way,—subject to various modifications, but still only in one way. Granting such and such premises, the result must follow, inexorable as fate.

And so in course of years I arrived at Lady de Bougainville's history as accurately as if she herself had written it down: nay, more so, for upon various points of it her tongue was, and ever would have been, firmly sealed, while upon other points circumstances and her own peculiar character made her incompetent to form a judgment. But it was easy enough to form my own, less from what she related than by what she unwittingly betrayed, still more by what I learned,—though not till after she was gone,—by the one only person who had known her in her youth, the old Irishwoman, Bridget Halloran, who then lived a peaceful life of busy idleness in Lady de Bougainville's house, and afterwards ended her days as an honoured inmate in mine.

Bridget, as soon as she knew me and grew fond of me, had no reserves; but her mistress had many. Never once did she sit down to relate to me her "history,"—people do not do that in real life; and yet she was for ever letting fall facts and incidents which, put together, made a complete and continuous autobiography. Her mind, ever dwelling on the past, and indifferent to, or oblivious of, the present, had acquired a vividness and minuteness of recollection that was quite remarkable. I never questioned her: that was impossible. At the slightest indication of impertinent curiosity she would draw in her horns, or retire at once into her shell like any hermit crab, and it was difficult to lure her out again. But generally,

by simply listening while she talked, and putting this and that together by the light of what I knew of her character, I arrived at a very fair estimate of the total facts, and the motives which produced them.

Upon these foundations I have built my story. It is no truer and no false than our reproductions of human nature, in history, biography, and romance, usually are, and as such I leave it. The relation harms no one. And it will be something if I can snatch out of the common oblivion of women's lives—I mean women who die the last of their race, “and leave the world no pattern”—the strange, chequered life of my dear Lady de Bougainville.

And so to begin:—

MORE than half a century ago, the Rev. Edward Scanlan came to be curate of the parish in the small West of England town of Ditchley St. Mary's, commonly called Ditchley only.

At that time the Establishment—especially as it existed in the provinces—was in a very different condition from what it is at present. “Orthodoxy” meant each clergyman doing that which was right in his own eyes, as to rubric, doctrine, or clerical government; that is, within certain limits of sleepy decorum and settled common usage. Beyond the pale of the Church there existed a vague dread of the Pope on one side, and Dissent on the other; and people had a general consciousness that the Establishment alone was really “respectable” to belong to; but within its boundary all went smoothly enough. Low Church, High Church, Broad Church, were terms unknown. There was not sufficient earnestness to create schism. One only section of new thinkers had risen up, originating with young Mr. Simeon of Cambridge, who either called themselves, or were called, “Evangelicals,” and spoke much about “the gospel,” which the more ardent of them fancied that they and they alone had received, and were commissioned to preach. This made them a little obnoxious to their old-fashioned brethren;

but still they were undoubtedly a set of very earnest, sincere, and hard-working clergymen, whose influence in the English, and more particularly the Irish Church, was beginning to be clearly felt; only it did not extend to such remote parishes as that of Ditchley.

The Ditchley rector was a clergyman of the old school entirely: when still a young man he was presented to the living through family influence, and had fulfilled its duties decently, if rather grudgingly, his natural bias being in a contrary direction, and his natural disposition being from this or some other reason correspondingly soured. He was a man of education and taste; had travelled much on the Continent when he was only a younger brother, and before it was expected that he would have dropped in, as he did, late in life, for the whole accumulation of the family property;—alas! rather too late—for by that time Henry Oldham was a confirmed old bachelor.

Since then he had crept on peacefully to septuagenarianism, the last of his race. He never went to live at Oldham Court, but let it to strangers, and kept on his modest establishment at the Rectory, which was a very pretty place, having once been a monastery, with a beautiful garden, in which he greatly delighted, and over which he was said to spend extravagant sums. Otherwise he lived carefully, some thought penuriously, but he was charitable enough to the poor of his parish; and he read prayers now and then, and preached a sermon, fifteen minutes long, regularly once a month; which comprised for him the whole duty of a clergyman.

I have seen Mr. Oldham's portrait, engraved, after his death, by the wish of his parishioners. He is represented sitting at his library-table, in gown and bands. His sermon lies before him, and he has the open Bible under his right hand, as in the portrait of the Reverend Sir Edward de Bougainville. But he is very unlike that admired individual, being a little spare old man, with a funny scratch wig, and a keen, caustic, though not unkindly expression;

more like a lawyer than a clergyman, and more like a country gentleman than either.

Except this monthly sermon, and his necessary charities, which were no burthen to him,—Mr. Oldham being, as has been said, a very wealthy man, though nobody knew the precise amount of his wealth,—the rector left all his parish responsibilities to his curate, whom he had picked up, during one of his rare absences from home, soon after his former assistant in the duty—a college chum nearly as old as himself—died.

How such a strong contrast as the Reverend Edward Scanlan ever succeeded the Reverend Thomas Heaviesides was a standing wonder to Ditchley. He was young, handsome, and an Irishman, belonging to that section of the Irish Church which coincided with the English "Evangelicals," except that in Ireland they added politics to religion, and were outrageously and vehemently "Orange"—a term of which, mercifully, the present generation has almost forgotten the meaning.

Mr. Scanlan had been, in his native country, as Ditchley soon discovered—for he had no hesitation in betraying the fact—a popular preacher. Indeed, his principal piece of furniture in his temporary lodgings was his own portrait in that character, presented to him just before he left Dublin—and he maintained the credit of a popular preacher still. On his very first Sunday, he took the parish by storm. He literally "roused" the congregation, who were accustomed to do nothing but sleep during the sermon. But no one could sleep during that of the new curate. He preached extempore, which of itself was a startling novelty, alarming the old people a little, but delighting the younger ones. Then his delivery was so loud and energetic: he beat the pulpit cushion so impressively with his white ringed hand; and his sentences rolled off with such brilliant fluency. He never paused a moment for a word—ideas nobody asked for; and his mellifluous Irish accent sounded so original, so charming. His looks too—his abun-

dance of black hair and large blue-black eyes—Irish eyes—which he knew how to make the very most of. Though he was short of stature and rather stumpy in figure compared to the well-grown young Saxons about Ditchley, still all the Ditchley ladies at once pronounced him "exceedingly handsome," and disseminated that opinion accordingly.

On the top of it—perhaps consequent upon it—came, after a Sunday or two, the further opinion, "exceedingly clever." Certainly Mr. Scanlan's sermons were very unlike anything ever before heard in Ditchley. He seized upon sacred subjects in a dashing, familiar way—handled them with easy composure; illustrated them with all sorts of poetical similes, taken from everything in heaven and earth; smothered them up with flowers of imagery—so that the original thought, if there was any at all, became completely hidden in its multiplicity of adornments.

Sometimes, in his extreme volubility of speech, Mr. Scanlan used illustrations whose familiarity almost approached the ludicrous, thereby slightly scandalising the sober people of Ditchley. But they soon forgave him; when a man talks so much and so fast, he must make slips sometimes—and he was so pleasant in his manner, so meekly subservient to criticism, or so calmly indifferent to it, that it soon died away; more especially as the rector himself had the good taste and good feeling never to join in anything that was said either for or against his curate. In which example he was followed by the better families of the place—staunch old Tories, with whom a clergyman was a clergyman, and not amenable to the laws which regulate common men. They declared that whoever Mr. Oldham chose was sure to be the right person, and were perfectly satisfied.

Mr. Oldham was satisfied too—or at least appeared so. He always showed Mr. Scanlan every possible politeness, and professed himself perfectly contented with him,—as he was with most things that saved himself from trouble. He had had in his youth a hard, in his age

an easy life; and if there was one thing he disliked more than another, it was taking trouble. The Irish exuberance of Mr. Scanlan filled up all gaps, socially as well as clerically, and lifted the whole weight of the parish from the old man's shoulders. So, without any foolish jealousy, Mr. Oldham allowed his charming young curate to carry all before him; and moreover gave him a salary, which, it was whispered, was far more than Mr. Heavisides had ever received; nay, more than was given to any curate in the neighbourhood. But then Mr. Scanlan was so very superior a preacher, and (alas! for the Ditchley young ladies when they found it out) he was already a married man.

This last fact, when it leaked out, which it did not for a week or two, was, it must be owned, a considerable blow. The value of the new curate decreased at once. But Ditchley was too dull a place, and the young Irishman too great a novelty, for the reaction to be very serious. So, after a few cynical remarks of the sour grape pattern, as to how very early and imprudently he must have married—the Irish always did—how difficult he would find it to keep a wife and family on a curate's income, and how very inferior a person the lady would probably be—Mr. Scanlan's star again rose, and he was generally accepted by the little community.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Irish are unappreciated in England—especially provincial England. Often the slow, bovine, solid Briton is greatly taken by the lively-tempered, easy, mercurial Celt, who both supplies a want and creates an excitement. A gentlemanly, clever, and attractive young Hibernian will drop suddenly down upon an old-fashioned English country-town, amuse the men, captivate the women, and end by putting his bridle on the neck of ever so many of these mild stolid agricultural animals—leading them by the nose completely, for a little while—as did the gentleman who had just made his appearance in Ditchley. For weeks nothing was talked of but

the Reverend Edward Scanlan—his brilliant preaching, his good looks, his agreeable manners. Every girl in the town would have been in love with him but for that uncomfortable impediment, his wife. Great was the speculation concerning her—what kind of person she was likely to be. Imagination had full time to develop itself: for the curate occupied his lodgings alone for three months, during which time—as he confidentially, and not without much anxious and husband-like feeling, told the matrons of the place—Mrs. Scanlan was awaiting at his mother's house in Dublin the birth of their second child.

Then, he had a mother, and she had a house;—two facts which, in the paucity of information concerning him, were eagerly seized upon and discussed exhaustively. Indeed, these conjugal confessions seemed to open to the young man all the maternal arms in Ditchley—Ditchley town, that is. The county families still hung back a little, pausing till they could discover something certain about Mr. Scanlan's antecedents.

This was not easy. Fifty years ago London itself was very far off from the West of England, and Ireland seemed a *terra incognita* as distant as the antipodes. Nor, except letting fall in his conversation a good many titled names, which were recognised as belonging to the religious aristocracy of the period, did Mr. Scanlan say much about his family or connexions. He was apparently that odd mixture of candour and secretiveness which is peculiarly Celtic—Highland and Irish. While voluble enough concerning himself personally,—of his wife, his parents, and his relatives generally—who could not have been numerous, as he was an only child—he said remarkably little.

It is a curious fact, and a contradiction to certain amusing legal fictions concerning the conjugal estate—that whatever a man may be, and however great a personage theoretically, practically his social status is decided by his wife. Not so much by *her* social status or origin, as by the sort of woman she

is in herself. King Cophetua may woo the beggar-maid, and if she has a queenly nature she will make an excellent queen; but if he chooses a beggar in royal robes, they will soon drop off, and the ugly mendicant appear;—then King Cophetua may turn beggar, but she will never make a queen. And so, in every rank of life, unless a man chooses a woman who is capable of keeping up at home the dignity which he labours for in the world, he will soon find his own progress in life sorely hampered and impeded, his usefulness narrowed, his honours thrown away.

Mr. Scanlan was no doubt a very charming man—quite the gentleman, everybody said; and his tastes and habits were those of a gentleman,—at least of a person who has been well off all his life. Indeed, he everywhere gave the impression of having been brought up in great luxury as a child, with ponies to ride, unlimited shooting and fishing, &c.—the sort of life befitting a squire's son; on the strength of which, though a clergyman, he became hand in glove with all the rollicking squires' sons round about.

Ditchley puzzled itself a little concerning his name. Scanlan did not sound very aristocratic, but then English ears never appreciate Irish patronymics. The only time that any one in this neighbourhood had ever seen it—(the fact was breathed about tenderly, and never reached the curate)—was upon a stray porter bottle—"Scanlan and Co.'s Dublin stout"—but that might have been a mere coincidence; no doubt there were many Scanlans all over Ireland. And even if it were not so—if Mr. Scanlan did really belong to the "stout" family—what harm was it? Who had not heard of illustrious brewers? Whitbread in England, Guinness in Ireland,—were they not names high in honour, especially among the religious world of the day—the Evangelical set—which, however the old-fashioned, easy-going church people might differ from it, had undoubtedly begun to work a great revolution in the Establishment?

Mr. Scanlan belonged to it, and evidently glorified himself much in the fact. It was such an exceedingly respectable section of the community: there were so many titled and wealthy names connected with it; even a poor curate might gather from his alliance therewith a secondary honour. Nevertheless, the county society, which was very select, and not easily approachable, paused in its judgment upon the Reverend Edward Scanlan until it had seen his wife. Then there was no longer any doubt concerning him.

I should think not! I could imagine how she looked the first time she appeared in public, which was at church, for she arrived at Ditchley on a Saturday—arrived alone with her two little babies—both babies, for one was just fifteen months the elder of the other—and their nurse, a thorough Irish-woman, very young, very untidy, very faithful, and very ugly. Well could I picture her as she walked up the church aisle,—though perhaps her noble kind of beauty would at first be hardly perceptible to these good Ditchley people, accustomed to fair Saxon complexions, plump figures, and cheeks rosy and round, whereas hers were pale and thin, and her eyes dark, with heavy circles underneath them. Besides, she was very tall; and slender, almost to tenuity; and her early maternity, combined with other cares, had taken from her the first fresh bloom of youth. At nineteen she looked rather older than her husband, though he was her senior by some years. "What a pity," Ditchley said, in its comments upon her that Sunday; "why will Irishwomen marry so young?"—until they found out she was not an Irishwoman at all.

What she was, or where she came from, they had at first no means of guessing. She spoke English perfectly. Nevertheless, as the ladies who called upon her during the ensuing week detected, she had certainly some sort of foreign accent; but whether French, German, or Spanish, the untravelled natives of Ditchley were quite unable to discover. And even the boldest and

most inquisitive of them found—I can well believe it!—a certain difficulty in putting intrusive questions, or indeed questions of any kind, to Mrs. Scanlan. They talked about her babies, of whom she seemed irrationally proud; about her husband, to whose praises she listened with a sweet, calm, appreciative smile; and then they went away, having found out about her just as much as they knew the week before—viz., that she was Mrs. Scanlan.

Nevertheless, she burst upon Ditchley like a revelation,—this beautiful, well-bred young woman, who, though only the curate's wife, living in very common furnished lodgings, seemed fully the equal of every lady who called upon her. Yet she made nobody uncomfortable. Those who came to patronize, forgot to do it, that was all; while the poorer and humbler ones, who, from her looks at church, had been at first a little afraid of her—doubting she would be “stand-offish” and disagreeable—found her so pleasant, that they were soon quite at their ease, and went away to trumpet her praises far and near.

While she—how did she receive this praise, blame, or criticism? Nobody could find out. She had all the simplicity and naturalness of one who takes no trouble to assert a position which she has had all her life; is quite indifferent to outside shows of wealth or consequence, possessing that within which is independent of either; easily accessible to all comers; considering neither “What do other people think of you?” or “I wonder what you are now thinking of me?” but welcoming each and all with the calm, gentle graciousness of a lady who has been, to use the current phrase, “thoroughly accustomed to good society.”

Such was the wife whom, much to their surprise after all—for in none of their speculations had they quite reckoned upon such a woman—the new curate introduced to the parish of Ditchley.

She settled his status there, at once and permanently. Nay, she did more, for, with her dignified candour, she explained at once the facts which he had

hitherto kept concealed; not upon her neighbours' first visit, but as soon as she grew at all into friendliness with them, even expressing some surprise that neither Mr. Scanlan nor Mr. Oldham—who treated her with great respect, and even had a dinner-party at the Rectory in her honour—should have made public the very simple facts of the Scanlan family history. Her Edward's father was a wealthy Dublin brewer—the identical “Scanlan & Co.”—who had brought his son up to the Church, and was just on the point of buying him a living, when some sudden collapse in trade came, the firm failed, the old man died penniless, leaving his old wife with only her own small income to live upon, while the son was driven to maintain himself as best he could. Though he was a popular preacher, and very much sought after, still admiration brought no pounds, shillings, and pence;—his fine friends slipped from him—no hope of preferment offered itself in Ireland. At which conjuncture he met Mr. Oldham, made friends with him, and accepted a fat curacy in the land of the Saxons.

This was the whole—a very plain statement, involving no mystery of any kind. Nor concerning herself was there aught to disguise. When her peculiar accent, and certain foreign ways she had, excited a few harmless wonderings, Mrs. Scanlan satisfied them all in the briefest but most unhesitating way, telling how she was of French extraction, her parents being both of an old Huguenot family, belonging to the *ancienne noblesse*. This latter fact she did not exactly state, until her visitors noticed a coronet on an old pocket-handkerchief; and then she answered, quite composedly, that her late father, a teacher in Dublin, and very poor, was the Vicomte de Bougainville.

Here at once I give the clue to any small secret which may hitherto have thrown dust in the reader's eyes, but I shall attempt this no more. It must be quite clear to all persons of common penetration who was the lady I am describing.

Mademoiselle Josephine de Bougainville was the only child of her parents,

who had met and married late in life, both being poor *émigrés* belonging to the same family, driven from France by the first Revolution. The mother was already dead when Josephine was given, at the early age of sixteen, to Edward Scanlan. I think, in spite of many presumptions to the contrary, that undoubtedly she married him from love, as he her. Perhaps, considering her extreme youth and her French bringing up, it was not exactly the right sort of love—not the love which we like to see our English daughters marry with, quite independent of the desire of parents or friends, trusting to no influence but that of their own honest hearts; but still it was love, and Edward Scanlan, a good-looking, ardent, impulsive young fellow, was just the sort of lover that would be attractive to sweet sixteen. I believe he fell in love with her at church, violently and desperately; and his parents, who never said him nay in anything, and who had the shrewdness to see that her beauty and her good birth formed an excellent balance to the Scanlan money—nay, would be rather an advantage to the same—instead of resisting, encouraged the marriage. They applied to M. de Bougainville for his daughter's hand, and the poor old Vicomte, starving in his garret, was glad enough to bestow it—to see his child safe settled in a home of her own, and die.

He might have used some persuasion; she might have thought, French fashion, that it was right to marry whomever her father wished, and so bent her will cheerfully to his. But I am sure she did not marry against her will, from the simple fact that, to a nature like hers, a marriage without love, or for anything except love, would have been, at any age, altogether impossible. Besides, I have stronger evidence still. Once, in discussing, with regard to myself, this momentous question, Lady de Bougainville said to me, very solemnly—so solemnly that I never forgot her words:

“Remember, Winifred, love alone is not sufficient in marriage. But, wanting love, nothing else suffices—no outward suitability, no tie of gratitude or

duty. All break like threads before the wrench of the ever-grinding wheel of daily cares. I had a difficult married life, my dear, but it would have been ten times more so if, when I married, I had not loved my husband.”

I find that, instead of telling a consecutive story, I am mixing up confusedly the near and the far away. But it is nearly impossible to avoid this. Many things, obviously, I have to guess at. Given the two ends of a fact, I must imagine the middle—but I shall imagine as little as ever I can. And I have two clues to guide me through the labyrinth—clues which have never failed through all those years.

Every Saturday night, when her children were in bed, her week's duties done, and her husband arranging his sermon, a task he always put off till the last minute, sitting up late to do it—and she never went to bed until he was gone, and she could shut up the house herself—this quiet hour Mrs. Scanlan always devoted to writing a journal. It was in French, not English; and very brief: a record of facts, not feelings; events, not moralizings: but it was kept with great preciseness and accuracy. And, being in French, was private; since, strange to say, her husband had never taken the trouble to learn the language.

Secondly, Lady de Bougainville had one curious superstition: she disliked burning even the smallest scrap of paper. Every letter she had ever received, she kept arranged in order, and ticketed with its date of receipt and the writer's name. Thus, had she been a celebrated personage, cursed with a biographer, the said biographer would have had no trouble at all in arranging his data and gathering out of them every possible evidence,—except perhaps the truth, which lies deeper than any external facts. Many a time I laughed at her for this peculiarity of hers; many a time I declared that were I a notable person, I would take care to give those who came after me as much trouble as possible: instituting such periodical incremations as would leave the chronicler of my life with no data to traffic upon, but keep

him in a state of wholesome bewilderment concerning me. At which Lady de Bougainville only smiled, saying, "What does it matter? Why need you care?"

It may be so. As we decline towards our end, the projected glory and peace of the life to come may throw into dimness all this present life: we may become indifferent to all that has happened to us, and all that people may say and think of us after we are gone. She did, I know. And I might feel the same myself, if I had no children.

Those two children of hers, the little girl and boy, were enough of themselves to make life begin brightly for young Mrs. Scanlan, even in the dull town of Ditchley. And it was the bright time of year, when Ditchley itself caught the reflected glow of the lovely country around it—rich, West of England country; wide, green, heaving pasture-lands, and lanes full of spring-flowers. The first time her little César came home with his chubby hands holding, or rather dropping, a mass of broken blue hyacinths, his mother snatched him in her arms and smothered him with kisses. She felt as if her own childhood were come over again in that of her children.

Besides, the sudden collapse of fortune, which had brought so many changes, brought one blessing, which was a very great one to Josephine Scanlan. Hitherto the young couple had never had a separate home. The old couple, considering—perhaps not unwisely—that the wife was so young and the husband so thoughtless, and that they themselves had no other children, brought them home to live with them in their grand house; which combined establishment had lasted until the crash came.

It could scarcely have been a life altogether to Josephine's taste; though I believe her father and mother-in-law were very worthy people—quite uneducated, having "made themselves," but gentle, kind, and good. If ever she did speak of them, it was always with tenderness. Still, to the poor *émigré's* daughter, brought up in all the traditions

of "blue blood;" taught to take as her standard of moral excellence the chivalry which holds honour as the highest good, and socially, to follow that perfect simplicity which indicates the truest refinement—to such an one there must always have been something jarring in the rude, lavish luxury of these *nouveaux riches*, who, being able to get anything through their money, naturally concluded that money was everything. Though her fetters were golden, still, fetters they were: and though she must have worn them with a smiling, girlish grace,—she was so much of a child, in years and in character—yet I have no doubt she felt them sometimes. When, all in a day, they dropped off like spiders' webs, I am afraid young Mrs. Scanlan was not near so unhappy as she ought to have been; nay, was conscious of a certain sense of relief and exhilaration of spirits. It was like passing out of a hot-house into the free pure air outside; and, though chilling at first, the change was wonderfully strengthening and refreshing.

The very first shock of it had nerved the shy, quiet girl into a bright, brave, active woman, ready to do all that was required of her, and more; complaining of nothing, and afraid of nothing. Calmly she had lived on with her mother-in-law, amidst the mockeries of departed wealth, till the house and furniture at Merrion Square could be sold; as calmly, in a little lodging at Kingstown, had she waited the birth of her second child; and then, with equal fearlessness, had travelled from Ireland with the children and Bridget, alone and unprotected, though it was the first time in her life she had ever done such a thing. But she did it thankfully and happily; and she was happy and thankful now.

True, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Scanlan felt at first the full weight of their changed fortunes. The grand sweep of everything had not been so complete—or else it had been managed so ingeniously, as wide-awake people can manage these little affairs—as to leave them out of the wreck a good many

personal luxuries. By the time the picturesque little cottage—which, being on the rector's land, he had put into good repair and recommended as a suitable habitation for his curate—was ready, there arrived by sea, from Dublin, quite enough of furniture—the remnant of old splendours—to make it very comfortable; nay, almost every lady, in paying the first call upon Mrs. Scanlan at Wren's Nest, said admiringly, "What a pretty home you have got!"

Then when Mrs. Scanlan returned the visits, and, the term of mourning for her parents-in-law having expired, accepted a few invitations round about, she did so in clothes which, if a little unfashionable in Dublin, were regarded as quite modern at Ditchley; garments so handsome, so well arranged, and so gracefully put on, that some of his confidential matron friends said to Mr. Scanlan, "How charmingly your wife dresses! Any one could see she was a Frenchwoman by the perfection of her toilette." At which Mr. Scanlan was of course excessively delighted; and admired his beautiful wife more than ever, because other people admired her so much.

He, too, was exceedingly "jolly"—only that word had not then got engrafted in the English language—in spite of his loss of fortune. The result of it did not as yet affect him personally; none of his comforts were curtailed to any great extent. "Roughing it" in lodgings, with every good house in the parish open to him whenever he chose to avail himself of the hospitality, had been not such a very hard thing. Nor was "love in a cottage," in summer-time—with roses and jessamines clustering about the door, and everybody who entered it praising the taste and skill of his wife, within and without the house, and saying how they envied such a scene of rural felicity—by any means an unpleasant thing.

In truth, the curate sometimes scarcely believed he was a poor man at all, or in anywise different from the Edward Scanlan, with whom everything had gone so smoothly since his cradle; for his parents, having married late in life, had

their struggle over before he was born. He still dressed with his accustomed taste—a little florid, perhaps, but not bad taste; he had always money in his pocket, which he could spend or give away, and he was equally fond of doing both. He had not, naturally, the slightest sense of the individual or relative value of either sovereigns or shillings, no more than if they had been dead leaves. This peculiarity had mattered little once, when he was a rich young fellow; now, when it did matter, it was difficult to conquer.

His mother had said to Josephine on parting—almost the last thing she did say, for the old woman died within the year,—“Take care of poor Edward, and look after the money yourself, my dear, or it'll burn a hole in his pockets—it always did.” And Josephine had laughed at the phrase with an almost childish amusement, and total ignorance of what it meant and implied. She understood it too well afterwards.

But not now. Not in the least during that first sunshiny summer, which made Ditchley so pleasant and dear to her that the charm lasted through many and many a sunless summer and dreary winter. Her husband she had all to herself, for the first time;—he was so fond of her—so kind to her; she went about with him more than she had ever been able to do since her marriage; taking rambles to explore the country, paying amusing first visits together, to investigate and criticise the Ditchley society; receiving as much attention as if they were a new married couple; and even as to themselves, having as it were their honeymoon over again, only a great deal more gay and more comfortable. It was indeed a very happy life for Mr. and Mrs. Scanlan.

As for the babies, they were in an earthly paradise. Wren's Nest was built among the furze bushes of a high common, as a wren's nest should be; and the breezes that swept over were so fresh and pure, that the two little delicate faces soon began to grow brown with health—César's especially. The infant, Adrienne, had always been a

small fragile thing. But César grew daily into a real boy, big, hearty, and strong; and Bridget showed him off wherever she went as one of the finest children of the neighbourhood.

Thus Time went on, marching upon flowers; still he did march, steadily, remorselessly. But it was not till the fall of the year, when a long succession of wet days and weeks made Wren's Nest look,—as a wren's nest might be expected to look in wintry weather—that the Scanlans woke up to the recollection that they were actually "poor" people.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT are "poor" people? such as I have just stated the curate of Ditchley and his wife to be?

Few questions can be more difficult to answer. "Poor" is an adjective of variable value. I compassionate my next neighbour as a "poor" woman, because she lives in a small tumble-down cottage at the end of my garden, and has nine children, and a sick husband. While my next neighbour but one, who drives about in her carriage and pair, no doubt compassionates me, because in all weathers I have to go on foot. Often when she sweeps past me, trudging along our muddy lanes, and we bow and smile, I can detect a lurking something, half pity—half—no, she is too kind for scorn!—in her face, which exceedingly amuses me. For I know that if her carriage meets the little chaise and ponies, driven by the lovely Countess whose seat is four miles off, the said Countess will be greatly envied by my wealthy neighbour, whose husband has only one handsome house to live in, while the Earl has six.

Thus, you see, "poor" is a mere adjective of comparison.

But when I call the Scanlans "poor," it was because their income was not equal to their almost inevitable expenditure. Theirs was the sharpest form of poverty, which dare not show itself

as such; which has, or thinks it has, a certain position to keep up, and, therefore, must continually sacrifice inside comforts to outside shows. How far this is necessary or right remains an open question—I have my own opinion on the subject. But one thing is certain, that a curate, obliged to appear as a gentleman, and mix freely in other gentlemen's society—to say nothing of his having, unfortunately, the tastes and necessities of a gentleman—is in a much harder position than any artisan, clerk, or small shopkeeper, who has the same number of pounds a year to live upon. Especially when both have the same ever-increasing family,—only a rather different sort of family,—to bring up upon it.

When Mr. Scanlan's stock of ready-money—that "running account" in the Ditchley bank, which he had thought so inexhaustible, but which ran away as fast as a centipede before the year was out—when this sum was nearly at an end, the young husband opened his eyes wide, with a kind of angry astonishment. His first thought was, that his wife had been spending money a great deal too fast. This was possible, seeing she was still but a novice in house-keeping, and besides she really did not know how much she had to keep house upon. For her husband, proud of his novel dignity as master of a family, had desired her to "leave everything to him—just ask him for what she wanted, and he would give it to her: a man should always be left to manage his own affairs." And Josephine, dutifully believing this, had smiled at the recollection of her mother-in-law's caution, thinking how much better a wife knew her husband than his own parents ever did,—and cheerfully assented. Consequently, she made not a single inquiry as to how their money stood, until there was no money left to inquire after.

This happened on a certain damp November day—she long remembered the sort of day it was, and the minutiae of all that happened on it; for it was the first slight lifting up of that golden haze of happiness—the first opening of

her eyes unto the cold, cheerless land that she was entering; the land where girlish dreams and ideal fancies are not, and all pleasures that exist therein, if existing at all, must be taken after a different fashion, and enjoyed in a different sort of way.

Mr. Scanlan had gone into Ditchley in the forenoon, and his wife had been busy making all sorts of domestic arrangements for a change that would rather increase than diminish the family expenditure, and holding a long consultation with her one servant as to a little plan she had, which would lighten both their hands, and indeed seemed, with present prospects, almost a necessity.

For, hard-working woman as Bridget was—and when there is found an industrious, conscientious, tidy Irish-woman, how she will work! with all her heart in it too—still Wren's Nest in winter and Wren's Nest in summer were two very different abodes. You cannot keep a little cottage as warm as a good-sized house, or as neat either, especially when the said little cottage has two little people in it, just of the age when rich parents find it convenient to exile their children to safe nurseries at the top of the house, to be "out of the way." Wren's Nest, quite large enough when César and Adrienne were out on the common from morning till night—became small when the poor little things had to be shut up in it all day long. Their voices—not always sweet—sometimes rang through it in a manner that even their mother found rather trying. As to their father—but Mrs. Scanlan had already begun to guess at one fact, which all young married women have to discover—that the more little children are kept out of their father's way the better for all parties.

Moreover, Josephine's husband still enjoyed his wife's company far too well not to grumble a little when she stinted him of it for the sake of her babies. He excessively disliked the idea of her becoming "a family woman," as he called it, swallowed up in domestic cares. Why not leave all that to the

servants? He still said "servants," forgetting that there was now but one. Often, to please him—it was so sweet to please him always!—Mrs. Scanlan would resign many a necessary duty, or arrange her duties so that she could sit with him alone in the parlour, listening while he talked or read—listening with one ear, while the other was kept open to the sounds in the kitchen, where Bridget might be faintly heard, going about her work and crooning the while some Irish ditty; keeping baby on one arm while she did as much as she could of the household work with the other.

Poor Bridget! With all her good will, of course, under such circumstances, things were not done as well as they ought to have been, nor were the children taken such care of as their anxious mother thought right. When there was a third child impending, some additional household help became indispensable, and it was on this subject that she and Bridget were laying their heads together—very different heads, certainly, though the two young women—mistress and maid—were nearly the same age.

Let me pause for a moment to draw Bridget Halloran's portrait—lovingly, for she was a great friend of mine.

She was very ugly, almost the ugliest woman I ever knew, and she must have been just the same in youth as in age, probably uglier, for time might by then have ironed out some of the small-pox seams which contributed not a little to the general disfigurement of her features. True, she never could have had much features to boast of, hers being the commonest type of Irish faces, flat, broad, round as an apple-dumpling, with a complexion of the dumpling hue and soddenness. There was a small dough-pinch for the nose, a wide slit for the mouth, two beady, black-currants of eyes—and you had Bridget Halloran's face complete. Her figure was short and sturdy, capable of infinite exertion and endurance; but as for grace and beauty, not even in her teens did it possess one single line. Her sole charm was that peculiarly Hibernian one—

a great mass of very fine blue-black hair, which she hid under a cap, and nobody ever saw it.

But Nature, which had been so niggardly to this poor woman in outward things, compensated for it by putting into her the brightest, bravest, truest, peasant nature—the nature of the Irish peasant who, being blessed with a double share of both heart and brains, is capable alike of anything good and anything bad. Bridget, no doubt, had her own capacities for the latter, but they had remained undeveloped; while all the good in her had grown, month by month, and day by day, ever since, at little César's birth, she came as nursemaid into the service of young Mrs. Scanlan.

To her mistress she attached herself at once with the passionate admiration that ugliness sometimes conceives for beauty, coarseness for grace and refinement. And, they being thrown much together, as mothers and nursemaids are, or ought to be, this admiration settled into the most faithful devotion that is possible to human nature. At any time, I think, Bridget would com-posedly have gone to be hanged for the sake of her mistress; or rather, dying being a small thing to some people, I think she would have committed for her sake any crime that necessitated hanging. Which is still not saying much, as Bridget's sole consciousness of and distinction between right and wrong was, whether or not Mrs. Scanlan considered it so.

But I have said enough to indicate what sort of person this Irish girl was, and explain why the other girl—still no more than a girl in years, though she was mistress and mother—held towards her a rather closer relation than most ladies do with their servants nowadays. Partly, because Bridget was of Irish, and Mrs. Scanlan of French birth, and in both countries the idiosyncrasy of the people makes the tie between the server and the served a little different from what it is in England. Also, because the enormous gulf externally between Josephine Scanlan *née* de

Bougainville, and Bridget Halloran, nobody's daughter (being taken from a foundling hospital), was crossed easier than many lesser distances, especially by that slender, firm, almost invisible but indestructible bond of a common nature—a nature wholly womanly. They understood one another, these two, almost without a word, on the simple ground of womanhood.

They were discussing anxiously the many, and to them momentous arrangements for the winter, or rather early spring—the new-comer being expected with the violets—but both servant and mistress had quite agreed on the necessity of a little twelve-year-old nursemaid, and had even decided on the village school girl whom they thought most suitable for the office. And then Bridget, seeing her mistress look excessively tired with all her morning's exertions, took the children away into the kitchen, and made their mother lie down on the sofa underneath the window, where she could see the line of road across the common, and watch for Mr. Scanlan's return home.

She was tired, certainly; weary with the sacred weakness, mental and bodily, of impending maternity, but she was neither depressed nor dejected. It was not her nature to be either. God had given her not only strength, but great elasticity of temperament; she had been a very happy-hearted girl, as Josephine de Bougainville, and she was no less so as Josephine Scanlan. She had had a specially happy summer—the happiest, she thought, since she was married; her husband had been so much more her own, and she had enjoyed to the full the pleasure of being sole mistress in her own house, though it was such a little one. I am afraid, if questioned, she would not for one moment have exchanged Wren's Nest for Mer-rion Square.

Nor—equal delusion!—would she have exchanged her own husband, the poor curate of Ditchley, for the richest man alive, or for all the riches he had possessed when she first knew him. She was very fond of him just as he was. She

greatly enjoyed his having no valet, and requiring her to wait upon him hand and foot; it was pleasanter to her to walk across country, ever so far, clinging to his arm, than to be driven along in state, sitting beside him in the grand carriage. And beyond expression sweet to her were the quiet evenings which had come since the winter set in, when no dinner-parties were possible, and after the children were gone to bed the young father and mother sat over the fire, as close together as lovers, and making love quite as foolishly sometimes.

"I suspect, after all, I was made to be a poor man's wife," Josephine would sometimes say to herself, and think over all her duties in that character, and how she could best fulfil them, so that her Edward might not miss his lost riches the least in the world, seeing he had gained, as she had, so much better things.

She lay thinking of him on this wise, very tenderly, when she saw him come striding up to the garden-gate; and her heart beat quicker, as it did still—foolish, fond creature!—at the sight of her young husband—her girlhood's love. She made an effort to rise and meet him with a bright face and open arms.

But his were closed, and his countenance was dark as night: a very rare thing for the good-tempered, easy-minded Edward Scanlan.

"What is the matter, dear? Are you ill? Has anything happened?"

"Happened, indeed! I should think so! Do you mean to say you don't know—that you never guessed? Look there!"

He threw over to her one of those innocent-looking, terrible little books, called bank-books, and went and flung himself down on the sofa, in exceeding discomposure.

"What is this?"—opening it with some curiosity, for she had never seen the volume before—he had kept it in his desk, being one of those matters of business which, he said, "a woman couldn't understand."

"Nonsense, Josephine! Of course you knew."

"What did I know?"

"That you have been spending so much money that you have nearly ruined me. Our account is overdrawn."

"Our account overdrawn—what does that mean?" she said: not answering, except by a gentle sort of smile, the first half of his sentence. For she could not have been married these five years without learning one small fact—that her Edward sometimes made "large" statements, which had to be received *cum grano*, as not implying more than half he meant, especially when he was a little vexed.

"Mean! It means, my dear, that we have not a halfpenny left in the bank, and that we owe the bank two pounds five—no, seven—I never can remember those stupid shillings!—over and above our account."

"Why did they not tell you before?"

"Of course, they thought it did not matter. A gentleman like me would always keep a banker's account, and could at any time put more money in. But I can't. I have not a penny-piece in the world beside my paltry salary. And it is all your fault—all your fault, Josephine."

Mrs. Scanlan was startled. Not that it was the first time she had been spoken to crossly by her husband: such an idyllic state of concord is quite impossible in ordinary married life, and in this work-a-day world, where men's tempers, and women's too, are rubbed up the wrong way continually; but he had never spoken to her with such sharp injustice. She felt it acutely; and then paused to consider whether it were not possible that Edward was less to blame than she. For she loved him; and, to fond, idealizing love, while the ideal remains unbroken, it is so much easier to accuse oneself than the object beloved.

"It may be my fault, my friend"—she often called him affectionately "my friend," as she remembered hearing her mother address her father as "*mon ami*," and it was her delight to think that the word was no misnomer—every woman's husband should be, besides all else, her best, and dearest,

and closest "friend." "But if it is my fault, I did not mean it, Edward. It was because I did not understand. Sit down here, and try to make me understand."

She spoke quite cheerfully, not in the least comprehending how matters stood, nor how serious was the conjuncture. When it dawned upon her—for, though so young and inexperienced, she had plenty of common sense, and a remarkably clear head at business,—she looked extremely grave.

"I think I do understand now. You put all the money we had, which was a hundred pounds, into the bank, and you have fetched it out for me whenever I asked you for it, or whenever you wanted some yourself, without looking how the account stood—the 'balance,' don't you call it?—and when you went to the bank to-day, you found we had spent it all, and there was nothing left. Isn't that it?"

"Exactly so. What a sharp little girl you are; how quickly you have taken it all in!" said he, a little more good-tempered, having got rid of his crossness by its first ebullition, and being relieved to find how readily she forgave it, and how quietly she accepted the whole thing. For he had a lurking consciousness that, on the whole, he had been a little "foolish," as he called it, himself, and was not altogether free from blame in the transaction.

"Yea, I think I have taken it all in," said she, meditatively, and turning a shade paler. "I comprehend that the money I wanted I cannot get; that we shall be unable to get any more money for anything until Mr. Oldham pays you your next half-yearly salary."

"Just so. But don't vex yourself, my love. It will not signify. We can live upon credit; my father lived upon credit for I don't know how long."

Josephine was silent—through sheer ignorance. Her translation of the word "credit" was moral virtue, universal respect; and she liked to think how deeply her husband was respected in the town; but still she did not understand how his good name would suffice

to pay his butcher's and baker's bills, and other expenses, which seemed to have fallen upon them more heavily than usual this Christmas. To say nothing of another expense—and a strange pang shot through the young mother's heart, to think that it should ever take the shape of a burthen instead of a blessing—the third little olive-branch that was soon to sprout up round that tiny table.

"Edward," she said, looking at him entreatingly—almost tearfully, as if a sudden sense of her weakness had come upon her, and instinctively she turned to her husband for help: "Edward, tell me, if we can get no money, not till May, from Mr. Oldham, what am I to do—in March?"

"Bless my soul, I had forgotten that!" and the young man spoke in a tone of extreme annoyance. "You should have thought of it yourself; indeed, you should have thought of everything a little more. March! how very inconvenient. Well, it can't be helped. You must just manage as well as you can."

"Manage as well as I can," repeated Josephine slowly, and lifted up in his face her great dark, heavy eyes. Perhaps she saw something in that face which she had never seen before, some line which implied it was a weaker face, a shallower face than at first appeared. She had been accustomed to love it without reading it much—certainly without criticising it; but now her need was hard. Still harder, too, when wanting it most, to come for comfort, and find none; or, at least, so little that it was almost none. "He does not understand," she said to herself, and ceased speaking.

"It is very, very provoking, altogether most unfortunate," continued the curate. "But I suppose you can manage, my dear; labourers' wives do, with half the comforts that I hope you will have. Oh dear, a poor curate is much worse off than a day-labourer! But as to the little nursemaid you were speaking to me about this morning, of course you will see at once that

such an additional outlay would be quite impossible. She would eat as much as any two of us; and, indeed, we shall have quite enough mouths to fill—rather too many.”

“Too many!”

It was but a chance word, but it had stabbed her like a sword—the first actual wound her husband had ever given her. And, by nature, Josephine Scanlan was a woman of very acute feelings, sensitive to the slightest wound; not to her pride, or her self-esteem, but to her affections and her strong sense of right and justice. She answered not a syllable; she turned away quietly—and stood looking out of the window towards where Ditchley church-spire rose through the rainy mist. Then she thought, with a sudden, startling fancy, of the churchyard below it, where a grave might open yet,—a grave for both mother and babe—and so save the little household from being “too many.”

It was an idea so dreadful, so wicked, that she thrust it from her in haste and shame, and turned back to her husband, trying to speak in a cheerful voice of other things.

“But what about the two pounds five, or seven—which is it?—that you owe the bank? Of course we must pay it.”

“Oh no, they will trust me; they know I am a gentleman.”

“But does not a gentleman always pay? My father thought so. Whatever comforts we went without, if the landlord came up for our rent, it was ready on the spot. My father used to say, ‘*Noblesse oblige.*’”

“Your father,” began Mr. Scanlan, with a slight sneer in his tone, but stopped. For there stood opposite to him, looking at him with steadfast eyes, the poor Vicomte’s daughter, the beautiful girl he had married—the woman who was now his companion for life, in weal or woe, evil report or good report. She might not have meant it—probably was wholly unconscious of the fact—but she stood more erect than usual, with all the blood of the De Bougainville’s rising in her thin cheeks, and flaming in her sunken eyes.

“I should not like to ask the bank to trust us, Edward; and there is no need. I paid all my bills yesterday for the month, but there are still three sovereigns left in my purse. You can take them, and pay. Will you? At once?”

“There is no necessity. What a terrible hurry you are in! How you do bother a man! But give me the money.”

“Edward!” As he snatched at the offered purse, half jest, half earnest, she detained him. “Kiss me! Don’t go away angry with me. We are never surely beginning to quarrel?”

“Not a bit of it. Only—well, promise to be more careful another time.”

She promised—almost with a sense of contrition—though she did not exactly know what she had to repent of. But when her husband was gone upstairs, and she lay down again, and began calmly thinking the matter over, her sense of justice righted itself, and she saw things clearer—alas! only too clear.

She knew she had erred, but not in the way Edward thought: in quite a contrary direction. How could she, a mistress and mother of a family, have been so unwise as to take everything upon trust, live merrily all that summer, supplying both herself and the household with everything they needed, without inquiring a syllable about the money; where it all came from, how long it would last, and whether she was justified in thus expending it!

“Of course, Edward did not think, could not calculate—it was never his way. His poor mother was right; this was my business, and I have neglected it. But I was so ignorant. And so happy—so happy!”

Her heart seemed to collapse with a strange, cold fear—a forewarning that henceforward she might not too often have that excuse of happiness. It was with difficulty that she restrained herself before her husband; and the minute he had left her,—which he did rather carelessly, and quite satisfied she was “all right now,”—she burst into such

hysterical sobbing, that Bridget in the kitchen heard, and came in.

But when with fond Irish familiarity the girl entreated to know what was the matter, and whether she should run and fetch the master? Mrs. Scanlan gave a decided negative, which surprised Bridget as much as these hysterical tears.

Bridget and her master were not quite upon as good terms as Bridget and her mistress. Mr. Scanlan disliked ugly people; also he treated servants generally with a certain roughness and lordliness, which some people think it necessary to show, just to prove the great difference between them and their masters—which otherwise might not be sufficiently discernible.

But when she saw him from the window striding across the common towards Ditchley, leaving the house and never looking behind him, though he, and he only, must have been the cause of his wife's agitation, either by talking to her in some thoughtless way, or telling her some piece of bad news which he ought to have had the sense to keep to himself, Bridget felt extremely angry with Mr. Scanlan.

However, she was wise enough to hold her tongue, and devote all her efforts to soothe and quiet her mistress, which was finally effected by a most fortunate domestic catastrophe; César and little Adrienne being found quarrelling over the toasting-fork which Bridget had dropped in her hurry, and which was so hot in the prongs that both burnt their fingers, and tottered screaming to their mother's sofa. This brought Mrs. Scanlan to herself at once. She sat up, cuddled them to her bosom, and began comforting them as mothers can—by which she soon comforted herself likewise. Then she looked up at Bridget, who stood by her, silent and grim—poor Bridget's plain face was always so very grim when she was silent—and made a half excuse or apology.

"I can't think what made me turn so ill, Bridget. I have been doing almost nothing all day."

"Doing! No, ma'am, it's not doing,

it's talking," replied Bridget, with a severe and impressive emphasis, which brought the colour to her mistress's cheeks. "But the master's gone to Ditchley, I think, and he can't be back just yet," she added triumphantly; as if the master's absence at this crisis, if a discredit to himself, was a decided benefit to the rest of the household.

"I know. He has gone on business," said Mrs. Scanlan. And then the business he had gone upon, came back upon her mind in all its painfulness; she turned so deadly white once more that Bridget was frightened.

"Oh, ma'am!" she cried, "what in the world has happened?"

(Here I had better state that I make no attempt to give Bridget's brogue. Indeed, when I knew her she had almost none remaining. She had come so early into her mistress's service, and she had lived so long in England, that her Hibernicisms of speech and character had gradually dropped off from her; all except the warm heart and elastic spirit, the shrewd wit, and staunch fidelity, which especially belong to her nation, neutralising many bad qualities, to which miserable experience forces us to give the bitter adjective—so "Irish.")

"Nothing has happened," said Mrs. Scanlan. "I suppose I am not quite so strong as I ought to be, but I shall soon be all right, I hope. Come, Baby, it's near your bed-time; my blessing! don't cry so! it goes to mother's heart."

She roused herself, and began walking up and down with Adrienne in her arms, vainly trying to still her cries and hush her to sleep, but looking herself so wretched all the time, so feeble, and incapable of effort, that Bridget at last said, remonstratively—

"You're not to do that, ma'am. Indeed, you're not."

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Scanlan, turning quickly round; "what am I not to do?"

"Not to be carrying that heavy child about. It isn't your business, ma'am, and you're not fit for it. And I'm not going to let you do it, either."

"I must," said Mrs. Scanlan, in a

tone so sharp that Bridget quite started. Her mistress was usually excessively gentle in manner and speech—too gentle, Bridget, who had a tongue of her own, and a temper also, sometimes considered. Nevertheless, the sharpness surprised her, but it was away in a minute.

Mrs. Scanlan turned round with tears in her eyes.

"I did not mean to be cross, Bridget. I only meant that I must learn to do a great many things that I have not hitherto done."

What things? Bridget wanted to know. Because *she* thought the mistress did quite enough, and too much; she should be very glad when they had a second servant.

"No, we shall not have a second servant."

Bridget stared.

"It is quite out of the question. We cannot possibly afford it; Mr. Scanlan says so; and, of course, he knows."

Josephine said this with a certain air of dignity, by which she wished to put a stop to the "argufying" that she feared; but Bridget, instead, looked so shocked and disconsolate, that her mistress took the other tack, and began to console her.

"Really, we need not mind much about it. A girl of twelve would have been very ignorant and useless, and perhaps more of a trouble than a help; and I shall be able to help much more by and by, and according as I get used to things. I was so very innocent of all house-affairs when I came here," added she, smiling, "but I think I grow cleverer every day now."

"Ma'am, you're the cleverest lady I ever knew. And you took to house-keeping like a duck to the water. More's the pity! you that can play music, and talk foreign tongues, and work beautiful with your fingers—and there you are washing dishes, and children's clothes, and children—with those same pretty fingers. I'd like to tie 'em up in a bag."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Scanlan, laughing outright now: she and Bridget often laughed together, with their French

and Irish light-heartedness, even amidst the hardest work, and the cloudiest days. "But seriously, think how many mothers have to take care of their own children without any nursemaid—without any help at all—and I have yours. And three will not be much more trouble than two; indeed, this morning one of my neighbours consoled me by saying that, after two children, even ten did not make much difference."

"And we may have ten!" said Bridget, with a very long face; and a grave personal appropriation of the responsibility, which at first made her mistress laugh again:—then suddenly turn grave, muttering to herself something in French. For the first time it had occurred to Mrs. Scanlan, that circumstances might arise in which these gifts of God were not altogether blessings. The thought was so painful, so startling, that she could not face it. She drove it back, with all the causes which had suggested it, into the innermost corners of her heart. And with her heart's vision she utterly refused to see—what to her reason's eyes would have been clear enough—that her husband had acted like a child, and been as vexed as a child when his carelessness came to light. Also that the carelessness as to worldly matters, which does not so much signify when a man is a bachelor—and has nobody to harm but himself (if ever such a state of isolation is possible)—becomes an actual sin when he is married and has others depending on him,—others whom his least actions must affect vitally, for good or ill.

But as she walked up and down the room, rocking Edward's child to sleep—Adrienne was the one of her babies most like the father, César being entirely a De Bougainville—Josephine could not think hardly of her Edward. He would grow wiser in time, and meanwhile the least said or thought of his mistake the better. Nor did she communicate any further of it to Bridget, beyond saying, that, besides omitting the little nursemaid, they would henceforward have to be doubly economical: for Mr. Scanlan, and herself, had decided they were

spending a great deal more than they ought.

"Ugh!" said Bridget, and asked no more questions: for she was a little afraid of even her sweet young mistress when it pleased her to assume that gentle reserve. But the shrewd servant, nevertheless, made up her mind that, by fair means or foul, by direct inquiry, or by the exercise of that sharp Irish wit, in which the girl was by no means deficient—she would find out what had passed between the husband and wife, to make her mistress so ill. Also, whether there was any real occasion for her master's extraordinary stinginess.

"It's not his way! quite the contrary," thought she, when, while Mrs. Scanlan

was hushing baby to sleep, she slipped up and put to rights the one large room which served as bed-room for both parents and children: finding Mr. Scanlan's clothes scattered over César's little bed; crumpled shirts without end (for he had been dressing to dine out); and half-a-dozen pairs of soiled lavender gloves. "What business has he to wear lavender kid gloves, I should like to know?" said Bridget to herself, rather severely. "They'd have bought Master César two pair of boots, or the mistress a new bonnet. Ugh! men are queer creatures—I'm glad I wasn't a man, anyhow."

To be continued.

THE ITALY OF TO-DAY.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

"ORA media di Roma,"—the mean time of Rome. There is not much in the words; and yet reading them, as I read them the other day, they seemed to me to symbolize the change which the last ten years have wrought in Italy. In the low gloomy shed which forms the station-house of Susa, there stands a tall clock, on whose white face those words are inscribed. And it thus happens, that they present the first sign of Italy, which offers itself to the traveller journeying southwards across the Alps. In the old diligence days, you passed by a series of slow stages from France into Italy; but now, thanks to the Mont-Cenis railroad, the transition is effected suddenly. It is getting dark as you leave St. Michel, a village French in look and language; and you wake up, from the troubled nightmare-sleep of your journey across the mountain, to find yourself in the very heart of Italy. If this self-same Susa station, with its dark corridors, its dirt-beladen *restorazione*, its swarms of idlers, beggars, and loafers, be a place not unfamiliar to you, in bygone days, your first thought is one of satisfaction, that, after all, Italy is the same as in the old era; and yet your second thought, as your eyes are caught by the inscription, "ORA media di Roma," is that the Italy of to-day must be other than the one over which grand dukes and German generals ruled so long.

It was my fortune to have seen much of Italy and Italians during the years of her revolution, and those which immediately preceded its outbreak; but with the exception of a short visit to the Peninsula, at the time when everything was thrown out of gear by the campaign of Custozza, I had seen nothing of Italy since the creation of the Italian kingdom. To me, therefore, there attached

something of personal interest to the question, what of practical, tangible, material change, have freedom and independence brought to the nation whose resurrection it was my lot to witness? Of late, I in common with most English newspaper readers, had seen constant assertions made by correspondents and leader-writers, that Italy had made no progress; that the people were worse off than they were of old; and that the regeneration of the Peninsula had ended in idle declamation. Knowing something myself of newspaper-writing, as well as newspaper-reading, I confess I was not much impressed with this reaction from the phil-Italian mania, which raged in the English press some few years ago; but still, the comments made me curious to note the actual change and progress which liberty and self-government have brought to Italy. The result of what I observed on a recent visit to that country, and of such information as I have been able to acquire, let me now try and make known briefly, to the readers of *Macmillan*.

In any estimate of the progress, or want of progress, that Italy has made within the last ten years, some allowance must fairly be granted for the terrible political difficulties with which the new-born kingdom has had to contend. How far those difficulties might have been obviated by a different policy than that which has been pursued, is a question on which I need not enter. Under whatever dynasty, with whatever form of government, and beneath the guidance of whatever statesmen, grave errors and faults must have been committed in the process of converting the old into the new; and I do not think myself that the mistakes of Italy during her years of learning have been greater than those of other countries during a like period.

It is perhaps unfortunate that from a variety of causes the only English public which takes any genuine interest in the affairs of the Peninsula, derives its information and its opinions almost exclusively from adherents of the Garibaldian and Mazzinian party; and yet, judging by their words and actions, the leaders of this party know as little, whether for good or evil, of the Italy of to-day as the returned *émigrés* knew of the France of the Restoration. I remember, in 1860, Mazzini saying at Naples, in the presence of the writer, "In Italy I can see nothing but graves;" and the saying, understood in a somewhat different sense from that in which the words were spoken, has always seemed to me to explain the whole failure of the Mazzinian party since Italy became a free country. Indeed, the course of events has confirmed a view I have held throughout, that the invasion of the Two Sicilies by Garibaldi, and their consequent annexation to the Italian kingdom, was a very doubtful benefit to the cause the General had so much at heart. Italy, according to the famous dictum of Machiavelli, is an artichoke, which must be eaten leaf by leaf, not swallowed in a mouthful; and if Cavour could have followed his own device, he would never have abandoned the so-called artichoke policy. The great founder of Italian unity intended to do south of the Alps what Count Bismarck is now doing for Germany north of the Alps. His purpose was to absorb state after state in the Sub-Alpine kingdom, or, in the phrase of the day, to Piedmontize Italy, just as Bismarck is Prussianizing Germany. The course of events, and the impatience of the Garibaldians, rendered the prosecution of this scheme an impossibility; and the southern provinces, whose civilization, culture, and education were at least two centuries behind that of Northern Italy, were suddenly incorporated, without preliminary training of any kind, with the northern kingdom, in which the vigorous Piedmontese element was as yet barely able to hold its supremacy. If Italy had been governed by a despot

ruler, or by a military dictatorship, the evil of the annexations would have been comparatively trifling. But under a national parliamentary government, the semi-civilized southern provinces were suddenly called upon to take an active part in the administration of the whole country. In these provinces, as late as the year 1861, ninety per cent. of the inhabitants were unable to read or write. Throughout the dominions of the Neapolitan Bourbons there was no intellectual life or movement of any kind. What meagre knowledge there was was confined to the clergy; and the only men who possessed any smattering of intelligence were the *impiegati*, or officials of government, whose moral training had been of the most degrading order. Suddenly, towns in which there was neither shop, nor inn, nor newspaper, nor book-stall—towns to which there were no public conveyances, and no roads accessible to anything but mules, were called upon to elect deputies; to take part in the administration of the State. In 1848, parliamentary institutions were established for a brief season at Naples. It was not difficult to find candidates for the Lower Chamber; there was a sufficient supply of lawyers, professional men, and professors, who could discharge the ordinary duties of a representative. But it was found almost impossible to constitute an Upper Chamber, owing to the utter lack of nobles or landed proprietors who had education enough to perform the routine work of legislation. The upper classes had learnt nothing during the later years of Bomba's rule; and even if the constituencies had possessed the electoral experience required, there were no candidates for them to choose. In fact, to any one who knows the condition of the southern provinces, the apathy and ignorance and demoralization of their population, and the ingrained corruption of the official class, to which education is practically confined, the only marvel is that the Italian Parliament, with its immense contingent of Neapolitan members, has worked as well as it has done.

Then, too, it is absurd to pronounce

Italian unity a failure because it has not reformed the various social evils under which Italy labours. It must be remembered, that if we except Piedmont, and possibly Tuscany, the present generation of Italians has been born, reared, and bred under a most vicious system of government. After all, it is only boys of fourteen, at the outside, who can be said to have been trained under the influences of freedom. There would be no particular injury in despotism, and foreign domination, and priest-rule, if they left the virtues of a nation so little impaired that half a dozen years of respite sufficed to restore them to full action. Unfortunately this is not the case. Till the time, now not ten years ago, when Napoleon III. dealt a death-blow at Solferino to the supremacy of Austria in Italy, and to all the evils which that supremacy involved, there was neither freedom of speech, nor thought, nor writing, in the major part of the Peninsula; and amongst the Southern Italians there was little or nothing of that native energy of intellect to be found at times amidst the most corrupt and ignorant of races. Private honour, public faith, and family virtue were alike unknown in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The arts by which men rose into court favour were of a kind which destroyed all self-respect on the part of the successful competitor. Bribery was the recognised method by which justice was obtained; and the taking of bribes was the acknowledged recompense for the outlay and trouble required to obtain employment in the service of the State. In fact it is not too much to say that the Neapolitan *régime* united the opposite old and almost incompatible disadvantages of an Oriental and a Western government. And yet, with all this, the practical administration of Southern Italy has remained perforce in the hands of officials corrupt to the core, indolent to the backbone, and attached, as far as they were capable of any positive preference, to the old order of things which existed before the revolution. In a less degree this remark holds good of the whole of the Peninsula,

and it is impossible to form any fair estimate of what constitutional governments and free institutions can do for Italy, till the working out of these agencies comes into the hands of a generation not degraded and demoralized by the most stupid and bigoted oppression.

This observation, I think, disposes of the allegation so commonly made against the Italians, that they have not evinced any high moral improvement since the epoch of their national regeneration. Whether they have done so or not is a question on which it is very easy to pronounce an opinion evolved out of one's own consciousness; very hard to speak authoritatively, if evidence is to be given for one's belief. But, even granting the truth of the imputation, I contend that sufficient time has not elapsed to expect the development of honesty, good faith, patriotism, and self-respect in a soil, wherein ten years ago these qualities were entirely wanting. Moral plants have no visible roots by the pulling up of which you can ascertain, no matter at what cost to the growth, whether the plant is growing. I hold, therefore, that those who would estimate what Italy has gained by independence, must look as yet to the material, not the moral results of free institutions. Railroads and manufactures, and imports and exports, are not the end and object of a nation's existence, but yet they are essential to any high and noble national life in these days of ours. Man is not to live by bread alone; but for all that, he would find it impossible to live without bread.

For this reason the words "Mean time of Rome" with which this paper is commenced, have, to my mind, an important lesson of their own. For the first occasion in the history of the country, there is now one uniform time throughout the whole of Italy. From Savona in the west to Mestre in the east, from Arona in the north to Bari in the south, the departure and arrival of all hours is regulated by the hour of Rome. Something of a political signification may attach to the choice of

Rome, rather than Florence, as the place which is to give the time of day to Italy; but the selection of some uniform clock standard has become a practical necessity. Up to 1859, the country was almost unprovided with railways, if you except Piedmont and Lombardy. There were a few local lines, of which those between Leghorn and Florence, Rome and Civita Vecchia, Naples and Castellamare, were the principal; but there was no kind of railway communication between Northern, Central, and Southern Italy. In 1860, I recollect, I had to travel from Turin to Naples with such speed as I could manage, going by public conveyances. The journey cost me some four days and a half of weary travelling, with continual changes, delays, and stoppages. That journey you can now take any day in twenty hours, without changing your carriage. No doubt, the increase in the rapidity of transit thus effected is not greater than that which the last quarter of a century has effected in the journeys between Paris and Lyons; or, for that matter, between London and Edinburgh. But in England and France, the change effected was one of degree rather than kind. Long before the railway whistle was ever heard in England, there was regular, constant, and convenient communication between all the chief towns of the country. But, in Italy, travelling was almost unknown, except on the great trunk roads; travelling for pleasure was entirely confined to foreign tourists, and travelling for business was a rare occurrence. In the northern and central provinces there was a good deal of local travelling from town to town; but, in the Papal States and the kingdom of Naples, there was no travelling, for the one single and satisfactory reason, that there were hardly any roads by which you could travel in carriages. Even between the different provinces of the South, communication by road was out of the question. Up to the overthrow of the Bourbon rule, there were only two *mallepostes* a week, holding four people inside and one out, by which you could travel from the capital

of Naples either to the Adriatic coast or along the eastern shores of the kingdom. If, by any chance, you wished to go to any town lying off the two high roads to Brindisi and Reggio, you were obliged to undertake a difficult, costly, and perilous journey on mules. All this is now changed. Within ten years, the Peninsula has been covered by a complete network of railroads. In fact, though many of the trunk-lines in the South are still in process of construction, I should doubt whether there were now any two towns in the Peninsula, numbering 20,000 inhabitants or upwards, between which you could not travel by railroad, by a more or less circuitous route. No doubt, in the southern provinces, the country districts, as well as the railroads, suffered terribly from the absence of roads. It is much easier, practically, to get from Turin to Bari than from any station south of Ancona to a town twenty miles off the railroad. Roads, however, will come in time; and, even as it is, the mere presence of railroads has roused Calabria, and Apulia, and the Abruzzi from the dead stagnation in which they have been sunk for so many centuries. During the years when I travelled much about Italy, I cannot recall ever having met an Italian family, and scarcely any Italian tourist, visiting any part of the country in which they did not happen to reside. The other day I met numbers of wealthy Italians from the south visiting the northern cities as tourists, and, for the first time, at the *table-d'hôtes* of fashionable hotels in Italy, I found the dominant language was neither French nor English, but Italian.

While speaking of railroads, it is worth while to allude to a circumstance which is usually lost sight of in all discussions about Italian progress. No argument is needed to show that, on the whole, the introduction of railroads is an immense boon to the commercial and internal prosperity of any country. On the other hand, our own experience is sufficient to prove that this general advantage is attended with considerable loss to individual towns and districts.

This is especially the case in Italy. If you leave the plains of the North out of account, you may say that the whole population of the Peninsula lives in small towns perched on the summits of low hills or the slopes of lofty ones. Italy will never fulfil her destiny as a great agricultural country till the small town population is scattered over the country; and anything which tends to bring about this change is a substantial benefit to the community.

But, during the transition period, there must inevitably be a good deal of suffering and injury. The railroads which run along the valleys have left the hill-top towns stranded high and dry. The large cities, like Bologna or Ancona, which lie in central positions, have become the markets of their surrounding districts, to the detriment of the petty towns which used to be the commercial centres of some small area of their own; and the consequence is, that many of these little out-of-the-way cities have been going down in the world ever since railroads were introduced; and, as the introduction of railroads has happened to coincide with the overthrow of the old *régime*, local prejudice has attributed to the latter cause the evils due to the former. I believe that this is the explanation of the complaints which tourists often hear made in out-of-the-way parts of Italy about the new order of things, as it may also explain to some degree the extreme satisfaction with which this same state of things is viewed in the towns which have gained by railroads.

The moral obstacles which formerly stood in the way of any free intercourse between different parts of the Peninsula have been removed no less effectually than the material hindrances to which I have alluded. As late as 1859, if you travelled, say from Novara to Bologna,—a distance, as the crow flies, of one hundred and fifty miles,—you would have had to pass through five different States, with custom-houses, coinage, laws, and governments of their own. Long before that period all Italian governments had

learnt that English tourists were profitable, and not dangerous to the cause of order; and it had become an established rule to allow them many exemptions in all matters of police regulations not conceded to natives. Yet every Englishman who has travelled in Northern Italy before the annexations can recall memories of constant inspections of luggage, of repeated supervision of passports, of summonses to appear at the Polizia, which were always avoided by the agency of a *valet de place*, of never-ending necessity of bribing somebody in authority. And to the natives these restrictions were not idle annoyances, but serious grievances. If you were an Italian travelling from one State to another, it was no joking matter to incur suspicion, whether with or without reason, or to excite the displeasure of any custom-house official or police agent. Now all this is changed; you can travel from one end of Italy to another, unless you are compelled to pass through the Papal States, without a passport, without being asked a question by anybody; you can stop where you like and when you like, without having to declare your name, or having to give any explanation as to your business or occupation, unless it so pleases you to do. This change alone is an unspeakable boon to a nation like the Italians, in which the instinct of individual independence is strongly developed, and which has neither taste nor talent for State interference in private matters. It is no doubt theoretically possible that even if the old divisions of the Peninsula had been maintained, a like result might have been obtained by a Customs league, similar to the Zollverein. But then such a league, if it had existed, must, in Italy as in Germany, have created political as well as commercial unity, so that the result would have been the same in the end.

Statistics are unsatisfactory evidence at the best, and in the case of Italy they are singularly unreliable. In many of the States there were no trustworthy trade returns issued; and such returns

as there were have not been collected in such a form as to facilitate any comparison between the commercial development of old and new Italy. The last census was taken in 1861, and therefore it is impossible to say to what extent the population has increased since the unification of the country. It is, however, known that all the great towns have had a large influx of inhabitants. With respect to the exports and imports, there is no doubt about the increase having been very large, though how large it is not easy to ascertain. In 1866, notwithstanding the injury that the war inflicted on all kinds of commerce, the imports of Italy amounted to thirty-one millions sterling in value, the exports to eighteen millions. Some idea of the character of the foreign trade of Italy may be given by the following account of the chief exports and imports for 1868, published in a recent number of the *Correspondance Italienne* :—

	EXPORTS. France.	IMPORTS. France.
Bread Stuffs . . .	37,000,000	98,000,000
Wines and Oil . . .	126,000,000	37,000,000
Fruits	58,000,000	3,000,000
Flax and Linen . . .	32,000,000	19,000,000
Silk	177,000,000	130,000,000
Iron	9,000,000	50,000,000
Glass	1,000,000	8,000,000

These figures are insignificant, if we compare them with those of English, or German, or French commerce; but they are important, if we consider the almost total stagnation of trade in Southern Italy previous to the Revolution. And for my own part, I entertain much doubt whether Italy is likely to become a great centre of commerce for many years to come. It is the fashion to talk of the inexhaustible natural resources of the Peninsula, but I have never been able to see much proof of their existence. An immense proportion of the superficial area of the country consists of steep mountain-sides, on which there is next to no vegetation. With improved means of internal communication, and a better system of agriculture, Italy might produce much

larger supplies of corn, and wine, and oil, and cattle, than she does at present; but then, with the increase of her production of these articles, her consumption is sure to increase also. And in the supply of the foreign market, I cannot but think that other nations are likely to compete with her on more than equal terms. I own too, pending positive proof to the contrary, I feel sceptical as to Italy developing manufactures to any great extent. Not to dwell on the absence of coal and the lack of capital, I fancy the genius of the nation is not suited for factory life. The instinctive artistic talent which makes any Italian mechanic something of an artist as well as a workman, is hardly consistent with the mechanical labours of mills or looms. It would be unjust to call the Italian workman an indolent man, as after his own fashion he will work hard enough; but then, to do anything, he must work after his own fashion, and that fashion involves an amount of rest and holiday incompatible with the dull, never-ending round of our great factories. Moreover, all successful mechanical enterprise on a large scale involves a good deal of mutual confidence between workmen and masters, as well as between the workmen themselves. Now it is not the least of the many evil legacies which ill-government has bestowed on Italy, that this confidence does not exist. Suspicion is ingrained in the Italian nature, and extends from the highest to the lowest class. Hitherto all joint-stock enterprises have been mainly conducted in Italy with foreign capital, and by foreign speculators; and the same distrust which hinders Italian capitalists from co-operating with each other, acts as a bar to the establishment of any important manufacturing industry. Many years must pass before an Italian believes that his associate, agent, or partner is not making a private purse for himself out of joint profits.

It does not, however, follow, even if I am right in my opinion, that Italy is not destined in the immediate future to become a great purveyor of agricultural produce or manufacturing

industry, that therefore she is doomed to poverty. A nation may be prosperous and powerful which only provides the supply necessary for its own consumption; and large material wealth is by no means an essential requisite for national greatness. Italy, if I am not mistaken, will excel in quality rather than quantity. Amongst her people there is still found a sort of art instinct which qualifies them for creating the samples, if I may use the term, from which other nations will reproduce the bulk. If you wish to learn the special aptitude of Italian workmen, you cannot do better than go to the Salviati glass factory at Murano, by Venice. The Queen of the Adriatic possesses doubtless certain advantages of soil and position, which bestowed upon her in bygone times the monopoly of the glass cut trade; yet other places possess nowadays equal or greater advantages; and yet, in spite of centuries of neglect, Venice has maintained the traditions of her wondrous craft. Somehow or other, the artificers of Murano possess a cunning and skill in manipulating and colouring vitreous substances not to be found elsewhere. The story of the place is that certain recipes and secrets are handed down from father to son by the islanders of that strange seafaring glass-blowing lagoon city, and that peculiar forms and kinds of glass can only be wrought by the members of particular households. For my own part, I deem the secret of Murano glass-making still to be of a far simpler and less romantic kind. You have only to look at the workmen engaged in Salviati's factory to see that each one of them is exercising an individual talent, not copying a model with mechanical fidelity. Thus it has happened that while Murano has filled Europe with wonderful fabrics of glass of every shape and shade, the common household glass in use throughout Italy, and in Venice itself, is supplied from France and Germany.

Italy seems designed by her natural configuration, and by her historical traditions, to monopolize the carrying trade

of the Mediterranean; and if she is ever to attain great commercial prosperity, it must be by a revival of her old maritime supremacy in the Levant and the Adriatic. Very vigorous efforts have been made to restore the splendid natural harbours of the Peninsula to their pristine importance. At Genoa, Venice, Ancona, Brindisi, Spezzia, and other towns on the sea-board, large sums of money have been spent in improving the sea-approaches of the ports. What is of more real promise for the future, numerous lines of unsubventioned steamers have been started from the different ports, and many of them, from the length of time that they have been running, must be worked with success. In fact, I think you could find few more certain evidences of the progress which Italy has made under the present Government, than to take an Italian "*Orario*" of ten years ago, if such a work could be found, and compare the number of steamers advertised therein to sail from Italian ports, with the lists supplied in the time-tables of the present day. Without having the figures before one it is impossible to calculate the exact increase; but if my impression is not far wrong, I should say that for one steamer which plied regularly from an Italian harbour in 1859, there are ten in 1869. The mercantile marine of the Peninsula, according to the latest returns, consists of sixteen thousand vessels, averaging about fifty tons burden.

Very great, and, as I fancy, exaggerated hopes are based by the Italians on the probable substitution of Brindisi for Marseilles as the port of departure and arrival for the Overland Mail. Whenever the Victor-Emmanuel Tunnel is completed through Mont-Cenis—which it will be in three or four years—and trains can run right through without a break from Paris, or Calais, to Brindisi, I cannot doubt that Eastward-bound travellers will go by this route; and the hotels and shopkeepers of Turin and Brindisi will derive much profit from their custom. Whether the country will derive any

especial benefit from the mere transit of our Indian mails once a fortnight, is a point on which I do not feel equally certain. In the same way I do not share the Italian estimate of the immense advantages they reckon on obtaining from the opening of the Suez Canal. That, however, is a question on which Italians as well as other Continental nations are convinced, that no Englishman can form an unprejudiced judgment. We seem to have been wrong in our national conviction, that the canal through the Isthmus could never be made; we may be equally wrong in our conviction, that it will never be used when made. Still I would wish that the Italians relied more on the development of their own country and transit trade, less on the somewhat problematical gains to be obtained from the Overland Mail and the Suez Canal.

I recollect once making a voyage with a French sea-captain, who had been engaged for forty years in sailing between Marseilles and the Levant, who told me it was his solemn and deliberate conviction, that every league you sailed east from Marseilles you found a corresponding decline in the physical, moral, and mental worth of the towns you touched at. Italy was worse than France, Greece worse than Italy, and Turkey even worse than Greece herself. Whatever truth there may be in the theory, I am convinced that travellers would take a far more favourable view of Italy if they habitually entered it from the east instead of the west, south in lieu of north. As it is, tourists always come to it either from France, or Switzerland, or Germany—countries in which material civilization has undoubtedly been carried to a far higher pitch; and the result is, that they notice the positive inferiority of the southern land, and overlook the signs of relative improvement to be seen by those who can use their eyes. It is all very well to sing about "the land of the cypress and myrtle," but, as a matter of fact, there is an untidiness, a shiftlessness, and a lack of vigorous energy

about Italy and the Italians which seem at first sight, to northern eyes, incompatible with any high material development. Many and valid excuses may be urged for the extent to which unthrift, and indolence, and immorality prevail throughout the Peninsula. Indeed—given such government, and such political and social conditions as have existed in Italy for centuries—I do not see how the result could have well been other than it has been. Still, I admit freely, that unless a free national life develops higher qualities than the nation, as a nation, as yet possesses, no very high degree of national culture or greatness can be looked for south of the Alps. All I contend is, that it is far too early to pronounce positively as to the effects of the political emancipation of the Peninsula, and that such symptoms as are forthcoming point to a favourable judgment. If you want to learn what Italian towns were ten years ago, you can learn easily enough by visiting one of the provincial cities which still enjoy the blessing of being subject to the rule of the Holy See. You will find there an utter apparent stagnation—a dead, dull monotony. No houses are being built; no papers are published; no shops are open, otherwise, with any pretension to be more than mere dépôts of miscellaneous goods; no bookstalls are to be found; there is no movement in the streets, no indication of any active public life. But wherever the Sub-alpine kingdom, as the Vatican still delights to call the *Regno d'Italia*, has pushed its railroads, there is life, and movement, and change. Take the city of Milan as an instance. It was a town always much frequented by tourists; it was the head-quarters of the Austrian Government in Italy; it was governed, like all the Austrian possessions, by an administration which reflected most favourably with the administrations of all the purely Italian States; it was the centre then, as it is now, of the trade of Lombardy. Materially, it can hardly be said to have gained by its annexation to Italy. It lost its quasi-imperial character, it

gained nothing beyond the freedom common to any one of its many commercial rivals. And yet, since the day that the Austrians quitted it ten years ago, it has become a changed city. New quarters have been erected, splendid public buildings have been added to the town, which now boasts, amongst other things, of one of the most magnificent railway termini upon the Continent, and of the finest arcade in the world. The shops which line the Corso rival those of Paris and Vienna in brilliancy; and, though the name of "Milan improvements" may possibly be distasteful to many English speculators, there can be no doubt of the fact that the improvements are remunerative to the city if not to the foreign shareholders. I know of no town in Italy, and few in Europe, where the hotels are so handsome or so good as in the Lombard capital; and two of the best of them—the Cavour and the Villa de Milano—lay themselves out for native, not for tourist, custom. I can remember the time, a very few years ago, when the only papers published in Milan were the *Gazzetta Ufficiale* and a few literary and dramatic broadsheets. At the present day Milan has as many daily papers as London, one of which, the *Perseveranza*, is entitled to rank in the first class of Continental journals. The sale of newspapers in the streets is very large; book-stalls are plentiful; and the only institution in Milan which seems to me to have suffered from the overthrow of the old régime is the Opera of La Scala, which misses sadly the custom of the music-loving Austrian garrison.

Milan, no doubt, is an exceptional instance of Italian progress; but a similar change may be seen in any one of the principal Italian towns. Visit such dead-alive cities as Verona, or Modena, or Bologna, or Padua, and you will see in all of them the evidences of increased activity, of new speculation, of a larger and freer life. The streets are being improved and enlarged, the shops are brighter, the hotels and cafés better; there is more movement about the streets; there are new book-stores

opened, and in every town of any size there is a daily local press. If any town has suffered from recent changes, it is Turin; and yet the old capital of Piedmont is busier and more prosperous-looking than it was even in the days when for a time it was the capital of the kingdom. In fact, the only towns I visited in free Italy where there were no signs of the place being go-a-head were, characteristically enough, Ravenna and Loretto—towns in which from accidental circumstances the clerical element still reigns supreme.

One of the most obvious changes in Italy—and to my view one of the most hopeful symptoms for the future of the country—is the extraordinary development of the Press throughout the whole of the country. It may be said that, intellectually, these Italian papers are of no great value. They are, it is true, constructed mainly after the French model—give but little news—are violent in their language—personal in their abuse of one another, and much addicted to declamation. The system of advertising is in its infancy in Italy; the people are naturally penurious about small expenses; papers have to be brought out at a very low price, and, in consequence, there are very few of them which are at all valuable commercial properties, or which can afford any outlay on reporters or contributors. The result of this state of things is that they are mostly written by professional men of no great standing, or graduates fresh from the schools, or minor Government officials, who, in default of direct remuneration, try to make a more or less honest profit from their journalistic pursuits. Still by degrees journalism is becoming more of a profession in Italy than it has ever been before; and there are several influential papers, like the *Nazione* of Florence, which are really profitable concerns, and command such talent as is available. Moreover, I noted a decided change in the character of the Italian papers since the period when I was formerly in the habit of perusing them. They had become more local and less national—more full of news,

less liberal of general essays. Even in the minor cities the press has letters about local grievances; enters into discussions on local politics; and reports local incidents to an extent unknown long after 1859, the date from which most modern Italian newspapers reckon their existence. In fact there is growing up, if the press is a fair indication, an active local life throughout the Peninsula; and it is no small gain if the Italians are getting to think more of their own household affairs, less of foreign politics and international questions.

Even, however, taking the periodical literature of Italy at the lowest estimate, no candid observer can overlook the evidences of the intellectual craving of which the mere existence of such an infinite number of local journals is abundant proof. According to M. Monnier's statement, in 1861, out of twenty-two millions who formed the then *Regno d'Italia*, seventeen could neither read nor write. Yet, in spite of the lack of the most elementary education amidst the masses, the demand for newspapers of some kind is more wide-spread throughout Italy than in any other country with which I am acquainted, except the United States of America. In the same way schools are springing up in every direction. I am told that the adult schools are largely attended. It is certain that you cannot go through any decent-sized Italian town without noticing newly-painted placards over many a door-way, announcing that schools for boys or girls are held within. In other words, tuition has become a profitable trade, which it never was in the good old days of the grand-dukes and legates.

The very grumbling against the Government and the new *régime*, of which

you read so much in the public prints of Italy, and hear so much in private conversation, appears to me a healthy symptom. On the Pincio steps at Rome, leading from the Piazza di Spagna, there used to be—and I dare say still is—an old beggar, who always droned out as you passed him, "*Cattivi tempi*," (The times are bad!) and then held out his hand for alms. The crouching mendicant droning over the hardness of the times always seemed to me a type of Italy before the Revolution. But the grumbling you hear nowadays has no kinship with that of the Roman beggar. That the times are hard, and out of joint, is the opinion of many free Italians, but they look to mend them by their own efforts, not by an appeal to the charity of foreigners. An Italian deputy, whose patriotism, according to the views of the Garibaldian school, would be deemed of no very advanced order, who holds that Italy can manage very well without Rome for the present, and who believes the red-shirted volunteers did very little towards the emancipation of their country, assured me the other day that whatever amount of irritation you might hear expressed at the alleged shortcomings of the Government, you would not find a single man, not directly connected with the Church or the deposed dynasties, who would not admit that anything was preferable to the re-establishment of the ancient *régime*. And this statement I believe to express fairly the popular sentiment of the Italy of to-day. The revolution, which upset the Bourbons and expelled the Austrians, is not yet ended; but, short as its duration has been, it has already lasted long enough to teach the Italians that no price is too heavy to pay for unity.

OXFORD REFORM.

It may be well to promise at the outset that this paper shall attempt no more than to consider Oxford reform from a social point of view. At a time when law-makers are wishing to administer gentle alternatives to our religious constitution; when Alma Mater is making room for unattached students in her ample lap; when old colleges are sending out young shoots, and new colleges are sprouting; it might be reasonably feared that the writer who chose such an ambitious title as "Oxford Reform" for his article meant to treat his subject in a religious, a political, or, at best, in an architectural way. But here no criticisms are to be dreaded upon abolition of tests, or upon the recently-instituted delegates, or upon the new buildings of Balliol and Keble Colleges. It is intended only to talk about the lightest side of social life at Oxford in the lightest possible way; to consider some manners and customs of undergraduates as they really are; to write, in fact, something like a *natural* history of an Oxford man. Moreover, theories and doctrines must be sacrificed, in order to give facts fair play. It is desired only to be historic; scarcely to be dogmatic; to be didactic, least of all.

It may possibly startle many who are accustomed to look upon a university as a place intended exclusively for the acquirement of religious and useful learning, to find that at Oxford learning occupies so small a space. It will hardly be denied that, in the apparatus of Oxford culture, the social element practically triumphs over the intellectual. Mr. Froude, when he was at St. Andrew's some time ago, was rather bitter upon this subject, and made it an objection to Oxford education that it failed to fit a man for any trade but that of a gentleman. The sarcasm perhaps is not altogether gratuitous; but it may be that the blame does not rest upon the University itself. If Oxford be reviled for sending out fewer philosophers than

gentlemen, the retort must be that more men go to Oxford to learn to be gentlemen than to learn to be philosophers. Remarks upon this topic are well-nigh worn threadbare, but they may be furbished up again until new ones are procurable. In Scotland a father sends his boy to Aberdeen, or Glasgow, or St. Andrew's, to pick up so much hard knowledge. In England it will probably be found that a very large percentage of undergraduates are sent to Oxford or Cambridge to learn manner. Of course, in many cases this reason is not given explicitly. Many a father and mother take their son from a public school, and send him on to the university as to a great finishing establishment. Some in this, as in other matters, are followers of the fashion. Others, again, wish their sons to do the same as they did themselves. Not unfrequently a man chooses to spend the customary amount of time and money at Oxford or Cambridge, because it is a very convenient and pleasant method of getting over a rather inconvenient time of life, or because there is absolutely nothing else for him to do. Often the object is avowedly enjoyment, which truly enough the universities supply in plenty. Thus a college is looked upon by some as an indispensable luxury; by some as a club, a hunting-box, or an agreeable lounge; by others, as has been said above, as a finishing school. How many men at present in residence at Oxford or Cambridge will declare honestly that they are there chiefly for the sake of the libraries and the lectures? If they are there with any other main object, they must confess that to them a university is a place of social, not of intellectual, education. This is, of course, not intended as an exhaustive criticism upon work in Oxford. In many colleges a man who did not read for the whole of the morning would be the exception; while not a few, after their afternoon exercise, set to work again in the evening. Thus

there is really a great amount of book-work done. Still, in all Oxford, reading men are certainly in a minority. A very good "tale of two cities" might be told of Oxford seen from two points of view; but there would be less to be said of "a city at work" than of "a city at play."

It is very difficult to write about university matters without being unintelligible to general readers. In the first place, many of our technical expressions seem to have been very arbitrarily contrived, and to bear very little historical or etymological reference to the thing which they represent. A person who knows nothing of Oxford will probably see nothing "small" in Responsions, nothing "moderate" in Moderations, nothing "great" in examination for degree. The fond parent, again, who hears that his son has given a "wine," may, if his imagination be strong, conjure up an awful picture of noise and excess in place of the very modest reality. If he knows that his son is "training," how will he not shudder for fear of injury to heart, lungs, and sinews? What outsider that hears "boating" mentioned will believe how thoroughly the simple amusement has developed into the serious business? How shall a mother not tremble to read of "floored sconces," or (still more dreadful!) of "weekly batels"? Will not her maternal heart sink to hear that her boy has been in for "grinds" or has run a "dead heat"? Our difficulties, however, do not even end here. They are very much augmented by the fact that many persons have a certain knowledge of Oxford matters which is worse than ignorance. These form their notions of life at Christ Church or Balliol from the pages of college novels, and are perfectly ready to look upon "The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green" as the correct handbook to Oxford. Really good novels are nowadays by no means too plentiful; but of all bad novels the tribe of college novels which have appeared lately are the worst. "Tom Brown at Oxford," as a book with a purpose, does not come into our category of college novels; but other books which affect to describe

Oxford manners are bad, inasmuch as they are untrue without any excuse for their untruth. If an author is forced to attempt a dull subject, he may claim allowances if he endeavours to brighten it up by drawing freely on his imagination. Novelists, however, who write about Oxford have no such excuse. Any man with average power of novel-writing, who cannot put together an interesting story from actual facts of Oxford experience, is not likely to improve his book by making his hero a Crichton, and placing him in an unreal atmosphere of Roman Catholic Propagandism, vicious extravagance, intemperance, and general villany. As long as people are found to read and to believe in the pernicious rubbish periodically published as faithful descriptions of Oxford life, so long will the general public remain, by no fault of their own, under a false impression of what an Oxford man really is. Why will not some one contrive us a true college novel? Why does not some "Don" write us some Oxford "Sketches"?

It must be admitted that it would not be easy to give an exact definition of what one means by "an Oxford man." What is the nameless *je ne sais quoi* which is held to distinguish the class? The wonderful creature which has been immortalized in the song of "The Thoroughbred Oxford Man" probably never had a more than mythical existence. There are, however, some points about the average man whom one meets at Oxford, which are not hard to take hold of. In his case the mystic I-don't-know-what seems to resolve itself into several distinct elements. We can trace an evident I-don't-know-why in his actions; a fatal I-don't-know-when in his frantic resolutions to begin to read; a haughty I-don't-know-you in his communications with his fellows; and in some, though happily not in all, cases, a painful I-don't-know-much in his style of conversation.

We should find it as hard now to enumerate severally all the different types of Oxford men, as Virgil found it nineteen hundred years ago to give a complete list of wines. Generally speaking, men differ from one another much

in the same way as bottles of wine. One man is bright, pure, and sparkling; he is celebrated for his taste; he is famed for his "sweetness and light;" if not allowed to get flat, he does one good at the moment, and is pleasant to think about afterwards. Another is too young and fiery; but he will probably improve as he grows older. A third is dry; sour, perhaps, as a result of age, and apt to disagree with those who are not accustomed to him. A fourth is bad; not genuine, unwholesome; he provokes nausea, and leaves an unpleasant after-flavour. If this be true in the world generally, it is true also in Oxford, where all types of men are represented.

It is a very common, but a very false, remark, that "you may know an Oxford man wherever you see him." It is hard to understand how such an idea could have originated; but it may have some foundation in the fact that, of all sorts and conditions of men, your Oxford man is most given to the imitation of his kind. In dress, in opinions, in tricks of expression, if any one man starts anything new and taking, in two days he is sure to have shoals of imitators. In the matter of clothes of an impossible cut and unspeakable pattern, Oxford fashions can hardly be said to have improved. If the fiat has once gone forth, no brim is too broad or too narrow, no crown is too high or too low, no umbrella is too large or too small, no jacket is too short, no overcoat is too long, for the undergraduate to wear. Caricatures of Oxford men are now seen not in the shop-windows but in the streets. The chief culprits are freshmen,—either *bona fide* freshmen, or more senior men who have never resigned their freshmanhip. The subject of Oxford dress does not properly include that of academical costume, as caps and gowns are scarcely ever worn except under compulsion. Why it should be the fashion for undergraduates to decline to wear the distinctive dress of undergraduates it is hard to say. It may be that the flying tails of a commoner's gown are not very becoming; or it may be that there is some excite-

ment in risking the fine of five shillings which a man has to pay if caught without his cap and gown. Both reasons have been given. Anyhow the custom has prevailed so far that many undergraduates have no cap of their own, but, whenever they are required to wear one, rely on a loan from a friend.

Nobody will deny that it is quite possible nowadays to have unfashionable habits of thought, and even an unfashionable conscience. A man soon learns to regulate his thoughts, words, and deeds by those of his neighbours. He treats himself as he treats his watch, and puts himself on or back, according as he is slow or fast in comparison with others. This principle is very much aided at Oxford by constant intercourse; sharp corners are very quickly rubbed off. It is useless to attempt more than a tacit resistance to this assimilative process. In a state, as it were, of moral alliteration, if one cannot be liquid, it is better to be mute. Fashion, of course, in all places has its advantages as well as its drawbacks: it is not surprising that of Oxford undergraduate customs some should be bad and some good. A very bad symptom of the state of things in Oxford at present is the growing fondness for the use of slang. Now slang would be very well in its way, if it were made amenable to judicious improvement. But a set of slang expressions have grown up at Oxford lately, which are utterly without humour, and which seem to have no meaning at all. These are generally used in silly repartee; and a joke, made originally with some applicability, is not unfrequently established as a conventional trick of expression, which is used by everybody till it becomes wearisome, and at last goes out of fashion. Again, many undergraduate customs seem contrived, unlike clubs, to keep men apart who would otherwise meet. Two Oxford men, who are perfectly well known by sight to each other, will sit together in a railway carriage as silent as if talking, like smoking, were forbidden upon the company's premises. Two acquaintances, who are probably very good friends, pass

one another in the street with so churlish a recognition that it might be supposed that each had recently detected the other in the act of stealing his spoons. Not long ago, if two undergraduates ran foul of one another upon the river, they would have expressed themselves in language as unparliamentary as if they had been speaking across the table in the House of Commons. This practice has been happily put down by public opinion. On the other hand, some Oxford customs are good, and could be ill spared. For instance, an undergraduate is the most hospitable creature in the world. He entertains everything but ideas of economy. An undergraduate with a large circle of acquaintances lives in a constant round of invitations. Still, however pleasant this may be, it can be carried too far: hospitality, when continuous, is not likely to be discreet. Another very fashionable virtue at Oxford is muscular energy, which may be defined as "a formed state or habit which deliberately chooses to take exercise in the afternoon." It is considered absolutely immoral at Oxford to spend a whole day indoors. For rowing men there is, of course, the river; and these, the whole year round, are assiduous in their worship of Isis. Others, who take no interest in the boats, or who lazily complain "*nimum Foro distare Carinae*," will patronise the cricket-field or the running-ground, easily accessible by cabs and pony-phætons. In the winter, if there be no skating, and in wet weather, racquets, tennis, fives, or billiards become the rage. Undergraduates who see no incompatibility between sword and gown become volunteers. Some men keep horses, or hire them; others practise at Mr. Maclaren's gymnasium; others take constitutionals to Headington or Shotover. Recently, Oxford men have been bitten with the velocipede mania, and they are seen nowadays, in the suburbs and even in the streets, adventuring themselves on bicycles. In short, in some form or another, all young Oxford takes regular exercise; and the habit of improving the mind at the expense of the body is going steadily out of fashion.

In a discussion upon Oxford ethics the subject of Oxford politics may be introduced without an apology. Oxford undergraduates as a rule are Conservatives. Of these, some of course have honest opinions, and plenty to say in their defence. Others come up with a store of opinions home-made. Others, again, are Conservatives from a sheep-like trick of imitation which makes them exalt a man whose opinion they consider safe into a sort of political bell-wether. Lastly, there are some who would find it hard to give a reason for their political faith: these, therefore, profess Conservatism, as a creed requiring little explanation. On the other hand, undergraduate Liberalism is not entirely free from suspicion. A man builds up for himself a theory that Intellect and Liberalism go together, and then he declares himself to be a Liberal that he may prove himself to be clever. Or perhaps he finds an opening for his energy in the theoretical remodelling of society: he begins by being liberal, and soon becomes extravagant. Or, lastly, it may be that he too has a conscience. Generally speaking, undergraduates, upon political and other subjects, are learning to think more and to talk less. Intolerance is rapidly disappearing. A man is not now snubbed at Oxford because of his religious or political opinions, or because he is poor, or because he cannot produce a grandfather. The form in which intolerance shows itself chiefly is the sublime contempt which the members of one college sometimes express for the members of some less distinguished body. But even this patriotic bigotry is becoming mitigated by the existence of clubs which bring men of all colleges together.

It was suggested above that many men go to Oxford to learn manner; it would hardly be true to say that there are not some who go up without having learnt manners. There has been, however, a decided improvement in this respect even within the last few years. It is not often, for instance, that an undergraduate is intentionally rude to a proctor. "The University cad," who forgets

that a proctor is at the same time a gentleman, and who looks upon him as a fancy species of constable, is happily very rare in these days. College tutors and dons generally, when not treated by undergraduates as politely as they might be, do not perhaps deserve politeness as they ought. In some cases there is a tacit hostility between seniors and juniors which argues faults on both sides. Some undergraduates look upon a don as a creature occupying the position of an usher, and performing the functions of a nursery-governess. They resent his petty interferences, and nauseate the bitter pills of discipline which he from time to time insists upon forcing, ungilded, down their throats. In return, the unsympathetic don regards his undergraduates as beings little better than refractory casuals, and he treats them accordingly with all the delicacy and tact which their circumstances seem to him to require. In colleges where this want of sympathy exists, the dons are eternally having their doors screwed up, their windows broken, and their lives made generally unsatisfactory to them. In revenge, the undergraduates have to submit to fines, impositions, and every other sort of schoolboy punishment short of personal chastisement, besides probable rustication and possible expulsion. This is the dark side of the picture, which fortunately is seen very seldom: dons and undergraduates live as a rule in most comfortable relations towards each other. Not unfrequently a don rows in his college boat or plays in his college eleven: if his physique does not allow of such exercise, there are a hundred other ways in which he may make himself popular. Of course, insurrections will occasionally happen, even in the best-regulated colleges; but such outbursts of anarchy are growing rarer as social culture advances. It is quite the exception when a college does not comport itself with at least the outward decorum of a "Happy Family." In their intercourse with one another, undergraduates are as free and as easy as it is possible for them to be. Goods in

college are practically had in common; there is nothing which you cannot borrow, there is nothing which you may not be asked to lend. A man with large or otherwise eligible rooms, for instance, is continually asked to lend them to his friends for their entertainments. Sometimes a set of rooms are borrowed, in the owner's absence and without his permission, by a party of practical jokers, who turn their opportunity to the most amusing account. They proceed to "make hay," which is done by ingeniously rearranging the furniture, books, pictures, &c., into the most abnormal and ludicrous positions. The victim's surprise is naturally very great when he returns to find that "chaos is come again." The humour of this jest, and of others like it, depends of course upon the taste in which it is carried out, and upon the extent to which it is allowed to go. There can be no fun in wilfully destroying property, or in annoying a man who seriously objects to be made sport of. Bullying has never flourished much at Oxford. The few bullies who remain exist only on sufferance, and are forced to keep their experiments secret.

It has been asserted that modern gallantry is at a very low ebb in the University, and that Oxford Dorimants, so far from "handing a fish-wife across the kennel," will absolutely be rude enough to jostle her into it. Such accusations are easier to make than to rebut. It is almost certain that offenders in this respect are a very small number; it is quite certain that their value may be neglected.

Not the least of the influences which are at work upon Oxford social life at the present day is the growing appreciation for music which most men have. Every undergraduate "goes in" for music in one shape or another. If he cannot play a fugue, he can sing a comic song; if he does not understand Mozart, he can "interpret" Offenbach; though he may not admire Mr. Santley, he roars at Mr. Vance. But musical taste is improving. Many men have pianos in their rooms, and not a few play really well. Theatrical performances are just

now very popular at Oxford, and are usually done well, and in good taste. One element of success in college, as in regimental theatricals, is the fact that the actors do not expect a better part in return for a larger subscription, as is so often the case elsewhere. At Oxford, a stage-manager is a recognised autocrat. Amateur musical and theatrical performances in Oxford cluster generally round the feast of Commemoration, a "show" which it is impossible to describe. Oxford at Commemoration is metamorphosed into a huge kaleidoscope, in which balls, breakfasts, dinners, drives, picnics, promenades, flower-shows, fêtes, concerts, croquet-parties, theatricals, boat-processions, and flirtations are jumbled up together for a week in the most charmingly-arranged confusion, and with wonderful effects. Commemoration is unique. To be believed in, it must be seen; to be appreciated, it must be "done."

Extraordinary accounts have been given of Oxford "wine-parties," at which it has been said that excess is an almost universal rule. To those who know anything about the matter, such stories would be very ludicrous if they were not so libellous. There may be, perhaps, a few men at Oxford who habitually take more wine than is good for them; but these no more influence the whole character of the University than a fly imparts a general tone to the amber in which it is so unaccountably found. Even smoking is upon the decrease at present; so much so, that it is not now considered binding upon a host to keep cigars or tobacco in his rooms for his guests' consumption, unless he be a smoker himself.

It is a great pity that nobody has made a good collection of Oxford *bons mots*. There is a large amount of traditional wit floating about in the University, which well deserves a "local habitation." A "Golden Treasury of Oxford Humour" might find room for some few contributions from modern drolls; though, generally speaking, the witticisms of Oxford men in the present decade are respectable only by reason of their antiquity. Jokes, whose age and authorship are everywhere well known,

are produced as originals with the most ingenuous effrontery. Retailers of vamped-up jests are more numerous among doctors and masters than among bachelors and undergraduates: such habits of conversational plagiarism grow worse by degrees.

The modern rage for athletic sports in Oxford affords a wide field for discussion; but from a social point of view a very brief consideration of the subject may suffice. An undergraduate who is a first-rate runner, if he takes the trouble to make running the serious business of his life for a time, may within a year or two win an almost unlimited supply of plate in prizes, a quite unlimited reputation, and a valuable circle of acquaintances. Whether, while thus employed, he may not be wasting his time and destroying his health, is a question not easy to decide.

If eyes and ears be safe guides in such matters, it may be truly said that Oxford undergraduates, take them for all in all, are at least as respectable, socially and morally estimated, as any body of young men in the world. Perhaps it may be thought that, with all their opportunities of culture, they might be better than they are. It should, however, be remembered that Oxford has a pampered atmosphere. All the surroundings of Oxford life tend to make a man more proud of, and less dependent upon, himself. The residents, when they have made his acquaintance, flatter and spoil him; the tradesmen give him unlimited credit; the servants and the hangers-on of his college bow down to him. Who shall throw the first stone at a man who comes not quite unscathed from such an ordeal?

Nobody can be better aware than the writer that this article is inadequate and desultory; that it is too much like the report of a commission, and too little like a picture. Yet, perhaps, what it has lost in attractiveness it may have gained in accuracy. If a man should try to paint a picture of Oxford, it would be difficult to avoid a tendency to introduce warm purple tints, composed no more surely of Dark Blue than of *couleur de rose*.

EARTH TO EARTH.

You bid me count and weigh the stars,
 The immemorial avatárs
 Of light, which reached us yesterday,
 And yet has journeyed without cease
 From that abode of burning peace
 Where it was kindled far away,

Before the Earth began to run
 Her little round, while Earth and Sun
 Were yet a mist of watery fire;
 As though that pilgrimage of light
 Immeasurable, infinite,
 Kept even pace with our desire;

As though we all had nought to know
 Except our littleness; as though
 The voiceless music of the spheres
 Made all the voices nothing worth
 That blow men's names about on Earth,
 And are not drowned by any tears.

You speak to ears that will not heed:
 The fleeting years to years succeed,
 And still the longings multiply,
 Which the blank stars can never slake,
 Which only fruitful Earth can wake,
 Which only Earth can satisfy,

Who fosters us while Fate allows,
 Who binds about her weary brows
 Our ruins for a diadem,
 And points to giddy worlds that roll
 About the dimly gleaming pole
 Beneath us, for we number them.

What though some misty radiance heave
 Its brightness into form, and leave
 Its trance of changeless destinies
 To run a wider course than ours,
 To blossom into loftier flowers
 Of manifold mortalities?

What though with no abiding place
 We dwindle with the dwindling race,
 Since we and everything she bears
 Fade back into the labouring womb
 Of Earth, our mother and our tomb,
 Who waxes weary with the years?

Beyond the years of Earth, yea far
Beyond the years of any star,
 A treasure-house is perfected,
Where all the spoils that Death can store
But make us richer than before,
 While we remember what is dead.

And echoes there of many a name
That tired the voice of earthly Fame
 Wake everlasting memory
Of deeds too glorious to forget
When every star that shines hath set
 In daylight of eternity.

Or if that promise be a dream,
If Time, a never-ending stream
 Without beginning, must suffice
With always good, and never best,
And no fulfilling of high rest
 On watchtowers of Paradise ;

We need not wait to feed our scorn ,
On planets that are being born
 Out of the cloudy lighted skies ;
Our little Earth hath change enough
Of sweet and bitter, smooth and rough,
 To know, to suffer, and despise.

G. A. SIMCOX.

A VISIT TO KEBLE.

BY ARCHDEACON ALLEN;

From a Letter written to his Brother, July 25, 1844.

I HAVE lately been spending a couple of days with Mr. John Keble. I reached the vicarage of Hursley, Saturday last, about half-past eight p.m. I had scarcely got out of the fly, when a man, perhaps rather below the middle size, with grey hair, and some of his front teeth out, came to the door, and with a great deal of kindness and simplicity of manner welcomed me to the house. The first impression reminded me somewhat of the plain exterior of Wordsworth. He ushered me into the dining-room, where his wife, his sister, and a Mrs. Moore (staying in the house) were just finishing tea. Over the fireplace was the engraving from Domenichino's picture of St. John; opposite a real Wilson, a very fine landscape, with two prints from German designs—Christ blessing little children, Overbeck, and St. John preaching in the wilderness,—a drawing of the exterior of Otterbourne Church, a print of Judge Coleridge, and Strange's engraving of Vandyke's three faces of Charles I. An engraving of Bishop Selwyn stood against some books. After tea we went to the drawing-room, where hung two engravings after Raffaele, —the Transfiguration and the Marriage of Joseph, —Belshazzar's Feast, by Martin, a large head of our Saviour, after Guido, a head of Bishop Fox (both prints), and one or two drawings of landscapes. In his study there is Westmacott's marble bust of Newman, a copy (in oils) of Jeremy Taylor's portrait, prints of Archbishop Moore, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Grenville.

The first evening Keble talked of the difficulty of getting Hampshire properly stocked with churches; the population was scattered; the river ran like a ribbon through the country, but the cottages did not nestle close to it, as

was the case in Wilts and Oxfordshire. He gave his farmers a good character; Sir W. Heathcote took pains in the selection of tenants. While Keble was out of the room, Arnold's life was spoken of,—the book lay on the table. Mrs. Keble said it had been specially painful to her husband. At evening prayer every one stood, while Mr. Keble read six or eight verses from the Bible; then the sentences, "We are now come to the evening of another day," &c., and then the servants and all kneeled down, not at chairs, nor at a table, but without support. The next morning I had to walk and breakfast with one of the curates of a district church, to see the Sunday-school. I got back to church at Hursley; the curate read prayers: all that was noticeable was that during the lessons Mr. Keble at the communion-table, and his family in his pew, stood. Mr. Keble's sermon¹ was to the young people after confirmation, very scriptural, admirably arranged, and, as I thought, among the very best, if not the best, I had heard; extremely simple. After the communion we went home to luncheon, where was Dr. Moberly (who during the holidays at Winchester lives at a farm which he has purchased

¹ The sermon to the persons newly confirmed at Hursley Church, July 21, 1844, was to the effect that life was full of disappointments; perhaps, after all their preparation, they might have been disappointed that the rite of Confirmation had not not at the time impressed them more. They might even feel disappointed, when they came to the Holy Communion, that they did not receive a more sensible blessing; yet let them not faint, but persevere; here we walk by faith, not by sight; let them continue patiently in the diligent use of all the means of grace supplied to them, struggling on, and then, when they came at last to the full communion of the saints, assuredly they would not be disappointed.

in Hursley parish) and Roundell Palmer. The talk went on Scripture prints, and on those published by Mr. Hope and by the Christian Knowledge Society.

Roundell Palmer said that the essence of such a Committee as ours (that of General Literature) must be caution.

I recommended him to write a grumbling letter about the giving up of the publication of the designs after Raffaele, as such a letter would strengthen the hands of those members of the Committee who wished them continued.

Keble said that, "as they must go in a diagonal, the great matter was to apply as much force as one could in the right direction."

Roundell Palmer said, "And *beyond* the right direction, as Aristotle held that the way to recover a bent stick was to force it in the opposite curve."

On Keble laughing approvingly, I said, "I am sure, Mr. Keble, you would never recommend going on the other side of right to get your neighbours to go exactly right."

He rejoined, "Why, I was not speaking of the morality of such a course of proceeding, but only of its effects;" and then asked if I thought a grumble to the Tract Committee would do any good, as he had one in store, ready to be fired off, if likely to prove serviceable.

In the afternoon Mr. Keble took me to his Sunday-school, and first examined his boys in the Catechism, and afterwards asked me to take them in Scripture, especially in the proofs of the doctrine of the Trinity. The evening was hot, and the room close, so we took them into the yard, under the shadow of some trees growing in the church-yard, which adjoins the school. After church we took a walk in the park, to see an old castle, or rather the moat of one, built by Bishop Henry de Blois (1129-71). On the road we talked of the examination of candidates for Orders, Keble having heard elsewhere of my being chaplain to Bishop Lonsdale. On my mentioning that the only books we recommended were Pearson, Hooker

(Book V.), and Butler, Keble said he supposed these were our three English classics. In talking about Church history, he said he liked to look at it with reference to some one man who lived at the period he was reading about, and to make out, as much as he could, what that person thought of what was going on around him; to take at one time "*Sæculum Ignatianum*," at another "*Sæculum Cyprianicum*," &c. Speaking of the mystical interpretation of Scripture, I expressed a doubt as to following Augustine; I said I preferred what I had read of Chrysostom's expositions. Mr. Keble said he thought Augustine's mind was rather oratorical than poetical; that he did not think his spiritualizations of Scripture were inventions, but were actually drawn from a stock of Catholic interpretation, then accessible, and reaching from the Apostles' days. He found that mystical interpretations took hold of the common people; and again, on my expressing my fear of adding anything to God's Word, he said that his plan was, when he met with any mystical interpretation which struck him as probable, to consult the books within his reach, and if he found the same view entertained by one or two of the ancients, he gave it to his people without scruple, as feeling pretty sure that he was right. On my mentioning Wogan, Keble said that with *him* he could not go along, as *his* mystical interpretations were not the interpretations of the ancient Church. He promised to write me something about the examinations for Orders, if, on reflection, he could think of anything likely to help me. At dinner we had three curates, and another clergyman. Some of the talk went on the best modes of catechising children, and of managing Sunday-schools. I spoke of what I thought could be done by a teacher to lead his scholars to compare different passages of Holy Scripture, and so, in a measure, to find out its interpretation for themselves. Mr. Keble, dissenting, asked how far I should think it wise to foster in the scholars the notion that they could themselves find out the

meaning of the Scriptures; and was it not best to give them the interpretation with authority?

There was some talk about Bishop Wilson, and his son, and the editor of his works; also about the short-horned cattle of the Southampton show. The following day, talking of Oliver Cromwell, Mr. Keble said that, from some letters now in Sir W. Heathcote's possession, it appeared that Oliver Cromwell was as sharp in buying land as in other things. Talking of Carlyle's making a hero of him, Mr. Keble said, "Whitewashing is a very good trade, and it ought to have clever fellows in it as well as other trades;" but after a pause he added, "The worst of the whitewashing is, that to be successful in it one must blackwash such a number of other people." And, again, after another pause,—“The most evident stain on Milton's moral character would be removed, could Carlyle be successful in this”—alluding to Milton's flattery of Oliver Cromwell. We had a long day's work in the school. The boys' school is a remarkably good one, the girls' school respectable. Mr. Keble said afterwards he thought that he and I went on two different plans in teaching children, and that it would be better for the future to make the instruction a mixture of analysis and synthesis; that he had been in the habit, after reading a passage of Scripture, of asking his

boys what they had learned from it, whereas I had put the conclusions before them, asking them for the premisses; e.g. asking what passages of Scripture taught us the fitting subjects of prayer, and the mode in which prayer should be offered. In the evening he took me to see the gardens of Hursley Park. We had some talk about the best expositors of Scripture; he said that he believed Newman recommended Justinian's exposition of the Romans. He said that the volume of "Plain Sermons" now coming out was, hitherto, all of his writing; the third volume being Pusey's, the fifth volume Newman's; that he could not always distinguish between his brother's (T. Keble's) sermons and the editor's (I. Williams).

On my speaking of South Wales, he asked if I were related to you. I told him you were grown into a rural dean, and had just finished a house in which you would feel it to be a great honour as well as pleasure to entertain himself and Mrs. Keble if their travels should ever bring them to Pembrokeshire. They are going next week to Scotland. We had some talk about the dutifulness of following the Church's teaching in the Sunday-school, so as, if possible, to make the Epistle interpret the Gospel. On Tuesday morning I left to visit the Otterbourne schools. I hope to have the pleasure, however, of paying him a yearly visit. J. A.

ESTELLE RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEREIN WEDDINGS ARE DISCERNED
AFAR OFF.

HENRIETTA was lying as usual in the drawing-room, with the book on her lap, and the miniature vivarium by her side, but neither reading nor watching the sea-anemones. Her face was very still, and her eyes were shut. She was thinking. The lady's maid came in and peeped at her, and was stealing out again on tiptoe, when she suddenly opened her eyes and asked the hour.

"Past three, Miss. Dr. Vandeleur is coming up, Miss; I thought you were asleep, and I was going to tell him so."

"Ask him to come in," said Henrietta, beginning to tremble from head to foot, but trying hard to keep herself quiet. She gave him her hand without speaking, and pointed to a chair. Dr. Vandeleur had not seen her alone since the day when he had asked whether he might write to ask her father's consent to their engagement. Her lips had scarcely breathed a "yes" when Lizzy had broken the *tête-à-tête* by her untimely entrance, and had commented so rudely on it afterwards.

"It was a perfect godsend," said he, sitting down just opposite her, "that I thought of calling to-day on the chance of finding everybody out. I should have written if I had been forced to let this day pass without speaking to you."

"Oh, Jack, I am glad you did not," said she, flushing. "People are so prying, and do say such things, and——"

"Let them pry," returned Vandeleur; "if they do, they won't find out anything worse than that two old sweethearts had a quarrel when they were young and silly, and made it all straight the instant they cut their wisdom teeth."

Henrietta laughed. "How late have

yours come?" she asked. "I cut mine when I was four-and-twenty."

"One isn't particular to a year or so, you know. Well, Henrietta, I wrote to the Admiral, and the Admiral has replied with a promptitude worthy a better cause. I suppose the long and the short of it is, that you're such a charming daughter that he can't make up his mind to part with you for a permanency. The feeling does him honour, I admit; but we must convince him between us that it mustn't be carried too far. We must steal a march on him, Henrietta, and give him a son-in-law whether he likes it or not." He was rattling on, when she stopped him.

"Don't!" She hid her face on the cushion, and began to cry quietly, with her hands clasped tight, as if she were in terrible pain.

Dr. Vandeleur took a hasty turn across the room. "Confound that pig-headed old martinet!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean to let that upset you, Henrietta, surely? My asking him at all was only a polite form. I've considered myself an engaged man ever since the other day; and his letter doesn't make one atom of difference to me. Why on earth should it to you either?"

"Because he is my father, you know," she said, crying.

Dr. Vandeleur came and took hold of her hands. "Henrietta, look at me, my dear. Tell me, now. You care for me, don't you?"

"Why ask?" she said, crying still. He knew how much she cared for him. She never, never could have married anybody else.

"That will do," said he, kissing her forehead. "Thank you, dear, for saying that. Now I put it to your own good sense: Ought we two, who have been waiting a precious long time as it is, to be kept waiting any longer on account of one old gentleman's obsti-

nacy? There are bounds even to parental authority; or if not, there ought to be. You are arrived at years of discretion, and ought to judge for yourself."

"There is this to be said, Jack," she replied, forcing herself to be calm. "I am the eldest. I have never had anything to do with the bringing-up of my sisters; and I have never given them a good example in anything that I know of. Papa is dreadfully strict in some things; in others they have their own way. We are a curious household, Jack. I suppose we have an interest in each other in a certain way, but—no, I won't criticise. I have lived apart from them, as it were, and they neither know me nor I them, rightly. I will only say, that I am sure if I married without Papa's consent it would have a bad influence on the girls. They would quote my behaviour as an excuse for their own, supposing a match to be on the *tapis* to which Papa's consent could not be gained. They would not choose to believe that a woman may do at thirty what she may not at eighteen. And then Papa would say it was all my fault. And—and—I could not bear that. Do you understand me, Jack?"

"I understand that you are the most crotchety creature I ever had to do with," said he. "Do you mean to say you won't have me for fear of one of the young ones making a stolen match? Depend upon it, my dear, if any of them are inclined that way, it will come to pass without the stimulus of your example. I think you are treating me very badly, upon my word, Henrietta."

Henrietta cried out that she knew it, but what could she do? She must remember that obedience to parents was a divine command.

"No, it was not," roared Vandeleur, walking to and fro. Not after a certain limit. And that limit had been passed. Not all the fathers in creation should make him believe that it wasn't, and he wouldn't see Henrietta's whole life sacrificed and take it quietly. He should write to the Admiral, and give him a piece of his mind.

"No, dear; don't do that, please," she

said. "It would only make him angry. It is very hard, very hard for both of us, but I think—I hope—I am doing right. Say good-bye now, dear Jack, and go——"

"I shall do nothing of the sort," quoth Vandeleur; "you lie back and be silent, or I shall have you fainting."

"I had better go back to Devonshire," Henrietta continued; "I wish, oh, I do wish I had never come here—I thought I had got accustomed to my loneliness, and now——"

The sentence broke off there in a long sigh; and Dr. Vandeleur rang for the lady's maid and *sal volatile*, for Henrietta had fainted. Miss Pincot was awed into calmness by the doctor's presence, and did all that was required without any flourishing. He stayed till Henrietta had regained consciousness, and then desired Pincot to find out when Mrs. Vivian would be home, as he wished to see her, and would wait in the morning-room till she came. He had waited only a quarter of an hour, when the roll of a carriage and a succeeding knock told of an arrival.

Henrietta was aware of it too. Her hearing had become painfully acute. Although the drawing-room door was shut, she heard distinctly the opening and shutting of the front door, the little commotion in the hall, the voices of Sir Louis and her sisters, Mrs. Vivian's mention of her own name. A moment after they all entered; Lizzy, once more in love with her new bonnet, crying out to her to admire it; Julia with an air of triumph, and a beaming smile for Sir Louis, who seemed as inexorably grave as ever; and Mrs. Vivian, full of interjections at the instructiveness of the exhibition, and inquiries as to how she had managed to amuse herself during their absence.

The lady's maid came forward and whispered mysteriously to Mrs. Vivian, who listened, shook her head, desired that Henrietta might not be excited, and as mysteriously left the room. Lizzy impulsively demanded what was the matter, and Sir Louis, hinting that possibly Miss Maurice might wish to be

left alone, prepared to act on his hint; but Henrietta, chiding herself for allowing nervous fancies to get the upper hand of her, entreated them to remain and tell her how they had enjoyed themselves. Julia proposed to have tea brought up, and Sir Louis gave the necessary order, saying to the two young ladies as he did so, "I shall take the reins of government in my mother's absence; and it is hereby enacted that only one speaks at a time."

"Liz may begin," said Julia. Lizzy scarcely waited for the permission. First the bonnet, then the pictures, the people, the heat; on she ran, without a single stop. And only to think of it! Julia—

"Stop," said Julia. "Let me tell my own story, please." But there were two incidents which she left unmentioned. One was, the face she had seen in the doorway. The other was what had given her that look of triumph with which she had entered the room.

It was this. Sir Louis had stumbled upon them, as he said, by mere chance. Mrs. Vivian, suddenly roused from her slumbers, had inquired suspiciously how he had found them out; to which he answered, that he had been led to infer their whereabouts from the fact of the carriage being outside. Mrs. Vivian immediately rose up, anxious to go, but the girls pleaded for a last look, and, begging his mother to sit still and rest, Sir Louis offered an arm to each, and took them into a room of which they had had no more than a hasty glimpse before. A picture caught Lizzy's eye, and she begged them to stop. She had left her catalogue on the bench by Mrs. Vivian, and was making conjecture upon conjecture as to the probable subject, when Julia said, "I feel sure it's some place I have seen in the south of France." And turning suddenly to Sir Louis—"By the by, that reminds me, Sir Louis: when are you going to return me that portfolio of water-colour drawings I lent you ever so long ago?"

"The water-colour drawings?" he repeated, as if in doubt.

"To be sure. Have you lost them?" And then, judging from his face that
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they were lost, she continued, "I call that rather too bad of you!"

"I did not say they were lost," said he.

"Well, you looked it. You looked as if you didn't know where to lay your hand on them—as if you were not sure whether you had ever had them."

"I am sure of that much, nevertheless. Should you take their loss very much to heart? They were the gift of a friend, you said."

"Well, yes, a friend. I don't suppose I should break my heart if I never met her again, but she gave me the drawings, they are my property; and I don't like people losing what is mine."

"You would not break your heart for this friend—wise Miss Julia Maurice. But you have a keen sense of proprietorship—even of an old portfolio of drawings?"

"Of course I have. Would not you?"

"Suppose we settle it amicably, thus. Choose any picture you please, in exchange for this old portfolio I have—mis-laid." This was said in the driest manner possible.

"You don't mean it," Lizzy put in. "Any picture?"

"Miss Lizzy, if you were a gentleman I should be obliged to call you out for doubting my veracity."

Julia looked all round the room. "I'll have that one," she said, pointing to a wide stretch of orange sunset, enclosed in a gorgeous frame.

Sir Louis took out his pocket-book and wrote down the number. "And now," he said, "we had better go back to my mother."

This was the incident Julia passed over in silence.

Mrs. Vivian seemed wrapped in mystery after her interview with the doctor. She did not return to the drawing-room till the tea was cold, and when she did, she astonished them all by walking straight up to Henrietta and kissing her. Then she poured herself out a cup, and drank it with an expression of determination which seemed more than the occasion absolutely required. Her son, sitting opposite, noticed this, and asked her whether she was planning a con-

spiracy against any person or persons, to which she only replied by a shake of the head, and the ejaculation "Stuff!" At dinner she began her own soup before helping her son, and on his remonstrating mildly at such undeserved neglect, merely said, "I beg your pardon," and helped him, instead of making a little joke of it. In the evening, instead of sitting with the everlasting knitting in her hands, trying to keep up a conversation with the girls, she told them to amuse themselves in their own way, and retired to the writing-table, whence the sound of a scratching pen proceeded at intervals for more than an hour. At the end of that time, she tore up the sheets she had written, and left the room, taking them with her.

Lizzy was at the piano, trying over the contents of the music-books. "What's come to the old lady?" she exclaimed, stopping short in her performance of Thalberg's "Home, sweet Home," as the door closed on Mrs. Vivian.

"I dare say she can't write because of your putting in all those false notes in the bass," said Julia ironically.

Lizzy did not contradict, for Julia's criticisms met with unbounded respect from the entire family at Wembury. If Henrietta or Mrs. Maurice had ventured to hint at a false bass, there would have been a storm. But as it was Julia who spoke, Lizzy shut the piano, and came over to where her sister sat, saying mournfully, "How I wish I could have some lessons!"

"You might play better than that, without lessons, if you took the trouble to look at the notes."

"Oh, I daresay." And Lizzy yawned at the idea. "I do so hate bother, Ju."

"Then you'll never get on in life, that's all," retorted Julia, whose face was dark now that Sir Louis was not in the way. She had a heap of the *Times* newspapers by her, and was looking narrowly down every column for some piece of intelligence; vainly, it might be supposed, from the hanging of her lower lip and the drumming of her foot as she threw aside one sheet after the other.

"What are you searching for in those old papers?" said Lizzy.

Julia frowned angrily, and pointed to the other end of the room where Henrietta lay reading. "She hears everything," she muttered, under cover of the broad paper.

"I forgot. She does hear awfully quick," answered Lizzy, behind the same screen. "I vote we go to bed early."

Henrietta might have heard the last words. She suddenly spoke. "If Mrs. Vivian does not come up presently, will you ring and ask them to tell her I want particularly to speak to her before I go to sleep to-night? What o'clock is it?"

"Ten, I should think," said Julia, not taking the trouble to look, and going on with her search.

"What do you want her for?" said Lizzy.

Henrietta might have delivered a lecture (to the air) on the bad taste of asking questions, when Mrs. Vivian entered, as brisk as usual, and very smiling; quite divested of the mystery which had enwrapped her since the afternoon.

"I was asking for you," said Henrietta.

"Me, my dear?" and Mrs. Vivian walked up to the sofa and gave her a kiss.

"The second to-day! Well, what next?" quoth Lizzy aside to her sister. Julia put her papers down and listened. "Well, my love?" says Mrs. Vivian, cheerfully.

"I wanted to say, that I must think now about going home. London has done all it can for me, and time will do the rest. I do thank you for all your kindness, dear Mrs. Vivian. I shall never forget it: your kindness to me and my sisters—like a friend of years' standing, instead of months'."

As she said this, Julia started up, and stood with her teeth set, staring hard at her sister.

"Fool!" she muttered, clenching her hands to keep down the sudden passion that swelled her throat. She had turned pale, paler than when she had seen the face in the doorway.

Lizzy, staring at her in sudden fear

and wonder, heard Mrs. Vivian say, "No, no, no, you must not talk of going yet, my dear. I have been much pleased to have you, and you must stay a while longer."

Julia's face never relaxed. Probably she expected the reply that came.

"You are most kind, but I feel that I ought to go home now. I have made up my mind that it is best; so please don't ask me to stay."

"Sleep over it, my dear," was all Mrs. Vivian said. "When you have done with Pincot, send her to me, for I am going to retire early. I find a picture exhibition a fatiguing thing, not being accustomed to it, you know."

Lizzy pulled her sister's dress. "For goodness' sake," she whispered, "don't bid Mrs. Vivian good-night with your face like that!"

"What!" said her sister impatiently. But the warning had been heard. She shook herself free of her rage in an instant, with a little laugh, a toss of the head, and a spreading of her airy flounces. She walked across the room to shake hands, completely her old self again, except that the colour in her face seemed concentrated in two scarlet spots on either cheek.

Not a word did she say to Lizzy, good or bad, for long after the lady's maid had finished her offices and was gone. She sometimes sat, sometimes walked up and down, clenching her teeth in silent rage. By and by she threw herself on the sofa, saying, "Give me some sal-volatile, Liz." Lizzy searched for it among her toilette bottles, mixed it, and gave it silently.

Julia drank it down, saying, as she gave back the glass, "Henrietta deserves to be strangled."

Lizzy murmured something which sounded like "horrid old thing."

"To think of her saying that about going away, to-day of all days, that I had begun to see I was making an impression! If she had but a grain of sense!—I declare, Liz, I sometimes think she is artful. This looks exactly as if it were done on purpose—on purpose to baulk me. And I will *not* be baulked.

I have made up my mind that the best match in the circle in which we move shall be mine; and better there is none than this man. Look here, Liz."

And then she rapidly told the story of her engagement to Herbert Waldron.

"I've looked through the last ten days' *Times*, but I can't find any ship's arrival at Southampton which includes his name in the passenger list, and I am in hopes he may be all right—in India—I mean, and that what frightened me so may prove to be only an accidental resemblance. But I can't be sure till we hear from home; and even then, Mamma is such a stupid correspondent she mightn't mention it, and I shouldn't care to ask. I wish to goodness I had never written to him. I wouldn't care a twopence if I didn't know what dozens of love-letters he's got of mine. 'Twas all very well just for a time, but——"

"But if you said you had changed your mind?"

"But, child, he isn't one of the sort that take things quietly. He'd make a row, and it would all come to Dad's ears, and a nice mess I should be in."

"That you would! Why, the Guv would box your ears as soon as look, for daring to be engaged to a cousin! Besides, cousin or no cousin, it's better to be a baronet's wife with a lot of luxuries than the wife of an officer in a regiment of the line. I think you're perfectly right, Ju." And then the change in the Baronet's behaviour was discussed, and the probable length of time that must elapse before Julia would succeed in bringing him to the point. One thing was certain. Ultimate success depended entirely upon their being thrown together for a while longer. And again Julia's anger rose against Henrietta, "that marplot," she vehemently exclaimed. But Lizzy's eyelids began to droop, so the conference was brought to a close. "If Herbert should be in England, and call here, mind, Liz, you, not I, will see him. You would be doing me a good turn if you could make him fall in love with you; it would keep him quiet about me, you know, dear. I should think you might. You

are getting prettier every day," were Julia's last words, as she laid her aching, scheming head on her pillow.

For a week or more Julia was Henrietta's constant companion, whenever she was not riding with Sir Louis, or driving with his mother. Henrietta thought it strange, but showed herself grateful for the sudden kindness. Perhaps, she thought, they might get to be fond of each other, as sisters should, in time. If only Julia would get out of that fast way of talking! But just then Julia talked very little for a wonder, and Henrietta had no great need to feel grateful for a companionship which only resulted from the fact that indiscriminate callers were never shown into the drawing-room where Henrietta spent the day, and that thus Julia felt sure of escaping Herbert Waldron. But Herbert Waldron never came; and she could before long afford to laugh at the fright she had been in, and hear the door-bell without a shiver of apprehension. There had been no more said about Henrietta's going away, and Mrs. Vivian had had what she called a dissipated week; she had given a small dinner-party, and had taken Julia and Lizzy out twice of an evening, and they had all been at a morning concert; even Sir Louis, who had at first declared it a shocking waste of time, but had retracted when he saw the "Moonlight Sonata" set down in the programme. They had been to the British Museum, too, and had spent a whole morning listening to Sir Louis's explanations of the Egyptian remains. A highly profitable morning, Mrs. Vivian called it. An awfully dull one, the girls had thought, yawning behind their parasols. But, as Julia said, "Only get the man to talk," and she need not despair. She trotted out the Egyptians after that morning whenever there was an opportunity, and deluded the Baronet into lending her a valuable book on Ancient Egypt, under the supposition that it was a subject which she was eager to study. Lizzy looked on admiringly at her sister's game, and pricked up her ears night after night, expecting to hear of an offer having

been made and accepted. Mrs. Vivian saw something of the game too, but not enough to frighten her. Sir Louis's air of complete unconsciousness would have reassured her, even had she seen Julia's purpose more distinctly. And she was pre-occupied and anxious about Henrietta. After her interview with Dr. Vandeleur—when he had fully explained how he and Henrietta were situated—she had written to the Admiral, begging him to reconsider his rejection of Dr. Vandeleur as a son-in-law. Being no great letter-writer, the composition of this epistle had caused her so much trouble, and what was more, in her consideration, such a waste of cream-laid note-paper, that she had betaken herself to Sir Louis in despair. He, somewhat to her astonishment, had taken up Vandeleur's cause most enthusiastically, and, besides throwing into proper form what his mother wished to say to Admiral Maurice, had written a warm letter himself on his friend's behalf. It was the pre-occupation caused by the Admiral's silence which made Mrs. Vivian blind to what she would else have seen and tried to obviate. But at last her daily question, "Any letters for me?" was answered in the affirmative. She read it hastily through, passed it on to her son, and hurried away to Henrietta's room. Sir Louis read the letter and smiled. He looked quite handsome when he smiled, ugly fellow as he was. Presently he said: "I suppose you know what has been on the *tapis* the last few days. I see that I am to congratulate you after all. I am truly glad for Miss Maurice's sake."

Both girls could guess what was meant. But Julia, not choosing to betray how slight her real knowledge of facts was, merely said, warily, "Ah, yes! Poor dear Henrietta!"

"It is not often that you find two people so constant to each other as your sister and my friend Vandeleur," observed the Baronet.

"No, indeed," said Julia, with her sweetest smile. She knew all she wanted to know, now.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE NEW CURÉ.

It was autumn. The songs of the treaders had ceased; the wine-press was deserted till next year's vintage; the crowd of visitors had dispersed; and Madame de Montaigu was preparing for her yearly pilgrimage to Frohsdorf.

Formerly this journey had been undertaken in company. The Count's brother, his wife, and the ancient aunt of whom mention was made in a former chapter, had all gone together to pay their respects to the illustrious exile, whom they styled between themselves "His Majesty." But death had gradually diminished the Montaigu party. For three years Madame had gone with only her husband and son. This year she must go alone; for the old Count was too infirm to travel so far, and Raymond had refused to go.

It was this refusal which puckered Madame's proud forehead, and made her sigh so bitterly as she looked out of her window on the plain stretching away beyond the château, all scorched up and melancholy with the three months' drought. The vintage had been most successful; so had her dinners; so had the *al fresco* entertainments and the private theatricals. Nevertheless she was saying to herself that things were very hard on her, and that her son failed in his duty.

She had fulfilled hers, she declared, in letter and in spirit. She had accepted a mother-in-law's responsibilities without flinching, and yet here was Estelle, as unformed, as unconverted, as when Raymond brought her home in the spring a timid shrinking bride. In short, it was excessively provoking.

"I shall not take her to Frohsdorf," she had said; "I am disappointed in my expectations of her." This was to her son, who fired up instantly.

"I don't know what expectations you may have formed! Mine are fulfilled beyond my hopes! That will console

you, perhaps, for your own disappointment."

"She has no manner; she does not know how to receive——"

"She has manner enough when you are not by to make her nervous!" said he, angrily.

"And she has not given the Curé any reason to expect her reconciliation. And I certainly should not think of presenting a heretic daughter-in-law to His Majesty."

"So much the worse for him," was Raymond's reply.

"I shall leave her at home to take care of your father."

"And I," said Raymond, quietly, "will stay at home to take care of her. Make my humble respects to His Majesty, and assure him nothing but domestic duties would have prevented me from accompanying you."

And then they had a grand quarrel, in which Raymond said some very disagreeable things, and finally came off victorious.

Madame carried her grief to Sa Grandeur, who consoled her to the best of his ability with a few pious, commonplace phrases, and promised to remember her in his prayers.

"Oh yes, Monseigneur, that is very kind of you," said the Comtesse, "but she wants praying for far more than I do. I assure you, I have had masses said for her conversion both at the Dalbade and at the Dominican chapel; twice I have ordered *novenas*, and all to no purpose. And sometimes the thought has crossed my mind that she may possibly contaminate my son with her heresy."

"Comtesse, you should have thought of that before," said Sa Grandeur, sternly.

"Heaven forgive me!" faltered the contrite Comtesse. "She seemed so docile, so teachable; I thought her reconciliation would have been a work of days almost, when once she was withdrawn from her mother's guidance. Do you think, Monseigneur, after all, that we should not have done better in having a Jesuit?"

"No—a thousand times no!" exclaimed the Archbishop. "What a hankering you women have after the holy fathers! You will make me think you a Jesuit presently, Comtesse, if you don't take care."

"No, indeed, Monseigneur; you wrong me. Only everybody knows what zealous propagandists the members of the society are."

"Your curé," said the Archbishop, with some heat, "is worth any propagandist among them all. If I had had the pick of all the archbishops in France, I could not have found a man more to my mind. That man, Comtesse, but for his ill health, might be called to Paris any day. You do not half appreciate your own good fortune in having him as a spiritual guide."

"My director lives in Toulouse," said Madame de Montaigu. "He is a very pious man, and I have been under his guidance for many years. I have no wish to change."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Sa Grandeur, hastily. "If you are satisfied, that is all that is needful. I don't wish you to change."

For Sa Grandeur remembered that the Curé of St. Etienne was a man not likely to forgive him, if he were the means of withdrawing this titled penitent from his guidance to that of a mere country curé—a new-comer of whom nobody knew anything beyond the Archbishop's good opinion of him.

"So you say he is in ill health? It is very possible," said Madame, "for he looks frightfully emaciated. I thought, do you know, that perhaps he had not enough to eat, and I told him from the first that his knife and fork were always laid at my table; but he has never done us the honour to accept the invitation. I suppose he is too proud. In my opinion, a mere country curé has no right to be proud."

"Of course not," said Sa Grandeur, with an imperceptible smile, thinking to himself as he spoke, "That is why she wants to get rid of D'Eyrieu. He won't dine at the château."

"I do not think, however," he con-

tinued, "that the Abbé d'Eyrieu's fault can be pride. Perhaps, on the contrary, it is excess of humility. The austerities he practised formerly were frightful; so much so that his diocesan forbade him, by his vow of obedience, to continue them."

"In—deed!" said Madame, pricking up her ears. "You know all about him then?"

"It is my business," said Sa Grandeur, in a tone which signified, "It is not yours."

When Madame de Montaigu had taken leave, he sat down and wrote a note with his own hand to the Abbé d'Eyrieu, desiring him to present himself at the palace on a certain day after mass.

This letter reached the Curé in the evening, about dinner-time. He had just come in from seeing a sick person, and as he hung up his broad-brimmed hat, Pétronille, the coarse-featured, loud-voiced peasant woman who waited on him and styled herself housekeeper, brought it in, saying, "The postman asked two *sous* for bringing it, because it was so far out of his beat."

The Curé felt in his pocket for the two *sous*, laid them on the table, and took up his letter. Having read it, he set to work to brush his cassock and his hat, both plentifully coated with dust from his long walk. During this, Pétronille began to lay the cloth on a small deal table in a corner of the room, called by courtesy the dining-room.

She was not exactly a pleasant object to contemplate as she walked to and fro between the *salle-d-manger* and the kitchen. Her head was enveloped in an old striped black and yellow handkerchief bound low across the forehead, just above the eyebrows, like a nun's coif. She would not on any account have raised it higher, for that would have proclaimed her to be one of the worldly at once throughout the parish, and it was but decent and respectable that M. le Curé's housekeeper should be supposed to be rigidly pious. So, with the thermometer still at 80° in the shade, the kerchief was

retained as a badge of propriety. A long tramp to the mill with a bag of maize on her head had somewhat disturbed her head-dress; a wisp of grey hair had escaped from behind, and hung down on her wrinkled neck. Her dress consisted of a coarse garment of half-bleached flax, with long sleeves rolled up to the elbows, and of a short petticoat of a kind of serge, spun from the wool of the black sheep. Her legs and feet were bare, dried up and blackened with the dust and sun of forty summers. Her voice was hoarse and cracked, and she strengthened her conversation by many vehement gesticulations, which appeared like menaces to those who did not understand her patois. The fact of her having been a landed proprietor at one time of her life—that is to say owner of a two-roomed cabin and something less than an acre of land—gave her, as she supposed, great influence at the Presbytery, and she was in the habit of expressing her opinions pretty freely. She went on with an incessant flow of gossip as she came in and out, the process of laying the cloth not being thereby expedited.

"What do you think, Monsieur le Curé? The miller's daughter, Françoise, is going to be married at last; one may wish her husband joy of her. I wouldn't have a son of mine marry into such a stingy family as hers. Her wedding clothes are mean beyond everything, and her father has let her take but six dozen dinner napkins and ten tablecloths from his store. As for the sheets, there are but twenty pair, and the half of them turned sides to middle. I saw that with my own eyes, so I know it is so. If her bridegroom's mother were alive, poor woman,"—here Pétronille rapidly crossed herself,—"they would not venture on such niggardliness."

The Curé was conjecturing the reason of the Archbishop's mandate, and made no answer. But as Pétronille was equally accustomed both to talking and not being answered, she went on again:

"In some respects it will not be a bad wedding. Françoise told me her

father was going to kill a sheep, and they will have roast veal and fritters, and there are half-a-dozen hens fattening in the poultry-yard. I promised to go down and help the day before. I daresay you can manage to do without me, Monsieur le Curé, if I leave you some cold dinner. You see they will be glad to have me: I was a cook in my younger days, before I married, and of course my experience will be of use. They are going to have a cask of wine broached, and a fiddler in the evening. It is a pity she is to be married in the next parish, but I daresay you will be invited to the wedding nevertheless."

As Pétronille spoke the last words, she disappeared into a dark cupboard in the vestibule. There was a hurried exclamation, and an instant after the door was slammed violently to, and she stood before the Curé transformed into a Megæra, her eyes burning with anger out of their deep sockets.

"Somebody has stolen the bread!" she screamed, waving her arms in the direction of the cupboard. "It must have been done while I was at the mill. And what do you expect, M. le Curé, if you will keep the house door open for the first tramp to enter and help himself?"

"It was not stolen, my good Pétronille," said the Curé, in polished accents, contrasting strangely with Pétronille's rough patois; "I gave it away this afternoon."

"Gave it away! Bread that would have lasted for two days with care! Well, Monsieur le Curé, if you like to starve that you may gain a better place in Paradise, I prefer my bread to eat. What am I to do for dinner?"

"Is there no *polenta*?" asked the Curé meekly.

"How should there be, when you know we ate it up yesterday?"

"I think I have two sous somewhere." But a search only revealed the emptiness of the Curé's pockets. "I remember they went to pay for the letter. What have we for dinner, Pétronille?"

"There is garlic and salad, with two hard-boiled eggs. I was going to make

onionsoup,—for we have plenty of onions and oil,—but how can I make onion soup without bread? You are an improvident man, Monsieur le Curé; you are always out at elbows. And yet, with six hundred francs a year, which is nearly one franc sixty-five centimes per day, I think you might manage better.”

“I daresay I might. You must beg a bit of bread for yourself to-day, Pétronille, and I will smoke a cigar, if I have one left.” But the cigar-box proved as empty as his pockets.

“Just like you, Monsieur le Curé. Always improvident,” said Pétronille.

The Curé put on his hat. “I will e’en go and beg a dinner at the château,” he said, and went out.

The Presbytery stood close by the church, a hundred yards beyond the ditch which separated the Montaigu grounds from the public road. Just as the Curé had got off the road on to the path leading up to the château through a vineyard, he caught sight of Raymond and his wife coming down the slope towards him. Estelle was hanging on her husband’s arm, and every minute they stopped to look about them. They seemed very merry, and they were talking very fast; Raymond put his face under his wife’s hat to kiss her, and the hat fell off, and he had to pick it up and dust it. As he put it on he gave her another kiss. Just then Estelle caught sight of the Curé, and told her husband to have done. “I daresay he saw you,” she said.

“I hope he did,” said Raymond. “It is a husband’s duty to kiss his wife sometimes.”

“I daresay he was shocked,” said Estelle.

The Curé, however, had not been shocked. He had thought that it would be a good thing if all the married people in his parish were as fond of each other as these two.

Raymond, as he advanced, lifted his hat with more suavity than he was in the habit of showing to priests. But this priest, with all his shabbiness, was so unmistakeably the gentleman, that Raymond would not have ventured to

treat him with the haughtiness he generally showed to men who wore the tonsure.

“Monsieur le Curé,” said he, “we were coming to see you.”

“I am glad,” returned the Curé, “to have spared Madame the dusty walk she would have had from here to the Presbytery.”

“We were coming,” said Estelle, with a shy blush at the thought that the Curé had seen Raymond kissing her, “to ask whether you would dine with us to-day without ceremony. My mother-in-law went away this morning, and the Count does not leave his room, so we shall be a very small party.”

“Madame,” said D’Eyrieu, bowing low, “you have forestalled me. I was coming up to beg a dinner.”

“You have lost your bet, Raymond,” Estelle cried. “You will have to give me a box of gloves.”

“I will tell you what that means, Monsieur le Curé,” said Raymond in explanation. “My wife and I had a bet as we were coming along. I told her I was sure you would not accept a dinner invitation from a heretic on a fast-day. And she declared that she had a dinner for you such as a Carême would have been proud of, all composed of dishes such as the Pope himself could not object to; and she said she would make you accept her invitation, heretic as she is.”

“I hope I may do justice to Madame’s dinner,” said the Curé, who was in truth half famished.

The little dinner-party was a very merry one. Raymond and his wife felt as if a weight of lead was gone when Madame de Montaigu’s carriage had rolled out of sight that morning, and their spirits had been rising ever since.

“Thank Heaven,” said Raymond, as he embraced his wife, “for one whole month we shall be left to our own devices without daily worry and interference. We shall now be able to have our honeymoon properly, without interruption.”

The Abbé d’Eyrieu, whatever austerities he might be said to practise, belonged

not to the school of hypocrites, of disfigured face and sad countenance. In the course of a long and arduous pastorate in the poorest parish of Lyons, he had learned, besides the necessity of weeping with those who weep, that no less needful duty of rejoicing with those that do rejoice. As far as a priest may have a wish of his own, D'Eyrieu had wished to die where he had lived and worked, among the poor Lyonnais. His diocesan would have raised him to the dignity of canon, but he besought him not, alleging that he was not a fit man for dignities: that he should become puffed up, and lose his own soul by rising higher in the Church. So the archbishop had given his friendship to D'Eyrieu, and the vacant canonry to another man. After twenty years, Monseigneur had made way for a new archbishop, an ardent Ultramontane and friend of the Jesuits. The old archbishop had been a staunch Gallican, and had naturally got priests of his own persuasion around him. The most prominent of these the new archbishop resolved to weed out, and D'Eyrieu was one. So he got his *exeat*, and came to the Archbishop of Toulouse, asking humbly for some small cure in the mountains where no one cared to go, and where he might remain unmolested by Ultramontanists and Jesuits. And Monseigneur, who, as we know, hated the whole society, put him here instead of the fat old Curé objected to by Madame de Montaignu. He had, *pro forma*, sent to inquire the Lyonnais' antecedents, and had been answered that he was an outrageous Gallican, a man totally wanting in conservatism, and capable of raising up a cabal under the archbishop's very nose. Sa Grandeur burnt this damnatory reply, saying: "Apparently he is an honest man, this poor D'Eyrieu."

Estelle wondered to see the *entente cordiale* that sprung up between her husband and the Abbé before dinner was ended. She would have wondered still more, had she imagined that side by side with their youthful unsophisticated merriment a thanksgiving was floating upwards from the heart of the shabby village Curé for the domestic

happiness which could never visit his own hearth.

While they were taking coffee in the drawing-room, the Curé said—

"I believe your family has always been strictly Legitimist, Monsieur."

"Yes," Raymond replied, "my family is, and has been. I am not. Legitimism is very pretty in theory, but it won't do for the age. The Bourbons—I say it with all respect—are a worn-out race. The guiding hand for us must be a vigorous one. But"—he continued, as D'Eyrieu made a gesture of assent—"we don't say so before my mother, M. l'Abbé, for she would be shocked. She is the most ultra-Legitimist of all the Legitimist party in Languedoc. Her creed may be summed up in three words: Monarchy, Aristocracy, Hierarchy. She shudders at the very sound of Progress. Progress, she will tell you gravely, means Reform; Reform means Liberalism; Liberalism means Socialism, Robespierre, Red-republicanism, Ruin."

The Curé smiled. "I see that I too must keep clear of politics in Madame de Montaignu's presence. I should be sure to get into trouble, for I do not even go with the *parti-prêtre*. But," he added suddenly, "what matters it? A curé has no business with politics; and"—turning to Estelle—"I am sure they cannot interest Madame. Let us speak of other things."

Estelle blushed. It was not true that she felt no interest in politics; she had begun to feel an interest in them for her husband's sake. But as the Curé might have said that by way of changing a subject he did not feel it safe to pursue, she immediately seconded him by putting various questions as to the state of the poor of turbulent Lyons, where he had so long ministered. On such a topic there was no restraint on either side; Estelle felt all her sympathies awakened at the recital of the Curé's long experience; Raymond looked with curiosity and wonder at the man who had spent the best part of his life in viewing squalor and hunger, which he was powerless to remove, without having become either disgusted or hard-

ened. "And yet," thought Raymond, "this man speaks and moves like a gentleman. He has been young, full of all instincts of enjoyment, even as I am now. And, strangest of all, he talks as if it were the most natural thing in the world to be, as it were, hand in glove with that terribly prosaic misery; he does not seem to think there is the least merit in it."

It was late when the Curé took his leave. Estelle turned to her husband, saying, "Do you not like him, Raymond? Is he not good?"

"I think him a very curious study," said Raymond, lighting a cigar; "and an honest man, as far as a priest can be. But—who knows?" he continued, with a shrug of the shoulders—"perhaps this very straightforwardness is a mask put on for you and me."

"Oh!" cried his wife. "I am sure he does not wear a mask. I am sure none but a good man could speak and look as he does. I think he is just the sort of man I could go to for advice, supposing I were in trouble."

"Mignonne, I will not have you talk such nonsense," said Raymond, authoritatively. "You in trouble! You, my wife, seek counsel from a priest! *Fi donc!*"

"But married people do have trouble," said his wife, timidly.

"Where there is no love—yes; but for you and me what trouble could there be except separation? And who or what, except death, could separate us? Only death," he added, shuddering, after a pause, drawing her close to him. "Only death! Ah, mignonne, let us make the most of our one life; let us laugh and love while we may, in despite of the crowned skeleton!"

She did not shudder at his words; neither did she smile at his embrace. She was sorry for him, for she knew that there was another skeleton at the feast besides King Death. Woe to them both on the day when Raymond should first perceive it! But she would school herself, was schooling herself, to love him and forget the other. She lightly laid her hand on his, vowing to

herself that he should never, never know.

"And," said her husband, fondly stroking her hand, after a long silence, "supposing—it is absurd to suppose such a thing, for I shall never cease to love you as long as I live—still, supposing anything were to happen either to you, or to myself, requiring counsel or advice—remember this, mignonne: *Marriage is Confession*—ought to be, if it is not. I know not which fills me with the greater horror, to imagine a secret dividing us two, or to imagine a third person the reposer of it."

"I wish you would not speak so," said his wife. Now it was her turn to shudder. Now she saw the other skeleton too plainly.

"You repudiate the idea of secrets?" he cried, pressing his lips to hers. "An absurd idea, is it not, mignonne?"

"Yes," returned Estelle, faintly.

* * *

There was a thunderstorm that night, so that the Curé's walk to Toulouse the next day was a muddy instead of a dusty one. He stopped to get his shoes polished by the little shoe-black in the Place du Capitole, and then went to the Cathedral, where he knelt down for a few moments.

He had cudgelled his brains the best part of the night to know what Sa Grandeur could possibly want of him; but had been able to find himself guilty of no offence, either in his ministry or his life, save such as from his weakness and imperfectness he had been falling into all his life long. "If even the greatest saints," he cogitated, "sin seven times a day, what can be our daily offences? Nevertheless, I feel as if the Lord were on my side, and I will not fear what man can do. *Maria beata, ora pro me.*"

"I come by appointment," said he to the archiepiscopal beadle at the entrance of the quadrangle.

"Are you the Curé of Suzon?" the beadle asked.

"I am."

"This way, Monsieur le Curé. Sa Grandeur will receive you in his private room."

"Take an arm-chair, brother," said the Archbishop, in his most winning manner. "I have sent for you to deliver an admonition. The chair opposite me is the most comfortable in the room. Sit down, and take it quietly."

D'Eyrieu sat down, thinking how very different this man was from his dear old friend and diocesan at Lyons.

"My dear brother," the Archbishop continued, "you know you are not a lady's man."

"Certainly not, Monseigneur. I have always distrusted the company of devout ladies—drawing-room nuns, as one may say. God forgive me if I wrong them; but their conversation has always seemed to me more curious than profitable."

"You are perfectly right in theory, brother. I entirely agree with you. But theories must be modified now and then in this world. You have offended the Comtesse de Montaignu. Now I put it to you, was that necessary? Was it wise?"

"I am innocent of all intentional offence," said the Curé. "I have seen scarcely anything of Madame de Montaignu."

"That is just it. She complains you won't go there. She gave you an invitation to dinner, and you have never availed yourself of it."

"I plead guilty to that," said the Curé.

"Well now, dear brother, I put it to you, was it wise to do so? You know the thing this poor dear Comtesse has so much at heart—the conversion of her daughter-in-law. She is quite in low spirits about it, I do assure you. And she thinks you might have done more to further her great wish; indeed she does, my dear Curé."

"In all submission, Monseigneur, I would ask, whether it was at all likely a priest would find the way to a young heart in a house given up to the utmost frivolities of fashion? What would you have said yourself, Monseigneur, had you seen my cassock in the midst of a crowd of idle men and women, bedizened, wigged, and painted, spouting and posturing, and making fools of themselves in every possible manner? Would you

not have told me that I was out of my place, and that my time for seeking to convey spiritual instruction was when the château was deserted by the brilliant frivolous crowd? Frankly, Monseigneur, the Comtesse de Montaignu has been herself, and will be, I fear, the chief marplot, the chief obstacle in the reconciliation of her gentle daughter-in-law."

"Peste!" said Sa Grandeur, shrugging his shoulders. "The kind of woman who thinks she can show the way to everybody."

"Precisely so, Monseigneur. Without her, I should be hopeful. With her, this reconciliation may be the work of years. And there is the husband too."

"Heavens! Not turned Huguenot, has he?"

"I was going to say, I wish he had; for that would show that he had a faith of some sort. I very much fear he is an atheist, Monseigneur. That is my impression, I will say. I am bound to admit that it is only an impression, and that I gathered it less from what he said than from what he did not say."

"Dear, dear, what a pity!" said Sa Grandeur, elevating his eyebrows. "But you see, *that* does not give this poor Comtesse any uneasiness: she has her husband as an example of the salutary change a severe illness may produce in a man. The Comte, my dear Curé, was formerly an out-and-out Voltairian; and now his life is quite edifying. So, I pray you, be not in future so chary of seeking the society of the good people of the château."

"I shall obey, Monseigneur." Presently he added: "You will like to know that I dined with the son and his wife yesterday. They were good enough to come themselves and invite me. I passed a very agreeable evening. It has rarely been my good fortune to see such exuberant happiness; and I wish, for the good of the community, that more of these love-matches took place. They are a sight as rare as blessed."

"Very true, my dear Abbé. The only drawback in this case is the religion. And really, as I told the Comtesse, she

should have thought of that before. Enough! I am sure you will do all you can to bring things to a happy ending. You will dine with me to-day, and return to Suzon in the cool of the evening. You will only meet my vicar-general and my private secretary, and we shall talk of literature, of the vintage, and so on—you understand."

And then Sa Grandeur launched forth against the great objects of his aversion, the Jesuits, who were making his life a burden to him just then, from their overweening influence at the court of His Holiness.

"Everything I say or do is taken hold of and misrepresented at Rome," he complained. "I am sure there are Jesuit spies round me." The Curé suggested his changing his household. "*Cui bono?*" said Sa Grandeur. "I might get worse in than what I turned out. Have you seen that church of theirs? Four painted windows in already,—all of them gifts,—and more to follow."

(Monseigneur had two Jesuits in his household. But how he came to find them out, and what he did afterwards, does not enter into the scope of the present narration. It is enough to say that one of the traitors was his private secretary, and the other the beadle.)

The October twilights are of short duration in Languedoc. Night set in long before D'Eyrieu had reached that part of his road which ran through the Montaigu grounds. The storm of the preceding night had refreshed the thirsty earth, and the summer of St. Martin—that pale, still wraith of the fierce, dead summer—had begun its ephemeral reign. Behind him lay the plain in one broad grand sweep, ending in a low serrated white line. Down in the south-west quarter hung a heavy bank of cloud, promising soft rain and mist for the morrow. Before him the Montaigu woods stood out against the violet cloud-flecked sky. A warm south wind stirred the dry maize-stalks and made the leaves flicker and rustle throughout the vineyards, as if a spirit had passed over them. From its couch of moss by the ditch-side, a solitary bullfrog piped its

monotonous call. Its fellows in the distance answered in sweet thirds and fifths, and the wind gathered up the sounds into a chord of music and swept it to the silent north, along with the desolate cry of the nightbird on the marsh and the faint flash of the waters over the weir. The glowworms hid their lamps as the priest's gown brushed past the bushes, the grey moth flew out with a dull whirr, and the bat skimmed away in alarm. One faint ray of light from the silent château cast a glimmer across his path.

D'Eyrieu looked up. It came from the upper story, the abode of the young husband and wife. He knelt, and spread his hands in supplication for them; both so young, both so happy, and, alas! both astray. His heart melted within him, as he reflected that happiness was not likely to bring them to the fold from which they had wandered; and he shrank as the prayer passed his lips that they might be led back to Holy Church through the gates of sorrow, rather than live and die in heresy. Yet he forced himself to pray that it might be so. And then, with a blessing, he rose and passed into the shade of the melancholy beech-woods.

The solitary light came from Estelle's chamber; she was sitting rocking herself to and fro, and weeping quietly lest her husband should hear. And as she wept, she prayed that she might come to love Raymond heart and soul, even as he loved her.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

NEVER perhaps was a young wife's part so hard to play as was Estelle's, during her first year of married life. Any mother-in-law but Madame de Montaigu would have been conquered by her never-failing sweetness of disposition. But Madame had taken a solemn vow not to love her daughter-in-law as long as she remained a heretic. Sometimes she forgot her vow for a few days, and then she was happy, but as soon as she re-

membered it she felt it her duty as a Catholic to be especially disagreeable in order to atone for past amenities; and all concessions on her daughter-in-law's side were forgotten or made light of—the one great result not being obtained, namely, reconciliation to the Church.

For instance, Estelle accompanied the Comtesse willingly enough to the Advent and Lenten stations, when the pulpit was held by famous Catholic orators: she went with her, attired in deep mourning, on the day when the Legitimist noblesse assembled in the Cathedral to commemorate the death of Louis XVI. If she did not, as the noblesse present did, renew a silent oath of fealty to the exile of Frohsdorf while kneeling in front of the catafalque blazing with tapers, which stood in the midst of the darkened nave, she at least was impressed more strongly than most of those present by the funeral shadow caused by the heavy black serge curtain drawn across the choir, by the incense, the dark-robed crowd, and above all by the wail of the organ and the voices of the invisible choristers as they poured forth the solemn "*Requiem eternam dona eis*," to the pathetic music of Mozart's Fifteenth Mass.

Madame de Montaigu was pleased to see her daughter-in-law weep on such occasions. She wept herself for company, and believed that the wish of her heart was about to be answered. Over and over again was she disappointed by seeing that Estelle, in spite of her facility at receiving strong impressions, never intimated a wish to be instructed in the Catholic religion. She would attend a Lenten sermon or a mass for the dead, and come home and say no more about it, in spite of her emotions having been excited during the time: she would even go to hear a Protestant sermon the very day after. Madame had tried to instil some of the Catholic tenets into her mind by making her read books of devotion to her; but Raymond had forbidden this, and had told her that if she required to be read to, she must engage a companion. This had so offended Madame de Montaigu that Estelle had at length, as the only

means of pacifying her, presented a fine set of Easter vestments to the little church of Suzon.

Often did the young wife long for a home less grand and more home-like, where there would be only a husband to please, instead of a mother-in-law whom there was no possibility of pleasing, and who was never so much in her element as when lording it over Raymond and herself.

Raymond would say, after one of the frequent undignified disputes with his mother, "Estelle, your mother would never quarrel like that, would she?" And Estelle could answer truly, that it would be impossible for Mrs. Russell to do so. Raymond would perhaps speculate how much pleasanter it would have been if they had taken up their abode at the Hôtel St.-Jean, instead of at Château Montaigu; but Estelle never followed him in any such speculations. She could not tell Raymond that her old home was hateful to her from its associations. She could only say that she knew her mother to be strongly opposed to the foreign custom of parents and married sons and daughters living under one roof. When Mrs. Russell was expected to pay a visit at the château, it was Raymond who looked forward with gladness to seeing her, not Estelle. Estelle looked forward to her coming with dismay. Alfred was coming too, and Alfred would be sure to offend Madame de Montaigu before long; and then Mrs. Russell would be offended, and there would be a quarrel,—or rather, Mrs. Russell would show her displeasure by preserving an icy silence, and Madame de Montaigu would show hers by saying all sorts of violent and totally irrelevant things, and then turn her wrath upon Raymond for not taking her part.

Beside this, she had a latent, unexpressed dislike to the idea of seeing her mother. Writing had been comparatively easy work, for Mrs. Russell fortunately asked no questions which Estelle would have found difficult to answer. But to find herself face to face with her mother, and feel that she had wronged her so cruelly,—and not her

alone, but Raymond also,—was horrible even in anticipation. She knew that every kind look and word she gave Raymond was a cheat put upon him, the semblance of a love she was always trying to feel, but could not feel for all her trying. Even in the midst of his greatest kindness, the thought of how she was cheating him would so overwhelm her that she could not keep herself from the vain longing that some chance might separate them, and relieve her from listening to a love which she could not return. Feeling all this, it was not possible for her to wish to see her mother's face again.

Mrs. Russell had not been long at the château before she discovered that some unseen barrier lay between herself and her daughter. She had expected to find Estelle changed, it was true. She had looked forward to seeing a certain dignity in her manner, as befitted her new position. The dignity was there, but apart from the dignity there was a frigidity which, though manifested in a negative rather than a positive manner, annoyed and disappointed Mrs. Russell. She had expected to be her daughter's confidante, and Estelle had no secrets to tell her. She had advice ready to be asked for, and Estelle asked for none. She seemed to make it a point equally with her husband, that her mother was to be entertained as an honoured guest. Mrs. Russell could not complain of being neglected. What she complained of, was that she was made too much of; that she was too much the guest, and not enough the mother.

She felt that she was being treated badly. Had she not a claim on her daughter's gratitude? Had she not secured for her an excellent position? Had she not thwarted her childish wishes from pure kindness to her and pure desire for her welfare? She had done her best; and if unlucky chance had prevented her knowing of the sudden change of fortune which had fallen to that awkward young barrister—what then? Knowing only what she did, would she have been justified in allowing Estelle to throw herself away?

Was it possible, Mrs. Russell thought, seeing that Estelle so studiously avoided speaking of herself, that this extreme reticence arose from her not having yet got over her silly fancy? Or had she heard of Mr. Vivian's accession to the baronetcy? To both these questions, however, she felt, after due observation, that a negative answer might be returned. Estelle's manner to her husband was perfect, Mrs. Russell was forced to admit. And by dint of various round-about inquiries she was convinced of her daughter's ignorance of Mr. Vivian having succeeded his uncle. It appeared that the sight of an English paper of any sort was unknown at the château. English correspondents Estelle had none. Mrs. Russell asked in some trepidation whether Julia had ever written, and was much relieved to hear that she had not even sent to tell Estelle of her having arrived home safely.

"That was rather a want of politeness," Mrs. Russell said; "but after all it was just like Julia."

"I am glad she has never written," Estelle said. "My husband disapproves of her very strongly."

How much more strongly would he disapprove, thought Mrs. Russell, if he did but know what she knew! She could not but congratulate herself on her good luck in having disposed of her maid Mathurine. With Mathurine she felt she never would have dared return to Toulouse. She had found a place for her with a rich Jewish baroness, where her perquisites would be such as to console her at quitting her English mistress. But Mrs. Russell did not feel it pleasant to talk of either Julia Maurice or Mathurine. To change the conversation she inquired for Mademoiselle Mathilde.

"She is really going to be married," said Estelle. "Madame Fleury has been taking her about everywhere to announce the coming event. M. Beaucens is a *sous-préfet* now; and Raymond told Mathilde that as he would be certain to rise, it was proper that she should know Latin and Greek, because when her husband got a *préfecture* she might have all sorts of learned people to entertain.

And poor Mathilde blushed up to the roots of her hair, and looked distressfully at her aunt. Raymond was impertinent enough to say that you had me taught Latin and Greek for fear a *préfet* should want to marry me. Madame Fleury was so impressed that she actually shed tears, and cried, 'Alas! no. I have not been such a virtuous mother as Madame Roussel; I have not made to learn the Latin and the Greek to my beloved niece.' The best of the joke is, that a note came down from Madame Fleury next day, asking my old master's address. And there is Mathilde having a lesson every day."

Raymond, coming in while they were laughing over this absurdity, congratulated himself on having had the tact to leave them so long together; all the while that Mrs. Russell was thinking to herself that she should never wish to be *tête-à-tête* with her daughter again; and that now there was not a creature left who cared very much for her except Alfred.

She began before long to take offence because of Raymond's behaviour to this boy, and to take her daughter to task about it. This was soon after they had left Toulouse for the château.

Master Alfred, not finding room enough in the grounds for his exploits, had turned topsy-turvy for a whole morning over the young asparagus in the kitchen-garden. And Raymond, having caught him in the act, had boxed his ears by way of compensation to the outraged feelings of the upper gardener.

"If I had known that my dear boy was to be treated in this way, Estelle, I would never have come to stay under your husband's roof," said the mother, in great heat, as she bathed her son's ear with eau-de-Cologne.

"Alfred was very provoking, and the gardener had spoken to him several times; and if I had seen him I should have been strongly tempted to do as my husband did," said Estelle.

"No son-in-law shall box my boy's ears," exclaimed Mrs. Russell, kissing the right ear, which was the reddest.

"Then perhaps, Mamma," said Estelle,

nettled, "you will be good enough to keep Alfred in something like order. You seem to forget altogether that the house and garden, and everything in it, is my father-in-law's property, and that it will not be at all agreeable to my husband to be taken to task about the damage done by his brother-in-law. And I must tell you it is not Alfred's first offence; the gardeners have complained repeatedly to my husband about it. And I hope he will box Alfred's ears again, if he catches him trampling down the beds."

"You have no feeling," cries Mrs. Russell, "not one spark. Look at the dear child's ears! What a colour!"

"They would be white enough by this time if you had not been rubbing them with eau-de-Cologne," said Estelle, sarcastically. And then Mrs. Russell was very much hurt, and showed it by keeping an uncomfortable silence; sending her daughter to Coventry, in short, as far as it was practicable for a guest to behave so to a hostess. But at last—

There came a fine spring morning when Madame de Montaignu fluttered up and down with more than her usual importance, gave and countermanded orders by the dozen, changed the position of every knick-knack in her daughter-in-law's drawing-room, snubbed her old husband tenfold more than on ordinary days, and, in short, made a great commotion, and enjoyed herself uncommonly.

Raymond had walked unceasingly up and down the house, until told sharply by Madame that her nerves would not stand it; when he subsided meekly into an arm-chair, and read the *Débats* upside down. Even old M. de Montaignu had roused himself from his usual apathetic state, and, aided by his son's arm, had walked upstairs to the room where his tiny grandson lay in a splendid cradle.

The old gentleman sat down in front of it, and gravely put on his gold-rimmed spectacles, while Raymond stood by, looking with an air of great satisfaction at the new-comer.

M. de Montaignu peered into the cradle for one moment, and then, taking

off his spectacles, wiped them carefully, and replaced them in their case.

"Well, what do you think of him?" Raymond inquired, with great eagerness.

"Very ugly," mumbled his father, oracularly.

"Ugly!"

"Remarkably so," pursued the old gentleman, taking a pinch of snuff.

"Thanks, Monsieur," said Raymond, considerably nettled; "I am sorry you took the trouble to come upstairs to see him." He did not mind much on his own account, but he could not brook the idea of anything belonging to Estelle being stigmatized as ugly.

"Yes," said M. de Montaignu, rising slowly, "it was not worth while to come up, certainly. Never mind. Your new acquisition is a fine copper-colour just now, but I daresay he will turn a more Christian hue in time. You will give him the names of our gracious king, remember; and your mother must write, in my name, and beg his Majesty to stand sponsor. I would go to Frohsdorf myself to beg the honour, but I am too feeble. Give me your arm, my son, for I am growing old, very old, alas! and the sooner I am out of the way the better. Take me back to my room, and let me make my salvation in peace. Will that child cry loud, hey? If so, he must be put somewhere where I do not hear him. Noise distracts me; your mother distracts me. Let me be left to make my salvation in peace; do you hear, Raymond?"

Raymond was far too much disgusted to make any reply. He saw his father once more ensconced in his arm-chair, and then took himself off in high dudgeon, muttering things uncomplimentary to M. de Montaignu.

The two grandmamas had already come to the verge of a quarrel several times, although the day was not yet half over; each possessing her own peculiar theory on that momentous subject, the rearing of infants, and adhering thereto in spite of arguments and blandishments from the adverse side.

The nurses, too, had each her own particular and infallible system to carry

out; so that between them all, this infant scion of the noble house of Montaignu-Brueilh might have found the beginning of his life very hard to put up with, had not his papa silenced all objectors by decreeing that *le bébé* was to be managed as Madame Raymond chose, and in no other way whatever.

Madame de Montaignu was for sending the child right off to the mountains to be nursed. She knew a respectable farmer's wife——

"Heavens!" Raymond ejaculated. Send the child away! Have it changed for the nurse's brat, perhaps! What could his mother be thinking of? What would his wife say to such a piece of barbarity?

What should she say indeed! asked Madame, bridling up. Of course she ought by this time to know what she owed to herself, as well as to the child; and if not, she—Octavie de Montaignu, née De Brueilh—did, and could inform her. It was her bounden duty, as the wife of the future Comte de Montaignu, to cultivate society. She owed it, not only to Raymond, but to her—Madame de Montaignu. If the *bébé* were kept at home, she would get so stupidly fond of it that she would end by going nowhere. And to immure herself for the sake of a mere infant, who didn't know its mother from its nurse, was too preposterous to dream of. And Madame flounced off to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Russell sat in great state and dignity, not quite recovered from her recent defeat in the cap-and-no-cap skirmish.

Madame, with the consciousness of a late victory, appealed to her as a mother. Mrs. Russell replied coldly that she was not the child's mother, fortunately, and would have no more to say.

"But," insisted Madame, "it is really not proper."

"A truce to the proprieties," cried Raymond, angrily. He had come to Mrs. Russell, hoping to win her over to his side. But Madame turned, and opened her whole verbal battery upon him with such effect that he fled dis-

committed to the conservatory, where his mother-in-law found him half an hour later in one of his angriest moods, switching off the heads of the plants as he walked.

"My mother is a monster of cruelty," he began.

"My dear Raymond—" Mrs. Russell interrupted.

"Stop, mother-in-law," he cried; "let me have my say once for all. I and my wife want our children to grow up loving us. Now just hear how I was brought up. In the first place, I never saw either father or mother till I was five years old. There was an elder son, and it was not till his death that they bethought themselves that they had another child. When I made my appearance, they were so disgusted to find that I resembled exactly the peasant children amongst whom I had been brought up, that they packed me off as soon as ever my college uniform could be got ready. My mother took years to overcome her dislike to me. Her fine feelings were so ruffled, forsooth, at my bad manners and my *patois*, and above all at the unnatural persistency with which I regretted the peasant woman who had been a mother to my infancy. A mother is a mother, everybody knows; but I do wish my son to love his mother a little better than I loved mine, when I was a boy."

Here Madame de Montaignu rustled in and inquired, with an injured air, whether Raymond had thought of sending for the Curé to have the child baptized.

No, Raymond said, he had not. It did not matter; it could be deferred.

"Deferred!" Madame cried. His child nearly a day old, and not made a Christian yet? Supposing it died before the priest came. Horrible thought! She should send for him instantly. It was very strange that Raymond should interfere in matters which he did not understand, while he neglected that which it was his most sacred duty to look after. She walked off in great anger, and Raymond, invoking patience, followed her.

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"My dear mother," he said, taking her arm, "I have promised my wife that she shall bring up her child in her own religion, and it is to be baptized by the Protestant pastor."

"How could you be such a fool!" exclaimed Madame.

"Fool or not, the promise is passed; and I abide by it."

"But you know," she insinuated, "a promise made to a heretic is not binding."

"Madame! would you have me break faith with my own wife?" said he with a voice of utter scorn.

"But she is a heretic," persisted the Comtesse.

"If there is to be peace between us," retorted Raymond, "you will never call her by that name again."

"Have you forgotten the terms of the marriage contract?" Madame asked angrily.

"What of it," said he, "if she and I agree to set it aside? I believe that a mother has the first claim over her child's body and soul; and as long as she teaches him to love and obey her——"

"Listen, Raymond," said the Comtesse, "I would rather see your child dead than entertain such a horrible proposal. There has never been a heretic Montaignu yet, and there never shall be, while I live to prevent it."

"Depend upon it, mother, if he wishes very much to be a Catholic when he grows up, I shall be the last man to prevent him."

"So," cried Madame, with unfeigned horror, "you would leave it to your son's option to be saved or damned! Very considerate of you, indeed! No, my son; for you, indeed, I fear there is but little hope, but I will do what I can to save my first grandchild from perdition. Heavens! that a son of mine should say such things to my face! What have I done to deserve such an affliction? I do not blame Estelle. If she, poor thing, wishes her child to be baptized by a heretic, 'tis because she knows no better. But to see you, who have received a Christian education, thus calmly propose to barter your child's

salvation, is so horrible that it makes me shudder. Alas! I know too well the origin of this laxity; it arises from the soul-destroying doctrines you imbibe from those wicked Socialist books you and your wife are so fond of reading."

"I am responsible to nobody for the books I read," said Raymond, whose patience was quite worn out.

"More's the pity," continued Madame; "especially when the books are written by such men as Comte and Proudhon. My director says——"

"Confound your director!" cried Raymond. "Will you please to understand, Madame, once for all, that I decline interference in my affairs of any kind whatever."

"I do it for the sake of your soul's salvation."

"I tell you, I won't be interfered with; I'll read what books I please: and hear me, Madame, if I and my wife choose, every one of our children shall be baptized by the Pastor."

"There is no salvation out of the pale of the Church!" shrieked Madame, with uplifted hands.

"And if you don't keep quiet, I'll become a Protestant too."

"Oh no, no, no!" cried she, bursting into tears. "My Raymond, my only son, turn heretic and kill me with grief and shame? Anything rather than see you forsake the Catholic Church."

Her distress was so genuine that her son was mollified. "Poor woman," he thought, "I suppose she is fond of me after a fashion, although she does manage to worry me out of my senses. Well, mother," he said aloud, "I won't do anything without due consideration. But you please to understand that I meant what I said just now about non-interference in my family concerns. As to my wife, I am much mistaken, mother, if she does not enter the kingdom of heaven—wherever that is—before you and me."

"Ah!" sighed the Comtesse, "if she were but Catholic! If that D'Eyrieu had been a man of talent, he would have converted her in a month. Raymond, I shall send for my director——"

"I beg you will do nothing of the kind," said he; "for neither my wife nor I wish to have anything to do with him. Now, mother, I am going to be quite open and above board. I am just about to write a note to Pastor Cazères to come and baptize the child. You can be present or not, as you please."

"Thank you, no," said his mother, turning up her nose. "Do you think I would remain in the same room for an instant with that man, so fat and so pompous?"

"A fault," Raymond returned, "which he possesses in common with the Archbishop, our dear cousin, nearly all the canons of the Cathedral, and nineteen out of twenty village curés."

There was unfortunately no denying this, so Madame merely shrugged her shoulders and walked away, declaring she washed her hands of Raymond and his wife and all belonging to them. After such a declaration, it was with extreme surprise that Raymond, as he followed Mrs. Russell into the drawing-room on hearing of the Pastor's arrival, perceived his mother there before him.

"Pray, how long may it take you to baptize a child?" Madame de Montaignu was saying, as she looked M. Cazères over from head to foot.

M. Cazères, perfectly undisturbed by the haughtiness of the Catholic Comtesse, replied that it was simply an affair of ten minutes.

"Ten minutes! Pray, can you get it properly done in that time?"

"Oh dear, yes; what was wanted save a good hearty prayer!" M. Cazères asked, with a look of extreme confidence in his abilities in that line.

Mrs. Russell heard and saw this skirmishing, and felt equally angry with Madame and with the Pastor. Madame, of course, meant to show her contempt for Huguenots. But why could not that vulgar pursy man have put on gown and bands, so as to have looked at least pseudo-clerical, instead of standing there in a dusty coat, looking as much as possible like a grocer! Raymond felt no anger with the Pastor; he took him as he found him. But he was angry with

his mother for her bad taste; nor was he better pleased when, as the child's name was asked, she took the words out of his mouth, and named him herself. The deed, however, was done, and could not be cancelled; and consequently, instead of the three names Raymond intended giving, *bébé* was carried back to his mamma with a string of appellations belonging to him, about fifteen in number, beginning with Louis Désiré Henri, and ending with Marie Joseph Jean-Baptiste, just for all the world as if he had been a prince of the Bourbon line.

Estelle was so happy, so grateful to her husband for having carried out her wish to have the child baptized in her own faith, that Raymond felt strengthened to re-enter the lists with his mother, if necessary.

"How beautiful he is!" whispered the young mother, with a sigh of intense happiness. "And what did you call him? A family name, of course."

"He has got enough names to make his head ache," said Raymond. "A conglomeration of all the ancestral names my mother could think of on the spur of the moment, of which, perhaps, the most sensible is Louis Désiré."

"Désiré! There could not be a better name than that." If the very trees had called out the name of Louis, she would not have cared, now. "Désiré! Ah!

Raymond dear, you are glad, doubtless; but you never, never can be so glad as I am."

"And to think," said Raymond after a pause, most injudiciously, it must be confessed—"to think of my mother actually wanting to send him away to the mountains to be nursed!"

"To the mountains! Send *my* baby away! How dare she interfere? How could she be so cruel?" cried Estelle, clasping her child tight. "Raymond, promise me I shall always keep my baby!"

Raymond promised willingly enough; but his injudicious speech did more harm than he had thought possible. He had not imagined, he said humbly, when taken to task by the authorities, that the maternal instinct could be so strongly developed in so short a period. Which apology was received with something very nearly approaching a sneer by his English mother-in-law.

"Your wife," said Mrs. Russell, with great emphasis, "will be like me in that respect, if in no other. I was devoted to my children from their birth." And, although Mrs. Russell praised herself, she spoke with perfect truth.

Raymond sighed to think of his own neglected infancy. "Thank Heaven," he muttered, "my son will be brought up differently. I am glad I married an Englishwoman."

To be continued.

ENGLISH ART.

BY JOHN BURNELL PAYNE.

I. RETROSPECT.

THE present condition of English Art is due in the main to two revolutionary movements—the pre-Raphaelite reaction of 1849, and the French reaction of 1862. It is impossible within the limits of an article to do more than sketch roughly the history of these movements, and their relations to other phenomena of the time. But such a sketch, however imperfect, will bring us within sight of an interesting question or two, and may have the effect besides of disentangling some obscurely mingled elements in the mental history of annual visitors to the Royal Academy.

Of all the departments of intellectual activity to which the Renaissance gave new life, painting and sculpture were the most partial in their influence. With an exception or two in Spain,—Italy and the Low Countries produced almost all the great painters of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. France had Nicolas Poussin and Le Sueur; England can show no native artist of the first or even of the second rank. Thus all the greater revolutions in Art left this country unaffected. There was no native tradition, either mediæval or classical; and Hogarth, the first great English painter, was also one of the greatest originators of whom the history of Art contains any record. By the true qualities of his genius, he belonged rather to the sixteenth than to the eighteenth century; resembled Shakespeare rather than Addison; founded no school, and left no successors. The theory and practice of Reynolds mark the first introduction among us of the so-called “great” tradition, which he stated and defended in his Lectures, though in his work he

assumed for himself a humbler position. This gifted artist taught that ideal greatness in Art was dependent upon the observance of a set of mechanical rules, which might be abstracted from the works of the great masters. The ideal of beauty was definable by minute proportions among the different features of the face and limbs of the body. A composition in the great manner should have a principal light occupying one-seventh of its space, and a principal shadow occupying one-third of the same. A kind of generalization ought to dignify the accessories. The materials of dresses should be of no particular texture; the soil and plants in the foreground of no marked variety. The actions represented should be heroic or sacred.

It is no wonder if rules like these were unfavourable to the production of great works. To those who have studied Raphael in our day it has become evident that they have no foundation in his practice; that he, like all other artists, founded his ideal creations on the forms which he observed around him, and that, by whatever process of imaginative elevation they were made fitting expressions for the ideas of majesty or holiness, their original character remained unchanged. But the eighteenth century was possessed with this illusion in reference to all the fine arts, and, as a consequence, its best products are those by which it set least store. Reynolds’ “Strawberry Girl” will outlive his “Ugolino,” and Addison’s “Sir Roger de Coverley” will be remembered when his “Cato,” in spite of Mr. Andrew Johnson’s recommendation, shall be forgotten.

The real work, both of Reynolds and of Gainsborough, was in the strictest sense original. They observed English landscape and English human nature.

with fresh perceptions, and represented both with a glowing sense of local and individual character, tinged with that modest and refined poetical elevation which was dear to the hearts, though scorned by the lips, of their contemporaries.¹ They have left behind them a manifold influence. English portrait-painting is to this day unsurpassed, and the strong tradition left by their achievements is as visible in the Exhibition of 1869 as ever. Through Constable our school of landscape gave birth to the French landscape of the Romantic movement; and through Turner, as well as through Constable, Gainsborough is the progenitor of our own existing landscape-painting. The theories of the "Lectures" have been equally fruitful, if not equally beneficial. On the one hand the painters of the school of literary or historical *genre*, including such men as Collins, Webster, and Mulready, were weakened and disheartened by the conviction that their work was of an inferior kind. The decline of drawing and science which marked the English school from the beginning to the middle of the present century was distinctly due to the fact that the studies which are necessary to make an accomplished artist were prescribed only with a view to the historical or ideal department of subject. The "Michael-Angelesque" became a jocosely synonym for presumptuous affectation. The "great masters" were studied indeed, and revered from a respectful distance, but this reverence, like devotion in the old age of a religion, bore no fruits of practice. The art of painting lost dignity in the hands of Webster and Mulready, which it did not regain through Etty, and which was changed into contempt at the impotent monstrosities of Haydon. "Gandish" with his "High Art" survives to mark the estimate which was formed

by the best minds of the pretensions of the English school.

In the meantime landscape had made vigorous progress. Constable and Turner, born within a year of each other, took up the study of nature where Gainsborough had left it. The originality of the former was from the first profoundly associated with his character and convictions. He was still very young when Sir George Beaumont asked him in whose style he proposed to work, and he returned the heroic answer, "In God Almighty's style, Sir George." We are told by his friend Mr. Uwins, that he regarded himself as sent into the world "to convince mankind that nature is beautiful." The scenery of his native Suffolk satisfied him to the last. "I love," said he, "every stile, and stump, and lane in the village [East Bergholt]: as long as I am able to hold a brush I shall never cease to paint them." The charm of his pictures arises from their absolute fidelity to sincerely-felt impressions. He saw our English nature in its simplest and most obvious aspects—the earth wrapped in moist vapour, and clothed with juicy green; a sky never clear; no broad or masterful sway of light, but all things shadowed and restrained in a richly-nourished tranquillity. From Constable's example, I think, has been derived the Anglicism of English landscape. The genius of Turner, as it is far less simple, so it has exercised a far less direct and natural influence upon subsequent art. His greatest power, as well as his greatest fame, has been acquired and transmitted by the aid of an interpreter, whose whole work will soon come to be considered in its proper place. It is sufficient here to express, with all respect, the opinion of an individual, that the position of a great master—that is, of a supremely successful executant of original conceptions—can only be claimed for Turner by excluding from the estimate the last twenty years (at least) of his artistic life. But taking his work as a whole, it sums up an important aspect of the intellectual history of England in his time—that extended as

¹ I speak of Sir Joshua as a landscape painter on the strength of a very beautiful specimen in Mr. Thomas Baring's collection, which recalls both by sentiment and design the landscapes of Rubens, another of those great men whose highest strength has been shown in the works they valued least.

well as intensified love of natural beauty which has made the hardships and dangers of Alpine travelling a pastime, and which, even if it is sometimes affected or forgotten in the means adopted to satisfy it, is nevertheless the most real form of emotional satisfaction that is widely diffused in our day.

Parallel and allied to the work of Constable and Turner was the rapid growth of the English art of water-colour. This process is as genuine a product of our soil as the existing manner in portrait-painting, or the realistic landscape of this century. Before Varley, the name was applied to drawings in pencil or chalk delicately coloured with tinted washes—a variety of art full of refinement, but exceedingly limited in means. In his hands, and in those of Barrett and Prout, it became what, until the last few years, we have known it—the art of drawing and colouring with transparent pigments. It was chiefly in this, its original form, that it acquired a popularity which has probably never been equalled by that of any variety of art,—a popularity due to the fact that the most obvious landscape effects are seized by it with perfect facility. The transparency of the medium appears to give to untrained spectators an immediate impression—of a luminous atmosphere for example—stronger than that which they derive from the corresponding effects in oil-painting. It is in satisfying such demands that water-colour is most fitly used, as for example in the admirable works of David Cox, which correspond to aphorisms in literature, and secure in like manner raciness, emphasis, and a certain convincing eloquence, without either the risks or the limitations of more sustained discourse. The increased use of body-colour has so far modified the practice of water-colour painters, that many of their works have almost all the qualities of oil-colour. Mr. Burne Jones's "Circe," in this year's exhibition of the Old Water-Colour Society, is a striking example of the force and fulness of colour which may be attained in this medium.

We have seen then that before 1849,

English art included two indigenous and progressive elements—portrait and landscape. It is important to remark that the latter was in the closest possible relation with the parallel development of literature, and especially of poetry. The "communion with Nature," of Wordsworth, had a special meaning to which a parallel expression in Obermann or Jean Paul would furnish no real analogy. In all the imaginary landscapes drawn by the great writers of the Continent, with the single exception perhaps of George Sand, the *sentiment du vague* is apt to rest upon a real vagueness of observation. To distinguish a *sauve pleureur* among trees, to tell a hawk from a heronshaw, is as fine a distinction as Lamartine or Hugo desire to make. But the Lakist who, as M. Taine puts it, seems always out for a walk, with a thick stick in his hand, and, it may be added, mostly walking on a rough path uphill—deals far more closely with Nature. When he addresses the little celandine, he is not thinking of a buttercup. This inclination towards accuracy of fulness of knowledge as a help to enjoyment of Nature is deeply rooted in the English character. Turner, in whom the national peculiarities were strongly marked, translated thus his emotions into statements of fact, and probably knew more about the minute aspects and operations of light, air, water, and vegetation than any other artist that ever lived. Mr. Ruskin was an admirer—so to say, disciple—of Wordsworth, and became by natural fitness the interpreter of Turner.

But that element in the movement of 1849 which was immediately influential on the practice of English artists, had another source. The reaction in favour of mediæval religion, literature, and art had been for some time due in England. Germany and France had each witnessed a vigorous attempt to break the yoke of the Renaissance tradition. The Revolution of July had precipitated the conflict, which was intensified by a change that dissolved for ever the supposed affinity of classical conventions for Republican-

ism, and of native traditions for monarchy and Catholicism. A similar misunderstanding had prevailed in England; besides which, a society hardly touched by the great Revolution experienced the reaction of sentiment in a milder form. Scott's inaccurate but picturesque Gothic contented English readers, whose sympathy stops short in time at the Reformation as readily as it does in space at either Channel. From all these causes, and others, it happened that the mediæval revival on the Continent met with little recognition or imitation in England. Its first appearance here was indeed unfortunate, for it came in the questionable shape of Puseyism. The pre-Raphaelite movement in its early days was naturally suspected of an alliance with Popery, and the author of the "Essay on Sheepfolds" was a valuable ally, not only on other grounds, but also because of his undoubted Protestantism; but it was soon seen to be neither a Protestant nor Popish dogma that these young painters felt called to proclaim.

They aspired to no more or to no less than to be the reformers of English art. The academical theories had fallen into a contempt which was only too well justified by the doings of their authorized exponents. What good work was produced came in spite of them, or in neglect of them; and since artists as a body renounced all the higher claims which had been asserted in the great times of Art, so the lower efforts of which alone they thought themselves capable sank into mere manifestations of a slovenly conventional facility. With the instinct of revolutionists, the pre-Raphaelites attacked the principles which were asserted to form the basis of the existing practice. "Raphael is your model? But there were painters before Raphael. The 'great manner' was the perversion of a greater, before the thoughts and works of dead men had been revived to control the living. Mechanical rules cannot help you to idealize: Nature herself will do that." And then all the train of time-honoured maxims about the following of Nature, the duty

of a humble attitude towards that which is—so hard to deny, so much in need of explanation and limitation—came in with the force of new discoveries. In the Exhibition of 1849, the astonished public saw these views embodied for the first time in Mr. Millais' "Isabella" and Mr. Hunt's "Rienzi." These works were in startling contrast with the practice of the day, and, it may be added, with that of all periods in which Art has in any degree satisfied love of beauty. In their hard-favoured countenances and sternly realistic forms, as well as in the minute treatment of detail, they resemble rather the early Flemish and German pictures than any of the Italian schools. They followed the practice of the times when practice was based on insufficient observation, by banishing the use of half-tints; thus wiping out at a blow atmospheric truth and the suggestions of imaginative pleasure which have gathered round subdued colour and the capricious mysteries of shade. Finally, there was in these and in all the early pre-Raphaelite pictures an additional and peculiar quaintness, apparently studied, of which the causes are more recondite because evidently not voluntary. Something may be due to the sense of constraint which an intense desire to be natural in an artificial world provokes from the irony of fate. But the chief cause was probably that which is most obviously suggested by the circumstances. A certain tender simplicity, rightly called artlessness, is proper to the times in which only a small portion of men's actions have been brought under the light of reflection, before leisure, peace, and inherited sensibility have combined to produce a habit of criticism. In the pre-critical ages, men were content to remember, and capable of enjoying in record, movements, attitudes, and actions which to their descendants seem painfully discordant with the sentiments or events to which they are attached by association. The attempt to set ourselves back into that lost state of mind is like trying to jump off our shadow. The acquired nature has become, by hereditary transmission, one

with the original stock. Strong necessity forbids us to be simple, as men were simple to whom life itself and their own thoughts presented in comparison little variety; and the attempt to be so is avenged by the appearance of a special affectation.

If the works of Mr. D. G. Rossetti were, or indeed had ever been, accessible to the public,¹ I could appeal to them by way of supplement to what has been just said in reference to the general character of the earlier exhibited pictures of the pre-Raphaelites. Mr. Rossetti's works were, indeed, at this time, neither devoid of beauty, nor bare of atmosphere, nor harsh in colour, nor ungainly in gesture; but they were profoundly tinged with quaintness, if the word can be used in consistency with the limitations just stated. Poetical intensity took the form in them, as in Keats's "Endymion," of a passionate supersubtily—an artless, almost plaintive, refinement. Qualities of this kind, though they almost invariably mark the first attempts of true genius, are always misunderstood by the greater number, for whom all that the most favouring circumstances can do is to provide two or three strictly conventional modes of elevated enjoyment. Mr. Rossetti's work has, however, exerted an influence on artists themselves altogether out of comparison with the scanty extra-professional recognition it has received. The mediæval element in pre-Raphaelitism and in contemporary poetry is probably due to his initiative, while the realistic side of the matter has an indigenous ground in the tendencies represented at first by Wordsworth and Turner, and summed up later by Mr. Ruskin.

Only the first two volumes of "Modern Painters" had been published in 1849, when the pre-Raphaelites made their first protest. The first of these was devoted, as we all know, to asserting the excellence of English landscape-

painting against the Continental schools, and the second to ascertaining some of the principles of landscape art. This glorious book did two things: it created at once, by the mere contagion of its clear and noble enthusiasm, a public—a sympathetic environment for Art and all its interests; and reasserted for landscape-painting a high standard of truth and feeling from which it had been steadily falling under the dynasty of the drawing-masters—the painters who had a "touch" for each kind of tree, who communicated a shorthand of "effects," and were, in fact, like Academicians seen through the wrong end of the telescope. There were, no doubt, points of contact between Mr. Ruskin's views and those which led to the pre-Raphaelite reaction. There was a common opposition, though on different grounds, to the Academy and to academical teaching; a common leaning to exactness and fulness of imitation, and a common inclination—though this, as it proved, was a passing phase of feeling with the chief pre-Raphaelites—towards using Art consciously to express moral truths and compass moral ends. Moved, probably more by such general coincidences of view as this than by a complete sympathy with their aims and methods; and recognising, with the assurance of insight, that there was ability on their side, and, for the most part, "other-than-ability" on the side of their opponents, Mr. Ruskin published a pamphlet in defence of their works ("Pre-Raphaelitism," 1851). This does not concern us here further than it gives us occasion to note that Mr. Ruskin and the pre-Raphaelites henceforth appeared to the public to make a common front, and that his successive appearances in several subsequent years as their defender, in his "Notes" on the

¹ This word, in 1869, means something very different from what it meant twenty years ago, and includes a very large number of persons in whom the announcement of an Exhibition of Mr. Rossetti's works would raise expectations of the highest pleasure.

¹ So, in the pamphlet of which I am about to speak, the pre-Raphaelites are bidden to be assured "there is a great truth lurking in that common desire of men to see things done in what they call a 'masterly,' or 'bold,' or 'broad' manner. . . . The freedom of the lines of nature can only be represented by a similar freedom in the hand that follows them."—*Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 63, 64.

Exhibition of the Royal Academy, confirmed this view.

Let us take account once more then of the varieties subsisting in English art after the pre-Raphaelite movement had called up again the stir of life.

The old historical, or historical *genre*, painters went on, and most of the exhibiting youth followed them more or less. But in spite of all the outcry against it, pre-Raphaelitism was spreading laterally, and improving especially the colour of many who little suspected the fact.

The highly artificial school of landscape which was in possession of the field remained so, both at the Academy and at the Water-Colours, with but little lateral influence from pre-Raphaelitism; least of all at the Water-Colours, where a facile and saleable method was more in request than one founded on this or that principle.

The pre-Raphaelites—who increased very slowly in (exhibiting) numbers, owing partly to Academic repression, partly to defections—were changing or developing their practice. Mr. Millais early deserted religious symbolism for subjects of history or contemporary life. In the "*Huguenot*" (1852), he displayed for the first time his great, though apparently capricious dramatic faculty. In "*Autumn Leaves*" (1856), he displayed, for the last time up till this day, in my humble opinion, the intimate and penetrating poetry of which he was once a master. From that year to this, he has continued to gain in mastery over the art of painting; and there is now probably no living man of the same vigour as a colourist.

A sternly realist school of landscape appeared in these years. Mr. Inchbold and Mr. Brett may be said to have re-discovered foreground; and the minute studies which they produced, chiefly of foreground details, showed both knowledge and feeling. Both have since painted greater subjects in a broader style. Their work has had many imitators, the majority of whom imitate the *look* of detail rather than the details of their subject. Nothing is more mind-

less than this sham pre-Raphaelitism, which takes in many of the visitors to the Academy, if one may judge by their remarks. Real detail is worth spending labour upon, if only as a *procès-verbal*. Sham detail is like the "graining" of a door to represent that wood of which it is not made. It will please the vulgar, but should deceive nobody.

In spite of all that pre-Raphaelitism had done for English art, it had not given that which it was itself in want of—technical knowledge. By technical knowledge I mean, first, the power of drawing, in the most speedy and at the same time accurate manner arrived at by human experience, the outlines and varying surfaces of all things, more especially of the human frame; then the method of painting, and the value of colours, light and shade, and composition, both in lines and masses. Artists educated in England, if they possess these and a hundred other necessary faculties, have laboriously acquired them for themselves, by a process of solitary experiment. For the Academy, however academical, has never yet done its work in England as a teaching institution. To pre-Raphaelites, it may be presumed, all this seemed to tend to the "Lectures," and hence their indifference, for themselves and others, to a refined accuracy of drawing. But it was just when the doctrines expounded by Reynolds were bearing their most abundant fruit on the Continent, that the Continental schools were at their lowest—we had almost said their vilest—and it needed not only the French Revolution, but also M. Jacques David, the intimate friend of Robespierre, to restore the importance of Art. Under this terrible master, French painting was drilled and trained into accuracy and seriousness after its period of debauch under the two last Louises. To drop metaphor, he introduced an extreme severity of colour and drawing, and got his countrymen to accept it as part of the dowry of the Revolution. A whole generation of artists had virtually no other master; and though they grew up in many cases

to renounce his allegiance, yet they could not renounce that cunning of the hand which they had earned in painting nude figures in hard cold colour. By a singular fate, David, after the Restoration had banished the regicides from France, took up his abode in Brussels, and became, during the last ten years of his life, the restorer of the Flemish school. As the founder of a new and rigid academical system, David has perhaps been the author of as much misery as happiness to the world. Some relaxation was introduced into the academical tradition by Ingres, whom we, in our turn, have come to look upon as a veteran of "severity." From 1822 to 1830, Eugène Delacroix was fighting the battle of freedom, and with the old monarchy the old régime in painting disappeared, or at least abdicated, in July 1830. Since that time of Romantic triumph the greatest licence has prevailed about subject, treatment, and many of the other points to which the old restrictions were directed; but it is not, we believe, maintained by any one that in the matters more properly amenable to discipline there has been serious decline. Mere blunders in drawing are regarded in France as disgraceful to an artist, in the same degree that a blunder in grammar is disgraceful to a public speaker. In either case, there may be licences which are actually called for by the sense, needed

or natural to emphasize a point. Such variations are incidental to a fervent temperament, and have nothing in common with ignorance. Only long-continued observation and practice can enable a man to draw from a model in a difficult position with tolerable accuracy: how much more to predict and put in the exact position of this or that limb in a crowded scene! But it is unnecessary to prove that drawing is a most difficult art, and needs to be learnt long and laboriously, from a master whose business it is to make sure that the pupil learns it, and whose responsibility is not divided. With regard to painting, it will be generally agreed by those competent to form an opinion, that there is only one place for learning it, and that is the workshop of a painter.

What wonder, then, if in technical qualities English art stands lower than that of any European nation, seeing that the teaching of drawing is here unsystematic and perfunctory, while there is absolutely no means whatever of learning how to paint? Our deficiencies in these respects were brought vividly home to us in 1862, when the foreign rooms at the International Exhibition gave a refreshing sense of sanity and power by their contrast with the caprice and ignorance that characterised our own display. How the lesson told shall be considered in another article.

To be continued.

M. VICTOR HUGO'S NEW ROMANCE.

THE merits and the faults of M. Victor Hugo in his capacity of prose-writer are by this time pretty conclusively established and understood. Those who care least for his romances admit their power, while those who admire them most admit their extravagance. The reader of *Les Misérables*, or *The Toilers of the Sea*, perceives that he is in the presence of an author of superb imagination, striking power of expression, and elevated and intense social feeling. In describing the forces of nature, their cruelty, inscrutableness, blindness, Hugo has no rival. In describing the hardly less blind and cruel working of the forces of society, of the wills and passions of men ruining the lives of blameless ones, of foregoing destinies which cursed human creatures before they were born into the world, he is impressive above all men that have written in any tongue; because to an Oriental sense of the stupendousness of pre-ordained Fate he adds the rebellious sense, peculiar to the Western, of its horror and exasperating moral wrong. But the question among critics with reference to Victor Hugo as novelist is mostly a question of excess or proportion. One school refuses to pardon to his genius the absence of balance in phrase, in sentiment, in construction. It finds his figures monstrous, his colouring violent and unnatural, his composition theatrical, strained, and intolerably self-conscious. His sincerity of social feeling is not impugned, but the self-indulgent violence and artificiality of representation are held to bring this inner sincerity down to the level, practically viewed, of actual falsehood; for is not overstrained truth of the nature of untruth?

In distinction from critics of this stamp, who worship form and adore moderation, are others who, while not failing in their relish for sober and harmonious tone and perfect finish and

proportion, yet insist on doing justice to the art of gigantic strokes, violent contrast and colossal canvas, provided only it be found along with humanity of purpose and penetrating vision. The last two justifying qualities one can hardly deny to Hugo; and it is particularly needless to deny them to him in connexion with his last work, or to enter into any general discussion about them, because this work is so crowded with absurdities and follies that the author's characteristic merits hardly appear, and therefore can hardly be pleaded in set-off, as, in our opinion, they certainly ought to be in the case of the *Misérables* or the *Travailleurs de la Mer*. In the present instance the question no longer appears in its usual form as a question of proportion, harmony, or balance. The striking faults are not the usual faults of excess. The book is profoundly unsatisfactory, not because the author declaims, or blows out rhetorical cheeks, or offends us with passages of prolonged staccato, or is ever striking a melodramatic attitude. These evil things are here too, abundant as ever, but one loses sight of them in the universal medley of extravagances. And it should be said that a writer who permits himself to be extravagant should at any rate never permit himself to be weakly extravagant. *Si peccas peccas fortiter*. If reality is to be outraged, and the course of human probability to have violence done to it, at least let largeness of feeling, and reasonableness of ultimate design, and size of the forming ideas, recompense us for poverty or eccentricity in details. Hitherto Victor Hugo has saved himself, in the eyes of the catholic critic at all events, for he has redeemed much that is ridiculous by more that is sublime. His conception has generally been great and moving, and under shadow of this a good many dwarfing eccentricities went, not exactly

unobserved, but easily and gladly disregarded, as not being of the essence of the matter. Perhaps there was always absent that element of self-respect which should restrain an artist from pursuing effect at all hazard, without scruple or limit, and hold him back from resort to devices and arts unworthy of his genius and his character. No man who will condescend to take the reader by storm anyhow, can be held to respect himself; and the artist who fails in the perfection of self-respect is tolerably sure to end in the strangest quagmires and most distorted achievement. This consideration is the drawback to one's enjoyment of artistic unscrupulousness in connexion with artistic power. We are charmed by boldness, originality, and a vehement expression of the writer's own personality, but we ought to be filled with alarm for what all this may come to and end in. The qualities which have given you sublimity may, in their degeneracy, give you only the grotesque; and a contempt for reserve and moderation and self-restraint, which in the hey-day of creative vigour is not inconsistent with permanently noble work, is more likely than not to end in the production of simply barbarous ugliness. This is one reason why it is worth while to call attention to M. Victor Hugo's newly-published novel, the most recent example of what unscrupulous and immoderate straining after effect may bring even one of the greatest of authors down to. The lesson is not agreeable or pleasant to meditate, for one would always prefer to find a man of Hugo's genius and humanity wholly admirable, or at least to forget his failings as kindly as we know how; but if not agreeable, the warning is wholesome. Power is essentially rebellious against accepted and currently imposed forms, and if the rebellion be judicious, it is the secret of new shapes of artistic perfection. If, however, it be perverse, wild, and egotistic, it only gives us monsters.

Those who knew how little M. Hugo understands England, her history, her people, her tongue, were from the first prepared for strange things, when it

was stated that the scene of *L'Homme qui rit* was fixed in this country. These forebodings of strange things have been more than justified; we find ourselves plunged into the midst of things the very strangest. We have hardly got through thirty pages when we are confronted by an astounding list of the English peerage in the time of James II, ending with one, "Lord Linnæus Clancharlie," as funny and impossible a title as anyone could wish to invent. Lord Linnæus Clancharlie has an illegitimate son, fearfully and wonderfully named, Lord David Dirry-Moir; "he was lord by courtesy," the author explains, "his mother being a lady of quality." Then there is a Duchess Josiane, an illegitimate daughter of James II, over whom, by the by, Queen Anne has the marvellous prerogative of being able to force her to marry a given person. Surely, no living creature could have been by any chance styled "Lady Josiane" at this time, and still less could the Constitution in Anne's reign empower the sovereign to ordain compulsory marriages upon royal bastards. One would like to know too by what law of verbal formation we come to such a word as Gwynplaine, the name of the unfortunate *homme qui rit*. And ever so little pains would have taught M. Hugo that it is not only unusual, but practically impossible, for the populace of Southwark to christen a sailor Tom-Jim-Jack. Mark the following exquisite bit of dialogue:—

"Comment es-tu ici, Gwynplaine?
Et toi, Tom-Jim-Jack, comment y viens-tu?
Tu t'es déguisé pour venir ici, Gwynplaine.
Et toi aussi, Tom-Jim-Jack.
Gwynplaine, que signifie cet habit de seigneur?
Tom-Jim-Jack, que signifie cet habit d'officier?
Gwynplaine, je ne réponds pas aux questions.
Ni moi, Tom-Jim-Jack.
Gwynplaine, je ne m'appelle pas Tom-Jim-Jack.
Tom-Jim-Jack, je ne m'appelle pas Gwynplaine.
Gwynplaine, je suis ici chez moi.
Je suis ici chez moi, Tom-Jim-Jack."

—Vol. iv. p. 150.

These whimsical absurdities of designation are the less pardonable, because M. Hugo is excessively fond of a parade of minute erudition and elaborate exactitude; and his present work, like its predecessors, has many whole pages of ostentatious display of a learned realism, which is in truth uncommonly hollow. Far-fetched bits of knowledge may impose upon the groundlings, and even upon the author himself; yet one would gladly surrender the whole parcel of these purple patches, if only the writer had taken the pains to make a sober acquaintance with the facts essential to the truth and effectiveness of that local colouring by which he seems to set so much store. The chapter on the *Comprachicos* in the first volume is prodigious in its profusion of ethnological strokes, and yet the whole nomenclature of the book is prodigious for its ethnological confusion. How, we should be glad to know, did any official in the English Admiralty come to be called *Barkilphedro*? One would look leniently enough upon blunders of this stamp, if the writer did not expressly invite our attention to his realism and his learning by such superfluous devices as carefully setting down the conversations of the *Comprachicos* now and again in real Spanish.

But there is a deeper unreality than this of surface. "The true title of this book," says the author in his preface, "would be *Aristocracy*. Another book, which is to follow, will possibly be called *Monarchy*. And these two books, if it is allowed the author to complete his work, will precede and lead to another, to be called '*93*.' "*L'Homme qui rit*," therefore, is designed for a large study of the aristocratic spirit and its fruits. "It is in England that this phenomenon, *la Seigneurie*, must be studied, just as it is in France that we must study the phenomenon *Royalty*." And this is, of course, quite true historically. In France, the course of development lay towards a consolidated and centralized monarchy, from a bundle of detached and half-sovereign states. In England,

on the other hand, the nobles gradually became strong, and royal prerogative grew weak in proportion. In France, before 1789, the monarchic idea was supreme; in England, after 1688, a patrician oligarchy, recruited from commerce, and slightly from law, took the reins into their hands, and held them without much interruption until the first Reform of the Lower House. What is still more important, the social power was theirs, as it is to so large an extent theirs even to this hour. It is strictly correct, then, that the part which oligarchic or aristocratic institutions and spirit have played in the history of mankind in Western Europe, should be studied in England. And it is undeniable, that from M. Hugo's social point of view, and with the power which he has so abundantly shown in previous works of vivid, fiery, and intense presentation, the ideas of our aristocracy, the gulf which separates them from the labourers whose sweat earns their luxury, the meannesses by which the new rich crawl towards the class which has the fortune to possess ancestors, would all have furnished a splendid subject for an impassioned protest and remonstrance in the name of humanity, love, and justice. We say nothing as to the philosophic value which such a diatribe would have been likely to possess, nor as to its artistic fitness, nor as to the help which it might have contained towards a worthy solution of the problems and difficulties of the time. Many considerations would in such a case have deserved weighing which are now wholly superfluous. Instead of a study we have a burlesque; instead of a sublime protest we have a parody: for men and women the reader watches monsters, for a play of passion the contortion of a phrenetic imagination, for high and sober dealing with the ruling facts of human relation a mere revel of grotesques. The least that one could ask in a study of aristocracy or of anything else is, that there should be some sort of reproduction of the conditions of the object studied. Exaggerate the scale as largely as you will; be ingenious, original, startling as you will in

the discovery of new aspects and unsurpassed bearings; but in the name of all truth and fitness of things, let verisimilitude count for a little among the virtues of the poet, and this above all, if the poet have turned round and posed himself as the social philosopher.

The shape and mould of the new study of our aristocracy is this. A band of lawless vagrants, in the reign of William III. fleeing from new laws against foreign vagabonds, are disclosed to us as they embark on board a strange bark in Portland Bay: one after another of the troop crosses the plank which connects the boat with the shore, until the last of them upsets the plank, leaving behind on the rock a child of ten, amazed and stupefied at the desolation in which he is thus unexpectedly left. The band is a band of the Comprachicos, adepts in child-stealing, and in the subtler arts of the mutilation and disfigurement of children whose identity, for this reason or for that, was inconvenient to anybody powerful enough to hire and pay the Comprachicos. The child is one of their victims, the son of a rebellious and exiled nobleman, Lord Clancharlie. James II. hated the exile, and by his orders the unhappy infant had been seized by the Comprachicos, the most skilful of whose number had then craftily, by knife and searing-iron, by bandage and compress, made the creature's face over again, in such sort that a frightful and ghastly grin was stamped upon it for all time. Hence, "*L'homme qui rit*." The first volume, which introduces us to our monstrous hero, presents to us also Ursus, a travelling showman of the philosophizing type, now tolerably familiar in fiction; Homo, his dumbly philosophizing wolf; and Dea, whom Gwynplaine had rescued on the night when he had been abandoned by the Comprachicos, as she lay, an infant, perishing in a snow-drift, on the bosom of a dead mother. The two babes find shelter in the depth of the night with the showman, and the fortunes of the three are henceforth inextricably bound up together.

The power shown in the first volume is, in its own order, supreme; though to the reader who remembers the sublimities of *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, the power has none of the attraction that springs of novelty. The description of the snow-storm at sea, in which the bark containing the fugitive Comprachicos, after half a score of magic escapes, at length founders in smooth water, is full of splendid touches, of force, and of a fine sustentation. There are intrusive bits of melodrama and intrusive bits of pedantry, but they instantly pass forth again from the reader's mind amid the striking and absorbing horrors of the nocturnal tempest. We forget the offence of flashy antithesis, and patchy erudition, in the power which can call up so vividly before us the sound of the roaring of the abysses of the sea, the mysterious ever-changing wail of the winds, and the sight in the darkness of the cloud of spectral profiles, preter-human shapes, and monstrous terrifying forms. There is hardly less force, though perhaps it is less effective on a first reading, in the companion piece, the description of the same storm on land. One receives a sublime impression of resistless desolation; the wretched child makes his way for very life over rugged and ice-glazed crags, over moors swept by biting winds laden with blinding snow; through streets of silent, darkened, pitiless houses; under a gibbet where a troop of carrion-crows with dire cries rend the flesh off the bones. There is possibly a strain after horrors in the elaboration of the frightful scene of the gibbet; the hideous details of sight and sound, of ghastly form, rusty creaking chain, ravening beaks, are piled up with an effect that is rather coarse and theatric than such as a more fastidious and scrupulous artist would desire. After all, it is so easy to be horrible; no effect is so cheaply attainable, provided you will stoop to the cheap method, which it must be avowed that Victor Hugo does not always disdain to do. To plant a group of crows on a gibbet is permissible enough, no doubt; but is it well to gloat for paragraph after paragraph upon

so vile a scene? The long combat between the foul crows and the carcase violently drawn and tossed from under them, first in this direction, then in that, by the fitful vehemence of the wind, is an excess of rebellion against the loveliness and harmony of art. "Le mort" *"sembla pris d'une vie monstrueuse. Les souffles le soulevaient comme s'ils allaient l'emporter; on eût dit qu'il se débattait et qu'il faisait effort pour s'évader; son carcan le retenait. Les oiseaux répercutaient tous ses mouvements, reculant, puis se ruant, effarouchés et acharnés. Le mort poussé par tous les spasmes de la bise avait des soubresauts, des chocs, des accès de colère, allait, venait, montait, tombait, refoulant l'essaim éparpillé. Le mort était massue, l'essaim était poussière. La féroce volée assaillante ne lâchait pas prise et s'opiniâtrait. Le mort, comme saisi de folie sous cette meute de bœcs," &c. &c.* This is but a touch, from which the reader may conjecture the rest. However we may settle to draw the line between melodrama and tragedy, it is certain that here, at any rate, is melodrama of the coarsest.

Whatever may be the faults of the first volume, they sink into insignificance when we find that, compared with the three volumes which follow, this is faultless. With one or two exceptions, which we shall point out presently, the staple of three-fourths of the work is moonshine, and moonshine made ugly by a hundred distortions and grotesque artifices. The plot may be stated very shortly indeed, such as it is. Gwynplaine and Dea wander over the country with Ursus, the terrible hideousness of the Man with the Grin exerting a profound fascination over the crowd at all fairs and public gatherings at which he performs. Eventually they come to Southwark, at that time, says M. Hugo, who must be supposed to know, pronounced *Soudric*; "to-day, it is called *Sous-souorc*, or something very like it." One night an astonishing person called "le Wapentake" makes his appearance in "le Green Box," and tapping Gwynplaine on the shoulder with an iron rod bids him fol-

low, an injunction to which Gwynplaine instantly submits, remembering a lecture which Ursus had given him a little while before upon the nature and functions of the Wapentake, and which is perhaps as droll a piece of absurdity as anything in an absurd book:

"Qu'est ce que c'est que le Wapentake ?
C'est le bailli de la centaine.
Qu'est ce que c'est que le bailli de la centaine ?
C'est le *præpositus hundredi*.
Qu'est ce que c'est que le *præpositus hundredi* ?
C'est un officier terrible.
Qu'est ce qu'il a à la main ?
C'est l'iron-weapon.
Qu'est ce que l'iron-weapon ?
C'est une chose de fer."

And so this most preposterous catechism goes on over some three pages. No wonder that Gwynplaine follows the terrible Wapentake. By and by he finds himself in a dungeon, where, after much melodramatic conjuring and mystery, it comes out that the Comprachicos just before foundering had written out a confession of the crime which they had aided and abetted in stealing the son of Lord Clancharlie and mutilating him; that this confession, which had been enclosed in a gourd, had floated on the waves, and somehow found its way into the hands of an Admiralty official; that he had discovered in the prisons of Chatham or elsewhere the member of the vagrant band who had actually performed and tended the mutilating process. The malefactor is now confronted with his victim, whom he has no difficulty in recognising, because the peculiar operation of *denasatio* was known to nobody but himself, and he had only performed it upon the son of Lord Clancharlie. Thus all becomes clear and in order; and Gwynplaine to his amazement hears himself addressed as "my lord." "You fancy yourself Gwynplaine," says one to him; "you are Clancharlie. You fancy yourself of the people; you are of the nobility. You fancy yourself in the lowest rank; you are in the highest. You fancy yourself a mountebank, you are a senator;" and so forth and so forth,

in the most consummate staccato. This brings us to the close of the third volume. Into the opening act of the last volume it will perhaps be as well not to enter. The Duchess Josiane is one of those morbid female studies which Victor Hugo might wisely have left to the sickly grossness of M. Feydeau. *Noblesse oblige*, and it is mournful that a writer of Hugo's size and power should sink to the elaboration of a gross and brutal scene between a ravenous Messalina and the satyr that lurked in Gwynplaine, as in the rest of men. We shall look forward with some interest to the way in which the translator will reduce this passage to the tone demanded by English opinion. Its reproduction in any shape will exact a good deal of skill, and, however dexterously it may be done, the picture is sure to be spoilt, because the grossness which is of its very essence must necessarily be abandoned.

From rank impurity we pass on to rank puerility. The new Lord Clancharlie takes his seat in the House of Peers, the whole ceremony being described with a plenitude of detail that might be very impressive if it were a little less childish. The scene culminates in a fine piece of eloquent speaking on the part of Gwynplaine-Clancharlie, which would be a good deal more appropriate if it were put in the mouth of a Parisian socialist in the nineteenth century, instead of being given to a mountebank in the first decade of the eighteenth. A bill is before the House for augmenting the income of the Royal Consort, George of Denmark. The sight of the horrible Clancharlie is "as though on the mountain reserved for the gods, at some feast of a summer eve, there had all at once appeared the face of Prometheus, ravaged by the vulture's beak." Still in the midst of the universal horror he has a hearing. "My lords," he begins, "you are set on high. It is well. We must suppose that God has His reasons for this. You have power, wealth, joy, the sun immovable in your zenith, authority without limit, enjoyment without the participation of

others, a profound oblivion of all the world besides. So be it. But there is something underneath you,—above you it may be. My lords, I come to bring you new information. The human race exists." Presently he warns them that "the true master of the house is about to knock at the door. What is the father of privilege? Chance. And what its child? Abuse. Neither chance nor abuse are firm. I come to warn you. I come to denounce your happiness. It is made out of the misery of others. You have all, and this All is composed out of the Nothing of the rest." Warned by his waxing emotions and stung by the insolent ridicule of the people about him, he becomes almost monosyllabic in the compressed intensity of his speech. "I am a symbol. I incarnate all. I represent humanity such as its masters have made it. Man is a being mutilated. What has been done to me has been done to the human race. For it, law, justice, truth, reason, intelligence, have been distorted, as for me, eyes, ears, nostrils; as for me, so for it, the heart has been turned into a foul pit of wrath and misery, while there is on the face a mask of content. Where the finger of God was placed the claw of the king has impressed itself. Monstrous superstition!" This is a study of nobility with a vengeance.

The end of it all is easily told. Gwynplaine goes in search of Ursus and Dea, who believe him to be lying in some royal dungeon, dead or alive. He finds them, by the aid of Homo, on board a vessel in the Thames bound for Holland. His return gives Dea a glimpse of paradise, but the blow of his absence has been too heavy, and Dea expires. In the calm of a deadly despair he goes on deck, and with a steady step marches overboard in the darkness of a starless night into the sombre waters of the sea. It will be remembered that Gilliatt, in like manner, in the "Toilers of the Sea," overmastered by a miserable destiny, lets the rising tide flow over him, not caring to live after he had lost all that he had lived for. There is a deep beauty, it must be confessed, in the episode of Dea.

She is blind, and so does not know the hideousness of the man who while yet a child was her deliverer, and who has ever since been her comrade and dear protector. Each is the victim of hard fate. To each, life opens already accursed. Each is to the other as a star in the midst of a black and silent gulf. The situation is from the first terrible, yet not unlovely. Pondering it, one must be struck by the pathos of the actual position, and the tragic significance of all that it is the emblem of: if only the surrounding were less grotesque, the want of simplicity and reality elsewhere

less glaring; if only the writer had in the rest of the story tempered his invention with the same single-minded respect for nature. Elsewhere, indeed, there are glimpses of wide and sublime prospect, rich with touching suggestion and impression that reaches to the very foundations and base of reflection. But an author of Victor Hugo's power might well have found some better way of revealing to the world these fine points of inlook and outlook, than by dragging us through a tangle of absurdity and fantastic unreality in order to attain them.

OUR NATIONAL INSURANCE.

AFTER the Whitsuntide recess the attention of the House of Commons, which has rather flagged over the last phases of the Irish Church Bill, will be directed to the consideration of military subjects. The Army Estimates have been long formally brought before the notice of the House, but their details have not yet been seriously considered; and it is in the discussion of these details that the views of individual members on necessary military reforms are annually expressed. This year, however, the passage of the various votes demanded in the Army Estimates through Committee will be watched with no common interest; for the Secretary of State for War stands avowedly committed to military reform, and must be soon prepared to indicate to the House the direction of his future policy.

The whole question of military organization in this country is one of insurance. No sane man can for a moment believe that England will enter upon an unprovoked or offensive war. No one would wish to see our military resources manipulated with such an object. The arm-bearing men of this country are maintained solely with the view of defending the wealth and property of the nation, and of its outlying possessions, and it is worthy of serious reflection that of the numerous writers who have lately contributed to military literature, all without exception consider that, for the purposes of national security, our military forces are neither numerically nor organically efficient. Of these writers, the works of three¹ have excited parti-

cular attention, and may be well selected as expositions of views of the same subject taken from three several points. Sir John Burgoyne, the veteran Engineer officer, regards our defensive forces as a whole, and seeks to improve all in a proportionate degree for a common purpose and a common object. Colonel Baker details the necessities of the regular army, while Lieutenant-Colonel James Baker deals solely with the most numerous and most internal of our defensive forces, the Volunteers. The opinions of these authors, formed under very different conditions, all culminate in one point; all energetically insist that our present system of defence is cumbrous, costly, and unsatisfactory, and that it must be greatly altered before it can achieve the objects for which it is intended.

Reforms in the military constitution of this country must be conducted on principles which take into consideration our national characteristics. It is impossible to introduce into England servile plagiarisms of Continental military systems, however intrinsically excellent, because the people are not prepared to undergo a conscription, and because our army is required to find garrisons for outlying colonies and dependencies which require more than half its battalions to be continually absent from home, and engaged in foreign service. These battalions while abroad must be reinforced, recruited, and relieved from home; so that for all practical purposes, except the expenditure of ammunition and the losses in battle, the British army may be considered to be always engaged in war. The administrators of our military system must here find their great practical difficulties both in the formation of the regular army and its economical maintenance. The absence of conscription entails a system of voluntary enlistment which is impeded by the

¹ 1. "Our Volunteer Army: a Plan for its Organization." By James Baker, late 8th Hussars, and Lieutenant-Colonel Cambridge University Volunteers.

2. "Army Reform." By Colonel Valentine Baker, 10th Royal Hussars.

3. "Our Defensive Forces." By Field-Marshal Sir John Fox Burgoyne, Bart., G.C.B.

necessity of foreign service; and the two combined necessitate a financial expenditure upon both the recruit and the soldier from which all Continental Powers are exempt.

Our military resources consist of the Regular Army, the Militia, the Army of Reserve, the enrolled Pensioners, and the Volunteers. Before discussing any of the suggested means of placing these forces on a more efficient footing, it is necessary briefly to consider for what duties they would be required in case of war. At present the infantry of the regular army consists of 7 battalions of Guards, and 141 of the Line. When the changes contemplated in the latest Army Estimates have been carried into effect, sixty-one of the latter will be stationed in England and eighty in India and the colonies. The garrison of India can hardly be reduced in the number of its men, although the same number as at present might be more economically diffused through a smaller number of battalions. It has been the steady policy of our consecutive Governments of late to reduce the Imperial garrisons of the colonies, and there are very strong reasons both on military and political grounds why this policy should be continued. The battalions stationed in the colonies are so widely scattered that they form no efficient force, and in case of war would, in all probability, if the colony were invaded, be made prisoners of war in detail; and if their colony were not invaded, they must be idle spectators of distant contests, in which they would not be available. It is a well-known military axiom that any dissemination of force is bad, and exposes the fractions so disseminated to defeat and capture piecemeal. As Mr. Cardwell truly observed in the House of Commons, our best method of defending our colonies is by declaring openly that war with a colony is war with England, and this will be no idle declaration, of small effect, if the military and naval resources of England are placed on an efficient footing. We might then with perfect safety withdraw all our troops from the colonies

properly so called, but there will always be certain positions where we must retain garrisons, not on account of the intrinsic value of their possession, but as coaling stations for our squadrons and cruisers. Such places as Bermuda, Ascension, Aden, and other coaling stations, must always be fortified and garrisoned, so that the most we can ever hope to be able to do in the way of reduction of our foreign service may be to equalize the number of battalions at home and abroad. If this can be accomplished—and there seems to be no reason why it should not—we may consider that at home, including the Guards, there could at the outbreak of war be, exclusive of foreign garrisons, seventy-four battalions available for the defence of the country, and as a nucleus for divisions to be completed by battalions of Militia and of Volunteers. Economical considerations would forbid that these battalions should be maintained at a high strength during the time of peace, and the Estimates issued from the War Office calculate that the sixty-one battalions at present stationed at home are to consist of only 560 men each: if the number of battalions were increased, we should probably have to be contented with a peace strength of 500 men for each battalion, which Colonel Baker regards as the lowest possible. The infantry at home would then number during peace 39,000 men. But it would be absurd to send battalions into the field which only contained 500 soldiers: with our establishments of officers a battalion when taking the field ought to muster at least 1,200 men; so that when war broke out each battalion would require 700 soldiers to complete it to a war strength, and these men must be soldiers, not recruits, as they must be ready to take the field within a few days. It is for the provision of such men that a reserve is necessary.

The rapid successes of Prussia in 1866 first attracted universal attention to the excellence of the Prussian system, by which a small peace-army was quickly filled up to a very large strength on the outbreak of a war. The other Conti-

mental Powers quickly took the improvements of their reserves in hand, and England attempted the formation of an army of reserve; the efforts made by General Peel have been acknowledged to be devoid of the desired result, and for all practical considerations it may be said that at the present moment we possess no reserve worthy of the name. The Militia and Volunteers, which are commonly called the reserve-forces of the country, are not reserve-forces in the sense understood by Continental Powers, but are auxiliary or supplementary forces, inasmuch as the men enrolled in those services are not liable in case of emergency to be draughted into the ranks of the army. The formation of an effective army-reserve is one of the primal necessities of our national insurance.

But the formation of such a reserve is a problem of much difficulty, and entails a consideration of the question of enlistment. In Continental countries, where the conscription is in force, and service in the ranks compulsory, it is quite easy to form a reserve. Men who have been draughted into the ranks as conscripts are only too happy to exchange a forced service under the colours for the comparatively remote liabilities of a service in the reserve. When enlistment is voluntary, as in England, it is presumed that only such men as repent their bargain would avail themselves of the chance of exchanging from active to reserve service, although if, as Sir John Burgoyne says, "the service in the Line could be made more palatable, so as to induce a more numerous and somewhat superior class to enter as soldiers, it would tend to the greater diffusion of a general military capability throughout the community: and this would be much increased if, instead of lengthening the periods of service, as is the present effort, they could be much reduced; and if the soldier of some few years' regular training were again absorbed among the civil population, and available in whatever shape might be thought best for the reserve-force."

Hitherto the long necessary period of foreign service has been considered a positive reason for preventing any short period of enlistment, with a subsequent transit to the reserve in the British army; but since the passage of soldiers to India—the most important and the most garrisoned of all our foreign military stations—has been reduced to one month, it appears that a road has been opened to short enlistments, by which at the same time an efficient army may be provided for foreign service. Hitherto all speculations in army reform have assumed that short enlistments require a rapid termination of the military service, but it does not appear that there would be any difficulty in framing a scheme by which men might be rapidly passed through the ranks for service in the reserve; while at the same time, men with a special aptitude and taste for being soldiers, might prolong their first engagement for a period suitable for foreign service. If this scheme be adopted, we shall distance foreign nations, and shall obtain at the same time a reserve and an army for foreign service. Such a scheme would be, that all men should be enlisted for a period of two or three years, and at the end of that time should select whether they wish to remain soldiers or pass into the reserve.

It is evident that by this system all the expense of deserters, bounties, and imprisonment of bad characters, would be annihilated, and a strong reserve formed of young men who would fill up the ranks of the battalions at home in case of war; while at the same time a powerful and efficient army would be maintained, which could easily find the garrisons for all our colonial and foreign stations. The novel feature of such a scheme, in contradistinction to all previously proposed, is that the enlistment for home service is the first, and not, as generally proposed, the last, period of enlistment for the soldier, and that consequently two classes of men will enter the army. Those who intend to make a military life their profession will enlist and re-engage, while the nu-

merous class who would like to try the life of a soldier, and find that they are more fitted for civil occupation, will pass from the army into the reserve, and still be available to swell the ranks in case of emergency. There can be no doubt that under such a system a much superior class will enter the army than at present. Many a man will willingly undertake military service if he knows that at the end of a few months he can have the option of respectably returning to civil life, who will not tie himself to an engagement of ten years. The State, too, will profit; as it cannot be expected that a bounty will be required to induce men to enlist for such a limited period; and any man would rather serve out an enlistment of a few months than expose himself to the perils of being declared a deserter, and becoming in consequence amenable to severe punishment. Colonel Baker does not take this view of the creation of a reserve. He proposes that the Militia should furnish the reserve for the regular army, that all men enrolled in the Militia should be liable to be draughted into the Line, and that the Militia itself should be recruited by means of the ballot. It is, however, exceedingly doubtful if the country is prepared to see the suspended power of ballot for the Militia enforced; and it is certain that all members of the community would rather see a reserve force formed by a voluntary than by a coercive method. Not that the Militia would not, however, be available as an auxiliary to the formation of such a force; for if General Peel's Act for the formation of a militia reserve were carried into effect, and lucidly explained to militiamen, there can be no doubt that from the ranks of the Militia many men would certainly be forthcoming to be attached to regiments of the Line in case of emergency. The Act proposed by General Peel provided that a certain proportion of men enrolled in each militia regiment should, for the consideration of a slight increase of pay, hold themselves liable to join the ranks of the regular army on the outbreak of a war. As such a liability is remote,

and the increase of pay is immediate, there is little doubt that many men would be willing to incur the contingency, if encouraged by the officers commanding regiments of Militia. Here General Peel's Act fails: it prevents commanding officers of regiments of Militia from having any interest in the formation of a militia reserve. If it were extended, and if every militia regiment were to be allowed to enrol a recruit in the place of every man placed in the militia reserve, there can be little doubt that a strong force of men of the militia reserve would be quickly forthcoming to supplement the rank and file of the regular army in case of war. Between the two sources which we have noted above, an adequate reserve-force could be without doubt obtained, and the regular army could be speedily and harmoniously filled up to war strength, without expense, on any necessary occasion, by men who, if the occasion disappeared, might without loss be dismissed to the reserve until their services were again required.

If such a reserve is formed, the regular army will be constantly in a fit state to take the field at a few days' notice. It must always form the nucleus of the army of manœuvre, which must meet an enemy who may attempt to land upon our shores. It will, however, have valuable auxiliaries in an intact Militia and in the Volunteers. The Militia is formed of men of the same social position as the regular army, who will be equally ready on future occasions as they have always shown themselves in the past, to volunteer by regiments for garrison service abroad, to take the field at home, or, in case of a war waged on foreign soil, to volunteer individually into the regular army. Such a force is in the highest degree valuable, but it must be confessed that, as Sir John Burgoyne says, the Militia is sadly deficient in the element of its officers. The only reform which is necessary in the Militia is, as the same author proposes, to subject all militia officers to a preliminary education in the regular army, or to withdraw the appointment of officers to the Militia from the

patronage of Lords Lieutenant of counties, and to place it in the same hands which appoint the officers of the regular army. For the latter change the country does not appear to be prepared: the former can without difficulty be insisted upon. To it therefore we must give our adherence.

The Volunteers are recruited from a class which differs in social position from that which supplies recruits to either the Line or the Militia. The rank and file of the Volunteers are men who have strong interests at home, who are bound to certain localities and certain stations by circumstances of employment and occupation, which would render it exceedingly inconvenient for them to quit their homes for any lengthened period except under the pressure of the most dire necessity. We consequently cannot but agree with Sir John Burgoyne when he proposes that the Volunteers should be trained to garrison effectively their own localities, and except in particular instances, such as the Metropolitan corps, should be content to leave the field duties of the army of defence in the hands of the regulars and the Militia. It must be borne in mind that in future wars the danger to which this country will be exposed is not so much an invasion in force by an enemy as desultory onslaughts upon harbours and seaport towns by detached squadrons of cruisers. Against these the Volunteers, and not in the least degree the artillery volunteers, will be especially useful. It is to be regretted that at present so many of our cities, such as Hull, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and many others, lie entirely open to unresisted entrance: it would cost little trouble and small expense to protect them with batteries which could be armed and garrisoned by the Volunteers of the locality. If this were done, these important points would be secured from desultory attacks, or, what would be equally inconvenient, feigned attacks, and the field army would be ready to be moved rapidly by railway transport to any point where an assault was threatened in such dimensions as to necessitate its presence.

If such reforms were inaugurated, the defensive resources of the country would, as far as infantry is concerned, be placed upon an effective and economical footing; but an army of infantry, however efficient in itself, is confessedly inadequate to the purposes of warfare if it be not complemented by an equivalent force of cavalry, infantry, and engineers. The defensive artillery of our seaport towns may, if these proposed arrangements are carried out, be safely left in the hands of the volunteer garrison; for field purposes, however, we must rely entirely upon the artillery of the regular army, for it is not in working guns alone that field artillery is required to exhibit its excellence. The drivers of field batteries are a most important corps, and require a training which can only be acquired by considerable service in the regular ranks. This must be borne in mind by all military reformers, and furnishes a strong cause why the field artillery of the regular army should be permanently maintained at a much higher proportionate strength than the infantry. In the same way the cavalry cannot be reduced in time of peace in parallel proportion with the infantry. Cavalry soldiers are not readily trained, and cannot be supplemented by any auxiliary force, for it must be confessed that the yeomanry, liable as it is to only short periods of exercise, would not take the place of cavalry in the line of battle. Yeomen would be exceedingly useful as escorts and orderlies, and would thus relieve the regular cavalry of many onerous duties; but here its use would cease. The value placed upon yeomen as scouts, because they would know the country, appears to be overrated. How would the yeomanry of Lanarkshire know the country in Sussex? If an invasion were imminent, it would be impossible to confine the action of a particular regiment of yeomanry to its own immediate locality.

It must however be borne in mind, that an organization as sketched out above is only sufficient to place an army in the field: but an army engaged in

open warfare, or even in the expectation of warfare, does not remain for a single day in its normal condition. Sicknes makes daily inroads in its ranks; and if battles are fought, whole brigades are swept away in a few hours. To meet the current expenditure of war, reinforcements are continually required to supply the vacancies caused by casualties. These can only be afforded by a system of dépôts. If the country were engaged in a foreign war for a certain time, the Militia would without much inconvenience find reinforcements for the Line; but, as Colonel Baker has pointed out, under a prolonged exhaustion the Militia dwindled away, and could only be efficiently recruited by means of the ballot. To obviate this necessity it would be imperative that the dépôt of each battalion of the Line and of each battalion of the Militia which was called into the field should be immediately expanded to the dimensions of a battalion, which in case of stringent need might itself bodily go into the field, or under ordinary circumstances should supply reinforcements to the ranks already opposed to the enemy. This expansion must be effected by means of recruiting; and when we consider the martial ardour which actuates all classes of the population during a period of war, it is difficult to imagine that the recruits would not be forthcoming, provided that they were engaged as above proposed for a short period of service, and not tied down by a long enlistment to all the contingencies of military service subsequent to the termination of the war.

Thus the men necessary to complete an army for active service might be obtained. How these men should be trained during times of peace, and how they should be supplied with all the accessories necessary for a campaign, still remain behind. We cannot but agree with Colonel Baker, that camps of instruction should be formed, where, during a few weeks in the summer, all the evolutions of active warfare should be systematically practised. The present standing camps at Aldershot and the Curragh have degenerated into mere

permanent barracks, where a few regiments are quartered for certain periods; but at these camps little practical knowledge is gained. The troops march out of barracks, partake in a stereotyped field-day, and march home again to their quarters. They learn nothing of the duties of outposts or of the practical experience of campaigns. We could hardly in this respect do better than accept the Prussians as our model. They have perfected the system of camps of instruction, and it was not a little due to this perfection that both the officers and men of their army were found so well fitted for the duties of active service immediately after the commencement of the campaign of 1866. A few weeks of exercise, or even a few days in such a camp, is found to be of more benefit to all branches of the service than any amount of parade-ground drills. On such occasions ammunition is served out as in the field, hospitals are established, the commissariat is practised in the supply of food; the troops are taught the duties of advanced-guards, of rear-guards, of skirmishers, and of reserves: in fact they gain all the experience of a few days of campaigning and battles, except the actual loss of killed and wounded. There is notoriously a difficulty in establishing such camps in England because of the highly cultivated nature of the country; but in many parts there are wide tracks of down or heather which could be usefully employed, and after the crops are off the ground it would do little harm if manœuvres were carried out across country, the farmers being compensated by the State for any damage done to them. By such arrangements it would be possible, with no change except such as is extremely desirable, to greatly improve the efficiency of the army; and, although figures and numerical calculations are too heavy matter for a magazine article, it will be found by any who care to investigate the financial aspect of the question that the result would be to reduce materially our present military expenditure. We should then, at a

less cost than is at present paid for a notoriously incomplete and inefficient military administration, possess an effective organization of our military resources as far as the individual units of regiments and battalions are considered. Yet, however individually excellent battalions and regiments may be, they would be of little use for purposes of war unless some well and carefully devised organization were matured during peace, by which they could be knit together for a common purpose, not crudely and hastily, but smoothly and harmoniously, in the first hour of need. The nature of this country requires that any organization which we may adopt should be capable of a duplicate result. It is necessary that we should be prepared to place a defensive army in the field within the country itself; or, in case strong military and political reasons urged such a course, should be able to throw an expeditionary force into the country of an enemy, while ourselves assured against any counter-attack. It appears that if the regular army and the militia were considered the main body of the army of manœuvre to resist an invasion—if the Volunteers of the sea-coast towns and counties were regarded as the permanent garrisons of those counties—and the Volunteers of the midland counties were regarded as the ultimate supports of the army of manœuvre—a system would be perfected which would be equally available for the defence of the country either directly against an invasion, or indirectly against any country to which we might have directed an expeditionary force. If the latter were the necessary method of defence, the regular army would form the expeditionary force, which under our proposed arrangements would be of such a respectable magnitude as to give great assistance to our allies, and great uneasiness to our enemies. Such of the Militia as came to volunteer by regiments for service might be employed at the scene of active

hostilities to garrison the port of debarkation, and the posts on the line of communication. Such of the Militia as did not volunteer for active service, and the dépôt battalions of the regular army, would be available for the supply of reinforcements, and, together with the Volunteers of the sea-coast and the Volunteers of the midland counties, would provide both a garrison and field-force of sufficient dimensions to preclude the possibility of success of any desultory invasion. The chief permanent organization of the military resources of the country must be that of the Militia and Volunteers, to which the regular troops should be attached only as convenient temporary appendages. We cannot but think that the militia and volunteer organization should be local, that those belonging to neighbouring counties should be classed in particular groups, at the head of which an officer should be posted of experience and capability, who should be responsible to the War Office for their efficiency, and that this officer should frequently seek opportunities of bringing both the Militia and Volunteers into contact with the regular troops stationed in his district, for purposes of exercise and instruction.

Such are the broad principles of the reforms which, after mature thought and consideration, we conceive could be advantageously introduced into our military system. The details, of course, would require a larger space for their elucidation than we can at present afford: they are, however, by no means complex or intricate. We feel assured that if a plan similar to the above were economically and energetically carried out, the military resources of this country would be placed on such a footing that, for the payment of a comparatively small premium, we might rest confident in the permanent security of our National Insurance.

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION: NOTES OF AN AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

MR. THACKERAY, talking of after-dinner speeches, has lamented that "one never can recollect the fine things one thought of in the cab," in going to the place of entertainment. I am not aware that there are any "fine things" in the following pages, but such as there are stand to a speech which really did get itself spoken, at the hospitable table of the Liverpool Philomathic Society, more or less in the position of what "one thought of in the cab."

T. H. H.

THE introduction of scientific training into the general education of the country is a topic upon which I could not have spoken without some more or less apologetic introduction a few years ago. But upon this, as upon other matters, public opinion has of late undergone a rapid modification. Committees of both houses of the Legislature have agreed that something must be done in this direction, and have even thrown out timid and faltering suggestions as to what should be done; while at the opposite pole of society, committees of working-men have expressed their conviction that scientific training is the one thing needful for their advancement, whether as men, or as workmen. Only the other day, it was my duty to take part in the reception of a deputation of London working-men, who desired to learn from Sir Roderick Murchison, the director of the Royal School of Mines, whether the organization of the institution in Jermyn Street could be made available for the supply of that scientific instruction, the need of which could not have been apprehended or stated more clearly than it was by them.

The heads of colleges in our great universities (who have not the reputation of being the most mobile of persons) have, in several cases, thought it well

that out of the great number of honours and rewards at their disposal, a few should hereafter be given to the cultivators of the physical sciences. Nay, I hear that some colleges have even gone so far as to appoint one or, may be, two special tutors for the purpose of putting the facts and principles of physical science before the undergraduate mind. And I say it with gratitude and great respect for those eminent persons, that the head masters of our public schools, Eton, Harrow, Winchester, have addressed themselves to the problem of introducing instruction in physical science among the studies of those great educational bodies, with much honesty of purpose and enlightenment of understanding; and I live in hope that, before long, important changes in this direction will be carried into effect in those strongholds of ancient prescription. In fact, such changes have already been made, and physical science, even now, constitutes a recognised element of the school curriculum in Harrow and Rugby, whilst I understand that ample preparations for such studies are being made at Eton and elsewhere.

Looking at these facts, I might perhaps spare myself the trouble of giving any reasons for the introduction of physical science into elementary education; yet I cannot but think that it may be well if I place before you some considerations which, perhaps, have hardly received full attention.

At other times and in other places I have endeavoured to state the higher and more abstract arguments by which the study of physical science may be shown to be indispensable to the complete training of the human mind; but I do not wish it to be supposed that, because I happen to be devoted to more or less abstract and "unpractical" pursuits, I

am insensible to the weight which ought to be attached to that which has been said to be the English conception of Paradise—viz. “getting on.” I look upon it, that “getting on” is a very important matter indeed. I do not mean merely for the sake of the coarse and tangible results of success, but because humanity is so constituted that a vast number of us would never be impelled to those stretches of exertion which make us wiser and more capable men, if it were not for the absolute necessity of putting on our faculties all the strain they will bear, for the purpose of “getting on” in the most practical sense.

Now the value of a knowledge of physical science as a means of getting on, is indubitable. There are hardly any of our trades, except the merely huckstering ones, in which some knowledge of science may not be directly profitable to the pursuer of that occupation. As industry attains higher stages of its development, as its processes become more complicated and refined, and competition more keen, the sciences are dragged in, one by one, to take their share in the fray; and he who can best avail himself of their help is the man who will come out uppermost in that struggle for existence, which goes on as fiercely beneath the smooth surface of modern society as among the wild inhabitants of the woods.

But, in addition to the bearing of science on ordinary practical life, let me direct your attention to its immense influence on several of the professions. I ask any one who has adopted the calling of an engineer, how much time he lost when he left school, because he had to devote himself to pursuits which were absolutely novel and strange, and of which he had not obtained the remotest conception from his instructors? He had to familiarize himself with ideas of the course and powers of Nature, to which his attention had never been directed during his school-life, and to learn, for the first time, that a world of facts lies outside and beyond the world of words. I appeal to those who know what Engineering is, to say how far I am

right in respect to that profession; but with regard to another, of no less importance, I shall venture to speak of my own knowledge. There is no one of us who may not at any moment be thrown, bound hand and foot by physical incapacity, into the hands of a medical practitioner. The chances of life and death for all and each of us may at any moment depend on the skill with which that practitioner is able to make out what is wrong in our bodily frames, and on his ability to apply the proper remedy to the defect.

The necessities of modern life are such, and the class from which the medical profession is chiefly recruited is so situated, that few medical men can hope to spend more than three or four, or it may be five, years in the pursuit of those studies which are immediately germane to physic. How is that all too brief period spent at present? I speak as an old examiner, having served some eleven or twelve years in that capacity in the University of London, and therefore having a certain practical acquaintance with the subject; but I might fortify myself by the authority of the President of the College of Surgeons, Mr. Quain, whom I heard the other day in an admirable address (the Hunterian Oration) deal fully and wisely with this very topic.¹

¹ Mr. Quain's words (*Medical Times and Gazette*, February 20) are:—“A few words as to our special Medical course of instruction and the influence upon it of such changes in the elementary schools as I have mentioned. The student now enters at once upon several sciences—physics, chemistry, anatomy, physiology, botany, pharmacy, therapeutics—all these, the facts and the language and the laws of each, to be mastered in eighteen months. Up to the beginning of the Medical course many have learned little. We cannot claim anything better than the Examiner of the University of London and the Cambridge Lecturer have reported for their Universities. Supposing that at school young people had acquired some exact elementary knowledge in physics, chemistry, and a branch of natural history—say botany—with the physiology connected with it, they would then have gained necessary knowledge, with some practice in inductive reasoning. The whole studies are processes of observation and induction—the best discipline of the mind for the purposes of life—for our purposes not less than any.

A young man commencing the study of medicine is at once required to endeavour to make an acquaintance with a number of sciences, such as Physics, as Chemistry, as Botany, as Physiology, which are absolutely and entirely strange to him, however excellent his so-called education at school may have been. Not only is he devoid of all apprehension of scientific conceptions, not only does he fail to attach any meaning to the words "matter," "force," or "law" in their scientific senses, but, worse still, he has no notion of what it is to come into contact with nature, or to lay his mind alongside of a physical fact, and try to conquer it in the way our great naval hero told his captains to master their enemies. His whole mind has been given to books, and I am hardly exaggerating if I say that they are more real to him than nature. He imagines that all knowledge can be got out of books, and rests upon the authority of some master or other; nor does he entertain any misgiving that the method of learning which led to proficiency in the rules of grammar will suffice to lead him to a mastery of the laws of nature. The youngster, thus unprepared for serious study, is turned loose among his medical studies, with the result, in nine cases out of ten, that the first year of his curriculum is spent in learning how to learn. Indeed, he is lucky, if at the end of the first year, by the exertions of his teachers and his own industry, he has acquired even that art of arts. After which there remain not more than three, or perhaps four, years for the profitable study of such vast sciences as Anatomy, Physiology, Therapeutics, Medicine, Surgery, Obstetrics, and the like, upon his knowledge or ignorance of which it depends whether the practitioner shall diminish or increase the bills of mor-

talities. Now what is it but the preposterous condition of ordinary school education which prevents a young man of seventeen, destined for the practice of medicine, from being fully prepared for the study of nature, and from coming to the medical school equipped with that preliminary knowledge of the principles of Physics, of Chemistry, and of Biology, upon which he has now to waste one of the precious years, every moment of which ought to be given to those studies which bear directly upon the knowledge of his profession?

There is another profession, to the members of which, I think, a certain preliminary knowledge of physical science might be quite as valuable as to the medical man. The practitioner of medicine sets before himself the noble object of taking care of man's bodily welfare; but the members of this other profession undertake to "minister to minds diseased," and, so far as may be, to diminish sin and soften sorrow. Like the medical profession, the clerical, of which I now speak, rests its power to heal upon its knowledge of the order of the universe—upon certain theories of man's relation to that which lies outside him. It is not my business to express any opinion about these theories. I merely wish to point out that, like all other theories, they are professedly based upon matter of fact. Thus the clerical profession has to deal with the facts of nature from a certain point of view; and hence it comes into contact with that of the man of science, who has to treat the same facts from another point of view. You know how often that contact is to be described as collision, or violent friction; and how great the heat, how little the light, which commonly results from it.

In the interests of fair play, to say nothing of those of mankind, I ask, Why do not the clergy as a body acquire, as a part of their preliminary education, some such tincture of physical science as will put them in a position to understand the difficulties in the way of accepting their theories, which are forced upon the mind of every thoughtful

'By such study (says Dr. Whewell) of one or more departments of inductive science the mind may escape from the thralldom of mere words.' By that plan the burden of the early Medical course would be much lightened, and more time devoted to practical studies, including Sir Thomas Watson's 'final and supreme stage' of the knowledge of Medicine."

and intelligent man who has taken the trouble to instruct himself in the elements of natural knowledge?

Some time ago it was my fate to attend a large meeting of the clergy for the purpose of delivering an address which I had been invited to give. I spoke of some of the most elementary facts in physical science, and of the manner in which they directly contradict certain of the ordinary teachings of the clergy. The result was that, after I had finished, one section of the assembled ecclesiastics attacked me with all the intemperance of pious zeal, for stating facts and conclusions which no competent judge doubts; while, after the first speakers had subsided, amidst the cheers of the great majority of their colleagues, the more rational minority rose to tell me that I had taken wholly superfluous pains, that they already knew all about what I had told them, and perfectly agreed with me. A hard-headed friend of mine, who was present, put the not unnatural question, "Then why don't you say so in your pulpits?" to which inquiry I heard no reply.

In fact, the clergy are at present divisible into three sections: an immense body who are ignorant and speak out; a small proportion who know and are silent; and a minute minority who know and speak according to their knowledge. By the clergy, I mean especially the Protestant clergy. Our great antagonist—I speak as a man of science—the Roman Catholic Church, the one great spiritual organization which is able to resist, and must, as a matter of life and death, resist the progress of science and modern civilization, manages her affairs much better.

It was my fortune some time ago to pay a visit to one of the most important of the institutions in which the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in these islands are trained; and it seemed to me that the difference between these men and the comfortable champions of Anglicanism and of Dissent, was comparable to the difference between our gallant Volunteers and the trained veterans of Napoleon's Old Guard.

The Catholic priest is trained to know his business, and do it effectually. The professors of the college in question, learned, zealous, and determined men, permitted me to speak frankly with them. We talked like outposts of opposed armies during a truce—as friendly enemies; and when I ventured to point out the difficulties their students would have to encounter from scientific thought, they replied: "Our Church has lasted many ages, and has passed safely through many storms. The present is but a new gust of the old tempest, and we do not turn out our young men less fitted to weather it, than they have been, in former ages, to cope with the difficulties of those times. The heresies of the day are explained to them by their professors of philosophy and science, and they are taught how those heresies are to be met."

I heartily respect an organization which faces its enemies in this way; and I wish that all ecclesiastical organizations were in as effective a condition. I think it would be better, not only for them but for us. The army of liberal thought is, at present, in very loose order; and many a spirited free-thinker makes use of his freedom mainly to vent nonsense. We should be the better for a vigorous and watchful enemy to hammer us into cohesion and discipline, and I, for one, lament that the bench of Bishops cannot show a man of the calibre of Butler of the "Analogy," who, if he were alive, would make short work of much of the current *a priori* "infidelity."

I hope you will consider that the arguments I have now stated, even if there were no better ones, constitute a sufficient apology for urging the introduction of science into schools. The next question to which I have to address myself is, What sciences ought to be thus taught? And this is one of the most important of questions, because my side (I am afraid I am a terribly candid friend) sometimes spoils its cause by going in for too much. There are other forms of culture beside physical science, and I should be profoundly sorry to see the fact forgotten, or even to observe a

tendency to starve or cripple literary or æsthetic culture for the sake of science. Such a narrow view of the nature of education has nothing to do with my firm conviction that a complete and thorough scientific culture ought to be introduced into all schools. By this, however, I do not mean that every schoolboy should be taught everything in science. That would be a very absurd thing to conceive, and a very mischievous thing to attempt. What I mean is that no boy nor girl should leave school without possessing a grasp of the general character of science, and without having been disciplined, more or less, in the methods of all sciences; so that, when turned into the world to make their own way, they shall be prepared to face scientific discussions and scientific problems, not by knowing at once the conditions of every problem, or by being able at once to solve it; but by being familiar with the general current of scientific thought, and being able to apply the methods of science in the proper way, when they have acquainted themselves with the conditions of the special problem.

That is what I understand by scientific education. To furnish a boy with such an education, it is by no means necessary that he should devote his whole school existence to physical science: in fact, no one would lament so one-sided a proceeding more than I. Nay more, it is not necessary for him to give up more than a moderate share of his time to such studies, if they be properly selected and arranged, and if he be trained in them in a fitting manner.

I conceive the proper course to be somewhat as follows. To begin with, let every child be instructed in those general views of the phenomena of nature for which we have no exact English name. The nearest approximation to a name for what I mean, which we possess, is "physical geography." The Germans have a better, "*Erdkunde*," ("earth knowledge" or "geology" in its etymological sense,) that is to say, a general knowledge of the earth, and what is on it, in

it, and about it. If anyone who has had experience of the ways of young children will call to mind their questions, he will find that so far as they can be put into any scientific category, they come under this head of "*Erdkunde*." The child asks, "What is the moon, and why does it shine?" "What is this water, and where does it run?" "What is the wind?" "What makes the waves in the sea?" "Where does this animal live, and what is the use of that plant?" And if not snubbed and stunted by being told not to ask foolish questions, there is no limit to the intellectual craving of a young child; nor any bound to the slow but solid accretion of knowledge and development of the thinking faculty in this way. To all such questions, answers which are necessarily incomplete, though true as far as they go, may be given by any teacher whose ideas represent real knowledge and not mere book learning; and a panoramic view of nature, accompanied by a strong infusion of the scientific habit of mind, may thus be placed within the reach of every child of nine or ten.

After this preliminary opening of the eyes to the great spectacle of the daily progress of nature, as the reasoning faculties of the child grow, and he becomes familiar with the use of the tools of knowledge—reading, writing, and elementary mathematics—he should pass on to what is, in the more strict sense, physical science. Now there are two kinds of physical science: the one regards form and the relation of forms to one another; the other deals with causes and effects. In many of what we term our sciences, these two kinds are mixed up together; but systematic botany is a pure example of the former kind, and physics of the latter kind of science. Every educational advantage which training in physical science can give is obtainable from the proper study of these two; and I should be contented, for the present, if they, added to our "*Erdkunde*," furnished the whole of the scientific curriculum of schools. Indeed, I conceive it would be one of the greatest boons which could be conferred upon England,

if henceforward every child in the country were instructed in the general knowledge of the things about it—in the elements of physics, and of botany. But I should be still better pleased if there could be added somewhat of chemistry, and an elementary acquaintance with human physiology.

So far as school education is concerned, I want to go no further just now; and I believe that such instruction would make an excellent introduction to that preparatory scientific training which, as I have indicated, is so essential for the successful pursuit of our most important professions. But this modicum of instruction must be so given as to ensure real knowledge and practical discipline. If scientific education is to be dealt with as mere bookwork, it will be better not to attempt it, but to stick to the Latin Grammar, which makes no pretence to be anything but book-work.

If the great benefits of scientific training are sought, it is essential that such training should be real: that is to say, that the mind of the scholar should be brought into direct relation with fact, that he should not merely be told a thing, but made to see by the use of his own intellect and ability that the thing is so and no otherwise. The great peculiarity of scientific training, that in virtue of which it cannot be replaced by any other discipline whatsoever, is this bringing of the mind directly into contact with fact, and practising the intellect in the completest form of induction; that is to say, in drawing conclusions from particular facts made known by immediate observation of nature.

The other studies which enter into ordinary education do not discipline the mind in this way. Mathematical training is almost purely deductive. The mathematician starts with a few simple propositions, the proof of which is so obvious that they are called self-evident, and the rest of his work consists of subtle deductions from them. The teaching of languages, at any rate as ordinarily practised, is of the same general nature,—authority and tradition

furnish the data, and the mental operations of the scholar are deductive.

Again: if history be the subject of study, the facts are still taken upon the evidence of tradition and authority. You cannot make a boy see the battle of Thermopylæ for himself, or know of his own knowledge that Cromwell once ruled England. There is no getting into direct contact with natural fact by this road; there is no dispensing with authority, but rather a resting upon it.

In all these respects, science differs from other educational discipline, and prepares the scholar for common life. What have we to do in every-day life? Most of the business which demands our attention is matter of fact, which needs, in the first place, to be accurately observed or apprehended; in the second, to be interpreted by inductive and deductive reasonings, which are altogether similar in their nature to those employed in science. In the one case, as in the other, whatever is taken for granted is so taken at one's own peril; fact and reason are the ultimate arbiters, and patience and honesty are the great helpers out of difficulty.

But if scientific training is to yield its most eminent results, it must, I repeat, be made practical. That is to say, in explaining to a child the general phenomena of nature, you must, as far as possible, give reality to your teaching by object-lessons; in teaching him botany, he must handle the plants and dissect the flowers for himself; in teaching him physics and chemistry, you must not be solicitous to fill him with information, but you must be careful that what he learns he knows of his own knowledge. Don't be satisfied with telling him that a magnet attracts iron. Let him see that it does; let him feel the pull of the one upon the other for himself. And, especially, tell him that it is his duty to doubt until he is compelled, by the absolute authority of nature, to believe that which is written in books. Pursue this discipline carefully and conscientiously, and you may make sure that, however scanty may be the measure of information which

you have poured into the boy's mind, you have created an intellectual habit of priceless value in practical life.

One is constantly asked, When should this scientific education be commenced? I should say with the dawn of intelligence. As I have already said, a child seeks for information about matters of physical science as soon as it begins to talk. The first teaching it wants is an object-lesson of one sort or another; and as soon as it is fit for systematic instruction of any kind, it is fit for a modicum of science.

People talk of the difficulty of teaching young children such matters, and in the same breath insist upon their learning their Catechism, which contains propositions far harder to comprehend than anything in the educational course I have proposed. Again, I am incessantly told that we who advocate the introduction of science into schools make no allowance for the stupidity of the average boy or girl; but, in my belief, that stupidity, in nine cases out of ten, "*fit, non nascitur*," and is developed by a long process of parental and pedagogic repression of the natural intellectual appetites, accompanied by a persistent attempt to create artificial ones for food which is not only tasteless, but essentially indigestible.

Those who urge the difficulty of instructing young people in science are apt to forget another very important condition of success—important in all kinds of teaching, but most essential, I am disposed to think, when the scholars are very young. This condition is, that the teacher should himself really and practically know his subject. If he does, he will be able to speak of it in the easy language, and with the completeness of conviction, with which he talks of any ordinary every-day matter. If he does not, he will be afraid to wander beyond the limits of the technical phraseology which he has got up; and a dead dogmatism, which oppresses or raises opposition, will take the place of the lively confidence, born of personal conviction, which cheers and encourages the eminently sympathetic mind of childhood.

I have already hinted that such scientific training as we seek for may be given without making any extravagant claim upon the time now devoted to education. We ask only for "a most favoured nation" clause in our treaty with the schoolmaster; we demand no more than that science shall have as much time given to it as any other single subject—say four hours a week in each class of an ordinary school.

For the present, I think men of science would be well content with such an arrangement as this; but, speaking for myself, I do not pretend to believe that such an arrangement can be, or will be, permanent. In these times the educational tree seems to me to have its roots in the air, its leaves and flowers in the ground; and I confess I should very much like to turn it upside down, so that its roots might be solidly embedded among the facts of nature, and draw thence a sound nutriment for the foliage and fruit of literature and of art. No educational system can have a claim to permanence unless it recognises the truth that education has two great ends to which everything else must be subordinated. The one of these is to increase knowledge; the other is to develop the love of right and the hatred of wrong.

With wisdom and uprightness a nation can make its way worthily, and beauty will follow in the footsteps of the two, even if she be not specially invited; while there is, perhaps, no sight in the whole world more saddening and revolting than is offered by men sunk in ignorance of everything but what other men have written; seemingly devoid of moral belief or guidance, but with the sense of beauty so keen, and the power of expression so cultivated, that their sensual caterwauling may be almost mistaken for the music of the spheres.

At present, education is almost entirely devoted to the cultivation of the power of expression, and of the sense of literary beauty. The matter of having anything to say beyond a hash of other people's opinions, or of possessing any criterion of beauty, so that

we may distinguish between the God-like and the devilish, is left aside as of no moment. I think I do not err in saying that if science were made the foundation of education, instead of being, at most, stuck on as cornice to the edifice, this state of things could not exist.

In advocating the introduction of physical science as a leading element in education, I by no means refer only to the higher schools. On the contrary, I believe that such a change is even more imperatively called for in those primary schools in which the children of the poor are expected to turn to the best account the little time they can devote to the acquisition of knowledge. A great step in this direction has already been made by the establishment of science-classes under the Department of Science and Art,—a measure which came into existence unnoticed, but which will, I believe, turn out to be of more importance to the welfare of the people than many political changes, over which the noise of battle has rent the air.

Under the regulations to which I refer, a schoolmaster can set up a class in one or more branches of science; his pupils will be examined, and the State will pay him, at a certain rate, for all who succeed in passing. I have acted as an examiner under this system from the beginning of its establishment, and this year I expect to have not fewer than a couple of thousand sets of answers to questions in Physiology, mainly from young people of the artisan class, who have been taught in the schools which are now scattered all over Great Britain and Ireland. Some of my colleagues, who have to deal with subjects such as Geometry, for which the present teaching power is better organized, I understand are likely to have three or four times as many papers. So far as my own subjects are concerned, I can undertake to say that a great deal of the teaching, the results of which are before me in three examinations, is very sound and good, and I think it is in the power of the examiners, not only to keep up the present standard, but to cause an

almost unlimited improvement. Now what does this mean? It means that by holding out a very moderate inducement, the masters of primary schools in many parts of the country have been led to convert them into little foci of scientific instruction, and that they and their pupils have contrived to find or to make time enough to carry out this object with a very considerable degree of efficiency. That efficiency will, I doubt not, be very much increased as the system becomes known and perfected, even with the very limited leisure left to masters and teachers on week-days. And this leads me to ask, Why should scientific teaching be limited to week-days?

Ecclesiastically-minded persons are in the habit of calling things they do not like by very hard names, and I should not wonder if they brand the proposition I am about to make as blasphemous, and worse. But, not minding this, I venture to ask, Would there really be anything wrong in using part of Sunday for the purpose of instructing those who have no other leisure, in a knowledge of the phenomena of nature, and of man's relation to nature?

I should like to see a scientific Sunday-school in every parish, not for the purpose of superseding any existing means of teaching the people the things that are for their good, but side by side with them. I cannot but think that there is room for all of us to work in helping to bridge over the great abyss of ignorance which lies at our feet.

And if any of the ecclesiastical persons to whom I have referred, object that they find it derogatory to the honour of the God whom they worship, to awaken the minds of the young to the infinite wonder and majesty of the works which they proclaim His, and to teach them those laws which must needs be His laws, and therefore of all things needful for man to know—I can only recommend them to be let blood and put on low diet. There must be something very wrong going on in the instrument of logic if it turns out such conclusions from such premisses.

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ROMAN IMPERIALISM.

LECTURES DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, 1869.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

I. THE GREAT ROMAN REVOLUTION.

IN the famous controversy between Julius Cæsar and Brutus the present age takes a different side from the last. Brutus used to be considered in the right, but public opinion now declares for Cæsar. Cæsar's partisans, however, may state their case in two ways. They may represent him as having simply achieved a great administrative reform, and made government more efficient at the expense of republican liberties. This they may consider to have been on the whole a necessary and useful work, and they may respect Cæsar as a practical statesman, who had the wise hardihood to abolish venerated institutions when they had become, in the lapse of time, mischievous. But it is also possible to represent him as a great popular hero, the hope of all the subject nationalities of Rome, carried to power in their arms, and executing justice in their behalf upon the tyrant aristocracy that had oppressed them. If we take this view, no admiration or enthusiasm for him can be too ardent; and we not only regard Brutus and Cæsar differently from our fathers, but as it were reverse their positions. Cæsar becomes Brutus, and Brutus Cæsar. Brutus is now the tyrant, for he represents the oppressive aristocracy, and Cæsar is the tyrannicide, who armed himself in the cause of the nations, and stabbed the oppressor,

once at Pharsalus, again at Thapsus, and again at Munda.

This latter view might be supported if we could assume that all the consequences of the revolution which Cæsar conducted were intended by him and by his party. By that revolution in the end the exclusive domination of the Roman aristocracy and of the City was destroyed; the provincials, who before had been insolently oppressed, now began to be more considered and more mercifully treated. If this could not have happened without the deliberate intention of those who achieved it, then the Cæsarians become at once enlightened Liberals, and Cæsar the greatest Liberal leader that ever lived. We are obliged then to suppose a vast tide of enthusiastic sentiment pervading the better part of the citizens, and the provincials moved by an ecstatic hope as the champion of mankind advances towards his final triumph, striking down one after another the enemies of the good cause. The Roman revolution is thus made to resemble the French, and Cæsar becomes a hero, a paragon, in whom appear the popular talents of Mirabeau, without his betrayal of the popular cause; the high aims of the Girondins, without their illusions; and the genius of Napoleon for war and government, without his egotism and brutality.

But the truth is that what Cæsar and his party intended is to be carefully distinguished from what they actually accomplished. The revolution had many beneficial results, which were indirect and little contemplated by its principal authors. If we study the movement itself we shall find that Cæsar was no champion of the provincials, that his party had no notion of redressing the wrongs of the provincials, that they were inspired by no desire to establish any general principle whatever, and by no enthusiasm except a military enthusiasm for their leader. The true nature of the revolution will very clearly appear, and its resemblance to the French Revolution will be shown to be an illusion.

It is certain, in the first place, that Cæsar did not in any degree owe his elevation to the favour of the provincials. He owed his elevation to the admirable efficiency of his army, and to his admirable use of it. This army contained no doubt Gallic auxiliaries, but the great muster of provincials was on the side of the Senate. Cæsar's provincial auxiliaries were better drilled, and, like his Roman legionaries, they were no doubt personally attached to him; but that he was the champion of their interests against the Senate never occurred to them. There is no trace that the provinces conceived themselves to have any special interest in the quarrel. According to their personal connexions with the two leaders they ranged themselves on one side or the other—the East for the most part with Pompeius, while Gaul was at the service of Cæsar. Their hearts, apparently, were not in the contest at all; but, if we ask on which side were their hands, we shall be obliged to reply that so little did they understand Cæsar to be their champion that the majority of them were ranged against him on the side of their oppressors.

But let us go on to ask, Why should they have regarded Cæsar as their champion? What was there in his career which might lead them to suppose him more kindly disposed to them than any

other proconsul of his time? His most conspicuous act was the conquest of Gaul. Let it be granted that the greatest service he could do to Gaul was to conquer it. Let us even grant, for the sake of argument, that he was himself aware of this, that he acted from purely philanthropic motives, and distinctly understood the conquest of Gaul to be a necessary stage of the evolution of humanity. Still his conduct was surely of a nature to be misunderstood by Gaul itself and by the provincials generally. His goodwill towards the non-Roman populations was not so apparent that it could not be mistaken. He stood before them covered with the blood of slaughtered Gauls, an object certainly more pleasing to Rome than to the subjects of Rome. He might not be detested so much as the plundering, peculating proconsuls, but he must have been more feared; and so far from appearing to the provincials a deliverer from the tyranny of Rome, he must have seemed to represent and embody that tyranny in its most irresistible and inexorable form.

But perhaps Cæsar had, at some earlier time, identified himself with the provincials; perhaps he had introduced measures calculated to better their condition and enlarge their franchises; perhaps he had expressed disgust at the treatment they met with, and sympathy with their suffering. The answer is, that he had not distinguished himself in any such way. One or two prosecutions of extortionate provincial governors which he had undertaken could not give him any such distinction. Such prosecutions were recognised as the established way by which young men brought themselves into notice, and also as an established way of annoying the Senate. Yet these prosecutions were the only service he had ever rendered the provinces. In his consulship, at the time when he was the recognised leader of popular legislation, he had not appeared as the champion of the provincials, but of quite a different class, whose interests were, if anything, somewhat antagonistic to the

interests of the provincials—the poorer class of Roman citizens.

Again, if Cæsar was no champion of the provincials, neither was his party, nor those earlier leaders of the party to whose position he had succeeded. Their constituency from the beginning had been a different one. When the great controversy was opened by Tiberius Gracchus, there were in the Roman world, not to count the slaves, three aggrieved classes: first, the poorer class of Roman citizens; secondly, the Italian allies, who had not yet been admitted to the Roman citizenship; thirdly, the provincials. Now if the party which the movement of Gracchus called into existence, and which went on increasing its influence until, in the person of Julius Cæsar, it triumphed over itself and its enemies together, had really been the party of the provincials,—if the Gracchi, and Marius, and Saturninus had been representatives of the interests of the empire as against the interests of the ruling city, they would have taken up the cause of all these aggrieved classes. The Italian allies, and still more the provincials, as the most numerous and the most oppressed class, would have claimed a larger share of their sympathy than the poor Romans. Yet, in fact, none of these leaders had ever said a word about the provincials, except, indeed, to propose that lands taken from them should be granted to Roman colonists. On the Italian allies they had not been altogether silent. Caius Gracchus had even undertaken their cause, but it then appeared clear not only that the party he represented was a different one, but that it was a party decidedly hostile to the Italians. The inclusion of the Italians in the colonization scheme of Marius also, according to Appian, “gave offence to the democracy.” The truth is that there had been men in Rome whose liberality was real and comprehensive, but they were not among the democratic leaders, the predecessors of Cæsar. Two men in particular had disregarded party watchwords, and had indulged sympathies not purely Roman. Both of them were aristocrats, and in-

clined rather to the senatorian than to the popular party. These were Scipio Æmilianus and the great Roman Whig Drusus. The former died probably by the hand of an assassin when he was on the point of bringing forward the cause of the Italians. The other succeeded for a moment in effecting a coalition between a section of the *noblesse*, a section of the people, and the Italians, and was prevented by an accursed dagger from earning a place among the most beneficent statesmen of all history.

The Italians forced their way through the pale of citizenship by a war in which the Senate and the democracy were allied in deadly hostility to them. Marius, the uncle and immediate predecessor of Cæsar, fought against them in this war, no less than Sulla, the champion of the aristocracy. When Cæsar appeared upon the scene, therefore, the cause of the Italians was already won, and there remained only two aggrieved classes—the Roman proletariat, crushed for the time by Sulla, and the provincials. Now it was the former, not the latter of these classes of which Cæsar made himself the champion. The provincials, as such, found no champion. Particular misgoverned provinces were from time to time patronized by rhetoricians who were equally ready, as Cicero showed himself, to take a brief from accused and evidently guilty governors; but neither Cæsar, nor any one else, ever raised the cry of justice to the provincials. Except in the case of the Transpadane province—a province only in name, being within the limits of Italy, and already in possession of the inferior or Latin franchise—Cæsar connected himself before the civil war with no measure of enfranchisement, and had given no pledge to the world that any oppressed class except the Roman populace would be the better, or have any reason to be thankful, for his success. No writer of the time regards Cæsar in the light of an emancipator. Cicero gives no hint that Cæsar's partisans defended his conduct on those grounds. That somewhat vacillating politician repeatedly in his letters balances the two parties against

each other. He explains why, on the whole, he prefers Pompeius, but he has much to say against Pompeius also. In these letters we might expect to find Cæsar's championship of the provincials, if he had ever undertaken or was supposed to have undertaken any such championship, discussed, and either allowed or rejected. Cicero, as a student of philosophy, was quite alive to enlarged and philanthropic considerations; if any such considerations made for Cæsar, we should surely have heard of it. But there is nothing in his letters to show that in the hot discussions which must have been everywhere going on any general principles were appealed to by the Cæsarians; that it had occurred to any Cæsarian to suggest, what occurs so naturally to us who know the sequel, that it was a monstrous injustice that the world should be governed in the interest of a single city; that the Senate were the authors and supporters of this system; that Cæsar was the man to put it down, and had undertaken to do so. The Cæsarians were a party without ideas.

It is most easy to delude ourselves into the belief that what actually happened was intended to happen; and since in this revolution the provinces did something towards throwing off the yoke of Rome, to describe the revolution as a convulsive effort on the part of the provinces to throw off the yoke of Rome. But the facts are before us, the process by which the revolution was accomplished can be clearly traced, and we can see that the provinces had no share at all in the revolution by which they ultimately benefited; that it was a purely Roman movement; that the evil—for there was such an evil—which the revolutionaries struggled against was of quite a different nature, and that the relief which the imperial system actually brought to the provincials was an indirect and secondary consequence of a general improvement in the machinery of government.

How, then, did the revolution really come about? Undeniably the immediate cause of the revolution was the practice, which had gradually sprung up,

of conferring upon eminent generals for special purposes powers so extravagant as to enable the holders of them to rise above the laws. Where such a dangerous practice prevails revolution is at once accounted for. Such an experiment may be tried, and no revolution follow; but at Rome it was tried often, once too often. How, then, came the Romans to adopt such a practice? What, on the one hand, was the occasion which led them to appoint these dangerous dictators? On the other hand, how came they to overlook the danger? To both these questions it is possible to give a satisfactory answer, and to answer these questions is to explain the revolution.

Republicanism at Rome, though successful and glorious for so long a time, had, perhaps, always been, as a creed, confined to a class. Long after the expulsion of the kings, it had been necessary to watch with extreme jealousy every individual who drew public attention too exclusively to himself. Cassius, Manlius, Mælius, perished for their eminence, and this shows how large a proportion of the citizens were felt still to retain monarchical predilections. But the republic succeeded so well that such jealousy at length became unnecessary; the glory and the regal disposition of Africanus brought no danger to liberty, though they clouded the last years of the hero himself with moody discontent. The disease, however, was only kept under, it was not cured. The government of a person was the instinctive preference of the lower orders, though the great families were able, as it were, to divide their allegiance among themselves. Anything which should weaken or disorganize this firm union of ruling houses, anything which should sever the lower orders from them, would in a moment bring the monarch upon the stage again. For more than half a century after the mortal struggle with Hannibal the ascendancy of the nobles over the lower orders continued unbroken, and then, through the mere growth of the population and change of circumstances, it

began to decay. It was simply a moral ascendancy; by the constitution, the rabble of Rome could at any time take into their own hands legislation and government. The first Gracchus, with perfectly pure intentions, showed them the way to do this. The second Gracchus, influenced perhaps by revenge and party-hatred, took this city rabble in hand, organized them, and formed them into a standing army of revolution. Spurius Mælius, in an earlier age, had been suspected of aiming at the tyranny when he sold corn at a low price to the poor during a famine. Caius Gracchus adopted the same plan. By his *lex frumentaria* he at once demoralized, and attached to the cause of revolution, a vast class which had before been in the tutelage of the aristocracy. The bond was now broken that attached the people to the hereditary rulers. And how little this people cared for republican liberty became apparent the moment it began to think and act for itself. It did not at once destroy the existing government. The habit of deference and obedience long remained in a people naturally as deferential and fond of aristocracy as the English themselves. But as soon as any cause of discontent arose, or public needs became pressing, they took refuge at once in a monarch, whom they created, indeed, only for a limited period, but from whom they neither took nor cared to take guarantees that he would ever give back into their hands the power which they had entrusted to him. Thus Caius Gracchus was supreme until his liberality began to include the Italians. Marius was supreme for five years,—had, in fact, a longer reign than Julius Cæsar. Pompey in his turn received as much power as he cared to use; and, finally, by the Vatinian law, the people plainly told Cæsar that they were his subjects as soon as he chose to be their king. At this point the people disappear; in all subsequent contentions the two parties are the Senate and the army.

Still the people showed no eagerness for revolution. As I said, it was only in cases of need that they created a

monarch. And it was only because these cases of need occurred frequently that monarchs were frequently created. And here arises the second question, What were these needs for which no other expedient could be devised? Perhaps it was the oppression practised by the senatorial governors upon the provincials. If so, then it would be true that the imperial system was introduced in the interest of the subject nationalities. But nothing of the kind appears. In the quarrels between the Senate and the moneyed class (called knights), the wrongs of the provincials are often paraded, for both the Senate and the moneyed class had a strong interest in the provincials, the one as governors, the other as tax-farmers. But the democracy never concerned themselves in any way with the treatment of the provincials, for it was a question which did not at all affect their interests. Quite different were the reasons which led them to call in dictators, and, if we examine the different cases, we shall find that the real motive was always the same. There was one evil to which the empire was constantly exposed; one evil to cure which, and to cure which alone, the imperial system was introduced.

What made the people give supreme power to Marius, and continue it to him for five years? First, the failure of the aristocratic government to carry on the war with Jugurtha; afterwards, the imminent danger of the empire from the Cimbri and Teutones. What made them give extraordinary powers to Pompey, and afterwards extend and increase them? First, the alarming spread of piracy in the Mediterranean, stopping trade and threatening the capital with famine; next the necessity of exerting unusual power to crush Mithridates. What made them give extraordinary powers to Cæsar? Rumours of an intended emigration of the Helvetii, raising apprehensions of a danger similar to that which Italy had experienced from the Cimbric invasion. Nothing can be more certain than the connexion of cause and effect in these cases. The history of the introduction

of imperialism is briefly this: government at Rome was so little centralized that the empire was unable to grapple with any really formidable enemy that assailed it either from without or within. To save themselves from destruction they were compelled, or thought themselves compelled, to resort frequently to the obvious expedient of a dictator. The more frequently they did this, the more did the republican government fall into disuse and contempt, the more did men's minds and habits adapt themselves to a military *régime*. The new scheme of government, whenever it was tried, succeeded. It accomplished that for which it was created. It gave the empire inward security and good order; it crushed foreign enemies, and extended the boundaries of dominion from the Rhone to the Straits of Dover, and from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates. What wonder that in the end it supplanted the older constitution, when its advantages were so unmistakeable, and the one thing it took away, Liberty, was that which the proletariat of Rome and the democracy of Italy had never either understood or valued?

The Jacobins used to think of Cæsar as a great aristocrat, patriotically assassinated by the noble *sans-culotte*, Brutus. I confess it seems to me not much less untrue to describe him as a champion of nationalities, and a destroyer of aristocratic privilege and exclusiveness. It was the war-power, not the people, that triumphed in him. The people, indeed,—that is, the people of Italy,—were, in the first instance, the authors of his elevation, but it was not enfranchisement that they wanted, it was simply military protection. The enemies they feared were not a Catullus or a Cato, but Helvetian or German hordes. It was not aristocratic privilege they rebelled against, but aristocratic feebleness, the feebleness which had led to the shameful treaty with Jugurtha and the bloody defeat of Arausio.

That the revolution was a triumph, not of liberalism, but of military organization, will become still clearer if we now proceed to examine the new institutions

which it introduced. Had Cæsar lived longer, he would no doubt have stamped a liberal character upon his work. Though he was no champion of the provinces, and though he owed his elevation immediately to the army, and only remotely to the democracy, yet his disposition was liberal, and his statesmanship bold, original, and magnanimous. He might therefore have developed at once and forced into ripeness those germs of good in the new system which, as it was, ripened but slowly. He might have taken away from Italy that unjust precedence in the empire which she retained for three centuries, and raised the provinces to citizenship and participation in the honours of the State. This he might have done, but had he done it he would have accomplished another revolution. That the empire at that time did not require such changes, even if it would have borne them, is plain from the fact that his successor Augustus was able to found a secure and durable imperial system,—was able, in fact, to conduct the movement which his uncle had begun to its natural goal, without appealing to any liberal tendencies. Augustus was in all things aristocratically disposed; his institutions bear the stamp of a conservative, exclusive, old Roman spirit. This did not prevent him from proving a most efficient successor to the liberal-minded Cæsar. It did not prevent him from being more completely successful than almost any statesman in history. The explanation of this is, that Liberalism was not of the essence of Cæsar's work. It adorned his character, and helped him in his early struggles, but the revolution he accomplished was independent of it, and when divorced from it could go on just as prosperously as before.

After the new system had been permanently settled in the tranquillity of the Augustan age, the great change which had passed over the empire was found to be this: A standing army had been created, and thoroughly organized, a uniform taxation had been established throughout the empire, and a new set of officials had been created, all of a mili-

tary character, all wielding greater power than the republic had been accustomed to entrust to its officials, but, on the other hand, all subject to the effective and rigorous control of the emperor. In other words, in the place of anarchy there had come centralization and responsibility.

We have heard much lately of the power which all organisms possess of differentiating special organs to meet special needs. The operation of this law is very visible in human society. In fact, it might be maintained that the whole history of a state is the record of a series of such differentiations. To take a simple example from Roman history:—At an early time the kings, and afterwards the consuls, were at the same time generals in war and judges in peace. Life had not yet become complex. But, as population and activity increased, these functions showed a tendency to separate. At first all that the citizens were conscious of was, that it was necessary to have three men instead of two to do the work. So they created a prætor, with precisely the same functions as the consuls. But Nature knew better, and by the gradual operation of a silent decree took away from the consuls their judicial functions, and from the prætor his military functions. Thus a differentiation was accomplished: and whereas there had been before but one organ of government, there were now two unlike each other; and whereas before all authority was conceived as of one kind, it was now regarded as twofold, administrative and judicial. Now we may apply this principle to the great Roman revolution, and describe it as a differentiation. War had originally been conceived as a function devolving equally upon the citizens. When the military season came on, the farmer or shopkeeper left his peaceful occupations, donned his armour, and presented himself before the consul in the Campus Martius. When the campaign was over, he went back to his work. But the larger the territory of the State became, the heavier the task that devolved upon its armies, the more numerous its dangers, the more

extensive its vulnerable frontier, the more imperiously did Nature call for a military differentiation. The special need must be met by a special organ. A special class of men must be set apart for special military functions. I have shown that it was the necessity of defending the State against its foreign enemies that caused the revolution. In the throes of this revolution the new organ made its appearance. On the restoration of tranquillity, the Roman Empire is seen to be guarded by an institution which had been unknown to the republic, by a standing army of twenty-five legions.

This change constitutes by itself a vast social revolution in comparison with which any changes in the form of political government are insignificant. The rise of standing armies in modern Europe is well known to mark a great epoch. But it was a much less sudden and radical change than the corresponding change in the Roman Empire. For when the citizen resigned his arms to the professional soldier, he did not merely, as might at first sight appear, relieve himself of a disagreeable duty, disencumber himself of a burden which hampered his industry. He did much more than this; he placed himself under entirely new conditions of life. He parted with all his traditions, and blindly undertook to explore a new world. In the first place he resigned his liberty. We in England, who have witnessed the reconciliation of standing armies with liberty, may have some difficulty in understanding how impossible was any such reconciliation in the Roman Empire. But it is undeniable that under the imperial system the Roman did lose his liberty. With an equivalent, or without an equivalent, he parted with it, and no one who examines the history can doubt what cause principally contributed to deprive him of it. The emperor possessed in the army an overwhelming force, over which the citizens had no influence, which was totally deaf to reason or eloquence, which had no patriotism because it had no country, which had no humanity because it had

no domestic ties. To this huge engine of despotism it was vain to oppose any resistance. Human free-will perished in its presence as in the presence of necessity. Not in institutions only, but in the hearts of men, liberty withered away, and its place was taken by servility and stoicism, and Byzantine Christianity. It may occur to us that checks to the emperor's authority over the army might have been devised. But these are modern notions. The army was called into existence not by enactments, but by revolution, and there was no collective wisdom anywhere, no parliament which could call attention to the danger, or discuss it, or provide safeguards against it.

But, at the introduction of standing armies, the Roman citizen parted with something else, something which lies not less near than liberty to the springs of human character. He parted with the conception of war as the business of life. The great military nation of the world—the nation which had bred up its successive generations to the task of subduing mankind, which by unrivalled firmness of cohesion, by enduring tenacity of purpose, by methodic study and science of destruction, had crushed all the surrounding nationalities, not with a temporary prostration merely, but with utter and permanent dissolution—now found its work done and its occupation gone. The destructive theory of life had worked itself out. The army itself henceforth existed mainly for defence, and the ordinary citizen was no longer concerned with hostilities of any kind, whether offensive or defensive. Human life was forced to find for itself a new object. The feelings, the aspirations, the tastes, the habits, that had hitherto filled it and given it dignity, became suddenly out of date. It was as if a change had passed over the atmosphere in which men lived, as if the temperature had suddenly fallen many degrees, making all customs obsolete at once, giving an antiquated and inappropriate look to the whole framework of life. It was a revolution which struck with incongruousness and abortiveness the

very instinctive impulses of men, placed an irreconcilable difference between habit and reason, preconception and fact, education and experience, temperament and reality, the world within and the world without. This might have a bright side. Poets sang of a golden age returned, and they hymned industrialism in exquisite language:—

"Agricola incurvo terram molitur aratro."

But the real enjoyment of the new state of things was still remote, and required to be nursed by habit. It was an uncomfortable transition when the old instincts and ardours were superannuated and no new animating principle yet discovered. The new bottles had come before the new wine: the loss was felt far more keenly than the gain; the parting guest was shaken by the hand more warmly than the comer. A sullen torpor reigned in the first years of the millennium of peace, listlessness fell upon the dwellers in that uncongenial Paradise; Mars and Quirinus were dead, and He who was to consecrate peace was scarcely born. Men were conscious of a rapid cooling of the air, of a chill gathering round them—the numbness that follows a great loss, the vacancy that succeeds a great departure:

*"In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint"*

I hope to return to this subject. Meanwhile, let me point out how the other institutions of the imperial system were determined by the presence of the standing army. Such a great force could not be kept up, particularly as Augustus renounced the profitable course of conquest, without a rigorous system of taxation. Augustus organized a land-tax for the whole empire, and laid the foundation of that fiscal system which in the end crushed the very life out of the people. Further, a great military system requires that great power shall be entrusted to individuals. Personal authority is the characteristic military principle. When, therefore, the standing army was organized, this principle received a great

development. From the beginning, the empire had many more great posts than the republic. It created the *legatus legionis* or commander of a legion (the legion had before been commanded in a very ineffective way by the tribunes in succession). This new officer, commanding more than six thousand men, held prætorian rank, and there were not less than twenty-five such officers at once. Besides this, three new prefectures were created—the prefecture of the prætorian guard, the prefecture of the city, and the prefecture of the watch. If we compare these new city officers with the city magistracies of the republic, we find that they confer a greater amount of power because their term is not limited to a year, and also that they all bear a military character, since an armed guard was attached to each. Another office, still more characteristic of the empire, was that of the *legatus Augusti*; this was the title given to the governor of one of the great frontier provinces. He united the functions of civil governor with the command sometimes of two or three legions and as many allied troops—that is, an army of twenty or thirty thousand men. He was appointed by the emperor, and, like every one else, responsible to him. It is true that the proconsuls and prætors of the republic had often held power as great, and with less responsibility; but when the standing army was fully organized and the frontier of the empire finally determined, these great commands became permanent, and not merely occasional. The great legates of the Rhine were regularly appointed, always with much the same range of power; and as they were not chosen by the haphazard system of popular election out of a few privileged families, but selected with tolerable impartiality, for the most part, out of those who had approved their powers of government in inferior positions, they appeared much more considerable personages than the provincial governors of the republic. This seems to me the fairest side of the imperial system. Essentially military, it was an incomparable school of great

military officers. It produced in singular abundance men capable of great commands, and conducting themselves in such posts not merely with ability, but with justice and moderation, though generally also with the hardness of the military profession. Such men as Plautius, Corbulo, Vespasian, Agricola, Trajan, all held the post of *legatus Augusti*, and they are the glory of the empire.

Surrounded by this splendid staff of military officers, prefects, legates, and commanders of legions, appeared the Emperor. In modern history, only Napoleon has occupied a position at all similar,—absolute disposer of an army of 300,000 men, and keeping his eye at the same time on military operations as distant from each other as the Thames from the Euphrates. His power was from the beginning so great, and became so speedily unlimited, that we are apt to lose ourselves in generalities in describing it. But if we examine the process by which this power grew up, if we watch the genesis of Leviathan, we shall clearly see the special need which he was differentiated to meet—we shall plainly discover that he sprang, not out of democracy, not out of any struggle for equality between rich and poor, or between citizen and provincial, but out of the demand for administrative, and especially military, centralization. That Julius Cæsar began life as a demagogue is a fact which tends to confuse our notions of the system which he introduced. Let us rather fix our attention on Augustus, who founded and organized the empire as it actually was and as it lasted till the time of Diocletian. He began as a professed Senatorian, he acquired the support of the army, he became ultimately emperor; but with the democracy he never had any connexion. It was the object of his life to justify his own power by showing the necessity of it, and by not taking more power than he could show to be necessary. The profound tranquillity of his later years proved that he had satisfied the empire. The uneasiness and unrest which had filled the whole century th-

preceded the battle of Actium had shown that the empire wanted something which it could not find. The peace that filled the century which followed it, the general contentment which reigned, except among the representatives of the fallen republic, showed that the empire had found that of which it was in search. Yet assuredly no comprehensive enfranchisement, no democratic levelling of classes, had taken place. If the ancient boundaries had been overleaped in the times of disturbance, Augustus devoted himself as soon as peace was restored to punishing such transgressions, and preventing the recurrence of them. His legislation is a system of exclusions, a code of privilege and class jealousy. It consists of enactments to make the enfranchisement of slaves difficult, enactments to prevent freedmen from assuming the privileges of the freeborn. He endeavoured to revive the decaying order of the patriciate, the oligarchy of the oligarchy itself—a clique which excluded Cato, and into which Augustus himself had gained admission only by adoption. He took pains to raise the character of the Senate, which was the representative of the aristocratic party, and to depress the Comitia, which represented the democracy. He bore, indeed, to his uncle a relation not unlike that which Sulla bore to Marius. Assuredly, any one who studies the Augustan age alone would conclude that in the long contest between aristocracy and democracy, aristocracy had come out victorious. Both parties, indeed, had sacrificed much, but in the Augustan age democracy was nowhere; aristocracy was on the lips of the prince and in his legislation; it was unfashionable to mention the name of Julius; the great historian of the age spoke with admiration, and nowhere with reproach, of his assassins, and earned from his master the epithet of the "Pompeian." Yet we are told this did not interrupt their friendship. The truth is, Augustus was very much a Pompeian himself: an aristocrat to the core, and sympathising with the old republic in all things, he

was yet the worthy and legitimate heir of his uncle, because he laboured successfully to complete what his uncle had begun; and this an aristocrat could do as well as a democrat, namely, to give the Roman world centralization.

Monarchy has often been used in the interest of the people as a means of coercing an insolent aristocracy. The Greek *ῥιπαροι* of the sixth century B.C., were popular sovereigns of this kind. But monarchy can also be used in the interest of aristocracy itself. Thus the monarchy of Louis XIV. was oppressive to the people, and supported itself upon the loyalty and sympathy of the *noblesse*. Now the Roman world wanted monarchy for its own sake, that is, it wanted a strong and centralized government; whether the monarchy favoured the democracy or the aristocracy was a matter comparatively of indifference. The first monarch was democratic, the second aristocratic, but both were equally successful, both equally satisfied the wants of the time. For, unlike in most respects as Augustus showed himself to Julius, he followed him closely in the one essential point. Though without much talent or taste for war, he jealously kept in his own hands the whole military administration of the empire. Here alone he showed no reserve and wore no disguise, though in assuming civil powers no monarch was ever more cautious, or showed more anxiety not to go further than public necessity forced him. He became permanent commander-in-chief; and—what shows clearly the conception which was formed of his special function—all provinces which were in the neighbourhood of an enemy, and in which a large military establishment was to be kept up, were committed to his care, and governed by his commissioners. He assumed, besides, the power of a proconsul in every province, by which means he became a kind of Governor-General of all the conquests of Rome. If we examine the powers which were given to Pompey in the war with the pirates, we shall see that they were very similar to these, and

that in fact the imperial system may be considered as a kind of permanent Gabinian Law, an arrangement by which a general was empowered to wield at his discretion all the military force of the empire, and to interfere in civil government so far as he might consider the military exigencies of the State demanded. It confirms this view to find that the most serious embarrassment which Augustus met with, particularly in his later years, was the evident superiority in military ability of Agrippa to himself, for this superiority carried with it a sort of natural title to supersede Augustus as emperor, and the difficulty was only surmounted by a kind of tacit compact by which Augustus bound himself to deny Agrippa nothing, and Agrippa not to claim all, while in the meanwhile they placed themselves as much as possible in distant parts of the empire, and so avoided the danger of a collision. This view at the same time explains the infinite alarm with which Augustus received the news of the defeat of Varus in Germany, and the loss of three legions. Rome had weathered much worse storms than this. But what struck Augustus was that his system could not stand for a moment if it did not secure that for which it existed, the safety of the frontiers; that liberty and republican pride would be felt to have been sacrificed in vain, that Cato, and Pompey, and Cicero, and Brutus would seem to have been martyrs, if the empire was still liable to barbaric invasion.

Considered in this light, the imperial system will appear to have had for a long time a splendid success. Though the imperial period is inferior as a period of foreign conquest to the period of Marius, Sulla, Pompey, and Cæsar, this is not owing to any military superiority of republicanism, but to the fact that the imperial system had been practically introduced long before it was legally recognised. It was not by republicanism, but by a temporary suspension of republican principles that the great generals I have just mentioned achieved their conquests. Pompey in the East

and Cæsar in Gaul were as absolute as Trajan, and it was because they were so that they had such great success. Their conquests, therefore, may be claimed for the imperial system, though not for the imperial period; and to estimate the military effectiveness of the republican system, we must look back to the disastrous years when general after general succumbed to Jugurtha's gold, and army after army to Cimbric hordes. It is true that the imperial system did not in the long run succeed, that the very evil which it was created to avert fell in the end upon the empire, that the frontier was passed at all points, and that the barbaric world overbore the Roman. But two centuries passed before the system showed any signs of inadequacy.

Such, then, in its design and in its direct working was the imperial system, simply a concentration of military force. But since it affected such a vast area, its indirect consequences are not less important than its direct ones. Of these the principal were two, the extinction of liberty, and the increase of material happiness. Of the first I have already spoken; it is displayed in a striking light throughout the history of the Senate in its relation to the emperors. The Senate had always been the vital institution of republican Rome. In it was embodied the force which had resisted Hannibal, which had made the Italians into a compact and homogeneous people, which had subjugated Sicily, Spain, Greece, and Carthage. Without this institution, this body of life-peers freely chosen by a people who liked neither self-government nor slavery, but liberty to choose their governors—without the freedom of each senator with respect to the rest, and the freedom of the people in the election of the Senate, Rome could never have become great. The popular assemblies had always been insignificant by the side of the Senate, and Augustus was right to elevate the Senate rather than the popular assemblies when he wished to persuade the people that their venerated republic still existed.

Henceforward the Senate and the emperor confronted each other like the past and the present. The Senate was respected; it was replenished with the leading men of the time; trouble was even taken by the emperors to maintain its character; it was eloquent; its debates and the lives of its members preserved the tradition of old Roman virtues; it was allowed to talk republicanism, and to canonize the "*Pharsalica turba*," the martyrs who had fallen in resisting Cæsar; it was highly cultivated and fond of writing history, a dignified literary club. But it had not power, in truth it had not reality. It is a painful or a majestic phenomenon, according as it acts or refrains from action. When it acts, it is like Lear with his hundred knights brawling in his daughter's palace. In a moment the wicked look comes upon Regan's face; the feeling of his helplessness returns upon the old man, and the *hysterica passio* shakes him. But so long as it remains passive it is an impressive symbol, and there is something touching in the respect with which the emperors treated it. Seldom has any State shown such a filial feeling towards its own past as the Romans showed in the tenderness with which they preserved through centuries a futile and impotent institution, because it represented the institutions of their ancestors. Like a portrait of the founder of the family in some nobleman's house, such was the Senate in the city of the Cæsars. It was not expected to move or act; nay, its moving seemed prodigious and ominous; it was expected "picture-like to hang by the wall;" and so long as it did this it was in no danger of being despised or thought superfluous, but, on the contrary, was held precious and dear.

Meanwhile liberty was actually dead, and several centuries passed in which Europe resembled Asia. That effeminacy fell upon men which always infects them when they live for a long time under the rule of an all-powerful soldiery. But with effeminacy there came in process of time a development

of the feminine virtues. Men ceased to be adventurous, patriotic, just, magnanimous; but, on the other hand, they became chaste, tender-hearted, loyal, religious, and capable of infinite endurance in a good cause.

The second indirect consequence was an increase of material happiness.

The want of system, which had exposed the empire to foreign enemies, had created at the same time much internal misery. Imperialism, introducing system and unity, gave the Roman world in the first place internal tranquillity. The ferocious civil conflicts of Marius and Sulla had sprung out of republican passions, which were now for good as well as for evil stilled. The piracy which had reigned in the Mediterranean was no longer possible with a permanent Gabinian Law, with a Pompey always at the head of affairs. One new danger, indeed, was introduced—the danger of military revolutions; but, formidable as the power of the army was, it was found possible to restrain it from the worst extremities for two centuries. The dreadful year 69, which recalled the days of Cinna, was the only serious interruption to the tranquil course of government between the accession of Augustus and the death of Aurelius. Whatever Cæsar took from his country, he gave it two centuries of peaceful government.

Once more: he gave to the government of the empire a somewhat more equitable spirit. It was not for this purpose that his army raised him to power, but centralization carried with it of necessity this result. The cruelty with which the provinces were governed was of the kind that is always produced in government by want of system. There was no one upon whom it was incumbent to consider the interests of the provinces. The Senate, to which all such affairs were left, consisted of the very men who had the strongest interest in plunder and extortion. The provincial governments were divided among the aristocracy as so much preferment; the whole order lived upon the plunder of the world, and nothing is more manifest

than that such a system could never be reformed from within. The difficulty of getting the House of Commons to put down bribery at elections would have been as nothing compared to the difficulty of inducing the Roman Senate to reform the government of the provinces. The new power which was now created proved very serviceable for this end. The emperor had no interest in any misgovernment; he was in a position to judge it coldly, and he had power to punish it. At the same time, in the general revision of the whole administration which now took place, the establishments of the provincial governors were put upon a better footing, and, in particular, stated salaries were assigned to them. A better system undoubtedly was introduced, and we may believe that the monstrous misgovernment of the republic passed away. From this time it may probably be said of the countries conquered by Rome that they were better governed than they had been in their times of independence. But it does not appear that they were governed positively well. Oppression and extortion, though on a reduced scale, seem still to be the order of the day.

In conclusion, then, that great controversy between Cæsar and Brutus, that question whether Cæsar was a benefactor or a scourge to his kind, seems to me too vast to be answered with any confidence. The change he accomplished had remote consequences not less momentous than the immediate ones. If the nations owed to him two centuries of tranquillity, it is not less true that the supremacy which he gave to military force in the moment when

he ordered the passage of the Rubicon, led to the frightful military anarchy of the third century, and ultimately to the establishment of Oriental sultanism in Europe. If he relieved considerably the oppression of the provinces, he also destroyed the spirit of freedom in the Romans, and I do not feel able to calculate exactly how much is lost when freedom is lost. But what it is hard for us to compute, I am persuaded that Cæsar himself could calculate far less. Like other great conquerors, he had "the hook in his nose," and accomplished changes far more and greater and other than he knew. He had energy, versatility, and unconquerable resolution, but he was no philosopher; and yet to measure in any degree the consequences of such actions would have taxed an Aristotle. I believe that he looked very little before him, that he began life an angry demagogue, with views scarcely extended beyond the city; that in the anarchy of the time he saw his chance of rising to power by grasping the skirts of Pompey; that in Gaul he had no views that any other proconsul might not have had, only greater ability to realize them; that at the head of his army and his province he felt to the full a great man's delight in ruling strongly and well; that during this period the corruption of the Senate and the anarchy of the city became more and more contemptible to him, but that in the civil war his objects were still mainly personal; and that it was not till he found himself master of the Roman world that his ideas became as vast as his mission, and that he became in any way capable of understanding the purport of his own career.

A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER III.

AFTER this day, the Curate's family began painfully to recognise, that they were really "poor" people.

Not that Mr. Scanlan's salary was small; indeed, the Rector had been most liberal: but the real property of a family consists, not so much in what comes in, as in what goes out. Had they never been richer than now, no doubt they would have considered themselves tolerably well off, and have received smiling even the third little "encumbrance," which ere long made the cottage too busy and too noisy for Mr. Scanlan to "study" there with any sort of comfort. Not that he was fond of reading, or ever read very much; but he liked to have his books about him, especially the Greek and Latin ones: it "looked well," he said. He had come to Ditchley breathing a great aroma of classical learning, and he did not like it to die out: it gave him such an influence in the parish. So he was much annoyed to find that it was now difficult to keep up the appearance of a man of literature; for instance, his few books had daily to be cleared away that the family might dine upon his study-table—and though that rarely incommoded him personally, he being so often absent at the dinner-hour—and invariably on "fast-days," as Bridget called them, she having been once a Catholic. She was not one now; having soon expressed her willingness to turn Protestant, or indeed any religion that Mrs. Scanlan chose: she wished to go to heaven with her mistress, she said, and how she went, or by what road, was of no great consequence.

These "fast-days" were always made a joke of, by both her, her mistress, and the children, who were brought up to

accept them as natural circumstances. But the truth was, the little family did not eat meat every day; they could not afford it. They always chose for their maigre days, those days when Mr. Scanlan was out—which happened pretty frequently—for he had all the parochial visiting to do: the parish was large and the houses scattered. Moreover, he was so agreeable—had such a deal to say for himself, and such a pleasant Irish way of saying it, that every body was delighted to see him. His welcome from house to house was universal, and his invitations were endless. At first he used to refuse them, not liking to go anywhere without his wife; but when her accompanying him began to grow difficult, nay impossible, he refused less and less. The neighbours were so very pressing, he said, and he could not well offend his own parishioners. Gradually, as summer advanced, their eagerness for his society grew to that pass, that he might have dined away from home every day in the week; in fact he often was absent three or four days out of the seven.

At first, I think, his young wife fretted a good deal about this. She did not care to have him stopping at home all day long; the children were a weariness and a trouble to him, for there was no nursery to hide them in; and besides, she could not do her duty properly to them when he was there. Nor to him—as she often vexed herself with thinking—when they, poor little pets! were always wanting her, and always in the way. But she would have preferred to see her husband come regularly home of evenings. She would have liked to sit and watch for him across the common at a certain fixed hour; to have known that—punctual as the sun—he would have come in and shone upon her; her

sun-rising being at the ordinary sun-setting—the close of the day. It would have been good for her, and sweet to her, she knew, if, though he disliked to be troubled and worried—and she should always avoid that—he had taken a kindly, husbandly interest in things at home. It would have helped her, and made her strong, braver, and fresher to bear the thousand little household burthens, that are, in the total, so heavy—men have little idea how heavy!—upon women's weak shoulders. Especially young women—who have yet to learn how God fits the back to the burthen, and how He never suffers the brave heart to fail, however tottering may be the feeble knees.

But Mr. Scanlan did not seem to understand these little difficulties of his wife. He was very kind, very affectionate; but it never occurred to him that she, being young and inexperienced, needed help as well as love, shelter as well as sunshine. He was very good when all was smooth and bright, but when any temporary cloud came over Wren's Nest, as clouds will come—slight sicknesses of the children, or small domestic cares of any kind—he just slipped away, and left her to bear the brunt of the battle. True, when he reappeared, he overwhelmed her with praise for having borne it so exceedingly well; which was most pleasant to his wife's heart—so pleasant that it seldom occurred to her till afterwards that the battle might have been easier, had she not been left to fight it single-handed.

Still, a husband at home all day is a great nuisance, especially with a young family; and she was not always sorry for Mr. Scanlan's absence, particularly at dinner-time. Women can put up with so many things that are intolerable to men. When butcher's meat ran short, Bridget developed quite a genius for puddings, which delighted the children amazingly. And then their mother tried her delicate hand at various French cookeries which she remembered out of "the days of her youth," as she began to call them now, and especially the *pot-*

au-feu, which her mother used to see when, as the young demoiselle of the château, she was taken by her nurse to visit old Norman cottages. She loved to tell about this wonderful Normandy to her little César, who listened eagerly, with the precocity not rare in eldest children, when the circumstances of the household compel them to the lot—often a most happy one—of being constantly under the mother's eye, and constituted the mother's principal companion.

These details I take from the Saturday night's journal, which Mrs. Scanlan kept so scrupulously and for so many years. It was, as I have said, written in French, her fondly-remembered native tongue, but it was not at all French in its style, being quite free from that sentimental exaggeration of feeling which makes French journals and letters of the last century or half-century seem so queer and affected to our British undemonstrativeness. Hers was as plain, as accurate, as if she had been the "thorough Englishwoman"—into which, as their summit of well-meant praise, her neighbours told her she was growing. She records the fact, but makes no comment thereon.

Nor will I. I believe firmly in the science of anthropology; that you might as well expect to evolve certain qualities out of certain races, as to grow a rose out of a tulip; but you can modify both rose and tulip to an almost infinite extent, cultivating their good points, and repressing their bad ones; and to quarrel with a tulip because it is not a rose, is certainly an act of supreme folly, even though one may like the rose far better. I myself own to having a warm love for roses, and a strong aversion to tulips; yet when a certain great and good man once took me to his favourite tulip-bed, and dilated on its merits, exhibiting with delighted admiration the different sorts of blooms, I felt tempted to say within myself, Can I have been mistaken? is a tulip a desirable, not a detestable, flower after all? And I was such a tender hypocrite to my old friend, that I had not the courage to confess

I had detested tulips all my life, but meant henceforward to have a kindly feeling towards them—for his sake.

So those of my readers who hate French people and Irish people, with their national characteristics,—may be a little lenient to both, as they read on farther in this story.

Mrs. Scanlan's neighbours, though they did pay her these doubtful compliments, as to her foreign extraction, were very kind and neighbourly. They admired her without being envious of her, for indeed there was no need. She came into competition with none of them. The young ladies, unto whom her beauty might have made her a sore rival, were quite safe—she was already married. The matrons, with whom she might otherwise have contested social distinction, were also secure—she never gave entertainments, and competed for the queenship of society with no one. The one field in which, had she fought, she must certainly have come off victorious, there being no lady for miles round who was her equal in qualities which I think are more French than English—in the gifts of being a good talker, a better listener; of making people comfortable together, without knowing why; and of always looking so sweet and pleasant and pleased with everything, that all people were perforce pleased, both with themselves and her;—from that grand arena Mrs. Scanlan retired; and so soon that nobody had time to dislike her for succeeding in it.

She had another quality which made her popular at Ditchley—she always sympathised with her neighbours, and interested herself warmly in their affairs, without ever troubling them with her own. I remember a certain line out of a once popular ballad, which then struck me as a very unfair balance of things, but which I have since recognised as the easiest and safest plan after all, with regard to all but the one or two intimate friends that one makes in a lifetime—

“So let us hope the future as the past has been will be;

I will share with thee thy sorrows, and thou thy joys with me.”

It illustrates exactly the unconscious creed and daily practice of Josephine Scanlan.

Thus, narrow-minded as Ditchley was in some things—as all country towns necessarily must be and were then, before the era of railways, much more so than now—it had a warm heart, and kept the warmest side of it to the Curate's wife, a stranger though she was. Of her small outside world, Mrs. Scanlan had nothing to complain. It may have criticised her pretty freely: very likely it did; but the criticisms fell harmless. She never heard them, or if she had heard, would not have heeded. She was so entirely free from ill-nature herself, that she never suspected it in others. If people talked about her, what harm did it do her? She was very sure they never said anything unkind.

And, strange to relate, I believe they never did. She was so entirely simple and straightforward—ay, from the first day when she explained, quite unhesitatingly, the dire mystery which had agitated Ditchley for weeks, the Scanlan & Co. porter bottle!—that spite laid down its arrows unused, meanness shrank ashamed into its own dark corners, and even malice retired abashed before the innocent brightness of her unconscious face.

“Everybody likes me,” she said of herself at this time. “I really don't know why they do it, but I am sure they do. And I am so glad. It is such a comfort to me.”

Was she beginning to need comfort—outside comfort—even already?

Her outside gaiety was certainly ceasing by slow degrees. She was invited as usual, with her husband; but gradually it came to be an understood thing that Mr. Scanlan went and Mrs. Scanlan remained at home. “She could not leave the baby,” was at first a valid and generally accepted excuse, and by the time it ceased to be available, her absence had become such a matter of habit, that nobody wondered at it. For awhile the “everybody” who liked her so much missed her a little, and even

remonstrated with her as to whether she was not sacrificing herself too much to her family, and whether she was not afraid of making Mr. Scanlan angry, in thus letting him go out alone? "Oh no!" she would reply, with a faint smile, "my husband is not at all angry. He quite understands the state of the case."

He did understand, after his fashion—that is, he presently discovered that it is somewhat inconvenient to take into society a wife who has no carriage to go out in, but must spoil her elegant attire by walking. Or still worse, who has no elegant attire at all, and wherever she appears is sure to be dressed more plainly than any lady in the room.

It may seem ridiculously small, but the subject of clothes was now growing one of the burthens of Mrs. Scanlan's life. She had never thought much of dress before her marriage, and afterwards her rich toilette had been accepted by her both pleasantly and naturally. Everybody about her dressed well, and so did she, for her husband liked it. Fortunately her good clothes were so many, that they lasted long after her good days—that is to say, her rich days—were done.

But now the purple and fine linen began to come to an end, and were hopeless of replacement. The first time she went to Ditchley to buy herself a new dress, which her husband declared she must have, she was horrified to find that a gown like one of her old worn-out ones would involve the sacrifice of two months' income to the little household at Wren's Nest. So her dream of a new silk dress vanished: she brought home a muslin one, to the extreme indignation of Mr. Scanlan.

Poor man! he could not understand why clothes should wear out, and as little why they should not be perpetually renewed. He had never seen his mother dress shabbily—why should his wife do so? His wife, upon whom his credit rested. If she had only herself to consider, it would not have signified; but a married lady—the Reverend Edward Scanlan's wife—was quite another thing.

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He could not see the reason for it: she must be learning slatternly ways; yielding to matronly untidiness, as he saw young mothers sometimes do—which he always thought a great shame, and a great unkindness to the husband. Which arguments were perfectly true in the main, and Josephine recognised the fact. Yet the last one went rather sharply into the young matron's heart.

She changed her style of dress altogether. Her costly but no longer fresh silks and satins were put away—indeed, they fell away of themselves, having been remodelled and altered to the last extremity of even French feminine ingenuity. She now appeared almost exclusively in cotton print of a morning, in white dimity of an afternoon: dresses which Bridget could wash endlessly, and which each week looked fresh and new again. Her children the same. She could not give them a clean frock every day, as their father wished—every other child he saw had always a clean frock on, and why not his children?—but she dressed them in neat blue-spotted pinafores—blouses she called them—the familiar French name—with a plain leather belt round the waist—and they looked so pretty, so very pretty!—or she and Bridget thought so many a time.

It is a curious and sad indication of how things changed after the first sunshiny summer at Wren's Nest, that the mistress and servant seem to have settled their domestic affairs together, and shared their domestic griefs and joys, very much more than the mistress and master. Whenever there was a sacrifice to be made, or a vexation or fatigue to be endured, it was they who suffered;—anyhow, *not* Mr. Scanlan. Mrs. Scanlan contrived to shield her husband—almost as she did her little children—from any household perplexity or calamity, and especially from a certain dim sound heard in the distance, every day approaching nearer and nearer—the howling of that blatant beast, "the wolf at the door."

"Hardships are so much worse to him than to me," she would reason. "With me, it is but just going back to old times,

when I lived at home with my father—and we were so very poor—and so very happy too, I think—whereas with my husband it is different. He has been rolling in money all his life—poor Edward!”

No doubt this was true. Nor do I wish to judge the Curate more harshly than his wife judged him. Besides, people are variously constituted; their ideals of happiness are different. I can imagine that when Josephine Scanlan sat in front of her neat cottage—with César and Adrienne playing at her feet, and her baby-boy asleep on her lap—sewing hard, for she had never done sewing—yet stopping a minute now and then to refresh her eyes with the sweet landscape—green low hills, smooth and sunny, which shut out the not very distant sea, beyond which lay *la belle France*, which she had always dreamed of, but never beheld,—I can imagine, I say, that it mattered very little to Josephine Scanlan whether she lived in a great house or a small one; whether she went clad in satin and velvet, or in the common dimity gown, which Bridget often sat up half the night to wash and iron for Sundays, and in which, as she went to church with a child in either hand, poor Bridget declared, the mistress looked “like an angel just dropped from the sky.”

Whether the rest of the congregation were of that opinion cannot now be discovered. They still paid occasional visits to Wren's Nest, stopping in carriage-and-pair at the garden-gate, and causing Bridget a world of flurry to get a clean apron and smoothe her hair before rushing to open it. But it is a very different thing, paying visits in a carriage after an idle morning, and paying them on foot after a morning's hard work in arranging the house affairs and looking after the children. Mrs. Scanlan had to explain this—which she did, very simply—to such of her husband's parishioners as were specially kind to her, and with whom she would have liked to associate, had fate allowed. Her excuses were readily and graciously accepted; but, after a time, the

natural results of such an unequal balance of things ensued. Her visitors became fewer and fewer: sometimes, in winter, whole weeks passed without a single foot crossing the threshold of Wren's Nest.

Necessarily, too, there came a decline in other branches of parish duty that Mr. Scanlan considered essential, and urged his wife to keep up; which she did at first to the utmost of her power—Dorcas societies, district visiting, village school-feasts, and so on; various forms of benevolence which had lain dormant until the young curate came. Ditchley, having a very small number of poor, and abounding in wealthy families with nothing to do, soon found charity a charming amusement; and the different schemes which the new clergyman started for its administration, made him very popular.

But with Mrs. Scanlan the case was different.

“I can't sit making clothes for little negroes, and let my own children run ragged,” said she once, smiling; and arguing half in earnest, half in jest—for she found that the latter often answered best—with her husband, who had been sharply reproving her. “And, Edward, it is rather hard to sit smilingly distributing fuel and blankets to the ‘believing poor,’ as you call them, when I remember how thinly-covered is poor Bridget's bed, and how empty our own coal-cellar. Still, I will do my best, since you wish it.”

“Do so—there's a dear girl!” replied he, carelessly kissing her. “Charity looks so well in a clergyman, and a clergyman's wife. And, besides, giving to the poor is lending to the Lord.”

Mrs. Scanlan cast a keen glance at her husband—she always did when he said these sort of things. She had begun to wonder how much they meant—at least how much he meant by them, and whether he really considered their meaning at all. I am afraid, for a clergyman's wife, she was not as religious a woman as she ought to have been; but she had had too much of religion when she lived in Merriem Square. In that

particular set to which her husband belonged, its cant phraseology had been painfully dinned into her ears. She recognised all the intrinsic goodness of the Evangelical sect, their sincere and earnest piety, but she often wished they could do without a set of stock phrases—such as Edward Scanlan had just used—which gradually came to fall on her ear as mere words, implying nothing.

"Lending to the Lord!"—said she. "Then I wish He would begin to pay back a little that He owes me. I wish He would send me a new pair of shoes for each of the children. They want them badly enough."

At which Mr. Scanlan looked horrified, especially as this unfortunate speech had been made in presence of his rector, Mr. Oldham, who had just come in for a call. Possibly, he did not hear, being very deaf, and using his deafness sometimes both conveniently and cleverly.

He was the one visitor whose visits never ceased, and were always welcome, for they caused no inconvenience. If the mother were busy, he would be quite content to talk to the children;—who liked him well enough, though they were a little afraid of him, chiefly through their father's always impressing upon them that they must behave so exceedingly well when they went to the Rectory—which was now almost the only house in the neighbourhood they did go to. At first, when César and Adrienne had acquired sufficiently walking capabilities and good manners, their father amused himself by taking them about with him pretty often; but being not angels, only children, they sometimes vexed him considerably. They would get tired and cross; or, from the great contrast of living at home and abroad, they would be tempted—poor little souls—to overeat themselves, which naturally annoyed the Curate much. By degrees both they and their mother found that going out with Papa was not unmixed felicity; so that when the habit was given up, it was a relief to all parties.

Gradually, the parents and children seldom appeared in public all together, except when they were invited to the

Rectory—as they had been lately—to enjoy a strawberry feast, in the garden of which its owner was so justly proud.

"I am glad you approve of my roses," said Mr. Oldham, when, with a half-deprecating, half-threatening look at his wife, lest she should make some other unlucky observation, Mr. Scanlan had disappeared on important parish business. "I often think, madame,"—(he changed his old-fashioned "madam" into madame, out of compliment to her birth, and because he liked to air his French a little,)—"I think, my garden is to me what your children are to you. I only hope it may be equally flourishing, and may reward me as well for all my care."

The Rector was sitting in the porch, his stick between his knees—he always wore breeches, gaiters, a long coat, and a large clerical hat—watching César, who was pulling up weeds in the somewhat neglected borders in front of the garden, but doing labourer's work with the air and mien of a young nobleman in disguise, a real *Vicomte de Bougainville*. One does see these anomalies sometimes, though I grant not often; poor gentlefolks' children are prone to sink to the level of the ordinary poor; but Josephine had taken great pains in the up-bringing of hers. As her eyes followed the direction of Mr. Oldham's, and then both their eyes met, there was in one countenance a touch of envy, in the other of pity,—which accounted for his frequent visits and the kindly welcome which she always gave him.

That is, of late years. At first, Mrs. Scanlan had been rather shy of her husband's rector, perhaps like the children, because her husband always impressed upon her the importance of being civil to him. Not until she found this needless—that the little old bachelor exacted nothing from her, and that, moreover, there was nothing to be got out of him—did Josephine become as friendly with Mr. Oldham as she was with her other neighbours. Her coldness seemed rather to amuse him; nor did he ever take

offence at it. He admired openly her beauty, her breeding, her good sense; and with his own pedigree, a yard long, hanging up in his hall, it is probable that he did not think the less of his curate's wife for being descended from so many noble De Bougainvilles.

What the old Rector thought of his curate, people never quite discovered. He kept his opinion to himself. When the parish went crazy about Mr. Scanlan, his beautiful sermons, his many accomplishments, Mr. Oldham listened, silent; when, as years ran on, a few holes were picked in the Curate's coat, he listened, equally silent. But he himself always treated Mr. Scanlan with pointed respect, courtesy, and consideration.

He sat watching the children—there were four now, "baby" being exalted into Louis, and another little white bundle lying across Mrs. Scanlan's lap, as she sat busy at her ceaseless needle even while she conversed with her guest.

"Another girl, I understand, for I am to have the pleasure of christening her next Sunday. Are you offended with me, madame, for declining to be godfather? As you are aware, your husband asked me?"

She was not aware, and would have disliked it extremely; but she would not betray either fact, and therefore only smiled.

"What do you mean to do with your eldest son?" pointing to César. "As I was saying to his father, it is high time he went to school. But Scanlan tells me he prefers teaching him himself."

"Yes," said Josephine briefly, for her visitor had touched upon a sore point. In early days her husband had been very proud of his "son and heir," who was a fine little fellow, the image of the grandfather whose name he bore—for all the children had French names, Mr. Scanlan not caring to perpetuate the Dennis's and Judiths of his ancestry. He had insisted on educating César himself—who could so well teach a boy as his own father? Only, unfortunately, the father had no aptitude for teaching, was extremely desultory in his ways,

and, as he gave the lessons chiefly for his own amusement, took them up and relinquished them whenever it suited him. Consequently, things went hard with little César. He was a bright, bold, noble lad, but he was not particularly clever nor over-fond of his book. Difficulties ensued. Not that Edward Scanlan was one of your brutal fathers: he never lifted his hand to strike his son—I should have liked to have seen the mother's face if he had!—but he made her perpetually anxious and restless, because "Papa and César did not get on together," and because, in spite of Papa's classical acquirements, her big boy, the pride of her heart, was growing up a great dunce.

Yet when she suggested sending him to school, Mr. Scanlan had opened eyes of the widest astonishment. What necessity was there? when he could teach him himself at home. Besides, how could they possibly afford the expense of schooling, when only lately she had told him, the father of the family, that he must do without a suit of new clothes for another six months? Differences ensued, which ended in César's remaining another year at home, while his mother learnt Latin in order to teach him herself. And, somehow or other, his father appeared at the next visitation in a bran-new suit of best London-made clerical clothes, dined with the Archbishop, and preached a sermon on the text of "Charity suffereth long and is kind;" which was so much admired that he came home covered with glory, and, except that it was, fortunately, extempore, would have gone to the expense of printing and publishing it immediately.

Thus, when Mr. Oldham spoke, Josephine replied with that quick "Yes," and over her face came the shadow which he, who had all the quick observation which often belongs to deaf people, detected at once, and changed the conversation.

"I have my newly-married cousin, Lady Emma Lascelles, coming with her husband to dine with me on Thursday; will you come too? I asked Mr. Scanlan, and he accepted immediately."

"Oh yes of course he will be most happy."

"I should like you to meet Lady Emma," pursued the old gentleman; "she was a nice little girl, and I dare say has grown up a sweet young woman. She will be sure to take to you—I mean, you will suit her better than most of the ladies of Ditchley."

"Indeed!" said the Curate's wife, smiling.

"You see, they will all stand in such awe of her"—and there was a slight satirical expression on the Rector's thin mouth. "It is not often a 'lady' in her own right comes our way. Though the most innocent eagle that ever was, Emma will flutter our dovecote, even as Coriolanus 'fluttered the Volscas in Corioli.' You will see!"

"Shall I? No; I fear I shall not. I am sorry to decline your kindness, Mr. Oldham, but you know I never go out now. I have not been at a dinner-party for years."

"So your husband said; but he said also that meeting Lady Emma was an exceptional case, and that I was to persuade you to go, as he wished it extremely."

"Did he? did he really?" said Josephine, with a sudden glow of pleasure; she had not grown quite insensible to the amusements of life, still less to that keenest enjoyment of them—to a wife—the consciousness that her husband likes to enjoy them with her; that he is proud of her, and admires her himself, besides having a natural satisfaction in seeing other people admire her too. But scarcely had she spoken than the glow faded. "I think you must have mistaken him, Mr. Oldham. My husband knows very well I do not visit. Indeed, I cannot do it."

"Why not?"

The Rector was a daring man to put the question, but he had often wished to get an answer to it. Observant as he was, his observation only went a certain length; and intimate as Mrs. Scanlan now was with him, her intimacy had its limits too. So neat was Wren's Nest whenever he called, so great was

its mistress's feminine ingenuity in keeping in the background all painful indications of poverty, that the rich man, who had been rich all his days, never guessed but that his curate was exceedingly comfortable in his circumstances, indeed rather well-off for a curate. Thus, when he asked, "Why not?" he had no idea that he was putting any painful or intrusive question, or saying anything beyond an innocent joke, which, as an old man and a clergyman, he might well venture. When he saw Mrs. Scanlan look grave and troubled, he drew back immediately.

"I beg your pardon. Pray do not answer me."

"No; I think I had rather answer, once for all," said she, after a pause. "It is but honest, and it will prevent your thinking me ungrateful or rude. I have given up visiting, because, in truth, we cannot afford it."

"I am aware, madame," said Mr. Oldham, "that fate, which has given you almost everything else, has denied you riches; but I think that should not affect you socially—certainly not in the visits with which you honour my house. Let me hope still to see you on Thursday."

"I cannot," she said, uneasily; then laughing and blushing, "If there were no other, there is one very ridiculous reason. This is a grand bridal party, and I have no suitable clothes!"

"Why not come as you are? This is white," touching, half-reverentially, half-paternally, her dimity dress. "Would not this do?"

She shook her head. "I should not mind it; if I were dressed ever so plainly, I should like to come. But—my husband——"

She stopped, for the same slightly satirical expression crossed the old man's mouth.

"I have no doubt my friend Scanlan has perfect taste; and, being an old bachelor, I cannot be expected to understand how husbands feel on the subject of their wives' dress. Still, if I had a wife, and she looked as charming as madame looks at this moment, what—

ever her costume might be, I should—— But we will not further discuss the subject. Thursday is a good way off; before then I shall hope to bring you or your husband, or both, round to my opinion. May I go into the house, Mrs. Scanlan? for it is growing rather chill outside for an old man like me."

He went in, and sat an hour or more with her and the children; but, though he talked on indifferent subjects, and asked no further questions, she could see his sharp eyes wandering here, there, and everywhere, as if a new light had broken in upon him, and he was anxious to discover everything he could respecting the internal economy of Wren's Nest. Such a shabby little nest as it was now growing! with carpets wearing threadbare and curtains all darned, and furniture which had to be kept neat and pretty by every conceivable device—all those things which a woman's eye at once discovers, a man's never, unless they are brought pointedly to his notice, or his attention is awakened so that he begins to hunt them out for himself.

Mr. Oldham talked a good deal, and looked about him a good deal more; but not a syllable said he with reference to the matter which, the moment she had referred to it, Josephine could have bit her tongue off for doing so. Not that she was ashamed of her poverty, in itself—she had been brought up in too lofty a school for that—but she was ashamed of the shame her husband felt concerning it. And anything like a betrayal of it before his patron would have seemed like begging for an increase of income, which she knew Mr. Scanlan desired, and thought his just due, and which every half-year she had some difficulty to keep him from applying for.

Therefore it was a real relief to Josephine when the Rector said not a word more of the dinner-party, until, just as he was leaving, he observed, "By-the-bye, I quite forget I had come to consult you upon whom I should invite to meet Lady Emma."

"Me!"

"Who so fitting? Are you not hand-in-glove with all our neighbours? Do

they not come to you for advice and sympathy on all occasions? Is there a birth or a death or a wedding in the parish that you don't know all about before it happens?"

"It used to be so," she said, half-amused, half-sadly; "and if not now, perhaps it is my fault. But tell me whom you mean to invite. I should like to hear all about the entertainment, though I do not go. It is such an important event in Ditchley, a dinner-party at the Rectory, and to a young bride."

So she took pencil and paper, and made out a list of names, he dictating them—for the old man seemed quite pleased with his little outburst of hospitality—until they came to one at which Mrs. Scanlan stopped.

"Dr. and Mrs. Waters. No; that will be useless. She—she does not go out."

"Bless my soul, I had forgotten. How stupid of me!" cried Mr. Oldham; and then he too stopped, and his keen, inquisitive eyes sought Josephine's. But she had dropped them, and was making idle marks upon the paper, to hide a certain awkwardness. They had both evidently hit upon a subject in which each was uncertain how much the other knew.

"I ought not to have forgotten. My good old friend! Of course, I must ask him; and—his wife."

"You had better ask him without his wife," said Josephine, quietly, with her eyes still cast down. "If you ask her, and she hears of it, she is sure to want to come; and—she ought not to come."

"I suppose not. Poor Mrs. Waters! she is—ahem!—a great invalid."

Mrs. Scanlan was silent.

"I thought," said the Rector, clearing his throat, "that my poor old friend and I had arranged all between us, so that nobody in Ditchley was any the wiser for this—this sad affair. I hate gossip, and gossip about such a painful thing would be hard to bear. Waters and I took every precaution, and his house is a large house, and quite out of the town; one would have thought

a person could be—ill—there, without the whole town's knowing."

"I am not aware that the town does know; I hardly see how it can," said Josephine, gently, for she saw how troubled the Rector was. She well knew why, only she had not expected so much warm feeling in the cold-mannered, lonely old man, who was supposed to care for nobody but himself.

"But you know?" said he, anxiously. "Yes, from your face now I am sure of it. Tell me frankly, how much do you know?"

"Everything, I believe. I found it out by accident."

"How long since?"

"Six months ago."

"And you have never told—not a creature? And in the many times that I have spoken to you about the Waters family, you have never once betrayed that you knew anything? Well, you are a wonderful woman—the only woman I ever knew who could hold her tongue."

"Am I?" said Josephine, smiling, half-sadly, for she had had a few sharp lessons—conjugal and domestic—before arriving at that height of perfection.

Still anxious, Mr. Oldham begged she would tell him exactly what she knew, and there came out one of those terrible domestic tragedies, which people always hide if they can, and which had hitherto been successfully hidden, even from gossiping Ditchley. Dr. Waters' wife, of whom he was very fond, had suddenly gone mad, and tried to destroy both him and herself. The fit over without harm, she had partially recovered, but still required to be kept in strict seclusion as a "great invalid," appearing little outside her own house, and then only with her so-called "nurse,"—in reality her keeper. This woman, once meeting Mrs. Scanlan when she had lost her mistress on the common, and was frantically searching for her, had betrayed the whole sad truth, imploring her to keep the secret, which she did faithfully.

"Even from your husband?" inquired, rather pointedly, Mr. Oldham.

"Yes. It did not affect him, nor

would he have taken much interest in the matter," she answered, half-apologetically. She could not say the other fact—that he would have told it the next day, quite unwittingly, to everybody in Ditchley. "Besides, I had promised, and a promise ought to be kept implicitly."

"Certainly, my dear madame, certainly!"

The old man sat rubbing his hands, and looking at her with great admiration. "A remarkable woman—the most remarkable woman I ever knew!" Then, as a knock came to the door, "There is Scanlan coming home to his tea, and I must go to my dinner. I will just shake hands with him, and depart. Adieu, madame. Au revoir."

He bowed over her hand—his quaint, formal, little bow—and disappeared.

But the next day Mrs. Scanlan received by coach, from the largest linen-draper's shop in the county town, a magnificent silk dress, richer than anything ever seen in Ditchley. With it was an envelope, addressed to herself, containing these lines, written in French, and in the delicate, precise hand, which was at once recognisable, "From an old man, in token of his respect for a lady who can both keep a promise and hold her tongue about it."

Alas! by this time there was no need for Mrs. Scanlan to hold her tongue any longer. Mrs. Waters had had another "attack," during which she had gone—Ditchley never quite knew how—to that world where she would wake up in her right mind, and Heaven would be as tender over her as her dearly-loved and loving husband was, to the last, in this.

There was no dinner-party at which to show off the beautiful new gown; the Rector was too shocked and sad to give any. But Lady Emma came, and Mrs. Scanlan saw her, greatly to Mr. Scanlan's delight. Nay, the bride praised so warmly his Josephine, that he admired her himself more than ever, for at least ten days, and took great interest in the handsome appearance she would make in her new silk dress. But Mrs. Scanlan herself had little pleasure in it; and

though she thanked the Rector for it, and accepted it kindly—as indeed the kindness of the gift deserved—she laid it by in a drawer, almost as sadly as if it had been a mourning weed.

CHAPTER IV.

ON Josephine Scanlan's lovely face a slight shadow was now deepening every year and with every child—for a child came almost every year. Fortunately—or at least so said the neighbours—but did the mother?—fortunately, not all were living; but ere ten years were past, Wren's Nest contained six little nestlings, growing up from babies into big boys and girls—César, Adrienne, Louis, Gabrielle, Martin, Catherine. Josephine had insisted on this latter name, in remembrance of her gentle, kindly, vulgar, good old mother-in-law, now long gone to her rest. Curiously enough, except Adrienne, who was the plain one of the family, but, as if by tender compensation, the sweetest little soul among them all, the whole of the children were De Bougainvilles—handsome, well-grown, graceful; a young tribe that any mother might be proud of. And she was very proud of them, and very happy in them, at times—yet still the shadow in her face grew and grew.

There is a portrait of her, taken about this time, I believe, by a wandering artist who had settled for the summer at Ditchley, and with whom the Curate struck up one of his sudden friendships. Mr. Summerhayes, attracted by Mrs. Scanlan's beauty, requested permission to paint her, and afterwards, out of politeness, painted, as a companion picture, her husband likewise.

The two heads are very characteristic. The one is full of a lovely gravity, nay, something more, for the expression is anxious even to severity; in the other is that careless *insouciance*, which may be charming in itself, but which has the result of creating in other people its very opposite. That painful earnestness about great things and small, that unnatural and exaggerated "taking thought

for the morrow," which sometimes grows to be an actual misfortune, so as to make the misery of to-day—might never have come to Josephine, if her Edward had been blessed with a little more of these qualities. There is no need to do more than look at the two portraits, speaking so plainly through the silence of years, in order to detect at once the secret of their married life; how that the burden which the man shirked and shrunk from, the woman had to take up and bear. Josephine Scanlan did this, and did it to the end.

Without murmuring either, except, perhaps, just at the first. There might have been a season when, like most young wives and many-childed mothers, she had expected to be cherished and taken care of; to be protected as well as loved; helped as well as admired; but that time had passed by. Not without a struggle; still it did pass, and she accepted her destiny; accepted it as a fact; nay, more, as a natural necessity. She was young and strong; physically, quite as strong as her husband, delicate though her appearance was; morally, no person who was in their company for an hour could have doubted the relative calibre of Mr. and Mrs. Scanlan. A man is not necessarily "a man," in the true spiritual sense, because he happens to wear coat and trousers: nor is a woman always of the "weaker sex," because she has a soft voice, a quiet manner, a feeble and feminine frame. I have seen many and many a couple in which, without any great external show of the thing, Nature seemed to have adapted herself to circumstances, and "turned the tables" in a most wonderful way between husbands and wives, giving to the one wherewithal to supply the other's lack; and that so gradually, so imperceptibly, that they themselves scarcely recognised how completely they had changed places—the man becoming the woman, and the woman the man. A sad sight, theoretically: but, practically, often not so sad as it seems.

Possibly, Mrs. Scanlan grew to be dimly conscious of one fact as concerned herself and her husband,—that, whether

or not she was the cleverer, he being always considered such a brilliant and talented young man,—she was certainly the stronger, wiser, more sensible of the two. But at any rate she experienced its results, and accepted them, and the additional duties they involved, with a great, silent courage, such as the urgency of the case demanded. For she was a mother, and mothers must never know either despondency or fear.

If she began to look anxious and careworn, so careworn that it spoiled her beauty and made her husband gradually become indifferent to whatever sort of dress she wore, it was no wonder. The mere thought of her children was enough to weigh her down night and day; to say nothing of the incessant physical weariness of taking care of so many little folk, bright, loving, mischievous monkeys, who had all the activity of healthy, country-bred children, placed under the very simplest discipline, and a discipline that was, of necessity, wholly maternal: for the father took less and less notice of them every day.

She did not spoil them, I think—at least Bridget protested she never did; that she always kept a wholesome authority over them, and never indulged them in any way. Poor little souls! there was small opportunity for indulgence in their primitive, all but penurious life; but she was obliged to see them growing up around her, almost as wild as young colts; deprived of every advantage which good food, good clothes, good society, and above all good education, give to young people; that unconscious influence of outward things, which affects children, even at that early age, far more than we suspect.

Their mother saw all this; knew all that they lacked; which she would have given anything to provide them with. Yet here she was, bound hand and foot with the iron bands of poverty; able to do almost nothing for them, except love them. She did that. God only knows how a mother's heart goes out to her children—with a perfect torrent of passionate devotedness—when in its other channel, deepest and holiest of all,

the natural stream is slowly drying up; or, becoming, as Wordsworth mournfully sings of it, no longer a living fountain, but

“A comfortless and hidden well.”

I have no right to take anything for granted: but straws show which way the wind blows: and I find in Mrs. Scanlan's journal, hidden under its safe French, many a sentence such as this, which betrays a good deal more than appears on the surface.

“My poor Adrienne is ailing, which casts a gloom over the whole house, and makes me busier than ever; for she has grown to be such a help to her mother, dear child! I wish I could take her to the sea, if only for a week; but how could I leave home; leave Papa all to himself? Things would be sure to go wrong if I did; and, besides, Edward would be so very uncomfortable. Nor should I like to propose it: for it would cost a deal of money; nearly as much as that projected journey of his to London with Mr. Summerhayes, against which I have set my face so firmly, telling him he must give it up; we could not possibly afford it.

“Nor can we. Even with all the lightening of my housekeeping through Mr. Oldham's kindness” (the Rector had long ago given the children what he called “a quarter of a cow,” namely a can of new milk daily, with eggs and butter, fruit and vegetables in unlimited supply, from his own farm and garden)—“even with all this, I shall scarcely succeed in making ends meet this Christmas; and if we have any extraneous expenses out of the house, we shall not be able to pay our Christmas bills. And oh! what a terrible thing that would be; sorer than anything which has yet happened to us.”

Sore things had happened them, occasionally; but she rarely noted them down except by implication. This, perhaps, was one of them.

“César, mon petit César, wearies me to let him learn drawing of Mr. Summerhayes. Not that he has any particular talent for it, but it amuses him,

and he likes it better than his book. And it takes him away from home—from our poor little house—going sketching about the country with Papa and Mr. Summerhayes. Not that they do much work; indeed, I think Mr. Summerhayes has little need to work, he is not a 'poor' artist apparently; but it is a lively, wandering pleasant life, such as most men take to eagerly. I wish Edward did not take to it quite so much; it does no good, and it is very expensive. I myself have no great faith, nor a very warm interest in this Mr. Summerhayes. Still, he is a pleasant young fellow enough; my husband likes him and so do my children, especially my two eldest. Poor little Adrienne, who at eleven years old is twice as clever as her brother in her drawing as in other things, though she is such a tiny dot of a child—Adrienne, I see, quite adores Mr. Summerhayes."

"My" children—alas! a deep meaning lies under that small word, that unimpressive, apparently unimportant "my."

There came a period in Mrs. Scanlan's marriage—as it does in many a marriage, which looks comfortable enough to the world, and jogs on fairly to the last—when the wife was gradually becoming absorbed in the mother.—Now, a voice at my elbow, and one I cannot choose but listen to, knowing it is often both wiser and tenderer than my own, whispers that this is a wrong thing, a wicked thing: that any woman who deliberately prefers her children to her husband is unworthy the name of wife. To which I reply that no man, worthy the name of husband, need ever fear that his wife *will* love him less than she loves her children—the thing is unnatural, improbable, impossible. But all the shams in the world will not exalt an unworthy husband into a position which, even if he had it, he could not keep. He will find his level, and the children will find theirs, in the heart which is never likely to be very false to either.

But of that mysterious thing, love, it is as true as it is of most other things,—what people win they must earn. When Josephine de Bougainville mar-

ried Edward Scanlan, she was a mere girl, little beyond a child, and he a grown man, at least he considered himself as such. When she developed into the woman that she was, a creature embodying more than any one I ever knew Wordsworth's picture of

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command,"—

he remaining still what he was, an average young man, no better than most young men and inferior to many,—the difference between the two showed fearfully plain. Less in their mental than in their moral stature: Edward Scanlan was a very clever fellow in his way; brilliant with all Hibernian brilliancy, and the Hibernian aptitude of putting every talent well forward, so that, like the shops in the Rue de Rivoli and the Palais Royal—all the jewellery was in the windows. Of mere brains he had quite as much as she: or even if he had not, it would have mattered little. Many a clever woman loves passionately a not particularly clever man, when she sees in his nature something which is different from, and nobler than, her own. And seeing this she can always place herself, quite naturally, in the inferior attitude, which to all women and wives is at once so delicious and so indispensable.

But to wake up from that love-dream and find that its object is quite another sort of person from what he was fondly imagined to be; that her affection towards him must, if it is to continue at all, entirely change its character, and become not a loving up but a loving down—an excusing of weaknesses, a covering over of faults, perhaps a deliberate pardoning of sins—this must be, to any wife, a most awful blow. Yet it has happened, hundreds of times; and women have survived it, even as they survive love-disappointments, and losses by death, and other agonizing sorrows, by which Heaven teaches us poor mortals that here is not our rest; and that, deeper than anything stock phraseology can teach, comes back and back upon us the lesson of life—to lay up our treasure

not over-much in this world, but in that world "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

The blow falls, but, happily, it seldom falls suddenly. And being so utterly irremediable, women, especially those who have children, become reconciled to it; make the best of it; take it as other women have done before them, and pass gradually out of its first blinding darkness into that twilight stage of much-enduring matrimony, which seems to be the lot of so many, and with which so many are apparently quite content. Nevertheless, to those happy wives, who, thank God! know what it is to live daily and hourly in the full daylight of satisfied love, such a region appears only a better sort of Hades, peopled with the flitting ghosts of departed joys.

Into that silent valley of endless shade, the young matron, Josephine Scanlan, had slowly passed.

I do not allege that her husband was unkind to her: personal unkindness was not in his nature; he was far too easy and good-tempered for that. It would almost have been better if he had been a little unkind sometimes. Many a bad-tempered man is not essentially a bad man, and a woman like Josephine could have borne patiently some small ill-usage, had it come from a husband whom in other things she could deeply respect. I have heard her say sometimes, "that common men break their wives' heads, and gentlemen their hearts: and the former was a less heinous crime than the latter." Be that as it may, I think she herself would have borne any personal wrong easier than to sit still, and endure the maddening sight of watching her youth's idol slowly crumble down into the very commonest of clay.

It may be urged, first, why did she set him up as an idol, when he was but an ordinary man? Well, that may have been a very silly thing, yet do not all women do it? And would their love be much worth having if they did not do it?—Secondly, finding him to be

what he was, why did she not try to improve him?

It is a melancholy fact, that some men cannot be improved. A strong nature, warped to evil, may be gradually bent back again to good; but over a weak nature no person has any power; there is nothing to catch hold of; it is like throwing out the ship's sheet-anchor into shifting sands. Edward Scanlan's higher impulses were as little permanent as his lower ones. "Unstable as water thou shalt not excel," had been his curse through life; though—so bright and sweet are the self-delusions of youth—it was not for some years that his wife discovered it.

And, mercifully, Ditchley did not discover it at all, at least not for a long time. It was one of those failings which do not show outside. He was still the most interesting of men and of clergymen; played first fiddle in all societies; and if he did hang up that invaluable instrument at his own door, why, nobody was any the wiser: his wife never told. Perhaps, indeed, it was rather a comfort to her to have the fiddling silenced within the house—it would have been such a cruel contrast to the struggle that went on there: the continual battle with toil, poverty, and grinding care.

The one bit of sunshine at Wren's Nest was undoubtedly the children. Rough as they were, they were very good children, better than many rich men's offspring in their self-denial, self-dependence, and uncomplaining gaiety amidst all deprivations, which they, however, having never known anything better, did not much feel. Here, too, the Irish light-heartedness of their faithful Bridget stood them in good stead; and their mother's French adaptability taught them to make the best of things. The little girls began to do house-work, sew, and mind the baby; the little boys to garden and help their mother in all sorts of domestic ways; and this at an age when most children are still in a state of nursery helplessness, or worse. The incessant activity of little people, which in well-

to-do households finds no outlet but mischievousness, here was always led into a useful channel, and so did good instead of harm. Work became their play, and to "help Mother" their favourite amusement. She has many an entry in her diary concerning them, such as this:—

"This morning, Adrienne, standing on a stool at my ironing-table, began to iron pocket-handkerchiefs, and really, for her first attempt, did it quite beautiful. She was so proud; she means to do it every week now, and I mean to let her, provided it does not injure her poor back, which not yet is as strong as it should be. I shall not, however, allow her to carry the next baby." Alas! the "next" baby.

Or this:—

"César and Louis went up to the Rectory all by themselves, to fetch a great bundle of young cauliflowers, which my children are so fond of, saying, when I cook them *à la Française*, meat at dinner is quite unnecessary. They planted them all by themselves, too. Papa said he would show them how, but he happened to be out. He takes very little interest in the garden; but my two boys are born gardeners, and love every inch of the ground, and every living thing upon it. I wish they may make it produce more than it does, and then we need not accept so much from the Rectory. It is always a bad thing to be too much dependent upon even the kindest of neighbours; and so I often say to the children, telling them they must learn to shift for themselves—as assuredly they will have to do—and try and be as independent as possible.

"I had to tell them yesterday that they must try and do without sugar to their tea—grocery is so very dear now. They pulled a wry face or two at the first cup, but afterwards they did not complain at all, saying 'that what Mother did, surely they could do.' My children are such exceedingly good children."

So it came to pass that finding, young as they were, she could actually respect and trust them more than she could

their father, she gradually loved them best. A mournful truth; but does any mother wonder at it? I, for one, do not.

No household is very dreary so long as it has children in it—good children, and merry with all the mirth of youth. The little Scanlans must have had their fill of mirth; their happiness made their mother happy also, in a sort of reflected way. She was still young enough to become a child with them, to share in all their holiday frolics, their primrose gatherings, hay-makings, nuttings, skatings, and slidings. All the year round there was something doing; in the endless variety which country children enjoy. But from these festivals the father was usually absent. They were "not in his line," he said; and when he did go, he enjoyed himself so little that the rest of the young party found in plain language "his room was better than his company." That grand and lovely sight—I use advisedly these strong adjectives—of a father taking a day's pleasure with all his children round him; stooping from his large worldly pursuits to their small, unworldly one; forgetting himself in the delight of making them happy—with a happiness which they will remember long after he is laid in dust—this sight was never seen at Ditchley, so far as concerned the Scanlan family. If Ditchley ever noticed the fact, reasons for it were never lacking. Poor Mr. Scanlan's parish duties were so very heavy;—it was quite sad to think how little he saw of his family—how continually he was obliged to be away from home.

That was true; only, strange to say, nobody at home seemed much to miss his absence. Perhaps, unconsciously, the little folks betrayed this; and, as they grew up—being remarkably simple and straightforward children—found it difficult not to let their father see that they had discovered certain weak points in his character—inaccuracies and exaggerations of speech, selfishnesses and injustices of action—which discovery could hardly have been altogether pleasant to Mr. Scanlan. He gradually ceased to

look oftener than he could help into César's honest eyes, which sometimes expressed such intense astonishment, to say the least of it, at the father's words and ways; and he gave up petting little Adrienne, who sometimes, when he did something that "grieved Mother," followed him about the house with mute looks of such gentle reproach that he could not stand them. His love of approbation was so strong that he could not bear to be disapproved of, even by a child; but he did not try to amend matters and win approval; he only got vexed, and took the usual remedy of an uneasy conscience—he ran away.

Alas for his wife! the woman, who had to excuse him not only to herself but to these others—the quick-sighted little people, whose feelings were so fresh and clear—what must her difficulties have been? And when, all excuses failing before her stern sense of absolute right,—the justice without which mercy is a miserable weakness or a cowardly sham—the duty towards God, which is beyond all obedience to man—she had, as her sole resource, to maintain a dead silence towards her children with regard to their father—how terrible her trial!

The only comfort was, that nobody knew it. Ditchley pitied the Curate's wife for many things: because she had such narrow means and such a large family; because, being such a charming, elegant, and accomplished woman, she was only a curate's wife, doomed to have her light hidden under a bushel all her days. But it never thought of pitying her for the one only thing for which she would have pitied herself—the blank in her heart where an idol should have been—the sad silence there instead of singing—the dull patience and forbearance which had taken the place of joy and love.

No wonder that her beauty began to fade, that her cheerfulness declined, or was only prominent in her intercourse with children—her own and other people's. Grown-up people she rather avoided; her neighbours, with whom she had been so popular once, said

among themselves that Mrs. Scanlan was not quite so pleasant as she used to be; was overridden by domestic cares, and growing rather unsocial, hard, and cold. Nay, some of them sympathised with her husband in having so little of a companion in his wife, and quite understood how it was he went out so much, and alone; one or two married ladies, who were very well off and had no children, blamed her openly for this; and said it was "all her fault if Mr. Scanlan went too much into society."

Mrs. Scanlan heard it, of course. Birds of the air always carry such a matter. She heard, and set her lips together in that stern hard line which was becoming natural to them,—but she said not a word. She never defended herself at all, either then or afterwards. So, by degrees, the kindest of the Ditchley ladies left her to herself, to carry out her lonely life at Wren's Nest, which was a good mile away from the town and its prying gossip. Often she passed days and weeks without receiving a single visitor, and then the visiting was confined to an exchange of calls, at long intervals, kept up, Ditchley owned, for civility's sake, and chiefly out of respect to Mr. Scanlan. He was popular enough; not run after quite as much as at first, perhaps, yet still very well liked in the neighbourhood, and always welcome in any society. But it was such exceedingly up-hill work keeping up acquaintance with Mrs. Scanlan.

One person, however, maintained towards her a firm fidelity, and that was the Rector. Not that he showed it in any strongly demonstrative way—he was by no means a demonstrative man—but he always spoke of her in the highest terms, as "a first-rate woman," and specially "a woman who could hold her tongue." And though, from something she let fall in thanking him for her silk dress, he delicately forbore making her any more personal presents, his thoughtful kindness with regard to the children was continual.

He did not raise his curate's salary, in spite of many a broad hint from that gentleman; but he helped the house-

hold in many a quiet way, often obvious to no one but the mistress of it—and to Bridget, who had a very great respect for Mr. Oldham—at least, so far as was consistent with her evident and outspoken disapprobation of men as a race, and especially as clergymen.

"I'd like to put my missis in the pulpit," said this excellent woman, who lived before the great question of women's rights was broached. "I wonder what she'd say? Anyhow, she'd say it better than most men; and she'd act up to it too, which isn't always the way with your parsons. Their religion's in their head and in their mouths; I'd like to see it a bit plainer in their lives."

This may show that the Curate's was not exactly a "religious" family. They kept up all the forms of piety; had prayers twice a day, and so on; the Bible, lying always open on Mr. Scanlan's desk, and tossing about in his coat-pockets, was read aloud enough, especially the Epistles, for all the household to know it by heart. But Bridget once told me, her mistress had confessed that, for years, to hear certain portions of the Bible read actually turned her sick, until she had laid it aside long enough to come to it with a fresh and understanding soul, free from all the painful associations of the past.

And so the Scanlan household struggled on, living "from hand to mouth"—with often a wide space between the hand and the mouth; while many a time it needed all Josephine's vigilance to take care that even the hand which led to the mouth—those poor hungry mouths of her dear children!—should be strictly an honest hand. For that creed of the De Bougainvilles, "*Noblesse oblige*," which held that a gentleman may starve, but he must neither beg nor borrow—this creed was not the creed of the Scanlan family. It was Mrs. Scanlan's hardest trial to keep sternly before her children's eyes that code of honour which her husband talked about, but neither practised nor believed in. And when at last the climax came—when their "difficulties" increased so much that it was

obvious the year's income could not possibly meet the year's expenses—then she recognised fully what a deathblow it is to all conjugal peace and domestic union, when the husband holds one standard of right and the wife another; or, rather, when it is the wife only who has any fixed standard of right at all.

As usual, the collapse came suddenly, that is, the discovery of it; for Mr. Scanlan would go on for days and weeks playing on the brink of a precipice, rather than acknowledge it was a precipice, or speak of it as such. He disliked even to open his lips on what he called "unpleasant subjects." He left all these to his wife. "Do you manage it, my dear," he would say; "you manage so beautifully." The little flattery only now awoke in her a passing smile, but she managed the troubles for all that.

At length a day came when she could not manage them any longer; when she was obliged to insist upon her husband's speaking out his mind to her upon the critical position of their affairs.

Very much astonished was poor Mr. Scanlan! Surely this pressure must be all a mistake, springing from his wife's overweening anxiety about money matters; an anxiety common to all mothers, he thought.

"It is not a mistake," said she calmly, though with a hot cheek. "See here!"

And she laid before him, written out, in plain black and white, all the sums they owed and all the money they had in hand to meet them. It was a heavy deficit.

Mr. Scanlan took up the paper carelessly. "How neatly you have set it all down, and what capital arithmetic! Really, Josephine, you ought to apply for a situation as clerk and bookkeeper somewhere."

"I wish I could!" said she beneath her breath; but her husband either did not or would not hear. Still he looked a little vexed.

"You should have told me this before, my dear!"

"I have told you, but you said it did not matter, and that I was not to trouble

you with it. Nor would I have done so, till the last extremity."

"I can't conceive what you mean by the last extremity. And how has it all come about? It must be your fault, for you manage everything, and spend everything."

"Not quite," said she, and put before him a second list of figures, in two lines, headed severally "House expenses" and "Papa's expenses." It was remarkable how equal the sum total of each was; and, naturally, this fact made Papa very angry. He burst out into some very bitter words, which his wife received in stolid silence.

I do not here praise Josephine Scanlan; I think she must have gradually got into a hard way of saying and doing things, which, no doubt, was very aggravating to the impulsive Irish nature of her husband. He was fond of her still, in his sort of selfish way, and he liked to have her love and her approbation. He would have been much better pleased, no doubt, had she put her arms about his neck with "Never mind, dearest Edward!" and passed the whole thing over, instead of standing in front of him thus—the embodiment of moral right—a sort of domestic Themis, pointing with one hand to those terrible lines of figures, and pressing the other tightly upon her heart, the agitated beating of which he did not know. But she stood quite still, betraying no weakness. The thing had to be done, and she did it; in what seemed, to her, the best and only way. There might have been another, a gentler way: but I do not know. Alas! that one unfailing strength of a wife, the power of appeal to her husband's conscience, certain that even if he has erred a little, his sense of duty will soon right itself; this engine of righteous power was wanting to poor Mrs. Scanlan. She had tried it so often and found it fail, that now she never tried it any more.

She stood in dead silence, waiting until his torrent of words had expended itself; then she said,—

"Now, without more talking, we had better see what is best to be done."

"Done? Why, what can we do?

Where was the use of your coming to me about all this? I'm not Midas; I can't turn pebbles into pounds!" And even in the midst of his annoyance Mr. Scanlan smiled at his own apt illustration.

His wife might have replied, that to throw away pounds like pebbles was more in his line, but she checked the sharp answer and made none at all.

"I cannot imagine what is to be done," he continued. "If we had any relatives, any friends to whom I could have applied——"

"We have none, happily."

"Why do you say happily? But I know your crotchets on this head. You are totally mistaken, Josephine. Friends ought to help one another. Does not Scripture itself say, 'Give to him that asketh, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.'"

"But Scripture does not say, 'Go a borrowing, knowing all the while that you never can pay.'"

"Nonsense! We should pay in course of time."

"We might, but I should be sorry to risk the experiment. No: fortunately for them and us, we have no friends."

She spoke in such a measured, impassive voice, that Mr. Scanlan looked at her, uncertain whether she were in jest or earnest, pleased or vexed.

"You are an odd kind of woman, Josephine; much more so than you used to be. I can't understand you at all. But come, since my idea is scouted, what plan do you propose? I leave it all to you, for I am sick of the whole matter." And he threw himself on the sofa with a weary and much injured air.

She sat down by him, and suggested a very simple scheme—selling some of her jewellery, which was valuable, and almost useless to her now. But she had reckoned without her host. The sacrifice which to Mrs. Scanlan had seemed trifling, to Mr. Scanlan appeared quite dreadful.

"What! part with these lovely emeralds and diamonds, which have been so much admired, and which make you look well-dressed, however careless

you are in other ways ? And sell them in Ditchley, that some neighbour may parade them before your very face, and proclaim to all the world how poor we are ? Intolerable ! I will never allow it ; you must not think of such a thing."

But finding she still did think of it, he took another tack, and appealed to her feelings.

"I wonder at you ! To sell my gifts, and my poor father's and mother's—the pretty things you used to look so sweet in when we were first married ! Josephine, you must have the heart of a stone !"

"Have I ?" cried she. "I almost wish I had." And as her husband put his arm round her, she burst into tears ; upon which he began to caress and coax her, and she to excuse him : thinking, after all, it was loving of him to wish not to part with these mementoes of old days. "Oh, Edward," she said, leaning her head against his shoulder, "we used to be so fond of one another."

"Used to be ? I hope we are still. You are a very good wife to me, and I am sure I try to be a good husband to you. We should never have these differences at all, if you would only mind what I say, and not hold to your own opinion so firmly. Remember, the husband is head of the wife, and she must obey him."

Here Edward Scanlan assumed rather a lordly air, which he usually did when his Josephine was particularly humble. Like most men of his character, he resembled that celebrated nettle which, if you "tenderly touch it"—

"stings you for your pains ;
But be like a man of mettle, and it soft as silk remains."

"It is no use, my dear," continued he ; "you must give in to me a little more. The root of all our miseries is our being so poor, which we always shall be while we stick in the mud of Ditchley—this wretched country town, where I am not half appreciated. As I have so often said, we must remove to London."

Mrs. Scanlan drew back from him, turning so white that he was frightened.

"My dear, you are ill. Have a glass of wine. Bridget ! Here, Bridget !"

"Don't call her. I need it not. And, besides, there is no wine in the house."

"Then 'there ought to be,'" returned Mr. Scanlan, angrily : for this too was a sore subject. He had been brought up in the old-fashioned school of considering stimulants a necessity. Old Mr. Scanlan used to imbibe his bottle of port a day, and young Mr. Scanlan his three or four glasses : which habit, Josephine, accustomed to her father's French abstinence, had greatly disliked, and succeeded in breaking him off from just in time, before their changed circumstances required him to do so as a point of economy. He did it cheerfully enough, for he was no drunkard ; still he sometimes went back to the old leaven, enjoyed and envied the wine at other men's tables, and grumbled sorely at the want of it at his own.

"I tell you what, Josephine, I won't stand this miserable penury any longer. That a man like me should be hidden in this hole of a place, deprived of every comfort of life, and hindered from taking his rightful position in the world, is a very great shame. It must be somebody's fault or other."

"Whose ?"—At the flash of her eyes his own fell.

"Not yours, my dear ; I never meant to accuse you of it. Nor the children's—though it is an uncomfortable fact that a man with a family is much more hampered, and kept back in the world, than a man who has none. Still, they can't help it, poor little things ! But I am sure it would be a great deal better for them, and even for you, if we had a wider sphere. We *must* go and live in London."

But he said "must" very doubtfully, being aware of his wife's mind on the subject.

This bone of contention had been thrown between the husband and wife by Mr. Summerhayes, the artist. He had persuaded Edward Scanlan, who

was easily enough persuaded by anybody, that his great talents for preaching were entirely wasted in the provinces; that if he came to the metropolis, and rented a proprietary chapel, crowds would flock to hear him: Irish eloquence was so highly appreciated. He would soon become as popular in London as he had been in Dublin, and derive a large income from his pew-rents, besides being in a much more independent position as preacher in a licensed Church of England chapel, than as curate of a country parish. At the time, Josephine had been able to reason the scheme out of his head, showing him that the whole thing was a matter of chance, built upon premises which probably did not exist, and running certain risks for very uncertain benefits. Her arguments were so strong, that, with his usual habit of agreeing with the last speaker, her husband had agreed with her—at first: still he went back and back upon the project: and whenever he was restless, or sick, or dissatisfied, brought it up again—using all the old complainings, and old inducements, just as if she had never set them aside; proving, with that clear common sense of hers, that such a project was worse than imprudent—all but insane. Still, by this time she had ceased to argue; she simply held her peace—and her own opinion.

"We must *not* go to London, Edward. It would be utter ruin to both me, the children, and yourself."

"Ay, there it is," returned he bitterly; "'me' first, the children second, your husband last—always last."

This form of her speech had been purely accidental, and if it sprung from an underlying truth, that truth was unrecognised by herself. So, naturally, her whole soul sprang up indignant at her husband's injustice.

"I do not think of myself first; that is not my way—not any mother's way. My whole life is spent for you and the children, and you know it. I am right in what I say. And I will not have my poor lambs carried away from here, where at least we have bread to eat, and one or two people who care for us, and

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taken up to London to starve. I *will not*, Edward."

She spoke so loudly that Adrienne put her little anxious face in at the parlour-door, asking "if Mother called?" Then the mother came to her right senses at once.

"No, my darling," she whispered, putting the child out, and shutting the door after her. "Run away; Papa and I are busy talking."

Then she turned, saying gently, "Husband, I beg your pardon."

"You have need," said he, grimly. But he was not of a grim nature, and when she further made concessions, he soon came round.

"Nevertheless," she said, when they were quite reconciled, "I hold to my point. I cannot consent to this scheme of yours, or rather of Mr. Summerhayes'."

"You are very unjust—you always were—to my friend Summerhayes. He is a capital fellow, worth any number of the stupid folk of Ditchley—associations quite unfitted for a man like me. But if you will have me thrown away—bury your husband all his life down here, like a diamond in a dung-hill—why, take your way! Only you must also take the consequences."

"I will!" she said. And then her heart smote her once more. She had been so furious, Edward so good-tempered, and he had yielded to her so completely, that her generous nature recoiled from accepting what seemed such a sacrifice from him to her. She could not have done it, were there only herself to think of. But—those six children! And a vision rose up before her of London as she had seen it, only once in her life—passing through from Ireland to Ditchley;—ghastly London, where, in the midst of splendour, people can so easily die of want. As, supposing her husband were unsuccessful, her poor little children might die. No, she could not consent. Besides, what use would it be if she did? They had no money whatsoever, not even enough to pay the expenses of the journey.

Still, remorse for her hardness to

wards him made her listen patiently to another scheme of Mr. Scanlan's, which many a time he had tried vainly to persuade her to ; namely, asking Mr. Oldham for an increase of salary.

"I quite deserve it," said the Curate. "I do all the work, and he has all the pay. My income is hundreds to his thousands. I wonder by the way how large his income is, and who will drop in for it ? His property is considerable ; but he is as stingy as all rich men are. He would drive a bargain and stick to it to the very last."

"I see no harm in sticking to a bargain, if it is not an unfair one," said Josephine, smiling. "Nor do I think Mr. Oldham so very stingy. Think how kind he is to the children."

"The children, pooh ! Has he ever been kind to me ? Has he ever fairly appreciated my abilities, and the sacrifice I make in continuing to be his curate, when I might so easily—— But I won't vex you, my dear ; I'll never refer to that subject again."

Nevertheless he did ; being one of those people who cannot take "No" for an answer, or believe that "Yes" implies a decision ; but are always trusting to the chance of other people being as weak and undecided as themselves. At last, partly in a kind of despair, and partly because she really saw some justice in the thing, Mrs. Scanlan consented that the Rector should be appealed to for more salary.

But who should "bell the cat ?" a rather unpleasant business.

"I think you would do it best, my dear ; women are cleverer at these things than men, and you are such an extraordinarily clever woman."

Josephine smiled at the "blarney," which she was not quite deaf to yet ; seeing it was the blarney of affection. And her husband did feel great affection for her at that minute. She had saved him from a difficulty ; she had consented to what he wanted, and he was really grateful to her, with that shallow gratitude for small mercies and deep

sensibility to temporary reliefs, which formed part of his *insouciant* disposition.

And then she paused to think the matter over. It was not her business certainly, but her husband's ; still, as he said, she would probably manage it best. Mr. Oldham was rather difficult to deal with ; Edward might vex him and spoil all. At any rate, he disliked the burthen of doing it ; and most of his burthens had gradually fallen upon her, till her delicate shoulders had grown hardened to the weight. How many another woman has been driven to the same lot, and then blamed for tacitly accepting it ; ridiculed as masculine, strong-minded—the "grey mare," which is called contemptuously the "better horse." And why ? Because she is the better horse.

(While I say this, a firm arm holds me, and a tender voice suggests that I am talking nonsense. But I cannot be calmly judicial on this head. I know, and he who holds me knows too, that it is the truth I speak ; forced on me by the remembrance of the sad life of my dear Lady de Bougainville.)

"Come, my darling," said Edward Scanlan, caressingly. "Please go to the Rectory and do this difficult business. You will do it so beautifully—a thousand times better than I. For you have a way of doing and saying anything so as to offend nobody. Never was there a truer proverb : 'One man may steal a sheep while another mayn't look over the hedge.'"

"And so you want me to go and steal your sheep for you ?" said Josephine, laughing, and clinging to her husband fondly, in that vain hoping against hope which had so often beguiled her—that if he were a richer he would be both a happier and a better man ; and that, whether or no, her continuing to love him would help him to become all she wished him to be. "Well, I will try to get you out of this difficulty, and, perhaps, things may be easier for the future. I will go and speak to Mr. Oldham to-morrow."

To be continued.

ORGANIZED WORK AMONG THE POOR ;

SUGGESTIONS FOUNDED ON FOUR YEARS' MANAGEMENT OF A LONDON COURT.

BY OCTAVIA HILL.

FURTHER organization in our mode of dealing with the poor is now generally agreed to be necessary, but there is another truth less dwelt upon, yet on the due recognition of which success equally depends. I feel most deeply that the disciplining of our immense poor population must be effected by individual influence; and that this power can change it from a mob of paupers and semi-paupers into a body of self-dependent workers. It is my opinion, further, that although such influence may be brought to bear upon them in very various ways, it may be exercised in a very remarkable manner by persons undertaking the oversight and management of such houses as the poor habitually lodge in. In support of this opinion I subjoin an account of what has been actually achieved in two very poor courts in London.

About four years ago I was put in possession of three houses in one of the worst courts of Marylebone. Six other houses were bought subsequently. All were crowded with inmates. The first thing to be done was to put them in decent tenantable order. The set last purchased was a row of cottages facing a bit of desolate ground, occupied with wretched dilapidated cow-sheds, manure heaps, old timber, and rubbish of every description. The houses were in a most deplorable condition: the plaster was dropping from the walls: on one staircase a pail was placed to catch the rain that fell through the roof. All the staircases were perfectly dark; the banisters were gone, having been burnt as firewood by tenants. The grates, with large holes in them, were falling forward into the rooms. The washhouse, full of lumber belonging to the landlord, was locked up; thus the inhabitants had to

wash clothes, as well as to cook, eat and sleep, in their small rooms. The dust-bin, standing in the front of the houses, was accessible to the whole neighbourhood, and boys often dragged from it quantities of unseemly objects, and spread them over the court. The state of the drainage was in keeping with everything else. The pavement of the back-yard was all broken up, and great puddles stood in it, so that the damp crept up the outer walls. One large but dirty water-butt received the water laid on for the houses: it leaked, and for such as did not fill their jugs when the water came in, or who had no jugs to fill, there was no water. The former landlord's reply to one of the tenants who asked him to have an iron hoop put round the butt to prevent leakage, was, that "if he didn't like it" (*i.e.* things as they were) "he might leave." The man to whom this was spoken—by far the best tenant in the place—is now with us, and often gives his spare time to making his room more comfortable, knowing that he will be retained if he behaves well.

This landlord was a tradesman in a small way of business—not a cruel man, except in so far as variableness of dealing is cruelty; but he was a man without capital to spend on improvements, and lost an immense percentage of his rent by bad debts. I went over the houses with him the last day he collected his rents there, that he might introduce me to the people as the owner of the property. He took a man with him, whom, as he confided to me, he wished to pass off upon the people as a broker.¹ It was evident that, whether they saw through this de-

¹ The ultimate step taken to enforce payment of rent is to send in a broker to distrain.

ceit or not, they had no experience which led them to believe he intended to carry into effect the threats he uttered. The arrears of rent were enormous. I had been informed that the honest habitually pay for the dishonest, the owner relying upon their payments to compensate for all losses; but I was amazed to find to what an extent this was the case. Six, seven, or eight weeks' rent were due from most tenants, and in some cases very much more; whereas, since I took possession of the houses (of which I collect the rents each week myself) I have *never* allowed a second week's rent to become due.

I think no one who has not experienced it can fully realize the almost awed sense of joy with which one enters upon such a possession as that above described, conscious of having the power to set it, even partially, in order. Hopes, indeed, there are which one dare scarcely hope; but at once one has power to say, "Break out a window there in that dark corner; let God's light and air in;" or, "Trap that foul drain, and shut the poisonous miasma out;" and one has moral power to say, by deeds which speak louder than words, "Where God gives me authority, this, which you in your own hearts know to be wrong, shall not go on. I would not set my conviction, however strong it might be, against your judgment of right; but when you are doing what I know your own conscience condemns, I, now that I have the power, will enforce right; but first I will try whether I cannot *lead* you, yourselves, to arise and cast out the sin—helping your wavering and sorely tried will by mine, which is untempted."

As soon as I entered into possession, each family had an opportunity offered of doing better: those who would not pay, or who led clearly immoral lives, were ejected. The rooms they vacated were cleansed; the tenants who showed signs of improvement moved into them, and thus, in turn, an opportunity was obtained for having each room distempered and painted. The drains were put in order, a large slate cistern was fixed, the wash-house was cleared of its

lumber, and thrown open on stated days to each tenant in turn. The roof, the plaster, the woodwork were repaired; the staircase-walls were distempered; new grates were fixed; the layers of paper and rag (black with age) were torn from the windows, and glass was put in: out of 192 panes, only 8 were found unbroken. The yard and footpath were paved.

The rooms, as a rule, were re-let at the same prices at which they had been let before; but tenants with large families were counselled to take two rooms, and for these much less was charged than if let singly: this plan I continue to pursue. In-coming tenants are not allowed to take a decidedly insufficient quantity of room, and no sub-letting is permitted. The elder girls are employed three times a week in scrubbing the passages in the houses, for the cleaning of which the landlady is responsible. For this work they are paid, and by it they learn habits of cleanliness. It is, of course, within the authority of the landlady also to insist on cleanliness of wash-houses, yards, staircases, and staircase-windows; and even to remonstrate concerning the rooms themselves if they are habitually dirty.

The pecuniary result has been very satisfactory. Five per cent. interest has been paid on all the capital invested. A fund for the repayment of capital is accumulating. A liberal allowance has been made for repairs; and here I may speak of the means adopted for making the tenants careful about breakage and waste. The sum allowed yearly for repairs is fixed for each house, and if it has not all been spent in restoring and replacing, the surplus is used for providing such additional appliances as the tenants themselves desire. It is therefore to their interest to keep the expenditure for repairs as low as possible; and instead of committing the wanton damage common among tenants of their class, they are careful to avoid injury, and very helpful in finding economical methods of restoring what is broken or worn out, often doing little repairs of their own accord.

From the proceeds of the rent, also, interest has been paid on the capital spent in building a large room where the tenants can assemble. Classes are held there—for boys, twice weekly; for girls, once: a singing class has just been established. A large work-class for married women and elder girls meets once a week. A glad sight it is—the large room filled with the eager, merry faces of the girls, from which those of the older careworn women catch a reflected light. It is a good time for quiet talk with them as we work, and many a neighbourly feeling is called out among the women as they sit together on the same bench, lend one another cotton or needles, are served by the same hand, and look to the same person for direction. The babies are a great bond of union; I have known the very women who not long before had been literally fighting, sit at the work-class busily and earnestly comparing notes of their babies' respective history. That a consciousness of corporate life is developed in them is shown by the not infrequent use of the expression "One of us."

Among the arrangements conducive to comfort and health I may mention, that instead of the clothes being hung as formerly out of front windows down against the wall, where they could not be properly purified, the piece of ground in front of the houses is used as a drying-ground during school hours. The same place is appropriated as a playground, not only for my younger tenants, but for the children from the neighbouring courts. It is a space walled round, where they can play in safety. Hitherto, games at trap, bat, and ball, swinging, skipping, and singing a few Kinder Garten songs with movements in unison, have been the main diversions. But I have just established drill for the boys, and a drum and fife band. Unhappily, the mere business connected with the working of the houses has occupied so much time, that the playground has been somewhat neglected; yet it is a most important part of the work. The evils of the streets

and courts are too evident to need explanation. In the playground are gathered together children habitually dirty, quarrelsome, and violent. They come wholly ignorant of games, and have hardly self-control enough to play at any which have an object or require effort. Mere senseless, endless repetition is at best their diversion. Often the games are only repetitions of questionable sentences. For instance, what is to be said of a game the whole of which consists in singing: "Here comes my father, all down the hill, all down the hill" (over and over again), and replying, "We won't get up for his ugly face—ugly face" (repeated *ad libitum*)? Then come the mother, the sister, the brother, to whom the same words are addressed. Finally, the lover comes, to whom the greeting is, "We will get up for his pretty face." This was, perhaps, the best game the children knew, yet, in as far as it had any meaning or influence, it must be bad. Compare it, or the wild, lawless fighting or gambling, with a game at trap, arranged with ordered companions, definite object, and progressive skill. The moral influence depends, however, on having ladies who will go to the playground, teach games, act as umpires, know and care for the children. These I hope to find more and more. Until now, except at rare intervals, the playground has been mainly useful for the fresh air it affords to the children who are huddled together by night in small rooms, in the surrounding courts. The more respectable parents keep them indoors, even in the day-time, after school-hours, to prevent their meeting with bad companions.

Mr. Ruskin, to whom the whole undertaking owes its existence, has had trees planted in the playground, and creepers against the houses. In May, we have a May-pole or a throne covered with flowers for the May-queen and her attendants. The sweet luxuriance of the spring-flowers is more enjoyed in that court than would readily be believed. Some months after the first festival the children were seen sticking a few faded flowers into a crevice in the wall, saying,

they wanted to make it "like it was the day we had the May-pole."

I have tried, as far as opportunity has permitted, to develop the love of beauty among my tenants. The poor of London need joy and beauty in their lives. There is no more true and eternal law to be recognised about them than that which Mr. Dickens shows in "Hard Times"—the fact that every man has an imagination which needs development and satisfaction. Mr. Slearey's speech, "People mutht be amoothed, Thquire," is often recalled to my mind in dealing with the poor. They work hard; their lives are monotonous; they seek low places of amusement; they break out into lawless "sprees." Almost all amusements—singing, dancing, acting, expeditions into the country, eating and drinking—are liable to abuse; no rules are subtle enough to prevent their leading to harm. But if a lady can know the individuals, and ask them as her invited guests to any of these, an innate sense of honour and respect preserves the tone through the whole company. Indeed, there can hardly be a more proudly thankful moment than that, when we see these many people to whom life is dull and full of anxiety, gathered together around us for holy, happy Christmas festivities, or going out to some fair and quiet spot in the bright summer time, bound to one another by the sense of common relationship, preserved unconsciously from wrong by the presence of those whom they love and who love them. Such intervals of bright joy are easily arranged by friends for friends; but if strangers are invited *en masse*, it is difficult to keep any of these recreations innocent.

All these ways of meeting are invaluable as binding us together; still, they would avail little were it not for the work by which we are connected—for the individual care each member of the little circle receives. Week by week, when the rents are collected, an opportunity of seeing each family separately occurs. There are a multitude of matters to attend to: first there is the mere outside business—rent to be re-

ceived, requests from the tenant respecting repairs to be considered; sometimes decisions touching the behaviour of other tenants to be made, sometimes rebukes for untidiness to be administered. Then come the sad or joyful remarks about health or work, the little histories of the week. Sometimes grave questions arise about important changes in the life of the family—shall a daughter go to service? or shall the sick child be sent to a hospital? &c.

Sometimes violent quarrels must be allayed. Much may be done in this way, so ready is the response in these affectionate natures to those whom they trust and love. For instance: two women among my tenants fought; one received a dreadful kick, the other had hair torn from her head. They were parted by a lad who lived in the house. The women occupied adjoining rooms, they met in the passages, they used the same yard and wash-house, endless were the opportunities of collision while they were engaged with each other. For ten days I saw them repeatedly: I could in no way reconcile them—words of rage and recrimination were all that they uttered; while the hair, which had been carefully preserved by the victim, was continually exhibited to me as a sufficient justification for lasting anger. One was a cold, hard, self-satisfied, well-to-do woman; the other a nervous, affectionate, passionate, very poor Irish-woman. Now it happened that in speaking to the latter one evening, I mentioned my own grief at the quarrel: a look of extreme pain came over her face; it was a new idea to her that I should care. That, and no sense of the wrong of indulging an evil passion, touched her. The warm-hearted creature at once promised to shake hands with her adversary; but she had already taken out a summons against the other for assault, and did not consider she could afford to make up the quarrel, because it implied losing the two shillings the summons had cost. I told her the loss was a mere nothing to her if weighed in the balance with peace, but that I would willingly pay it. It

only needed that one of the combatants should make the first step towards reconciliation for the other (who indeed rather dreaded answering the summons) to meet her half-way. They are good neighbours now of some months' standing. A little speech which shows the character of the Irishwoman is worth recording. Acknowledging to me that she was very passionate, she said: "My husband never takes my part when I'm in my tantrums, and I'm that mad with him; but, bless you, I love him all the better afterwards; he knows well enough it would only make me worse." I may here observe that the above-mentioned two shillings is the only money I ever had to give to either woman. It is on such infinitesimally small actions that the success of the whole work rests.

My tenants are mostly of a class far below that of mechanics; they are, indeed, of the very poor. And yet, although the gifts they have received have been next to nothing, none of the families who have passed under my care during the whole four years have continued in what is called "distress," except such as have been unwilling to exert themselves. Those who will not exert the necessary self-control cannot avail themselves of the means of livelihood held out to them. But, for those who are willing, some small assistance in the form of work has from time to time been provided,—not much, but sufficient to keep them from want or despair. The following will serve as an instance of the sort of help given, and its proportion to the results.

Alice, a single woman, of perhaps fifty-five years, lodged with a man and his wife—the three in one room—just before I obtained full possession of the houses. Alice, not being able to pay her rent, was turned into the street, where Mrs. S. (my playground superintendent) met her, crying dreadfully.

It was Saturday, and I had left town till Monday. Alice had neither furniture to pawn, nor friends to help her; the workhouse alone lay before her. Mrs. S. knew that I esteemed her as a

sober, respectable, industrious woman, and therefore she ventured to express to Alice's landlord the belief that I would not let him lose money if he would let her go back to her lodging till Monday, when I should return home, thus risking for me a possible loss of fourpence—not very ruinous to me, and a sum not impossible for Alice to repay in the future.

I gave Alice two days' needlework; then found her employment in tending a bed-ridden cottager in the country, whose daughter (in service) paid for the nursing. Five weeks she was there, working, and saving her money. On her return I lent her what more she required to buy furniture, and she then took a little room direct from me. Too blind to do much household work, but able to sew almost mechanically, she just earns her daily bread by making sailors' shirts; but her little home is her own, and she loves it dearly; and, having tided over that time of trial, Alice can live—has paid all her debts too, and is more grateful than she would have been for many gifts.

At one time I had a room to let which was ninepence a week cheaper than the one she occupied. I proposed to her to take it; it had, however, a different aspect, getting less of the southern and western sunlight. Alice hesitated long, and asked me to decide, which I declined to do; for, as I told her, her moving would suit my arrangements rather better. She, hearing that, wished to move; but I begged her to make her decision wholly irrespective of my plans. At last she said, very wistfully, "Well, you see, Miss, it's between ninepence and the sun." Sadly enough, ninepence had to outweigh the sun.

My tenants are of course encouraged to save their money. It should, however, be remarked, that I have never succeeded in getting them to save for old age. The utmost I have achieved is that they lay by sufficient either to pay rent in times of scarcity, to provide clothes for girls going to service, or boots, or furniture; or even to avail

themselves of opportunities of advancement which must be closed to them if they had not a little reserve fund to meet expenses of the change.

One great advantage arising from the management of the houses is, that they form a test-place, in which people may prove themselves worthy of higher situations. Not a few of the tenants have been persons who had sunk below the stratum where once they were known; and some of these, simply by proving their character, have been enabled to regain their former stations. One man, twenty years ago, had been a gentleman's servant, had saved money, gone into business, married, failed, and then found himself out of the groove of work. When I made his acquaintance, he was earning a miserable pittance for his wife and seven unhealthy children, and all the nine souls were suffering and sinking unknown. After watching and proving him for three years, I was able to recommend him to a gentleman in the country, where now the whole family are profiting by having six rooms instead of one, fresh air, and regular wages.

But it is far easier to be helpful than to have patience and self-control sufficient, when the times come, for seeing suffering and not relieving it. And yet the main tone of action must be severe. There is much of rebuke and repression needed, although a deep and silent under-current of sympathy and pity may flow beneath. If the rent is not ready, notice to quit must be served; the money is then almost always paid, when the notice is, of course, withdrawn. Besides this inexorable demand for rent (never to be relaxed without entailing cumulative evil on the defaulter, and setting a bad example too readily followed by others) there must be a perpetual crusade carried on against small evils,—very wearing sometimes. It is necessary to believe that in thus setting in order certain spots on God's earth, still more in presenting to a few of His children a somewhat higher standard of right, we are doing His work, and that He will not permit us to lose sight of His large laws, but will

rather make them evident to us through the small details.

The resolution to watch pain which cannot be radically relieved except by the sufferer himself is most difficult to maintain. Yet it is wholly necessary in certain cases not to help. Where a man persistently refuses to exert himself, external help is worse than useless. By withholding gifts, we say to him in action more mournful than words: "You will not do better: I was ready, I will be ready whenever you come to yourself; but until then you must pursue your own course." This attitude has often to be taken; but it usually proves a summons to a more energetic spirit, producing nobler effort in great matters, just as the notice to quit arouses resolution and self-denial in pecuniary concerns.

Coming together so much as we do for business with mutual duties, for recreation with common joy, each separate want or fault having been dealt with as it arose, it will be readily understood that in such a crisis as that which periodically occurs in the East End of London, instead of being unprepared, I feel myself somewhat like an officer at the head of a well-controlled little regiment, or, more accurately, like a country proprietor with a moderate number of well-ordered tenants.

For, firstly, my people are numbered; not merely counted, but known, man, woman, and child. I have seen their self-denying efforts to pay rent in time of trouble, or their reckless extravagance in seasons of abundance; their patient labour, or their failure to use the self-control necessary to the performance of the more remunerative kinds of work; their efforts to keep their children at school, or their selfish, lazy way of living on their children's earnings. Could any one, going suddenly among even so small a number as these thirty-four families—however much penetration and zeal he might possess—know so accurately as I what kind of assistance would be really helpful, and not corrupting? And if positive gifts must be resorted to, who can give them with so little pain to the proud spirit, so

little risk of undermining the feeble one, as the friend of old standing?—the friend, moreover, who has rigorously exacted the fulfilment of their duty in punctual payment of rent; towards whom, therefore, they might feel that they had done what they could while strength lasted, and need not surely be ashamed to receive a little bread in time of terrible want?

But it ought hardly ever to come to an actual doling out of bread or alms of any kind. During the winter of 1867-8, while the newspapers were ringing with appeals in consequence of the distress prevalent in the metropolis, being on the Continent, and unable to organize more satisfactory schemes of assistance, I wrote to the ladies who were superintending the houses for me to suggest that a small fund (which had accumulated from the rents, after defraying expenses and paying interest) should be distributed in gifts to any of the families who might be in great poverty. The answer was, that there were none requiring such help. Now, how did this come to pass?

Simply through the operation of the various influences above described. The tenants never having been allowed to involve themselves in debt for rent (now and then being supplied with employment to enable them to pay it), they were free from one of the greatest drags upon a poor family, and had, moreover, in times of prosperity been able really to save. It is but too often the case that, even when prosperous times come, working people cannot lay by, because then they have to pay off arrears of rent. The elder girls, too, were either in service or quite ready to go; and so steady, tidy, and respectable as to be able to fill good situations. This was owing, in many cases, to a word or two spoken long before, urging their longer attendance at school, or to their having had a few happy and innocent amusements provided for them, which had satisfied their natural craving for recreation, and had prevented their breaking loose in search of it. Health had been secured by an abundance of

air, light, and water. Even among this very lowest class of people, I had found individuals whom I could draught from my lodging-houses into resident situations (transplanting them thus at once into a higher grade), simply because I was able to say, "I know them to be honest, I know them to be clean." Think of what this mere fact of *being known* is to the poor!

You may say, perhaps, "This is very well as far as you and your small knot of tenants are concerned, but how does it help us to deal with the vast masses of poor in our great towns?" I reply, "Are not the great masses made up of many small knots? Are not the great towns divisible into small districts? Are there not people who would gladly come forward to undertake the systematic supervision of some house or houses, if they could get authority from the owner? And why should there not be some way of registering such supervision, so that, bit by bit, as more volunteers should come forward, the whole metropolis might be mapped out, all the blocks fitting in like little bits of mosaic to form one connected whole?"

The success of the plan does not depend entirely upon the houses being the property of the superintendent. I would urge people, if possible, to purchase the houses of which they undertake the charge; but if they cannot, they may yet do a valuable little bit of work by registering a distinct declaration that they will supervise such and such a house, or row, or street; that if they have to relinquish the work, they will say so; that if it becomes too much for them, they will ask for help; that any one desiring information about the families dwelling in the houses they manage may apply to them.

It is well known that the societies at work among the poor are so numerous, and labour so independently of each other, that, at present, many sets of people may administer relief to a given family in one day, and perhaps not one go near them again for a long interval; yet each society may be quite systematic in its own field of operation. It seems

to me, that though each society might like to go its own way (and, perhaps, to supply wants which the house-overseer might think it best to leave unsupplied), they might at least feel it an advantage to know of a recognised authority from whom particulars could be learned respecting relief already given, and the history of the families in question.

Any persons accustomed to visit among the poor in a large district, would, I believe, when confining themselves to a much smaller one, be led, if not to very unexpected conclusions, at least to very curious problems. In dealing with a large number of cases the urgency is so great, one passes over the most difficult questions to work where sight is clear; and one is apt to forget Sissy Jupe's quick sympathetic perception that percentage signifies literally nothing to the friends of the special sufferer, who surely is not worth less than a sparrow. The individual case, if we cared enough for it, would often give us the key to many.

Whoever will limit his gaze to a few persons, and try to solve the problems of their lives—planning for instance definitely, how he, even with superior advantages of education, self-control, and knowledge, could bring up a given family on given wages, allowing the smallest amount conceivably sufficient for food, rent, clothes, fuel, and rest—he may find it in most cases a much more difficult thing than he had ever thought, and sometimes maybe an impossibility. It may lead to strange self-questioning about wages. Again, if people will watch carefully the different effect of self-help and of alms, how the latter like the outdoor relief system under the old Poor Law tends to lower wages, undermines the providence of the poor, it may make them put some searching questions to themselves upon the wisdom of backing up wages with gifts. Then they may begin to consider practically whether in their own small sphere they can form no schemes of help, which shall be life-giving, stimulating hope, energy, foresight, self-denial, and choice of right rather than wrong expenditure.

They may earnestly strive to discover plans of help which shall free them from the oppressive responsibility of deciding whether aid is deserved—a question often complicated inextricably with another, namely, whether at a given moment there is a probability of reformation. All of us have felt the impossibility of deciding either question fairly, yet we have been convinced that gifts coming at the wrong time are often deadly. Earnest workers feel a heavy weight on their hearts and consciences from the conviction that the old command "Judge not" is a divine one, and yet that the distribution of alms irrespective of character is fatal. These difficulties lead to variable action, which is particularly disastrous with the poor. But there are plans which cultivate the qualities wherein they are habitually wanting, namely, self-control, energy, prudence, and industry; and such plans, if we will do our part, may be ready at any moment for even the least deserving, and for those who have fallen lowest.

Further details as to modes of help must vary infinitely with circumstances and character. But I may mention a few laws which become clearer and clearer to me as I work.

It is best strictly to enforce fulfilment of all such duties as payment of rent, &c.

It is far better to give work than either money or goods.

It is most helpful of all to strengthen by sympathy and counsel the energetic effort which shall bear fruit in time to come.

It is essential to remember that each man has his own view of his life, and must be free to fulfil it; that in many ways he is a far better judge of it than we, as he has lived through and felt what we have only seen. Our work is rather to bring him to the point of considering, and to the spirit of judging rightly, than to consider or judge for him.

The poor of London (as of all large towns) need the development of every power which can open to them noble sources of joy.

THE STORY OF AN AFTERNOON.

THE clouds were up in the sky,
 And I was down on the earth,
 And a little heather was round about,
 And a bareness, and drought, and dearth.
 A waste of withering heather,
 A barren land and a poor,
 And nothing except the clouds in heaven,—
 And none but I on the moor;
 And a weary, weary, desolate day
 Going dolefully, dolefully by,
 With somebody ill on the earth away,
 Or well, away in the sky!

Oh well, away in the sky!
 But ill for me were it so—
 To be never more under the light of those eyes,
 With its rain-like overflow!
 To be left for ever outside
 Of the holding, folding arms,
 All undefenced in a wide, bleak world,
 And a host of possible harms!
 Ah, well for her in the quiet sky;
 But ill for me if she were,
 And a sore heart now that I cannot tell
 Which world containeth her!

Could I know she was up and at home,
 I might bethink me then
 Of all the terror and trouble of heart
 That would never be hers again.
 I would think of the trembling tone,
 And the failing, uncertain look,
 And the "dare not" of the averted eyes,
 And the hand that strained as it shook,
 And the terrible, terrible love
 That durst not look ahead
 To the certainty of being mourned,
 Or of mourning over the dead!

I would think of that other love,
Grown suddenly great with sight;
A love beyond the shadow of death,
A love without affright :—
An overgrowing love
That should meeken all the rest,
And make it sweet to be reft from all
And laid alone on His breast :—
A perfect, quiet, satisfied love,
With never a sorrow to come ;
A love at haven in a greater love,
And first and for ever at home !

But I dare not think of it yet,
I dare not think of it now,
Lest the blood come throbbing back to the cheek,
And the care-shade back to the brow ;
Lest I find I was only dreaming,
And the peril *not* past, nor the wail ;
Lest I dream of her coming to port, and wake
To find her out in the gale ;
And so the ungrateful tears
Come swelling and sliding forth,
And I forget to render thanks
For a blessing left to the earth.

For oh, what work it is loving,
If people will love so dear,
And tremble between the going away
And the burden and bondage here !
For with such a heart to be hurt
In such a world as this,
Or with such a loneliness for me
If she were up in her bliss,
For her sake or for mine,—
“For yours or my own,” I said,
“O daily pitied, or daily missed,
I must weep you, living or dead !”

So home :—and a folded paper,
And a pattern of words on the white,
And a sudden blindness over the eyes,
And a rush of tears at the sight ;
And a face down deep in wetted hands,
And a sinking, bending knee,
And faltered thanks, and a blissful night
Of waking ecstasy !
And, awful with utter love,
With a joy deep and pure after pain,
There came a day that comforted me
In her comforting arms again.

B. B. B.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY MISS YONGE.

I.—NURSERY BOOKS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

"Books for children,"—the press groans with their multitude, and their illustrations have absolutely become exquisite works of art. Each risen generation repeats to the *rising* one, that there was nothing like it in its departed childhood, and each mourns over the dissipation of mind created by the profusion of reading, till we are sometimes startled to find that the same things were said of us that we are now saying of our children.

The fact is, that infantine literature, as indeed all sorts of class-literature, is a recent production. Up to the Georgian era, there were no books at all either for children or the poor, excepting the class-books containing old ballads, such as "*Chevy Chase*," "*Fair Rosamond*," "*Jane Shore*," "*The Children in the Wood*," and short tales such as "*The King and the Cobbler*," "*Whittington and his Cat*," "*Robin Goodfellow*," "*The History of the Seven Champions*," "*The Seven Wise Masters*," "*The Nine Worthies*," all told without any endeavour to simplify the language, but rather dealing in grandiloquence. Little gilt books, the covers clouded with scarlet and blue, with a running pattern of gold creeping over all, and probably representing the last tradition of illumination, appeared at fairs in company with gilt gingerbread equally gaudy, and, when the gentilefolk paced through the booths in stately graciousness, were often bought and conned by the young people, pleased to exercise the powers painfully acquired upon horn-book or primer.

Nor did their elders trouble themselves with scruples as to the ideas they might derive from their studies, nor think that they would be corrupted by the tears plentifully bestowed on *Rosamond* in her bower or *Jane* in her white

sheet. A book was a book, in the eyes of squire and dame, let it be what it might; and Master Jacky's "bookish turn" was thought to mark him as a scholar and parson, whether he read "*Tom Jones*," "*Robinson Crusoe*," or "*The Pilgrim's Progress*."

For after the gilt book stage, or indeed during it, the child, if he read at all, read the books provided for the grown-up part of the family. Evelyn's wonderful boy, "*Master Clench*," read history and classics in their ponderous folios, and even later than this, children still depended on the odd, worn volumes of the "*Spectator*," or any other book that chance consigned to their hands. Hannah More's father repeated the lines of Homer and Virgil in the original to please his own ear and hers, and then translated them; and Mrs. Trimmer (then Sarah Kirby), when only fourteen years old, carried about "*Paradise Lost*" in her pocket as well as in her head, and was presented by Dr. Johnson with the "*Rambler*," in testimony of approbation. Some years later the solace of Walter Scott's long illness was acting over the sieges and battles in Orme's "*War in Hindostan*." There can be little doubt that those who read at all in those days must have done so from genuine taste for literature, and that though an idle child could not be safely disposed of by setting it down to a baby book, yet that real power was cultivated, and the memory provided with substantial stores, at the time when it is most retentive; and as there was no harassing the young mind by examinations, and requirements of all being comprehended and immediately reproduced in words, the brain was not overwrought, but left free to assimilate what it could or would.

Already, however, these days of

comparative neglect—shall we call it wholesome?—were fast waning. The spontaneous manufacture of the little books of mere amusement had received a great impulse from France, by the translations of the Comtesse d'Aulnoy's and M. Perrault's adaptations of the old mythic lore common to all nations. A queer book, indeed, is Mme. d'Aulnoy's, where the immortal fairy tales stand imbedded in a course of lengthy romances of the Italian or Spanish order, but where predicaments occur in which the heroes and heroines sit still to tell and hear their tales with exemplary patience, or use them to lull the jealous guardian till the elopement is ready. Some unknown caterer for English readers imported the choicest of these tales separately into their little books, and the "*Contes de Commère l'Oie*" alone seem to have continued in their unbroken condition. "The White Cat"—her previous and subsequent history judiciously shorn away—"The Sleeping Beauty," "Beauty and the Beast," and "Puss in Boots," "Cinderella," and "Fortunio," then took possession of the British mind in their present shape—the more completely, perhaps, for meeting with some old more homely forms of the same tradition, which it must have since absorbed. Poor authors were employed by the booksellers in the translation of these, or in original composition, and thus "Goody Two Shoes" came forth as a bit of hack-work, but sparkling all over with brilliancy, a true grain of gold among the sand around her, and winning tender remembrances from many an admirer who never suspected her of being a chip from the wheel of a veritable Goldsmith (if the pun be allowed us). Do the present generation know Margery Two Shoes, and Tommy her brother? How well we remember our own old copy, a small square paper book, with a frontispiece in which Margery elaborately displayed her new-shod feet in the first position, and where the eagerness of the parish to receive her instructions must have been taken from Irish eagerness rather than English stolidity. Then there is a chapter fully

worthy, in its quiet humour, of "The Vicar of Wakefield," entitled "How the whole Parish was Frightened." "Who does not know Lady Ducklington, or who does not know how she was buried at this parish church?" Alas! in the last edition that fell into our hands, the ghost had been exorcised as a concession to the theory that children are never to hear of ghosts. Margery is by chance shut up in the church, and rings the bell to procure her release, but the disturbance is taken to be "Lady Ducklington's ghost dancing among the bells." "A ghost, you block-head," says Mr. Long in a pet, "did either of you ever see a ghost, or know anybody that did?" "Yes," says the clerk, "my father did once, in the shape of a windmill; and it walked all around the church in a white sheet, with jack-boots on, and had a gun by its side instead of a sword."

Margery's own account of her sensations is very simple and sweet, and stamps the authorship upon the tale.

Mr. Marshall, "at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard," commenced a manufacture of little books of which some have a real merit, independent of the curious pictures they give of manners. We knew a few of them in a reprint already forty years old, and confess to still loving them much. There was the "Village School," to which the clergyman's, farmers', and labourers' sons and daughters all came on terms of perfect equality. Good Mrs. Bell does not scruple to put Miss Polly Right into a corner with a surreptitiously introduced doll's tea-chest suspended from her neck, though Mr. Right marches through the playground in shovel hat, wig, gown, and bands, looking the picture of ancient orthodoxy; and Roger Riot, the squire's son, is always far subordinate to the pattern Frank West, child of a cobbler, whose companion in perfection is a young lady called Miss Jenny Meek, in long gloves, and a little flat shepherdess's hat. Was this a Utopia, or were village schools thus really universal and impartial? We suspect that they did in truth collect

all those capable of payment, and that the children of the better classes frequented them, while the lowest class of all ran utterly wild. The "Perambulations of a Mouse" was another favourite, in spite of language such as might be anticipated from the name. To say the truth, it is the only impossible autobiography we ever really relished. There was an exceeding charm in the first start in life of the four brother mice, Nimble, Longtail, Brighteyes, and Softdown; and considerable pathos (at least to the infant mind) in the gradual diminution of the brotherhood, until Nimble remained to the last, alone to tell his tale. And the conversations he overhears are related with such spirit, that one only longs to hear more of such interesting people. There is a dialogue between two little girls in bed on imaginary terrors of robbers, which is as good as anything we ever read; and another about fears of mice, which we did not appreciate the less because it is carried on between a nurse, in the act of undressing the baby, and the footman whom she has called in to destroy poor Softdown, already caught in a trap. We should like to know who was the author of the "Perambulations," for it certainly obtained the sort of lodgment in our mind that has generally been unconsciously taken possession of by works of real inherent talent. "Jemima Placid" had more renown, but we doubt if it were as good as the mouse. In recalling it, the old nurse's injunction always to pin up the hole at the top of a nightcap for fear of catching cold at it, is the prominent recollection; together with a story of a spur which was applied by the Mentor of a family in every case of ill-manners or awkwardness. These three, and "Keeper's Travels," were, we believe, the *élite* of the St. Paul's Churchyard literature—with, perhaps, the addition of "Mrs. Teachem," a most grotesque picture of a young ladies' boarding-school; but to judge by their advertising lists, and by the notices in Mrs. Trimmer's "Guardian of Education," there must have been many more.

For the didactic age of youthful

literature was fast setting in. Mrs. Trimmer was its parent in England, and her impulse probably came far more than she knew from Rousseau. Or it may be true that the religious woman, as well as the original thinker, both felt that tools were wanting to them in forming the young mind, and simultaneously set the forge to work. Rousseau, indeed, did not personally write for the young, but his "Emile" set many pens going in France, Germany, and England, such as Berquin, Madame de Genlis, Kampe, and the Aikin, Day, and Edgeworth school, while Mrs. Trimmer was soberly and earnestly working at her didactic works for the young. "The Rational Dame" is to modern eyes intolerably dull and dreary, and we are sensible of the famine that must have prevailed when we find that it was regarded with enthusiastic delight by the children of the last century, whose next step was into Goldsmith's "Animated Nature." Her "Fabulous Histories" have quite another kind of charm: Robin, Dicky, Flapsy, and Pecksy, have real character, quite enough to carry the reader over all the long words in which the parent robins and their patrons indulge, and all the rigid "delicacy" that makes Mrs. Benson hesitate to allow her eleven years' old daughter to ascend three rounds of a ladder to look into the redbreast's nest four feet from the ground. We are glad to see them reproduced with beautiful illustrations.

Yet these were still counted as baby-books. In "Cælebs" we find that in the pattern family the children at eight years old have to resign *en masse* their story-books, and take to "such books as men and women read." The father inaugurates this stage with "John Gilpin;" and probably the "Spectator," Rollin and Goldsmith, Shakespeare, and Pope's "Homer," would have been Hannah More's staple reading for the young.

She herself was the real originator of books written exclusively for the poor in the "Cheap Repository Tracts," which were called forth by her desire to arm the peasantry against the doctrines more

or less afloat at the time of the outbreak of the first French Revolution. Both she and her sister Patty were really masterly writers in this line, full of good sense, humour, and real insight into character. "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," though taken from an actual character named John Saunders, is a sort of Christian Arcadian, and "Black Giles the Poacher," "Tawny Rachel," and "Hester Wilmot" are capital reading to this day, though probably the change of manners would prevent persons of the class for which they were designed from caring for them. These tracts were not intended for children, but their simplicity and interest made them to be eagerly read by the young, especially when there was an absolute dearth of all interesting or comprehensible "Sunday reading," except the "Pilgrim's Progress."

The tide of what we have called the Rousseau-inspired books was by this time setting into England. Perhaps one of the cleverest of them was by the German, C. S. Salzmann, translated, or perhaps more truly adapted, by Mary Wollstonecraft, under the strange name of "Elements of Morality." There must have been a strong flavour of genius about the book, for we, without possessing it, heard the traditions of it from the older generations that had been nurtured thereupon, and always regarded a reading of it as one of the pleasures of the houses where the ancestral copies still abode. What the German originals were we cannot tell, but they must have been much transmogrified, since the father of the family figured as Mr. Jones. We suspect that he was formal and prosy, but the noble art of skip carried us over all that, and the adventures were admirable, and indeed were the originals of many a subsequent story in other books. There was the boy bewildered in a wood (which we now know must have been a German forest), seeing "gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire" in every bush, admirably given in the illustrations, until he is found by a virtuous curate, who takes him to his home, and

regales him with simple fare and good advice. This curate must have been a regular German pastor, for the grateful Charles, going afterwards to make him a visit, finds the whole family prostrated by the small-pox, all in one room. There are the children left to spend a day after their own devices (an idea often repeated); and the horrid disaster of the boy who, kicking against a door, impaled his foot on a projecting nail. We well remember that in one of the two copies we had the occasional felicity of studying there was a print of this unhappy being, on which we used to gaze with awed fascination; and there was also a miser in a ragged garment, and a benevolent Jew, whose forms impressed themselves on our imagination before our tenth year, though what part they played in the story is so entirely forgotten that probably it was beyond the childish comprehension. And well might these be so memorable, for the designer was no other than Blake, though then we little knew it. This first edition had, however, an objectionable preface, which we never attempted to read. It is odd that the almost coeval work, the "Swiss Family Robinson," did not find its way to England till many years later. It was written by Joachim Heinrich Campe, tutor to Baron Humboldt; and one longs to know whether the pupil's spirit of enterprise fired the tutor, or the tutor formed the pupil. The English edition is greatly and advantageously abbreviated. It has been one of the greatest of favourites, until Captain Marryat's nautical criticisms cruelly disclosed its absurdities. To be sure, when one comes to think of it, no one but a German could have thought it practicable to land the whole family in a row of washing tubs nailed together between planks, and the island did contain peculiar fauna and flora; but the book is an extremely engaging one for all that, and we decidedly would prefer reading it at this moment than the rather characterless "Masterman Ready" by which Marryat superseded it in the youthful library.

But we are anticipating. "The Swiss Robinson" was still in his native German, when Berquin's bright little tales and dramas, terse and rounded as only French powers could make them, were already widely spread. Many were transferred into an English book, pompously termed "The Looking Glass for the Mind." There figured the four sisters who quarrelled and retired, like the four bulls of fable, into the four corners of the room, but, unlike the bulls, made it up in peace, and never fell out again. There was the boy who rudely fumigated his father's tenant when he came to pay his rent, and was punished by being left behind when his sister was taken to the farm, and regaled with rural dainties. There was "the pert little vixen, whose name was Cleopatra," and whose ill-temper was suddenly cured by a visitor's remark, that a pair of moustaches would suit the fierceness of her countenance. There is the kind, bird-feeding girl, said to have been suggested by the example of Madame Helvetius. There, too, is the capital description of the little Caroline, who insisted on taking a country walk in the full fashionable dress of the period, including powdered hair, pea-green shoes with high heels, and the tightest possible of stays. The dramas, which are not translated in the "Looking Glass," but are so in the "Children's Friend," are likewise very pretty. There is a very droll one (lately reproduced among Warne's Victoria stories) of a little boy, whose longing for a sword is gratified on condition he never draws it. In a passion he breaks his promise, and brings to light a turkey's feather. The insolent airs of the young noble, and the cringing of his *roturier* guest, give us a lucid notion of the pre-Revolution manners.

Berquin's tales were suggestive to the Aikin family of their "Evenings at Home." But the two collections remind us of the French criticism on our national gait, that while a French lady walks easily and gracefully, an Englishwoman always moves as if bent on

hurrying somewhere. There is a light, laughing, good-humoured touch-and-go moral in *L'Ami des Enfants*, while every "Evening at Home" has its earnest purpose. Both alike steer so entirely clear of religion that no one could guess what creed was held by the authors of either; the nearest approach to the subject being in that chapter of the "Evenings" where the father says, pointing to the fainting woman whom every one of all parties ran to assist, "Here all men were made to agree," and to the various places of worship whence the assistants issued with, "here all men were made to differ." Every chapter conveyed some clearly defined bit of instruction, and in looking back at these little performances we are struck by the perfect precision and polish of language, even of the most simple, such as renders them almost as complete epigrams as *Æsop's* fables, and contrasts with the slovenly writing of the present day. Perhaps the most memorable of them are, "Transmigrations of Indur," the now almost proverbial "Eyes and No Eyes," and "The Travellers," an idea recurring in Mrs. Gatty's "Little Victims." The excellence of the two first of these has caused them to be included in the reading-books of the National School Society, where they will probably survive long after the other Evenings are forgotten. For somehow there was little to love in these well-written books; they had a certain bright coldness which extends to all Aikinism, except perhaps to Mrs. Barbauld's "Prose Hymns," in their odd metre, a sort of pious imitation of Macpherson's *Ossian*. These have lately reappeared in all the charms of exquisite illustration, and if some were found to love them in pale type and russet binding, they ought to be the more admired in their present form; but, judging by ourselves, we do not think they could ever have been very dear to any one. Sentences in praise of the God of Nature may be very lovely, but the Christian heart yearns for a deeper touch of mystery and tenderness than

Anna Lætitia Barbauld's tenets allowed her to give. Her *Easy Lessons* were a much more true success. "Little Charles," as every household tenderly calls "Early Lessons," displaced the earlier "Cobwebs to catch Flies," and probably three-fourths of the gentry of the three last generations have learnt to read by his assistance, in spite of the comical-sounding, though highly experimental criticisms on him in Edgeworth's "Practical Education."

The Taylors of Ongar were an offshoot of the Aikin school, but deserve special mention as the best of the poets for childhood. Of hymn-writers children have had only three really successful ones—Dr. Watts, at a much earlier period, Jane Taylor, and recently, Mrs. Alexander; and of these Jane Taylor was the least really able. Her *forte* lay in her secular poems, their astonishing simplicity without puerility, their pathos, and arch drollery. The incident of the little girl, in "Original Poems," who, seeing a lady in the towering head-dress of the period, exclaimed—

"What naughty tricks, pray, has she done,
That they have put that foolscap on?"

was, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck tells us, taken from herself. "Meddlesome Mattie" paying the penalty of a peep into grandmamma's snuff-box; the

"Duck who had got such a habit of stuffing,
That all the day long she was panting and puffing;"

the little boy who in his new nankeens, and "buttons bright as gold," fell into the embrace of a chimney-sweeper; the vain child who held herself to be "better than Jenny, my nurse," and is finally told,

"For 'tis in good manners, and not in good
dress,
That the truest gentility lies;"

are all fixed in our mind by the peculiarly lively lilt of the verse. We never enter Cavendish Square without recollecting how "little Ann and her mother were passing one day" in that direction, and the pathos must have been great in the sadder poems, for the only compositions

that ever drew tears from us in childhood were "The Lamentation of Poor Puss," and the "Life and Adventures of poor Dog Tray," both of which we hated accordingly.

Rousseau had, as we said before, set people theorizing on education, and two more of his brood remain to be noticed. All were contemporary, but for the sake of convenience we will mention Madame de Genlis first. The extraordinary vanity of the woman has made her autobiography lower our estimate of her, and scarcely do her justice, for really the governess who trained up Louis Philippe so exactly in the way he *did* go could have had no common powers. To read of the young prince in the Chevalier de Roseville's correspondence in "Adèle et Théodore," and watch the career of the heir of Orleans, is really enough to make one believe that human nature is the wax educational theorists would have us believe it. However, "Adèle et Théodore" is not a child's book. It was the "Veillées du Château" on which the authoress set her fame as a writer for children, so that she was firmly persuaded that it was personal animosity that conferred the prize of the Academy by preference upon "Conversations d'Emilie." We confess to agreeing with the Academy so far, that ever since we could appreciate the delicate aroma of French wit and irony, we have infinitely more relished "Emilie" than M^{de} de Genlis's "Veillées," though a young child would, of course, like story better than mere dialogue. We suppose the book is hardly extant now, except where old juvenile libraries have been tenderly preserved, but it is worth reading for its freshness and grace, and the delicate refined banter with which the mother treats Emilie's little follies. The child's confused way of telling a story is drolly depicted, and so is her self-sufficiency in having learnt the three names, "Animal, vegetable, and mineral." There is a capital dialogue when Emilie comes in from the Tuileries gardens immensely scandalized by a little girl whom she describes as attracting the attention of "*tout le monde*" by her airs and appreciation of her own *nœuds de manchettes*.

Tout le monde is reduced by the mother to two little girls and their *bonnes*, and Emilie's indignation is turned back on her own foibles most dexterously. Her desire to read her father's business-letters is gratified by giving her an enormously long one from his notary, which when we *did* adventure to read it, we found full of curious complications of seigniorial rights, and which poor Emilie is forced to read aloud at full length, without pause, comment, cough, or sigh. Altogether there is a dainty perfume about the whole that makes us wish it could be more known, but it is too light and fine for children, and grown people would hardly take it up.

Success has certainly been with its rival, the "*Veillées du Château*." The three children, César, Caroline, and Pulchérie, were portraits of Mdma. de Genlis's own, the two girls by name; and the giddy but warm-hearted Pulchérie is so engaging that it is disappointing to know that her original was in after-life estranged from her mother. According to the fashion that had prevailed ever since the days of Boccaccio, there is story within story. The virtuous mother, Madame de Clémire, retires to spend the time of her husband's absence with her three children and their grandmother in the country, in the dismal Château de Champcercy, where the wolves are said by the disconsolate maids to parade on the snow every winter night. Here the children are weaned from the Countess d'Aulnoy's fairy tales, by tales related in turn by their mother and grandmother. Delphine, the spoilt child, who was reformed by a residence in a cow-house, under the treatment of an excellent Swiss doctor—then really the fashionable cure for consumption; Eglantine, the excellently described indolent young lady, who was cured by losing her fortune; and the humble couple who built a house for themselves in the wood, are all excellent; and best of all is the story Madame de Clémire writes on being challenged to produce authentic wonders equalling those of fairyland. It somewhat reminds us of those school illustrations of natural phenomena where

rainbows, waterspouts, volcanoes, earthquakes, geysers, flood and fire, and all possible catastrophes, are represented as occurring on one square foot of paper, but the ingenuity is really wonderful. Alphonse, the frivolously educated son of a *parvenu* minister in Portugal, is interesting for his simplicity and wonderful proneness to get into scrapes. His father is first disgraced, and then loses all his property in the great earthquake of Lisbon, when poor Alphonse, by one of Madame de Genlis's touches of irony, perils his life to save the false pedigree in which he devoutly believes, but leaves the jewels to their fate. Wandering subsequently about the country, Alphonse, while sentimentalizing at the fountain of Iñes de Castro, saves a beautiful young lady from a mad bull, which immediately after is demolished by a poisoned pin stuck into the nape of its neck by the fair Dalinda's father, the wise Thelismar. (The good lady's explanatory notes never mention how to stick your pin into your bull.) Desperate love for Dalinda is the consequence, and finding that Thelismar is a Swede sent to travel on a scientific mission, Alphonse runs away from his father and follows him, in spite of beholding a meteor and of being caught in a bloodlike shower, and then stuck fast by the nails in his boots to a loadstone mountain, for which Madame de Clémire must really have gone to the Calendars with one eye. In spite of these slight obstacles he joins Thelismar, and obtains leave to accompany him, but in the meantime the fair daughter has been sent back to Sweden. It is too long to relate how all wonders of nature and art combine to persecute or amaze Alphonse; how he gets nearly murdered in a cave of the Guanches, and is almost drowned by an inundation in the Azores; how the "guide, Indicator, shows him the road" to a bees' nest, and the grotto of Policandro dazzles him with its native sculpture and jewellery; how automatons draw and play to rebuke his conceit, and pistols go off when he tampers with the locks of drawers; how Thelismar repeats Franklin's experiments with lightning, and becomes perfectly in-

tolerable by his cool superiority on all occasions; until at last Alphonse's poor old father is discovered—of all places in the world—at the bottom of the silver mines of Dalecarlia; there is a general forgiveness and a happy ending. It is a very amusing and instructive story, allowing for the century of subsequent discovery, and Policandro still is invested in our imagination with a charm derived therefrom. Mme. de Genlis made use of somewhat the same notion in a much less known work, where in one story the hero's eyes became microscopes, and spiders, flies, moss, &c. appear in distressing detail and proportion—an idea since repeated in "Good Words for the Young."

The fault of the "*Veillées du Châteaueu*" is that the latter volumes go quite beyond the reach of children. Even in the earlier ones, "*Olympe et Théodore*" is neither very comprehensible to children, nor very edifying, if it were, except as an example of the use of the *lettre de cachet* against a contumacious son, so late in French society. Even the ever-memorable "*Palais de la Vérité*," capital as is the idea, is really a satire on the untruthfulness of the fashionable society and the court, on the outskirts of which Madame de Genlis lived. It could hardly be otherwise. The young, "whose thought is speech, and speech is truth," would have suffered little in the halls where each person's carefully-framed words were forced unknown to themselves to express their real mind, where coquettes explained perforce the object of every pretty air, and flatterers complacently uttered the broadest personalities. And, most comical and ironical notion, the only person protected by a natural bulwark from being wounded by these home truths, or even from hearing them, is an author reading aloud his own works. To what order of beings the owner of the palace, le Génie Phanor, may be thought to belong, we are perfectly unable to say. Whether he be a classical *genius* or a Persian *djinn*—or, as his production of a drama would lead us to suppose, a genius in the modern

sense of the word—no one can say; but he has a queen wife and daughter, and his affection has been contended for by various fairies spiteful and beneficent. It is quite possible that he was a portrait of some character at that time extant at Paris. Two other stories in the same volume, one of a kind of mock Arcadia, the other of the quarrels of French academicians, are perfectly unreadable from sheer dullness. Madame de Genlis did much better for children in her later work "*Les petits Emigrés*," though even there she could not resist the temptation of running off into a novel. These were the last contributions of France to English child-literature for many a year, with the exception of Madame le Prince de Beaumont's quaint volumes of dialogues, the "*Magasins des Enfans, des Adolescents, et des Dames*," where the conversations are between *English* young ladies and a French governess, and very good conversations they are, though nobody reads them now. French masters and governesses uniformly discourage the reading of pre-Revolution books as being antiquated in style, instead of perceiving that the composition of that period was far superior to the present—which in general deals in far more free and easy and unidiomatic writing.

But while no one in France could do more than watch aghast the fearful march of public events, the quickened spirit of thought in England was in full activity. Children, as far as common sense would allow, were being brought up on the Rousseau system; R. L. Edgeworth tried it on one of his sons, and found it in its full completeness such a failure that the son was allowed to drop out of sight. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck weathered it by her own strong warm nature; and Thomas Day, after capturing two girls, to afford him a choice of a wife, brought up on the most perfect plan of simplicity in habits and cultivation of intellect, found one break down from native dullness, and cast off the other when on the point of marrying her, because she turned out too sophisticated to wear an unfashion-

able dress. As we know, Felix Graham tried the same experiment with Mary Snow in our own day, just as Miss Edgeworth had portrayed the like attempt and failure on the part of Clarence Harvey in her novel of "Belinda." Her "Forester," the uncouth original youth in "Moral Tales," is we believe a far truer likeness of Day than the fine gentleman Clarence, only for the sake of the moral Forester had to be tamed, and Day never was. He is best known as the author of "Sandford and Merton," once a child's classic standing next to "Robinson Crusoe," and really containing much that is very charming, though mixed with much queer unsatisfactory stuff of the theorist author. Miss Zornlin has of late years tried to weed it, but it is one of those books that there is no paring down—they must stand or fall all together; and we doubt if many of the present young generation have ever had enterprise enough to learn how Tommy Merton tried sledging with a kitchen chair and the big dog—how Harry Sandford piloted him across the heath by the aid of the polestar, and saved him from the violence of a baited bull: another strange trait of past manners. There is another tale of Day's, much less celebrated but very effective, called "Little Jack," where a foundling is nursed by a goat, reared by an old man on a common, becomes first a blacksmith, then a soldier, is cast on a desert coast and taken prisoner by the Tartars, when his genius in saddlery raises him to high favour with the Khan, and he finally comes home a rich man, and builds a house on the original common. Probably Mr. Day meant to inculcate the advantages of the beautiful simplicity of Jack's nurture, but the story was to us a mere charming tissue of enterprise and adventure, and conveyed no lesson of democracy.

Our copy of "Little Jack" was the first in a volume named "The Children's

Miscellany," a sort of prevision of an annual, and containing likewise, besides an unreadable history of the world, and "John Gilpin," the story of "Philip Quarl," by Defoe—a desert island story, in which the castaway sailor was solaced by a delightful monkey; and a very clever story of a child queen who, being despotic, banishes all insects because a wasp stung her, and then finds she can have neither honey nor silk; and when she is incommoded by the leaves, has them all stripped off and their place supplied by rose-coloured gauze. A general rebellion is caused, and her father returns to the rescue. We remember, too, a "Spoilt Child," who was taught to read an alphabet of spun sugar, and allowed to eat every letter he knew; then cured of cruelty by the dreadful warning of Charles the Ninth's history; and recreated with historical anecdotes of Damon and Pythias, Alcanter and Septimius—one of the latter of whom got into trouble by *firing a pistol* in a robber's cave. But the books of the last century, with their dim type, long *s*, and united *ct*, were already scarce in our time; and perhaps the last of the period was a French story, published by subscription in England, (how we used to wonder at the list of names!) called "*Le Souterrain*," where Gabrielle and Angélique, two young ladies whose parents were in trouble in the Revolution, spent seven years in a cavern, and were finally discovered there in a grand *tableau*, playing on the harp and the *clavecin*, both dressed in white muslin, and *jonchées* with rose-leaves. How beautiful we thought it, and how little we concerned ourselves with the salubrity of the *Souterrain*!

But that age of sentiment and improbability was waning, and with the nineteenth century reason came into the nursery, and with it realism and purpose strong; and before entering on the didactic school we pause.

ESTELLE RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MADAME WILL HAVE HER OWN WAY.

To return to Madame de Montaigu. After witnessing the baptism of her infant grandson by the Protestant pastor, with ill-concealed anger and disgust, she returned to her own apartments downstairs, and frightened her old husband by an outburst all the more violent from the restraint she had put upon herself just before.

"Well, well, matters will be arranged somehow, I dare say," said M. le Comte, not having much idea how matters could be arranged, since the deed was done, but wishing to soothe his angry wife. It was foolish of Raymond to thwart her so, he thought. If he would have the brat christened by a Huguenot pastor, why not have it done on the sly?

"Yes, I will arrange matters," exclaimed Madame, as she retired to her boudoir, where she sat plunged in thought for nearly an hour, while a steadfast scowl contracted her forehead. At last she rose, and moving quietly to a clothes-press, took out a long black hood, of exactly the same shape and texture as that worn by the peasant-women and most of the shopkeeping class, when going to mass or to confession. Drawing it round her so as to conceal her figure entirely, she turned to leave the room, taking a glance at her mirror as she passed. The view seemed not altogether satisfactory, for she made an impatient exclamation, and put up one hand to smoothe away the wrinkles from her forehead. She stopped a moment before the glass, trying to give her features a less harassed expression.

"That woman will make me grow old before my time," she cried. "There is only one consolation in the midst of it all, and that is, that if she dies now,

her money won't go back to her family. That son of mine is an infatuated fool. I do believe he is as much in love with her as when first they were married." And with a deep sigh, Madame gave her forehead another smoothing, and slipped off the diamond-ring she wore on her middle finger. Then, drawing the hood round her face so as to escape recognition, she opened her door, and glided stealthily through the servants' corridor to a little side-door opening on the garden. Once there, she walked on briskly through the thickets of roses and Persian lilac till she got to the path leading down through the vineyard to the village Presbytery. Under the shadow of the black hood, she went boldly past the men who were at work mending the road, and entered the Presbytery, whose front door stood wide open, according to the Abbé d'Eyrieu's invariable custom. Seeing that the priest's three-cornered beaver hung on its nail, she went to the door of the dining-room and listened, intending to return to the château without speaking, if he had any one with him. She heard in a moment that the Abbé was reading his breviary half-aloud, so she knocked—no timid, gentle knock as of a penitent, but with a sort of authority. The Abbé, however, still went on reading; upon which Madame made a gesture of impatience, and knocked again. This time the priest's voice cried:

"Come in, my child!"—supposing it to be one of the village children come to see him. They were his only visitors on a week-day. The voice, cheery, genial, and sympathetic, smoothed the wrinkles from the Comtesse's brow as if by magic, in spite of D'Eyrieu's being out of her good graces on account of his ill-success in that matter of Estelle's conversation. She entered, and closed the door carefully after her.

Some time after, Pétronille came in

with a pitcher of water on her head, and catching the sound of voices in the dining-room, immediately put her pitcher down and applied her ear to the key-hole. That was not much good, for the conversation was being carried on in a provokingly low tone. At length she managed to catch a few words in French, not *patois*, which, however, only satisfied her that the conference was coming to an end. "At eleven, or a quarter-past. It is well." And almost before she had time to start back and stand in the kitchen doorway, the door opened, and a woman, muffled in a long black hood, passed out, without so much as a look or a word for Pétronille, and took the lower road to the château farm.

The Abbé followed the stranger out, and then went into the kitchen, where he kept Pétronille talking so long, that by the time she was free to look out on the road, it was deserted. . . .

Long did the old priest walk up and down his room after the departure of the Comtesse.

Her errand may have been guessed already. It was to apprise D'Eyrieu of her firm resolve to have her grandson baptized in the Catholic Church on the very first opportunity. At any hour of the day or night he was to hold himself ready to obey her summons. What had he to do but to obey? As a priest, his duty lay clear before him. And yet—he groaned as he thought of the friendly feeling which had sprung up between himself and the young married pair; and which would be replaced by angry estrangement when they learnt—as they would before long, for Madame de Montaignu would never be able to keep silence—that he had been the instrument in frustrating their express wishes regarding their first-born. They would never forgive him; and Raymond, poor, misguided soul, would hate the Catholic religion with a yet deeper hatred.

Mechanically putting his breviary under his arm, D'Eyrieu walked out through his garden on to the copse skirting the Montaignu vineyards. Two men were struggling hard within him.

One, the priest, bound hand and foot, in the Church's thrall; the other, the gentleman of a hundred ancestors: for D'Eyrieu had ancestry, though he was poor and of small account among men; and the gentleman within him was whispering persistently the word "under-hand," and applying it to the act he was contemplating.

Yes. But, on the other hand, was not baptism a necessity? Because the father was so smitten with blindness, should he hesitate therefore as to the right or wrong of bringing the child within the pale of salvation? If the father were indeed so blind, surely his duty was but the plainer.

Thinking thus, he came upon Raymond himself, smoking his cigar. Instantly his cigar-case was opened, and offered to the priest, who was not smoking. D'Eyrieu refused. He was going to do what would put an end to his friendship with this man; how could he accept a gift from him? A gift, too, so eminently social, so partaking of the nature of the bread and salt covenant.

But he refused it with such a dejected gesture, that Raymond looked at him.

"Refuse a cigar!" Something indeed must have befallen the Abbé. Could he know?

D'Eyrieu waved his hand and replied not. Presently he said, "I ought to congratulate you, Monsieur Raymond, on your accession to paternal dignities."

"Yes," Raymond answered simply; "as if I were not happy enough before, I have this over and above. I am a lucky fellow, dear Abbé."

"And yet this child's birth may bring—nay, will bring—more strife than peace to many of us."

"Peste!" thought Raymond; the priest was then cognizant of all the quarrelling which had been going on that day up at the château. Well, well! What else, after all, should he expect? He replied aloud: "With people's quarrelling I have no concern. Let them quarrel till they are hoarse; I and my wife are of one mind, and will be, I trust, always."

D'Eyrieu walked on; then turned

suddenly, saying, "Monsieur Raymond, I would to God you were not of one mind, in one thing at least. I wish that you would tell me if it were your intention to have your son baptized into the Catholic and Apostolic Church."

Raymond pressed his lips together; he was beginning to get angry. His mother, he thought, had been setting the priest on him. He endeavoured to speak calmly:

"Such is not my intention." Then he added, "My wife's wish was that the child should be baptized in her religion, and I saw no reason for not gratifying that wish. My theory is, that for the first six or seven years, the whole direction of the child should be given up to the mother. For my own part, I would rather not have had the child baptized at all."

"Good God!" was the priest's exclamation, as he involuntarily crossed himself. After a pause he said:

"This has deeply grieved your mother."

"My mother," returned Raymond, "is always deeply grieved when she can't have her own way."

This was so true that there was no replying to it.

"I will accompany you one turn more," said Raymond, "and then I must bend my steps homewards."

They had nearly reached the entrance to the vineyard, when D'Eyrieu stopped and said:

"Monsieur Raymond, let me thank you and your wife for the many little kindnesses which have smoothed my lot since I came to this parish. This may be my last opportunity of speaking——"

"You are not going away?" interrupted Raymond.

"No. But you will not wish our intercourse to continue, when I inform you that, seeing by your own admission that your son as yet only enjoys the privilege of baptism as conveyed through a heretic, and that you yourself would even deny him such a pseudo-baptism—I, as a priest of the Catholic and Apostolic Church, am bound to confer

on him that birthright of which you would thus cruelly deprive him. As I shall thus be going diametrically against your will; I expect that you will henceforth treat me as a stranger, or, worse than that, as an enemy. Yet, if you can and will, I would entreat you to remember me kindly, to consider that I am as a soldier under orders, and that my orders are very plain."

Raymond looked at him for a moment in silence.

"M. l'Abbé," he said, taking off his hat, "if I don't respect the Catholic religion, I respect you. You are an honest man, sir, and I beg you will honour me with your friendship as hitherto."

The Abbé was surprised. He had expected anything but this; he had braced himself up to endure scorn, and here was the right hand of fellowship offered instead.

"Ah!" he sighed, "if you would but believe!"

"No more of that," said Raymond. "Don't cajole me into argument. You know it is no good; I was born a free-thinker, and what is bred in the bone must come out in the flesh. Besides, you would not be quiet and hear my side of the question, for fear I should convert you."

"God forbid!" was the priest's answer. . . .

And so they parted, each secretly admiring and pitying the other. . . .

Madame de Montaignu was so radiant that evening, so cordial to Mrs. Russell, so complaisant to Monsieur, and so caressing in her manner to her son, that Raymond, even without his conversation with D'Eyrieu in the wood, would have felt sure she was plotting something or other. But what the plot was, became quite plain, when, while smoking at his window, he perceived a faint glimmering in the little window above the altar of the old chapel. "Oh ho, my lady mother," he thought, as he blew the long whiffs into the night-air, "are you going to bring my son and heir into the Catholic Church by the back stairs?"

He went and barred the entrance at the head of the stairs, and the servants' door, which stood wide open, and then sat down in the vestibule to wait the result. As the drawing-room timepiece struck half-past eleven, he heard his mother ascend the stone staircase and pant before the door for a minute or two. Then she turned the handle, and seemed in consternation at finding the bar up.

"What can have possessed them to bar the door to-night of all nights?" he heard her say, as she descended. The attempt was repeated at the servants' entrance, and then Raymond, returning to his study, saw the light disappear from the chapel window, and laughed long and silently at his mother's discomfiture.

Next morning at breakfast he could not resist asking her whether she had been disturbed about midnight, by people walking about; and admired the imperturbability with which she assured all whom it might concern that she had retired to rest earlier than usual, and had slept remarkably well.

But Madame could bide her time. One day, when Raymond had taken his mother-in-law for a drive, she suddenly made her appearance in Estelle's room, and ordered the nurse and baby out for a walk on the terrace. Five minutes later, she had them both safe in her own carriage, and was whirling down the avenue, and out on the road to Toulouse.

But not unobserved. Master Alfred, finding time hang heavy on his hands, had taken to the daily pursuit of bird-nesting, and was in the act of robbing a tree in the avenue when he observed the approach of the carriage. Leaving the nest for another time, he dropped from bough to bough, till he reached the branch nearest the ground, where he waited till the carriage passed; then, dropping lightly to the ground, he ran after it, and got up behind, intending to have a ride down the road and then come back for his nest. But as they rolled along, he thought he heard an infant cry, and resolved to hang on, and see the end of it. For it struck

him that Madame de Montaignu was a sort of spiteful fairy, who would stick at nothing which could annoy his sister; and she might be going to hide the baby away somewhere. Across the bridge and through the town they went, with Alfred clinging on behind—a most disgraceful spectacle—and so on through the Rue de la Pomme to the Cathedral, where they stopped. Alfred, dodging behind the wheel, saw Madame descend with nurse and baby, and enter the Cathedral, where, after waiting time enough for them to take the holy water and say an *ave*, he followed, and tracked them to the baptistery on the left of the nave. The baptistery of St. Etienne, truth to tell, loses much of its imposing appearance from being turned into a storeroom for the divers kinds of candles required for divine worship. However, none of the party present thought of that, the business in hand being to get the blessed child made a Christian as fast as possible. And Alfred being hot and tired, was not at all sorry to have a candle-box to sit on, while he watched the ceremony. He accompanied the carriage back as far as the entrance to the Montaignu grounds, where he got off, ascended his tree, and brought down his nest in triumph.

Meantime, Mrs. Russell had returned from her drive, and was distracting herself with conjectures as to her boy's whereabouts; the last accounts of him being that he had been seen going towards the marsh down by the river. She and Raymond were about starting off to look for him, when Jean-Marie appeared, hauling the delinquent in, torn, scratched, and green all over, with his bird's nest in his hand. Of course there was nothing to do except to kiss and scold him, and in the commotion caused by his being missed, and his reappearance, Madame got the nurse and baby up to their own apartment through the garden door without remark, and dressed for dinner in perfect charity with all the world, Estelle included.

But at dinner, Master Alfred, who, I am forced to admit, was in the habit of monopolizing the conversation without

much regard for his elders, took occasion to remark to his brother-in-law :

"I was in Toulouse this morning."

"In Toulouse?" exclaimed his mother; "why, child, you must be tired to death. And how could you be so wicked as to walk all the way in the hot sun? You might have had a sunstroke."

"I did not walk, Mamma. Madame was so kind as to take me."

"I!" cries Madame. "What does the child mean?"

"Yes," continued Alfred. "I had a very jolly ride. Not inside; up behind, you know. I went all the way; and once a dirty street-boy called out, 'Whip behind.' If I see that boy again, I'll lick him. And I went with Madame and nurse into St. Etienne, and——"

"What nonsense! The boy has lost his head," Madame cried, looking very angry.

"And I saw baby christened. And didn't he squall like a young pig, that's all!"

There was an awful silence. Old M. de Montaigu looked uncomfortable, Madame triumphant, Mrs. Russell offended, and Raymond the very quintessence of scorn.

After dessert, instead of retiring to Madame's drawing-room for coffee, Mrs. Russell opened her lips and said icily:

"You will allow me to bid you adieu, Madame, and retire to my apartment, as I wish to set out early to-morrow morning. Monsieur, I wish you a good evening." And with her most ceremonious curtsy, she left the room, accompanied by her son-in-law, and followed by Alfred, in some doubt as to whether he should get a scolding or not.

"Mother-in-law," said Raymond, when they were upstairs, "I beg you to accept my humble excuses. If I had had the courage to break through the pernicious custom of living under the same roof as the parents after marriage, this might never have happened. I feel the insult to yourself, my dear Madame, most acutely. I scarcely dare beg you to overlook it. But for my wife's sake, if you will be so good——"

But Mrs. Russell was implacable. She waved her hand, saying, "Let me hear no more, Raymond, I beg. I go to-morrow." And she added, moreover, to herself, "And I will never enter this house again as long as Comtesse Octavie is its mistress."

Comtesse Octavie, for her part, cared nothing whatever for Mrs. Russell's icy displeasure. She had saved her grandson from a possible Limbo, and she had frustrated her daughter-in-law's wish. That kept her happy for a long time.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SHOWS WHAT A WOMAN'S TONGUE WILL DO.

THE spirit of prophecy descended on Madame in no small degree as the summer wore on, and her crony Madame de Luzarches got into the habit of shaking her head like a Chinese mandarin, whenever Estelle's name was mentioned. For, of course, she was at the bottom of all this Anglomania of Raymond's. And what the future Comte de Montaigu would grow to, no one could dare say, at this rate. To begin with, the daily amount of soaping and sousing was a scandal, while as for the friction inflicted on that precious child, it was a veritable abomination. Yes, he was rubbed and scrubbed and rubbed again, as if he had been a young pig belonging to a peasant of Luz; and not a vestige of cap or swaddling clothes! That was absurd, was it not then, in a woman who studied the Bible? "I told her, my dear friend," said Madame, "that I had my director's word for it, that the infant Jesus was wrapped in swaddling clothes;—my director is a very well-read man, you know—and was not that sufficient precedent? And she laughed at me to the nose, my dear, she who gives herself airs of sanctity, and talks about educating the child to be a Christian philosopher! The arrogance of these Huguenots, it is overwhelming! I heard her forbid her maid, one day, to say *mon Dieu*—that simple exclamation—telling her it was offensive

to the Deity. As if the *bon Dieu* had not something to do besides to make note of all those trivial exclamations! And as for that child, it will grow up deaf and crooked, and then my son will be sorry. But I shall have warned him."

Yes, she had warned him. And in one respect, as she saw with grim satisfaction, her warning was come true. Estelle was making a hermit of herself, in her stupid senseless fondness for the child, and was further off than ever from satisfying Mrs. Russell's wish to see her a drawing-room queen. At the château, once up those stone stairs, and past that creaking oak door, she was queen, Raymond's queen, Bébé's queen; and with that little world at her feet, what cared she for the world outside? Madame's visitors—young creatures just promoted to the coveted title of Madame, and taking their full swing of the joys of society for the first time in their lives—or oldish ladies, whose only reason for ever staying at home was an economical one, a hard necessity,—considered this strange whim of Estelle's with a shrug of contemptuous pity, and expressed their thoughts delicately to Madame on this newly-imported, insular fashion. And Madame, mourning viciously over her daughter-in-law's dereliction from plain duty, would confide to one and all in whispers, that the worst was, her actually beguiling Raymond to stay at home with her.

"Yes, he positively goes out less and less. And their intimates are of the strangest description. One would think that with my experience they might have consulted me in making up their list of friends. But no, all is done without consulting me. And the consequence is, they have sometimes the strangest people staying with them.

"For instance, only lately, they had that Gascon poet, Jasmin, to stay a week. I considered that insulting on Raymond's part, when one thinks that Jasmin is an Orleanist, and that our family has always adhered faithfully to the direct line. Yes, and I used to watch them day after day, walking up

and down, up and down the terrace; Jasmin in the centre, with my son and his wife and that everlasting child beside him—yes, I've seen her carry that child for half an hour—then first he would spout, then Raymond, then he again; and she looking on all the while as if she could devour both with her two eyes. Then he complimenting her, and she kissing the child, pah! That's the kind of thing that went on. And when I have said, 'You don't cultivate Madame So-and-so, who is a woman perfectly well received here and at Paris,' she says coolly, 'I think her frivolous, and Raymond does not care about her.' And then, you know, she is as heretical as ever, and that is a great grief to me, dear friend, as you may well suppose."

Madame's complaints always wound up with this chorus; this, and Raymond's infatuation for his Huguenot wife.

But on the second summer after her grandson's advent, seeing that he was neither awry, nor a-squint, nor lame, she proposed to herself a slight distraction in the way of making a match between Mademoiselle Hortense d'Albaret, a young lady of seventeen, from the convent of the Sacred Heart, and a certain third cousin named Adrien Dubreuilh, who was voted by the family council to stand in great need of being reclaimed.

"And, *parbleu*," said old M. le Comte, between two pinches of snuff, "if you want him to become steady, go seek him a wife like my Huguenot daughter-in-law. It is a miracle the way in which that little witch has got Raymond under her thumb, with her soft voice and her quiet ways. He worships her shadow, I can see."

"He is failing fast; getting quite childish, you see, my dear," said Madame aside to M. Adrien's mamma.

"Madame, I am doing nothing of the kind," rejoins M. le Comte, "and my hearing is remarkably good. My daughter-in-law sits with me, and reads the newspaper when you are at church; ay, and books of devotion too; anything I ask her. And she

wears quiet dresses which don't agitate my nerves."

"That is not to the point," says Madame. And then they entered into the more interesting topic of Mademoiselle Hortense's dowry, branching off into a discussion on the marriage laws, which Madame de Montaigu had at her fingers' ends, as became an heiress and a practical woman. Hortense d'Albaret's dowry was not overwhelming, certainly, but she was an orphan with younger sisters, and it was highly necessary to establish her early in life, both on their account and her own. And M. Adrien was thoroughly well-born and well-bred, and once settled would make a charming husband, fit for a convent-bred girl.

While this matrimonial affair was pending, that outside world, for which Estelle cared so little, began to find out that there was something good in her after all. As soon as the Archbishop became aware of the impression in her favour, he loudly proclaimed that his own impression had been favourable all along. The world—within a radius of ten miles round the château—thereupon patted itself on the back, re-echoed Monseigneur's *dictum*, silenced Madame de Montaigu, and fixed an early day for young Madame Raymond's reconciliation to the Church. The day had already been fixed two or three times by a sanguine few, and they had been no more discouraged by the non-fulfilment of their predictions than are our English and Scotch prophets when the universe persists in going on beyond the date they have fixed for its final combustion.

For this sudden popularity, Estelle was partly indebted to her mother-in-law. People were getting weary of Madame's continual wailing over her daughter-in-law's heresy, and began to remember that she had consented very freely to the marriage for the sake of the heretic's money. But the proximate cause was this. Estelle, wishing to show her gratitude for what had been to her—sad and tremulous as she was then, and fearful alike of prospect and of retrospect—a very advent, namely, her boy's birthday, had, after consulting her

husband, formed a plan for a Children's Home, in which twelve of the most afflicted of God's little ones might be housed and nurtured.

She would willingly have done this in silence, and sought help in practical details from her husband only. But Raymond, though he detested the clergy as a body, felt strongly that unless protected by the Church, the whole scheme would fall to the ground. The Home, therefore, was placed under the Abbé D'Eyrieu's supervision, as chaplain and visitor, and both Raymond and his wife felt themselves fortunate in having to do with a priest whom at the same time they could so entirely respect as a man. But D'Eyrieu could not accept the offer of the chaplaincy without asking the permission of his diocesan, and so it all came out, and D'Eyrieu, quite unconsciously, got the credit of having brought about the whole thing, and was voted a man of rare talent by all the anti-Jesuit party. Madame, as soon as she saw which way the wind lay, steered her course accordingly, insisted on having the Home formally opened by Sa Grandeur, and invited a select party to meet him at breakfast. Sa Grandeur improved this opportunity of practising his spiritual blandishments on the future Comtesse, all the more that it was evident the Comte was getting sadly shaky, and that cousin Octavie was consequently very near putting in her claim to the dowager's *suite* of rooms upstairs. So much for the Archbishop and the Catholic party. If Estelle was less liberal in appearance to the Protestants, it was well atoned for in fact by the private donations, which poured into their charity-boxes. Even M. Cazères let pass her occasional remissness in attending his preaching, in consideration of her unbounded liberality; while, as to this particular charity which she had organized, if it were solely for Catholics, well and good; Protestants might be tampered with, and good to the body would be gained by the loss of the soul. It was far better that he and his colleague should apply her donations at their own discretion.

Raymond, too, had his full share of popularity about this time, on quite another account.

To all who are not Languedocians, it may be a matter of very small moment, even supposing that they are aware of it at all, that there exists in Toulouse a most ancient literary institution, calling itself the Society of Floral Games, and deriving its origin from the ancient troubadours.

This Society has for patroness and founder an apocryphal lady—Clémence Isaure—who, it is said, revived the science of the "*Gai Sçavoir*" in Toulouse, in the year of grace 1333. Apocryphal she is not to the members of the Society; in proof of their belief in her, they make a pilgrimage yearly in May to the church of La Daurade, in which, say they, her tomb once was; and then, after an *Ave* and *Pater* or so, pattered for the repose of her soul, they adjourn to the great hall of the ancient Capitouls, where, before a select audience, they distribute to various competitors, prizes, consisting of golden and silver flowers—the violet, amaranth, eglantine, marigold, and lily—for the best compositions in verse and essays in prose, for which the directors give the subject. The year before her marriage, Estelle had attended the distribution of prizes with Madame Fleury and Mademoiselle Mathilde, and had giggled, girl-like, behind her veil, at the mumblings of a toothless old gentleman, who, after making various halts, at last finished the reading of a paper which turned out to be a memoir of the Tomb of *La Reine Pédaque*, a lady of whom it need only be said that the immensity of her goodness and of her feet was equally celebrated. Mademoiselle Mathilde would have giggled willingly too, as soon as it was explained to her that the paper was all about a queen goose-leg, and that the writer of it had actually gained the first prize, but Madame Fleury was close by, and she was Toulousan born, and thought the Floral Games not an institution to be made game of; besides which, the pious young man to whom Mademoiselle Mathilde

was destined, had written a poem, which, though Estelle had thought it miserable trash, was listened to with equanimity, and gained the silver lily. This was, of course, important to Mademoiselle Mathilde, and she had felt aggrieved that it should not be known by all her friends that she was to be the wife of such a talented young man as M. Théodore Beaucens.

This year, Estelle had attended the distribution of prizes with a feeling that it was no longer for her an affair to be laughed at, even though the papers should all be mumbled over by old gentlemen with never a tooth in their heads. Even the dust-covered, noseless statue of Clémence Isaure in her cold niche had gained a right to respect. For Raymond was a member of the institution, and a poem of his was to be read, which Estelle was sure ought to gain the first prize. She felt her heart beat when the opening lines were read; and glanced round timidly as the reading proceeded, to see whether the subject carried the audience with it. As she marked one face and another roused to an expression of lively interest, the exultant feeling in her own bosom rose far higher than it did in Raymond's. She could feel wholly proud of her husband; he was criticising his work, and wishing he had done it better. The poem gained the first prize, and people came up to congratulate. Raymond, for the first time in his life, felt his friends' praise to be undeserved, and got away outside the hall. It was Estelle who received these adulations; they were doubly sweet to her, because she believed every word, and she treasured up the honied phrases to repeat to her husband. But the summit of her exultation was reached when Jasmin wrote telling Raymond that he would be heard of in Paris before long. Then Raymond himself took heart again, and consented to see some merit in his poem. Jasmin had criticised his performances too often for him not to believe that his praise was genuine. One thing in Jasmin's letter was distasteful to Raymond. Jasmin advised him to

keep clear of politics. And Raymond did not wish to keep clear of them; but, on the contrary, wished to increase his knowledge of such things as are considered necessary for a politician to be acquainted with, hoping that at some distant day, France might be a republic, and he himself a deputy and leader of a party. Estelle did not go the length of wishing for a republic; she had never as yet been able to see the beauty and perfection of a republican form of government. Besides, if to arrive at this perfect state of affairs it was necessary for a nation to wade through such seas of blood as France had done, she would rather that things should go on in the old way. In spite of all Raymond's arguments, she had not as yet been brought to see that these seas of blood might be a "holy necessity." What she did think it no harm to wish for was, that there might some day be a free Parliament in France, where a man might speak out bravely his own thoughts, and express the wishes of his constituents, without fear of the Tuileries. But as such a thing as a free Parliament did not seem to be within the reach of the nation at present, her wish was not an ever-present one. That Bébé should be well and fat, and that Raymond's political studies should not interfere with his writing poetry, were the things of greatest importance to her. As Bébé grew older, he was taught that though he might do what he pleased anywhere else in the house, Papa's study was a sacred place, in which he must keep quiet and touch nothing. So well was he made to understand this, that his father never found it necessary to shut himself up for writing and reading, but could read politics or write verses with the boy on his knee and Estelle by his side, ready to take her pet as soon as silence and stillness became wearisome to him. Raymond got to think at last that he wrote better in such company than when alone. Whether he did or not, matters little to this story, which has to do with him only so far as his life affected Estelle's. But under

different conditions; as, for instance, that his wife had been a fussy, rustling woman like his mother, or that Bébé had been multiplied by half-a-dozen,—I am inclined to suppose that Raymond, in spite of a finely balanced nervous system,—or, if you like better, the natural love of a Frenchman for noise and clatter,—would have perched himself and his writing-table up in the turret furthest from the nursery. But to return.

The terms of the marriage-contract having been settled, Madame de Mont-aigu became extremely busy about her *protégée's* wedding-outfit; what with that, and the putting on of a little more worldly polish than the good nuns had thought either necessary or desirable for a girl whom they chose to believe destined to the cloister, Madame had her hands full. Hortense was docile enough, having practised unquestioning obedience at the convent almost ever since her childhood; and Madame began to think that it would be a much pleasanter task to take her out into society after her marriage, than it had been in the case of the "marble Englishwoman." Hortense was afraid of Estelle at first, having heard her stigmatized both in the convent and out of it, as a "hardened heretic." But the attraction of a romp with Bébé overcame her fears, and she got at last into the habit of spending her mornings upstairs, while Madame was at church, or engaged in household matters. With Estelle only, she would prattle away like an eager, ignorant child. With Raymond there, she relapsed into the demure convent-girl, and would sit with hands folded and eyes cast down, as if she were in the presence of the Holy Mother, where it was penance to speak except in answer to a question.

She sat by Estelle one hot morning, playing as usual with Bébé, and, Raymond being away, her tongue ran on unchecked on all the various topics connected with her approaching marriage. She should be allowed to wear a Cashmere shawl, velvet, Honiton lace, feathers, and jewels; she would read

novels; she would read even the Bible, if her director allowed it. She intended to make the Abbé d'Eyrieu her director, because she had heard him say he liked young people to enjoy themselves while they could. When her sisters were grown up, she should have them to live with her, and try to establish them in life, as their mother would have done had she lived; as Madame de Montaignu was kindly doing for her.

"It is a dreadful thing," said the convent girl, "to have so few relations as I have, and to be an orphan. I was getting sick of the convent, and the sisters were always trying to persuade me that I had a vocation. I scarcely ever saw my own little sisters, who were in the lowest class. If this match had not turned up for me, I had made up my mind to ask our director to speak to the Mother about establishing me, the next time I went to confession. There is something I want to ask you," she said abruptly, after a pause.

"Well?" said Estelle, who had been trying to put herself in the position of a girl bred among nuns and priests, and wondering what would have been the result on her own mind of such surroundings for, say, ten years.

"I do so want to know," said the girl, eagerly. "You are a Protestant, it is true; but you are married; you ought to know something about it. Is it wrong to love one's husband passionately? I asked once, and the sisters said one must only love God and the Holy Virgin so. And I got a penance for having asked the question. Do tell me, you who are married. Is it wrong?"

"God forbid!" said the young wife. "My child, there are many things I do not know; but this much I can say with certainty: Love your husband with all your heart and strength; in the same degree, though not in the same kind, as the nuns tell you to love the Holy Virgin."

"You say that as if you meant it," said Hortense, eyeing Estelle curiously. "One more thing. Is it allowable,—with regard to propriety, I mean,—to love one's husband before marriage?"

"Oh, I don't know anything about that," cried Estelle, laughing. "You had better ask Madame de Montaignu, who has so much more experience than I."

"I should like to know," Hortense pursued, pertinaciously. "It is permitted in England, is it not?"

"I cannot tell you anything about it," said Estelle, who thought Hortense was getting tiresome. Hortense was silent, and played with Bébé, while Estelle resumed the work her chattering had interrupted; it was the copying out some ill-written and much corrected manuscript of Raymond's. By and by she looked up brightly, saying, "I hear my husband coming."

"I hear nothing," said Hortense, putting Bébé off her lap and listening.

"My dear child, you must be deaf! He is half way up the avenue. I wish he would not ride at such a mad pace."

"I hear him well enough now," said Hortense. "I shall say good-bye, Madame Raymond; I know you want to get rid of me. You always do when Monsieur comes in from his ride." And with a pout, half fun, half earnest, Hortense took her departure.

Estelle sat listening. Then she rose and went to her window, just over the entrance, and dropped a rose from the bouquet on the table right on to Raymond's head as he dismounted. She held the venetian in her hand, expecting him to look up and speak. But he, giving no heed, told the servant in waiting to look well after the horse, and passed hastily to the inner court, where, the doors being all wide open, Estelle heard him asking where his mother was. "So," she said to herself, "he seeks her, not me, first. That must be for something special. Usually he is not so eager to be worried by her after a long ride." She waited for half an hour, then three-quarters; and had made her mind up to feel aggrieved, when Raymond suddenly burst in, hot and angry as a Spanish wind, and threw himself down on the couch nearest her chair, fuming at a great rate at somebody or something.

Estelle waited prudently till the storm

of words had somewhat spent itself, and then asked the very natural question:

"What is it all about?"

"That brute, Adrien! If ever a man deserved a kicking!" And, in default of the said Adrien, Raymond spurned a sofa cushion which Hortense had left on the ground, after a game of Bo-peep with Bébé. Estelle asked what Adrien had been doing.

"What was that story about the man who had his house swept clean for him, and then went and took to himself seven other devils worse than the first? I'll never speak to the fellow again; I'll cut him, if I meet him in this very house—if my mother is such a fool as to have him here, which I hope she won't."

"What has he been doing? I thought he had ranged himself, as your mother puts it."

"Heaven save the mark!" ejaculated Raymond. "I fear Adrien was past ranging when she took him in hand. I can't tell you all about it; and if I could, it would not mend matters. It is all very intricate, and very disgraceful. And the worst is, he does not care a rap. You can understand this, that he hasn't got two hundred francs left in the world. That tells something, I think."

"And the wedding that is to be next month!"

"Is to be? Ought it to be? If that child were your sister, would you not try to stop it, when I tell you that Adrien has failed in every promise he made my mother, when she undertook to make the match for him?"

"I was not thinking of that. But what will Madame de Montaignu say? She will never brook the failure of her own plan. She will talk of bringing him to order. And do it, too."

"Confound her plans! Let him go to the dogs his own way." And then a step was heard in the ante-room very like that of Madame la Comtesse, and Raymond, declaring that he had had enough of her for a while, retreated, saying, "Tell me when she is gone."

Madame gave a sharp rap, and entered, before her daughter-in-law could say "Come in."

"Where is thy husband?" she asked, looking round majestically, as she took a seat on the sofa.

"He is somewhere in the house," said Estelle, "he was with me just now. He is vexed about your cousin, Monsieur Adrien."

"Heavens!" cried Madame, pointing to the farther end of the room. "Look! look at that child! it is a shame to permit him to try his strength in that manner. He has actually raised himself to stand by that chair. It makes me feel quite faint." As she said this, she placed herself in a reclining attitude, and opened her smelling bottle.

Estelle felt nettled, and said coldly, "Dear me, he does that so often now that I don't notice it. Why, he crawls about here all day, and stands up and tumbles down, twenty times an hour. Don't you, my pet?"

Bébé, hearing himself addressed, turned his head, lost his balance, and came down plump, eliciting a loud scream from his grandmamma.

"I beg that may not occur again while I am here," she cried. "I beg that he may be sent away, or that you will take him up. His legs will be broken one day; they are crooked now. If you had half-a-dozen sons, you might make experiments upon them, but with only one——"

Estelle walked across the room with a gesture of impatience, and snatched her boy up in her arms. A very angry rejoinder rose to her lips, but she swallowed it, and sat down, giving Bébé his shoes to play with.

"About Monsieur Adrien," she began, for the sake of saying something. That turned the channel of Madame's thoughts to its former direction.

"Adrien," she cried, "is an arch-scoundrel. I have said the word. There! I am out of all patience with him." And then followed a very clear catalogue of Adrien's misdeeds; for being, as she said, out of all patience, she did not mince her words. There seemed, indeed, to Estelle, nothing for it, but that Adrien must go to the dogs his own way, as her husband had said.

"I am sorry for poor little Hortense," she said. "I fear her heart was set on it. She seemed so grateful to you for making the match." Madame stared. "Grateful? Oh yes, I do not complain of her. It is Adrien who is ungrateful. If the affair had not been settled, I would have broken it off, I am so angry with him. I think I would break it off, even now, if he were not a connexion."

"I cannot see why that should be a reason," said Estelle. "You say yourself, mother-in-law, that he is a thorough scoundrel. Are you just to Hortense in marrying her to him? Are you giving her a chance of happiness?"

Something very like this had Raymond said an hour before, and had angered his mother greatly. In fact, they had had one of their worst encounters; Madame's blood was boiling over, yet.

"Happiness!" she cried, contemptuously. "Who ever said I wanted her happiness? You talk like a shepherdess of Arcadia. She wanted establishing, and Adrien wanted ranging, for the credit of the family. It is a marriage of convenience, such as I made myself: such as my mother made before me. I am angry with Adrien, because he has broken his promises to me. He made none to Hortense that I know of. For me, it will be rather more expensive an affair than I bargained for. But no one shall say I am wanting in family feeling."

"And you mean then," cried Estelle impetuously, "to give her—that child—to a man whom you consider a disgrace to your family, just because he is one of your family? A man whom my husband declares he will have nothing to do with!"

"Upon my word," sneered Madame, "your husband is mighty particular."

"My husband is right, Madame. And you are doing Hortense d'Albaret a cruel wrong, if you do not break off this marriage."

Madame rose. "I did not come here to be dictated to," she said, in a voice that trembled with anger. "What I came for, was to say that I will not have either of you meddling between me and

Hortense. She is in my charge, remember."

"The child has a tender little heart," cried Estelle, not at all afraid, although she saw by Madame's eyes what a passion she was in. "She will begin by loving her husband; and he won't care a straw for her after the first week. She will be hurt, shocked, disgusted. Perhaps they will quarrel. Then they will hate each other. And then—then——"

"Hortense will take life as a rational being should, probably," said the Comtesse. "You forget that you are a woman of twenty, and talk like a lackadaisical creature in a story-book."

"I am only speaking what I believe my husband feels," said Estelle.

"Thou annoyest me with thy interminable husband," cried Madame, shrugging her shoulders—"who gives himself these airs of Puritan, without being one whit better than Adrien, scoundrel as he is. Bah! All the men are alike, thou poor trusting ninny!"

"Mother-in-law!" Estelle exclaimed, rising haughtily as she spoke. Then she added, "But you are angry, and don't care what you say. Nevertheless, I beg you not to say that again."

"Why not?" said Madame, defiantly. She saw she had ruffled her usually calm daughter-in-law to some purpose now, and felt diabolically glad. "Why not?" she repeated, looking Estelle over from head to foot.

"Because it is an insult to him, to me!" Estelle cried, every nerve quivering with anger. "Because it is utterly untrue. My husband! Raymond! To think that you, Madame, of all women, should mention him in the same breath with that wicked Adrien! You, his mother, say that! It is too shameful!" She sank down in her chair again, and hid her face in her boy's little neck. She felt she could not have spoken a word more, or her passion would have dissolved itself in tears. And she was determined not to give her mother-in-law the pleasure of seeing her cry.

"You stand up for him with a devotedness worthy of a better cause," said the Comtesse, moving towards the door.

"You are dreaming, daughter-in-law, and will awake one day. May the dream be long, as well as pleasant; I have no objection. When you do awake, don't accuse me of letting you dream too long, that's all!" And with that she departed, humming a tune with her cracked voice.

Estelle shut the door as soon as the rustle of her dress had ceased, and burst into a passion of tears. She felt as if she could bear the weight of her mother-in-law's temper no longer; as if she must beg her husband to take her away, although she had vowed to herself over and over again that she would never be the one to separate mother and son. But Madame had gone too far now, she told herself. She had tried to undermine her faith in her husband; that faith which had grown so steadily ever since her marriage; from which her love had sprung. For she did love him now, she declared to herself. How could she do otherwise? Was he not worthy? And was he not her boy's father? Yet, even while she was making up her mind that she and Madame must live apart, there rose before her the difficulty of separation. Her husband would inquire her special cause of vexation. How could she tell him? And would he feel justified in separating their household without a special reason, knowing the deeply rooted prejudice of the country towards living under the same roof with the parents? Even supposing him to be satisfied of the necessity of a separate home, what would people say? They would blame her, call her mischief-maker. So they might. But they would blame him too, for his weakness in being so led away by her as to fail in the respect and deference due to parents from an only son. She felt that she could even better bear her mother-in-law's viper tongue at home, than be conscious that she had brought blame on her husband from abroad. And so she tried to leave off crying, and decided on keeping silence, as hitherto, on all those vexed questions which regarded Madame. But now that she had once begun to think of this incompatibility of temper, every instance of it that had

occurred since her marriage rushed into her mind; all the petty slights, the stinging words, the unwarrantable interference to which she had been subjected. She tried in vain to stop herself; the tears would not be forced back now, and when Raymond came back, his tempestuousness soothed for the nonce by a good cigar, she was still sobbing bitterly, and could not answer him when he, astounded, demanded what was the matter.

His face grew dark. He knelt beside her, and smoothed her hair. "My mother is at the bottom of this," he said; "what has she been saying?"

"Never mind. Nothing," his wife said at last by a strong effort. "I was silly to be so vexed. It won't happen again." And she wiped her eyes and tried to smile, and put her face up for him to kiss.

Raymond did not choose to be put off in this way. He knew his wife was not given to crying for nothing. "I must know about this, Estelle," he said, very kindly, but firmly.

"No, no," she cried. "Do not ask. An hour hence I shall have forgotten. Why should I tell you? Women say sharp things and don't mean them, half their time. I was silly to care."

"Sharp things, eh? I shall beg her to keep her sharp things for me. I can answer her in her own key."

He rose and walked to the door. She flew after him and drew him back. "Do not, for my sake," she cried. "She only vexed me with her sharp tongue, as she vexes everybody."

"She may vex whom she will, but not you," said he. "Tell me what she said, for if you don't, I'll have it from her."

Estelle began to tremble. "Oh, Raymond, why should you mind, if I say I don't?" she cried, looking up piteously at him.

He turned again to the door, saying, "No woman shall make my wife cry, as I saw her crying just now, while I can prevent it."

"Come back," she cried, "come and sit down. Oh, Raymond, why won't

you understand, when I tell you not to ask! Things only get worse by repeating."

He sat down, and drew her upon his knee. "This is what I understand," he said: "my wife does not trust me."

This was worse than ever. She could have torn her eyes out for having cried so at Madame's stinging speeches. But even a quarrel with his mother was better than that he should think his own wife failed in her trust of him. She began speaking hurriedly:

"It all began about that horrid Adrien. She said all sorts of things against him; said he was a disgrace to her family, and so forth; and yet she did not intend to break off the marriage with Hortense. And—perhaps I ought not to have spoken, but I could not help it; I was so sorry for Hortense's being so thrown away—I said she was not acting justly to Hortense, and that I was sure you felt the same as I did. And she got very angry: she was in a bad temper when first she came up, and made remarks about Bébé; and she said one thing and another, and then she said—she said that you were just as bad—as bad as that wretch Adrien. And I could not bear that! Oh, how could she be so cruel—so cruel!" she cried, throwing her arms round her husband's neck, and bursting into tears again. "How dared she speak so falsely of my Raymond? Raymond, I hate her! I can't help it. She might have found fault with me and my doings to the end of the chapter, and I would not have minded, but to say *that*—There! now you know what I was crying for. Kiss me, dear, and don't let us speak of it any more." Raymond touched her cheek mechanically, and then put her off his knee, and walked through the window on to the balcony.

She saw that his face was very pale, and thought it was with anger at his mother: for that was just his way when he was provoked at anything; he would be pale and silent first, and storm afterwards. Bébé, all this time, had been sitting on the floor, trying to put on his shoes. Now he began to

feel himself neglected, and whimpered accordingly. She took him in her lap, and soothed him by singing softly a French nursery rhyme.

"Oh, boy, boy!" she cried, suddenly breaking off in the midst, "grow up like your father; like your father, my dear, not like your cousin Adrien."

Raymond heard her, as he leaned moodily against the wall by the window. He smote his forehead with his outstretched hand, muttering something to himself, and entered the room.

"Don't tell the boy what is not true," he said, passing quickly to the back of her chair; "I am not so unlike Adrien as you think."

She jumped up, and stood looking at him with her boy in her arms. She thought he was out of his mind, or that she had heard wrong.

"Don't look at me like that!" he cried vehemently. "Oh, what an old viper my mother is!" And then he began walking up and down the room, with his head in his hands, as if he wanted to say something stronger, but would not.

"Raymond," his wife ventured to say.

He came and stood at the back of her chair again, and just touched her shoulder as he spoke.

"My dear—for you are my dear—I don't want to shock you. I would never have said a word; but after what my mother said, if I don't speak I shall feel such a hypocrite! I cannot be that, even to keep your love, *mignonne*. She was very cruel, dear; she had no right to say what she did; but—she was not quite wrong, not so completely wrong as—as you suppose."

"Are you—are you out of your mind?" she said, turning as pale as he. "Do you know what you are saying?" She got up and looked at him. "You have been riding in the hot sun, and I am sure you have got a sunstroke. You are looking like death, Raymond!"

"I wish I had got a sunstroke," said he; "but I have not. I know what I am saying."

She sat down on a seat away from

him like one stunned. She heard him speaking, but his voice seemed miles away, and the words brought no meaning to her ear. At last she became conscious that he was saying something like this:

"—Before I even knew your name, I devoted myself to you, and I have kept my vow. I swore to myself that if there were a heaven, you should show me the way; and you have shown me. . . . How long have we been married? I don't know. The time seems long, and yet short; but I haven't a notion how I existed before. And yet, it seems strange, even now, that I should have you—you, all to myself. . . . You, whom I saw first in a ball-room, sitting quiet and pale, all in white, with a grave mouth, and dreamy eyes with that odd look in them, as if you were looking through the wall and saw heaven on the other side. I got into corners and watched you dancing; you didn't seem to care about it, and I thought you were sad about something. I never rested till I found out who you were. . . . What can I say? How can I make you believe in my love? I tell you I belong to you till death. Will you let an old woman's sharp tongue come between us?"

She tried to speak, but she felt stupid, and the words would not come, only a sob escaped her lips. He thought her silence was condemning him, and began walking swiftly up and down the room, gathering vehemence as he went.

"What! you sit there like a block of ice? You have no pity, nothing but contempt, not a grain of love? Would it not stand? Am I to find my curse where I had my blessing? Why did you set me so high? Why did you ever imagine me to be such a spotless being? See, now you will hate me!"

Her lips quivered a little at this. Why indeed had she set him so high? And yet, how should she set him anywhere if not on high? Her boy's father, so true, so tender, so chivalrous even in the trivialities of their daily life! It was the surprise of it all that stunned

her and kept her dumb. He came and flung himself down beside her, grasping her dress with his hands.

"Estelle! Estelle!" he cried passionately, "speak; say even that you hate me—tell me to leave you—anything but this terrible silence. I will do anything, anything you wish. I will go away, if you like—away from you and the boy. Only speak! Are you so hard? Yet they say God forgives. Would to God I were dead; you would love me then!" He hid his face in the folds of her dress, and his voice died away in a sob.

That roused her. She had been in a maze, and his wild words and vehement gestures only seemed to confuse her more. Now this much became clear—that he loved her very dearly, and that he was in sorrow. That was enough for her. She let the boy slide away from her lap, caught her husband's hands in her own, and kissed his cheek. He felt hers was wet as it touched his: "Don't waste your precious tears on me," he cried. "What am I, that I should be wept over? Only a man that loves you. What of that? I have shocked you. Go!" He tried as he spoke to take his hands away. She let them go, but put her arms round his neck instead.

"My dear. My dear." And that was all she could say for a while. . . .

"Is it to be all the same between us?" he asked, at length.

"Not quite. Not quite the same to me, for I never knew before how dearly I loved you, my Raymond."

The colour flashed back into his face as she kissed him.

"You never gave me a kiss like that before," he said.

"You are so noble, so brave," she said. "I had no idea how brave. You are mine. I hold you for ever."

"Till death!" he murmured, kissing her hands.

"Till death? No," she cried, with sudden inspiration. "Once united, shall death separate us? We are one for ever and ever!"

And when old Jean-Marie appeared

with a face of wrath to tell Monsieur that Madame la Comtesse had appropriated Madame Raymond's pony-carriage which was standing ready for her usual drive, and had ordered her coachman to drive her into Toulouse—these two were so happy that they did not care one whit, although at another time both would have felt deeply annoyed at Madame's want of ceremony. They went out and walked under the shade of the beech-woods instead. Both felt that a new epoch in their lives had begun; that unknown depths in the heart of each had been sounded. And heart answered to heart in silence. At length, as the Angelus rang out, and they turned their steps towards the château, Raymond said:

"Love, my mind is made up; we will go to Paris."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ARCHBISHOP PUTS HIS FINGER IN THE PIE.

It was not to be supposed that Madame de Montaigu would acquiesce in Raymond's decision without a struggle. Finding that he turned a deaf ear to all her arguments, she resolved to try what the Archbishop's eloquence could do towards the prevention of the contemplated scandal. She found Sa Grandeur in the worst of tempers. The Provincial of the Jesuits had just made him the request—with a mixture of audacity and humility—that he would officiate at the consecration of the new church, whose erection had already given him so much umbrage. But Sa Grandeur put aside his mortification to listen to his cousin. She was a person of too much consequence to be put off, and there was nothing for it except to promise to bring his personal influence to bear on her son, and, if necessary, on her daughter-in-law; who, Madame assured him, was a most incomprehensible young woman, mischief-maker, and what not; a very thorn in her side, and, in spite of her modest looks, by no means fit to be trusted away from ma-

ternal surveillance. Thus prejudiced, Sa Grandeur came out to Château Montaigu, installed himself in Madame's drawing-room, and proceeded to arraign Raymond and Estelle for the alleged want of respect and filial devotion—himself being judge, jury, and counsel for the prosecution, all in one. M. le Comte fidgeted in his chair, and took snuff continuously. Estelle remained silent, turning white and red by turns, while Sa Grandeur put forth his *ultimatum*; to the effect that, as it seemed that Madame Raymond and Madame de Montaigu unhappily could not agree, it would be better to think seriously of an amicable separation, which should not lacerate the parental hearts of Monsieur and Madame. Instead of the contemplated move to Paris, he begged to propose that Madame Raymond should reside somewhere in or near Toulouse, under the guidance of some confidential friend, and within reach of a daily, or at any rate a frequent, visit from her husband, who should continue to reside under his father's roof. The child, of course, to remain with his mother until other arrangements be entered into, or till such time as it was judged fit to begin his religious training (Monsieur did not choose to suppose Raymond other than a Catholic; in the presence of the Comtesse propriety forbade such a supposition). As to pecuniary matters, he believed he was right in saying—here Madame nodded emphatically—that no obstacle would be raised by Monsieur or Madame to any arrangement Madame Raymond might wish to be made. Madame's sole object was to live in peace, and to enjoy the respect and affection of her family.

Raymond had listened to all this with a determination to hear everything that Sa Grandeur chose to say. He now rose, and said:

"Enough, Monseigneur! As a married man, let me observe what I might have known well enough before: that a priest is no fit judge between husbands, wives, and mothers-in-law. Were it not that you are ignorant of our side of the question, I should think you meant to

insult both Estelle and myself. Adieu, Monseigneur, I leave you with Molière's advice: 'Get a better pair of spectacles.'

And he quitted the room with his wife, leaving his father and mother, and above all the Archbishop, aghast at his audacity.

Madame burst into tears. "It cuts me to the heart," she cried, "that a son of mine should affront you so. It is all the fault of his wretched wife."

"Peste!" said the old Comte, who had nearly emptied his snuff-box during the interview, "Estelle never said a single word."

"That was just a piece of her slyness. If she kept silence with her tongue, she said enough with her eyes. I saw the look she gave when he made that impertinent speech. Telling a Prince of the Church to get better spectacles, forsooth!"

Sa Grandeur's temper was not mollified by Raymond's rebuff, especially as he felt that there might possibly be a grain of right on the other side. He refused the Comtesse's hospitality, and drove off, saying as he entered his carriage: "*Si autem ecclesiam non audierit, sit tibi sicut ethnicus et publicanus.*"

Madame did not see fit to take leave of her recalcitrant children. Early on the morning of their departure, she carried off Hortense, and remained in Toulouse till they were gone. She would have carried off her husband too, but he refused point blank, saying he would not be mixed up in her quarrels. He embraced Estelle and the child, lamenting that they could not remain and live in peace. "I see many things," he said, "but I am old, and cannot contend, as thou knowest, pretty one. But I shall sadly miss thee. Who now will read daily to me, and bring me a rose for my button-hole? But it avails not to complain. We know who in this house has a tongue, don't we?" So the old man dismissed them, and went back to his solitary room and his game of Patience.

It was not till Estelle was fairly settled in Paris, that she realized the full enormity of the Archbishop's pro-

position. During her residence at the château, all her energies had been absorbed in the avoidance of offence towards her mother-in-law. Even husband and child had occupied little of her thoughts in comparison. Now that she was able to enjoy their society, and lavish her devotion on them without hindrance, Madame's cruelty stood out in its true proportions. She scarce knew which to detest most: the hardheartedness which had prompted the project of separation, or the cowardice which had made the Archbishop its mouthpiece. Then, too, arose another fear, which had not hitherto possessed her. This was, that her boy would be withdrawn from her influence as he grew older, on pretence of instruction in the Catholic religion. As long as Raymond was angry with his mother, well and good. He would not go within reach of her, she knew. But, his anger evaporated, her father-in-law or the clergy, or both, would try to bring about a reconciliation. They should go back to Château Montaigu, and the last state of things would be worse than the first. Madame had had the child baptized by a Catholic priest in defiance of Raymond's wishes. Was it likely she would stand by with the child within reach, and see him educated in his mother's tenets? And, then, if anything happened to Raymond—

A glance at Raymond might have dispelled the cold shudder that ran through her frame as this idea took possession of her mind. He was in full enjoyment of his usual splendid health, handsomer than ever, if possible; more equable in temper, certainly; Madame being too far off to ruffle him.

But this new apprehension was precisely of the kind that cannot be laid to rest at will. Estelle could not impart it to her husband, and be laughed out of it, or get it explained away. It had to be kept down as best it might. And she felt like a deceiver at times, when after a short absence Raymond would complacently regard her rapture at seeing him again as a proof of her undivided devotion to him, whereas her conscience told her that the joy at his return, like

the misery during his absence, arose not so much from pure wifely attachment, as from the thought that while she had him she had her boy safe. And, danger from sickness apart, during any one of these absences a railway accident might occur, and he might be brought back to her a mangled corpse. Some expression of this fear escaped her on one occasion, when Raymond, who had been visiting some exiled countrymen at Brussels, returned several hours later than he was expected, in consequence of an accident happening to another train on the same line. He laughed at her at first, then told her it was highly complimentary to him that she should have been so anxious, but left off bantering when he touched her hands and felt what a fever she was in; and said kindly that when detained another time he would send a telegram.

"Thank you," she murmured, "for not thinking me too silly. But you know I have nothing in the world except you and the boy."

"I say ditto," replied he. "Fathers and mothers don't count here, do they? Mignonne, how did we manage to put up with grandmamma's tongue so long? I say, how did we do it?"

"I hope we shall never have to do so again," said she.

"Again? Why, of course, you don't imagine I shall be such a fool as to put my neck under the yoke when by good luck I had got released from it."

It was pleasant to hear him say so, at least; and she tried not to feel disappointed when he said afterwards, as if he had been considering the matter, that it might be necessary for him to go down to the château from time to time, just to show that he was not on bad terms with his father, and to look over the estate with the steward. And then, in order to drive what he knew to be a disagreeable topic out of her mind, he insisted on taking her to hear a new opera. She would rather have stayed at home, but complied with his wish, knowing that he would not have understood hers. So time went on, and, except for this one fear, she could count herself completely happy. Raymond

did not choose to go to court, and was particular to an extreme whom he introduced to his wife; so that there was little chance of her being overwhelmed with society, and what they had of it was literary rather than fashionable, as was but natural with Raymond's literary tastes and republican tendencies.

To return to Madame. She said her say unchecked among her Toulousean friends; and set down the young people's departure entirely to the malice and ill-will of Estelle, who, she declared, had tried to set her own husband against her. People might believe as much of this as they chose. Estelle did not look like an intriguing woman, certainly. But the absent are always wrong; and she had never deigned to exhibit her side of the question, contenting herself, when questioned, by saying simply, "It is my husband's wish." Whereas everybody who knew Madame de Montaignu had heard her say at some time or other that Raymond was completely at his wife's beck and call, and that she had no longer any influence whatever. But in the same breath in which she proclaimed her desolation, she let all the world know that she had found comfort in Monsieur Adrien and Mademoiselle Hortense, who would be son and daughter to her. They were married at her desire in the chapel, which was cleaned up and hastily decorated for the purpose; and Sa Grandeur, to show that he did not bear malice, pronounced the nuptial benediction himself. This event, and yet more, the consecration of the Jesuit church by the Archbishop—which by the way gave the poor old man a fit of illness from sheer vexation—caused Raymond and his wife to be completely forgotten by all except the Abbé d'Eyrieu and the poor to whom he dispensed their charities. During the last quarrel at the château, D'Eyrieu had been absent, passing the prescribed period of yearly retirement at a religious house at some distance from Toulouse. Owing to this, his mediation had not been used to quell the strife; but he had been spared the discomfort

of differing either tacitly or openly from the Comtesse and Monseigneur. He got into the habit of passing an hour almost daily with M. de Montaigu, whose sight was rapidly failing, and who missed his daughter-in-law more in consequence. He was never tired of telling D'Eyrieu of her sweetness and gentleness, and the care she took to cull him his favourite flowers, and to retail the last new joke, or the news that Raymond had picked up in Toulouse. She had learnt dominoes and tric-trac and écarté simply to amuse the poor old grandpapa.

"I am a good Catholic," the old gentleman would say. "I desire nothing except to make my salvation; you know my sentiments, M. l'Abbé: but I will say, that if all heretics are like my daughter-in-law, there must be a little corner for them, sooner or later. I tell you St. Peter himself would not hold out if she begged to be let in with that sweet little voice of hers."

And D'Eyrieu would answer evasively (wishing with all his soul that St. Peter might be of the same mind as M. le

Comte), and, looking at his watch, would say, "Shall we proceed? My time will be up." And they would become absorbed in the game again.

For a long time the only communication that Estelle and her husband had with the château was through the Curé, whose quarterly letters containing the reports concerning the Children's Home, and other charities supported by Estelle, also gave an epitome of local news, and long, kind messages from M. de Montaigu. Madame did at length forgive her son sufficiently to write to him on a New Year's day; but she had let one pass over without doing so, and on this occasion thought proper to omit all mention of her daughter-in-law's name. Raymond was so nettled at the slight thus offered to his wife, that Madame's overture of reconciliation rather widened than healed the breach; and instead of going down to the château to see his father, he took his wife a tour in Brittany during the summer months. So another year passed away, and Estelle's fear of her mother-in-law's influence ceased to intrude itself so constantly on her mind.

To be continued.

SUNSET OFF THE AZORES.

Now under heaven all winds abated,
 The sea a settling and foamless floor,
 A sunset city is open-gated,
 Unfastened flashes a golden door;
 Cloud-walls asunder burst and brighten,
 Like melted metal in furnace blaze
 The lava rivers run through and lighten,
 The glory gathers before my gaze.

The great ship rests in her months of sailing,
 Is glad with rest as a living thing,
 Her fallen sails feel the south wind failing,
 And her keel the wave that is quieting.
 While all is given, till all is taken,
 Can I, who look from her deck, be dumb?
 O Spirit that dwells in my spirit, waken!
 I whisper the charm, and I say to you, Come!

Look up! most beautiful trembling daughter,
 Turn now thy timid and eager eyes,
 A perfect circle of sapphire water
 Quivers under the blue-built skies;
 Straight west light paves the level sea,
 Invites thy feet, and leads to where
 The blue is broken up for thee,
 And spoiled with sunset splendours there.

O Spirit of Song! arise, have pity
 On beauty that lives and dies alone,
 For no idle eyes in field or city
 Made bare, but maiden and all thine own;
 Alone along the sea and sky
 It burns, and pants, and palpitates—
 Too gracious art thou to deny
 The tender word for which it waits.

That blooming sunset, so travelling ever,
 At every horizon takes root, and grows,
 And opens, folds, and fades, yet never
 A mouth that kisses the kindling rose.
 But here are lips for all thy leaves:
 Even as this vessel on the sea,
 That slowly sways, and softly heaves,
 I rise, I rest, I float in thee.

The western heaven now like an ocean
 Is swept and stormy with weather wild,
 With reefs fire-foaming, in grand commotion
 The burning bergs are tossed and piled.
 The western sea like starriest skies
 With diamond lustre sparkles fast,
 One path of lavished light outvies
 The nebulous way, and flames at last.

The smoothing waters by winds forsaken,
 Yet swell at heart, like a sobbing soul,
 That cannot, deeply and lately shaken,
 Yield all at once to a calm control :
 Though still in rolling downs they pass,
 Their surface, purged and pure of foam,
 Becomes that glory's faithful glass,
 A floor that mirrors all the dome.

O Sea! the kiss of the Sun, thy lover,
 Draws very near, but shall not be seen ;
 Cloud-curtains, gold and crimson, cover
 The Sun, the king, and the Sea, the queen :
 They come together in secret rooms,
 And, woven out of a floating thread,
 The curious work of costly looms
 Is hung about their splendid bed.

Eastward, an isle, half sunken, sleeping,
 Crowns the sea with a bluer crest :
 Vine-clad Terceira!—but I am keeping
 A tryst to-night with the wondrous West.
 What there is wanting of purple islands,
 Lo! golden archipelagoes,
 Coasts silver-shining, and inner highlands,
 Long ranges rosy with sunny snows.

All glowing golds, all scarlets burning,
 All palest, tenderest, vanishing hues,
 All clouded colour and tinges turning,
 Enrich, divide the double blues :—
 O'erleaning cliffs, and crags gigantic,
 And in the heart of light one shore
 Such as, alas! no sea Atlantic
 To bless the voyager ever bore.

Behold! it groweth, the hanging garden,
 To a great and a goodly blossoming ;
 All flowers hereafter must ask for pardon,
 One sunset blanches their colouring.
 Would I ever gather the sweetest rose?
 Could I dip one lily in yonder light,
 And heighten the cheek of its maiden snows
 With a blush half-way on the leaves as bright?

But strange with passion, and sad with yearning,
With singing shaken, with effort weak,
Song's lowered eyes to her lord are turning,
Her faltering voice, and her altered cheek :
She saith—"I lavish my slender treasure
Of speech, shall silver avail with gold ?
Words as much as a mouth may measure
With beauty as much as a heaven may hold."

Refrain ! thou willing and singing Spirit,
Come back to me, enter my soul and sleep.
Did I deem thy feet or thy wings came near it,
That went for a little way on the deep ?
Is the ocean sunset, the great sea-splendour
Too far for thy feet, and too high for thy wing ?
Then nestle again on the heart of the sender,
Too fondly loosed at a distant thing.

"Ah Love !"—she whispers—"I cannot sever
So far from thy soul as that western sky :
Could I gain it quite, I might come back never
To the warm low place where I love to lie."—
Then, while the pageant with pomp amazing
Passes us by in this lone sea-spot,
Be still with me, hand in thy hand, and gazing,
I shall see it all, though I say it not.

FREDERICK NAPIER BROOME.

THE CONDITION OF OPERA IN ENGLAND.

BY JOSEPH BENNETT.

THIS subject is so out of proportion to the limits of a magazine article, that I can only indicate some points well worth full discussion. For example, the value of the subject itself must be passed with by no means the strong assertion it seems to need. Opera in England has always been regarded—never with more justification than now—as an expensive and fashionable amusement, of little artistic worth, because conducted upon principles with which considerations of art have little to do. It would be well to show that this is not a necessity, but that opera, as containing more, and more varied, forms of art than anything else, might be made a centre of popular refinement. “Fidelio,” “Don Giovanni,” and “Medea”—to instance a few works out of many—lift opera far above the use to which it has come with us—a use best and most appropriately served by things like Cagnoni’s “Don Bucefalo.” Again, it would be well to follow up an inquiry into the *raison d’être* of opera exclusively and strictly Italian in form, seeing that a large proportion of the finest works are not Italian at all. There is much to be said for using the accepted musical language, but there can be no defence of an arbitrary rule which requires the spoken dialogue of “Fidelio,” for example, to be given in recitative, making of the opera a musical patchwork, with here a bit of Beethoven, and there a bit of Balfe. Conformity to this rule has never been popular out of England, and even here many doubt whether spoken dialogue on the Italian stage must of necessity be followed by catastrophe. Where the composer has written recitative, use it; where he has not, why, out of superstitious regard for precedent, change the conditions upon which he based his effects? Other

topics equally pertinent, suggesting other opinions equally heterodox, belong to a full consideration of the state of opera in England, but I pass to a more general, and also more elementary, discussion. With the foundation at fault, one may be pardoned for not dwelling upon defects in the superstructure.

Englishmen are apt to receive with meekness anything the past hands down, and as a consequence tolerate opera on the footing their great-grandfathers placed it. There is really no difference between that sickly exotic—I will not say institution—now, and in the time of Handel. Music, a century back the delight of a few, has become a pleasure of the many; yet the many, recognised with profit in every other branch of the art, are ignored by professional opera managers, just as they once were by boards of “noble directors.” Against the system which gave Italian opera a footing in England I have nothing to say, because it was adapted to the time then present. The pet of fashion, and the hobby of “persons in distinction,” Italian opera had to be supported by fashion and “persons of distinction” as best it could. When, therefore, royalty and nobility started the “Academy of Musick” in 1720, and with it the subscription system which exists to this day, they were wise in their generation. The amusement was expensive,—not so much because of large salaries to be paid, as on account of its votaries forming only a small and exclusive set; help from the general public was neither available nor desired, while even a large section of the educated classes kept aloof. Italian opera thus became a sort of co-operative business with which outsiders had nothing to do, and about which they were not consulted. This was the only possible scheme at the

time, but there is reason for complaint that it has been adhered to ever since in defiance of the teaching of experience and the dictates of common sense. We may take as an axiom, that anything persistently unfortunate is so in spite rather than because of Fortune, who never entirely deserts what she is permitted to favour. Apply this to Italian opera, the progress of which is marked by the wrecked hopes of its managers, and the inference is plain. I believe the direction of Italian opera in England has been for years past, and is now more emphatically than ever, an anachronism, without even the revivalist attraction of the Brighton coach.

In what does the anachronism consist? Clearly in the assumption that a taste for opera is the exclusive possession of a class. There is no need to prove the utter absurdity of this, or to urge that the great public which loves good music of all other kinds would enjoy the masterpieces of the lyric stage if it had the chance? These things are as obvious as the fact that they are disregarded. Out of that fact, however, flow certain results well worth consideration.

First, and most harmful, is the subscription system. On the face of it this looks innocent enough. A number of persons, either directly, or indirectly through the middlemen, take places for a specific number of nights,—what injury can be done thus? Much, the plan not being so innocent as it looks. For example, it propagates the hand-to-mouth managers, of whose struggles and final ruin operatic history is full. Mere “venturers” are these, often with no qualifications but boldness, and a shifty faculty which, having begun with anticipated resources, can somehow contrive to go on anticipating. Always in imminent danger of sinking, the first, second, and third aims of such men are to keep themselves afloat, and hence they catch at every passing straw of fashionable whim or prejudice without caring what it may chance to be. Managers of this kind are the bondmen of their subscribing patrons. From them they have drawn the breath of life, and in

their favour they are as much interested as a parasite in the vitality of the animal upon which it feeds. Once compel the hand-to-mouth manager to make an appeal to the general public—like his brother of the drama—and he would quickly vanish into limbo.

Again, the subscription system creates a preference public having a first claim to be satisfied. To catch the favour of that public, by anticipating and gratifying their tastes, is the operatic manager's chief thought. For them he makes his engagements, for them trims his prospectus, and for their propitiation he labours all through the season. This may, or may not, be an evil. With a body of art-loving subscribers it would prove a good; under different conditions there would, of course, be a different result. Even if we have formed no opinions, we must have noticed facts. For example, it cannot escape notice how the fashion of opera disregards the claims of art. It is *en règle* to arrive late. The man or woman who sees the Commendatore killed by Don Giovanni, or hears the overture to “Fidelio,” may walk down Regent Street gloveless. Again, it is “correct” not to be too much engrossed by what takes place on the stage, when a popular *prima donna* is off it. At such times one does well to chat with neighbours or take stock of the house, though the finest music pass unregarded. So far the audience; let us look at what the manager finds it expedient to do.

In the first place he seeks novelty, not so much of art as of artists, and not so much of male artists as of female. The strength of his prospectus lies first in his *prime donne*; next—a long way behind—in the balance of his *troupe*; and, last and not least, in the works he means to produce. The chief of these divisions can be subdivided—for there are *prime donne* and *prime donne*—into first ladies heavy and light; first ladies imposing and piquant; first ladies young and—out of their teens. Of these the light, piquant, and young, even though they sing as badly as Milla Piccolomini, are much

more valuable than their sisters, who may be artists as great as Mdlla. Tietjens. A supply of the former is indispensable to success. The latter will do well enough to stop gaps or to carry on business till those arrive for whose coming a sensation-loving audience impatiently waits. Then, perhaps, the glorious music of Beethoven or Cherubini has to make way for flimsy Italian tunes, and the masterpieces of dramatic composition for others which are to them "as I to Hercules." In fact, opera with us is mainly a display of the personal charms and graces of women, with which, to quote the words of a distinguished critic, "the deep poetry" and dramatic expression of 'Fidelio,' "the classic sublimity of 'Medea,' and "the gorgeous beauty of 'Guillaume Tell,' weigh as nothing in comparison."

Were an illustration needed, one is supplied at Covent Garden. The present season may be summed up in the words "Nilsson and Patti." To these graceful and gifted ladies everybody and everything are subservient, from Mongini and Santley down to the gentleman who nominally decides what works shall be played. He has really little choice. Mdlla. Nilsson is famous as Marguerite, Violetta, Marta, and Lucia; while Mdme. Patti is equally famous as Amina, Norina, Zerlina, and Rosina. All that has to be done, therefore, is to put the ladies forward, turn and turn about, in one or other of these characters, so that the *habitués* see their favourites, get as much variety as they care for, and everybody worth propitiating is satisfied. Under any circumstances a Nilsson or a Patti would be the reigning "star," but here we have a vast establishment existing for and by them. The Covent Garden managers tried an experiment lately, and brought out an opera for the display of Signor Bottero's peculiar humour. Although the Signor came with a great reputation, in a character acknowledged his masterpiece, nobody cared, and the novelty of a *primo uomo* was exhausted by one representation. Moreover, at the same performance the unapproachable Mdlla. Tietjens was de-

graded to take part in a *lever de rideau*. Could there be a more bitter satire upon operatic taste?

The reader will see at once how this worship of one or two artists puts art in the background. In inverse proportion to the "fascinating" resources of a manager are the chances of his doing anything for music. If he can play off those resources upon boxes and stalls, through the medium of no matter what operas, he knows that all will go well. When less rich in the personal attractions of their singers our managers did not entirely neglect unfamiliar works. A good many rarely-heard operas were promised us, and some actually given. At the old house within the last few seasons, the public have been presented with "Medea," "Iphigenia," and "Il Seraglio," while the new house has brought forward the "Africaine," "Don Carlos," and "Romeo et Juliette." This may not be much, but it is marvellous when compared with the barrenness upon which opera has now entered. The prospectus of the present season was in effect a list of *prime donne*; a list so strong that the management did not even think it worth while to promise anything, though knowing full well that the promises of a prospectus bind to nothing. True, the season has witnessed the production of "Don Bucefalo" and "Hamlet," but the former was given for the sake of Signor Bottero, and the latter as part of the price of Mdlla. Nilsson's services. Meanwhile the house-bills have announced repetitions upon repetitions of "Lucia," "La Traviata," "La Sonnambula," "Don Giovanni" (thanks to the accident of Mdme. Patti's Zerlina), "Faust," and "Il Barbiere," with a result showing that the directors well know their preference-public. Here, then, in this subordination of art to artists, we have one consequence of the system which makes opera a mere creature of fashion.—Let us now take up the next link in the chain.

A sensation-loving, *blasé* audience cannot be catered for without vast expense. It would effectually punish any effort to

carry on the season by means of a good working company, selected with a view to the exigencies of art alone. To the steady, moderate light of fixed stars, it prefers the fitful brilliancy of a sequence of meteors. Hence the huge companies, maintained at a cost perfectly astounding, and, sooner or later, inevitably ruinous. The number of singers attached to Covent Garden is far beyond artistic requirements, though, no doubt, useful enough as satisfying requirements of another class. Prestige is conferred by the long array, and that variety of personal interest is secured which constitutes the one operative thing needful. Yet the results are bad. One is, that excellent artists, who might be doing good service elsewhere, fret in comparative idleness, to their own injury not less than that of the public; and another, still more to be considered, crops up in the heavy charges which great expenses involve. Of these, however, the present operative audience is not likely to complain. Heavy charges preserve opera for the exclusive enjoyment of people who have, or make believe to have, money; and the tenancy of a box or stall thus possesses a peculiar and dearly-prized significance. It is one of the stamps which "society" accepts as conferring a claim upon consideration. A subscriber to the opera is a somebody, because, presumably—else he would not subscribe—owning that without which he must be a nobody. High prices, therefore, belong to the supremacy of opera as a fashionable institution. Abate them, and the whole thing sinks down to the plebeian level of an ordinary theatre. This would be a painful result to many excellent persons, nevertheless abatement is desirable for the benefit of the greater number, who now find themselves driven, through discomfort and conflict, to find a place in attic regions. An observer of the amphitheatre and gallery is not long in discovering what a moderate-price audience would be. He sees the frequenters of those lofty places muster in strongest force to welcome the best operas, marks their keen attention, their quick appreciation,

and their judicious—nay, judicial, award of approval or censure. They are the true judges; and well-wishers of the lyric stage, including not a few who tread its boards, would be glad to have their number increased. This, however, cannot be. Your gallery or amphitheatre *habitué* is a person of moderate means. He cannot afford a guinea for a stall (a box is as much out of the question as a seat in the House of Lords), and would think twice before locating himself in that very doubtful quarter, the pit, at a cost of seven shillings. Under the present *régime*, therefore, he must keep aloft, and take the slight chance of finding accommodation even there.

That this plague of high prices is not absolutely inevitable, there is proof enough. Look, for instance, at the United States, where efficient performances are given at charges absurdly small when compared with those in England, but possible because Transatlantic opera has the general public for its constituents, and the costly arrangements so necessary here are there superfluous.

Another objectionable result of our system is the dress regulation. This form of exclusiveness runs into absurdity, and makes the opera-house ridiculous by sumptuary laws only tolerated in "society" or at court. The folly of it has been well exposed by Mr. Sutherland Edwards, in his "History of the Opera." Supposing a gentleman, dressed in exact accordance with the notions of the operative check-takers, except as to his cravat, which has some spot of colour on it, Mr. Edwards observes, "while such an one would be regarded "as unworthy to enter the pit of the "opera, a waiter from an oyster-shop, in "his inevitable black and white, reeking "with the drippings of shellfish and the "fumes of bad tobacco, or a drunken undertaker, fresh from a funeral, coming "with the required number of shillings "in his dirty hands, could not be refused admission." The apparition of a frockcoat in boxes or stalls would, under present circumstances, be as alarming as the handwriting on the

wall to Belshazzar ; as obnoxious as the dead bodies to the courtier who demanded Hotspur's prisoners. What matter that on account thereof all the world laughs ? The tail of the dress coat forms one of those lines of demarcation by which opera is cut off from meaner entertainments, and, though in itself ugly, is, in its connexion, a glory. English managers are likely to hold on by the tail though the world laugh still more.

Another result of our system is the short time during which opera seems possible in London. Assuming that only "society" can appreciate or support it, this result follows logically enough. When "society" is out of town, the lyric theatres must be shut ; and "society" being out of town for more than half the year, London during that time knows nothing of opera. True, Mr. Mapleson, before he amalgamated with aristocratic Covent Garden, made some desultory experiments upon the 3,000,000 Londoners who are not "society," and found that, with moderate charges and no sumptuary laws, they promptly answered his call. His after-seasons were, however, rather suggestive of dishing-up broken victuals, and counted but little anyway. Yet who can doubt that the 3,000,000 are perfectly able and willing to give any manager who shall meet them on fair terms a remunerative support ? To suppose the contrary is to ignore the results of observation, and to assume that Englishmen are indifferent to an art upon which, in all its forms, they spend more money than any nation under the sun.

After the foregoing, I leave the reader to decide whether my starting thesis—that the present condition of opera in England amounts to an anachronism—has been proved. Not without confidence I hope he will see in the system which did well enough a century ago the foundation of much that is discreditable to our art-progress, and unworthy of the high place music holds among us.

The objector will probably declare that no other system is possible, without a resort to the Continental plan of a State subvention. Unhappily for

him, there is an America, which explodes his argument by the simple logic of facts. The New York managers have no subvention, and yet they contrive to give satisfactory entertainments at prices ranging from one to two dollars. Their entertainment may not suggest Covent Garden extravagance, and the performances fall below the Covent Garden standard ; but New York is no place to tolerate meanness and inefficiency.

Before touching upon remedial measures, let me guard against the idea that I dream of the abolition of the system above described. Even if not visited with intermittent flashes of success, men would be found willing to risk their all in satisfying the demand of fashionable London for a fashionable opera. Therefore I urge no reform upon Covent Garden. But I do protest against the disgraceful fact that that establishment monopolizes London opera. There should be in this great city a musical as well as a fashionable lyric temple, with Art for its object, and not *prime donne* ; and with lovers of music for its constituents, rather than lovers of sensation. That such a thing is feasible is asserted by no less competent an authority than the musical critic of the *Times*. Here are his words :—

"Nevertheless all this [certain characteristics of Covent Garden] merely tends to establish the more firmly a conviction we have long entertained—that two operas might exist and flourish, provided one of them would devote itself wholly to the production of those masterpieces which of necessity outlive singers, and the other to works best calculated for exhibiting the talents of the accepted *prime donne* of the hour. If an opera-house were vigorously conducted, on the same principles as the Monday Popular Concerts, there could, in our opinion, be small risk of its ultimate success. There is a public in this great metropolis for 'Modena' and such like compositions, just as there is a public for the more costly enterprises in which the cherished vocalists take part ; and though we might regret never to hear such

"consummate artists as Madame Patti and Mdle. Nilsson, in music worthier their abilities than that which they chiefly delight to sing, we should have no objection, from time to time, to enjoy such music as they ignore, or are made to ignore, even without their invaluable co-operation."

Echoing these remarks, I say, popularise the opera, as Mr. Chappell has popularised classical chamber music, and as the Philharmonic Society is trying to popularise itself. Time was when the quartets and symphonies of Beethoven—things above the people—were heard only at assemblies of the select. Now, thanks to intelligent enterprise, the people can and do listen to them gladly. True, this result was not attained without a struggle, and much perseverance; but it *was* attained, and the end has abundantly crowned the work. No equal difficulty would stand in the way of a popularised opera, there being no such need to educate an audience. Nevertheless the change would have to be made on broad and well-defined principles, with an earnest purpose, and a determination to succeed. Of these principles it may be worth while to indicate the chief, in briefest terms.

In the first place there should be no preference public to necessitate constant change of performers and things performed. Let the manager be free from obligation to conciliate any one class, and let him have the fullest liberty to act upon the general likings and dislikings. In brief, put him on the same footing as his dramatic brother; and, if he be permitted to run a good thing for a month, he may make compensation by not running a bad one for a night.

In the next place let the art be put at least on equal terms with the artist. No audience will be unjust to the claims of the latter, but a musical audience is likely to insist upon some attention to the former, preferring that works should be selected for intrinsic merit rather than accident agreement with a performer's powers. Under such circumstances a Bottero would have to serve the highest of art purposes, instead of

that which is no higher than himself. The arrangement would render impossible, not only "Don Bucefalo," but also the wearisome repetitions of shallow works chosen because they enable the heroine to "bring down" the house by *tours de force*.

Again, popular opera should avoid superfluous expenditure. For relays of artists beyond what might be necessary to keep up a good working company no demand would arise, while the costly magnificence which has for years absorbed so large a portion of Mr. Gye's receipts might easily be dispensed with. All these things belong to a lavish and artificial *régime*, and have no necessary connexion with opera at all. Big companies, an elaborate *mise-en-scène*, and armies of supernumeraries, are to opera what Charles Kean's "upholstery" was to Shakespeare,—good enough as a spectacle, but quite superfluous. Reduced expenditure would secure moderate prices, and thus place the opera within reach of a large class now practically debarred from it. Dress must be left to individual good taste, and with sartorial regulations would disappear the last remnant of exclusiveness.

Here, then, is what the musical public of London want—a temple of art as distinct from a temple of fashion, in which neither more nor less is done than art requires, and to which every art-lover is welcome without regard to the cut of his coat. That London will eventually boast more than one such place I have no doubt,—when, is a matter not so easily decided. The operatic reformer may well pause before entering upon his work, and having entered upon it, may look for discouragement, ridicule, and misrepresentation. But this has been the fate of all reformers, especially of those who at last have gained their ends. As an offset our coming man must know that a large public will welcome him, and that if he stand by them they will stand by him; till popularised opera, like Mr. Chappell's popularised chamber music, becomes an institution.

A QUESTIONABLE PARENTAGE FOR MORALS.

BY RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.

IN Mr. Bain's elaborate "Handbook of Mental and Moral Science," he prints (at p. 721) a very remarkable letter from Mr. Herbert Spencer—one of the strongest and most severely logical thinkers living—on the latter's mode of conceiving the doctrine of the utilitarians as to the principle of human morality. It is an attempt, in language now rendered almost classical by Professor Huxley, to "connect thought with the other phenomena of the universe," by a new and almost hitherto untried route. Professor Huxley, in the paper to which I allude, has declared his preference for the "materialistic" as distinguished from the "spiritualistic" terminology as regards the relation between mind and matter, not because the former is truer, but because it is more fruitful of scientific progress, as leading us to apply the analogies gained in our richest to our most sterile fields of discovery. And if the method suggested by Mr. Spencer were really sound, doubtless it would constitute a new era in the history of ethical speculation. But this is precisely what I wish to question, and to suggest strong reasons for disbelieving.

Mr. Spencer is a utilitarian—i. e. he recognises that the real test of right and wrong is a balance of happiness or unhappiness ultimately resulting from any action. Nevertheless, Mr. Spencer, as I understand him, does not at all dispute the fact that many moral principles and laws which we now recognise, present themselves to us with a marvellous authority and force, which is not to be in any way accounted for by any experience of the *individual* agent that they tend to an ultimate balance of happiness in their consequences—i. e. that they result in producing more happiness or less unhappiness than any alternative action. But he holds that they have

acquired this intuitive character through the slowly accumulated utilitarian experiences of our *ancestors*, who have transmitted to us nervous systems more or less modified by their experiences, and now susceptible in a higher degree than theirs of taking the right tone after a quite inadequate individual experience, just as it is said by great violinists that the wood of a good violin gains a new capacity for the finer vibrations under a master's hands. But hear Mr. Spencer himself:—

"To make my position fully understood, it seems needful to add that, "corresponding to the fundamental positions of a developed moral science, "there have been, and still are, developing in the race certain fundamental "moral intuitions; and that though "these moral intuitions are the result "of accumulated experiences of utility, "gradually organized and inherited, they "have come to be quite independent of "conscious experience. Just in the "same way that I believe the intuition "of space possessed by any living individual to have arisen from organized "and consolidated experiences of all "antecedent individuals, who bequeathed "to him their slowly developed nervous "organizations;—just as I believe that "this intuition, requiring only to be made "definite and complete by personal experiences, has practically become a form "of thought quite independent of experience;—so do I believe that the "experiences of utility, organized and "consolidated through all past generations of the human race, have been "producing corresponding nervous modifications which, by continued transmissions and accumulation, have become in us certain faculties of moral "intuition—active emotions responding "to right and wrong conduct which

"have no apparent basis in the individual experiences of utility. I also hold that, just as the space intuition responds to the exact demonstrations of geometry, and has its rough conclusions interpreted and verified by them, so will moral intuitions respond to the demonstrations of moral science, and will have their rough conclusions interpreted and verified by them."

The scientific essence of this pregnant hint of Mr. Spencer's I take to be this,—not merely that we inherit capacities which may be in some respects better adapted in each successive generation to the universe in which we live, for so much I suppose that every one would admit who regards the passions and the perceptive faculties of rude or civilized communities respectively as in any degree hereditary; but that the process of adaptation is one which is always tending to transform complex into apparently simple ideas, to conceal the secret of their origin, and lay a completely new base, as it were, for our intellectual operations on what was at one time the shifting sands of hesitating inference and novel observation. Just as certain rocks turn out when examined under the microscope to be nothing but a conglomeration of dead organisms, so, as I understand Mr. Spencer, what seem to us now the "necessary" intuitions and *a priori* assumptions of human nature, are likely to prove, when scientifically analysed, nothing but a similar conglomeration of our ancestors' best observations and most useful empirical rules, which for them had no more authority or mystery than our own latest generalizations now have for us. But just as their truest and most useful generalizations have so moulded the very nervous systems transmitted to us, that we awaken to them with a sort of start of recognition, and acknowledge that as "natural" to us which was the triumphant art of our distant ancestors, so in the future, I suppose, Mr. Spencer expects that our posterity will regard as *a priori* principles and intuitive truths, what are to us new and surprising discoveries, but yet discoveries so im-

portant and useful that they will scoop out deep channels, and tread out beaten tracks for themselves in our own methods of thought, i.e. in our own brains, and be transmitted with cumulative vivacity at each remove to each succeeding generation. To translate this hint into a concrete case, I understand Mr. Spencer to mean that at some indefinitely distant era our ancestors discovered for themselves, for example, that it took a longer arm to reach to any object with the elbow bent than it did with the arm perfectly straight; that it took more fatigue to walk from one spot to another by a crooked than by a straight route, and so forth; and from these various experiences that they generalized the truth that a straight line is the shortest way between two points,—which truth was so constantly staring them in the face as soon as they had discovered it that they transmitted to us a special susceptibility to impressions of this order,—whence our disposition to regard this class of truths as one not due to experience, but anterior to experience, and only brought out into consciousness on the first experience. In the same way, I suppose, Mr. Spencer would infer that in some distant era men came to see that it was useful, i.e. productive of happiness both to themselves and others, to say what was true, and to perform what they had promised; till at last the habit of approving truth-speaking and fidelity to engagements, which was first based on this ground of utility, became so rooted, that the utilitarian ground of it was forgotten, and we find ourselves springing to the belief in truth-speaking and fidelity to engagements, from an inherited tendency out of which the old reason has, as it were, dropped, so that we think of it as independent of all consequences.

Now it would be far beyond the scope of such a paper as this to criticise fully this suggestion of Mr. Spencer's, that what metaphysicians call an intuition, or an *a priori* idea, is probably nothing but a special susceptibility in our nerves produced by a vast number of hom-

geneous ancestral experiences gradually agglutinated into a single intellectual tendency, and I can only pretend to test its authenticity with any care in reference to the particular application of it here in point—that of a long-ago obsolete utilitarian *origin* for what seem to us now to be intuitive moral perceptions not admitting of further analysis. But I hope to make out—1, That even as regards Mr. Spencer's illustration from geometrical intuitions his process would be totally inadequate, since you could not deduce the necessary space-intuition of which he speaks from any possible accumulations of familiarity with space-relations; 2, That the case of moral intuitions is very much stronger than that of geometrical intuitions, since the former imply not merely a latent habit or tact which attentive thought may *generalize*, but a moral judgment asserting a claim upon us which goes far beyond our customary practice, far beyond any habit or ingrained association such as we assume in the case of geometrical intuitions; 3, That if Mr. Spencer's theory accounts for anything it accounts not for the deepening of a sense of utility and inutility into right and wrong, but for the drying up of the sense of utility and inutility into mere inherent tendencies—dumb, inarticulate dispositions—to act thus and thus, which would exercise over us not *more* authority but *less* than a rational sense of utilitarian issues; 4, That Mr. Spencer's theory could not account for the intuitional sacredness now attached to *individual* moral rules and principles, without accounting *à fortiori*, and still more triumphantly, for the general claim of the "greatest happiness" principle over us as the most final of all moral intuitions—which is conspicuously contrary to the fact, as not even the utilitarians themselves plead any instinctive or intuitive sanction for their great principle; and 5, That there is no trace of positive evidence for any single instance of the transformation of a utilitarian rule of right into an intuition, since we can find no utilitarian principle of the most ancient times which is now

an accepted moral intuition, nor any moral intuition, however sacred, which has not been promulgated thousands of years ago, and which has not constantly had to stem the tide of utilitarian *objections* to its authority,—and this age after age, in our own day quite as much as in days gone by.

1. First then, even as regards the supposed origin of the intuition of space, which responds to the demonstrative truths of geometry, I cannot help urging the time-honoured criticism, that though I can very well conceive that a practical dexterity in dealing with space and its measurements might be inherited, just as a fine eye for harmonies of colour or a fine ear for musical sound may probably be inherited, I do not see how we can inherit *more* than a readiness and a facility to acquire more easily the experience which our ancestors had already gained less easily. Surely the tricks of hand and gesture, and sometimes of thought, and the moral and mental dispositions which we inherit, are all, like similarities of feature and figure, reducible to this—tendencies to become spontaneously and unconsciously (in the case of mere mannerisms), or with *much less* than the original amount of external cause, in the case of rational actions, what our ancestors became either voluntarily and consciously with much labour, or if involuntarily, under much more of external determining cause and pressure. I can quite understand, then, how our ancestors' experiences of space might very much shorten the necessary apprenticeship for us in attaining the same experience of space—but I cannot understand how we could inherit from them any mental habit which they had not themselves acquired—and I do not see how they could acquire that which seems to me to be peculiar to the intuition of space, the character of absolute *necessity*, as distinguished from mere empirical certainty, belonging to our judgments on it. It is a matter of universal experience, and now even of scientific law, that exercise exhausts bodily strength,—that, after exercise, we need rest to recruit it; I can imagine

no experience more absolutely universal or supported by the experience of all races and all individuals than this; but does any one pretend to be *unable to conceive* that there *might* be a world in which bodily strength should be liable to no such exhaustion from exercise, in which human bodies might travel, like the planets, at an invariable velocity per second, without needing rest to restore them? Can any one say that it is as impossible to him to conceive such a world, as it is to conceive a world in which the straight path between two points is longer than a crooked way between the same points? I cannot see, then, that even if we allow the utmost for the habits of dealing with space formed by our ancestors, we can possibly account for the characteristic feature of an intuition or an *à priori* idea—its imperative, its necessary and absolutely final character—by inheritance, unless we suppose that we inherit the *à priori* idea itself—in which case no step has been made towards accounting for its origin. Inherited powers are only greater facilities for being ourselves what our fathers became either at greater cost to themselves, or through greater external pressure;—we cannot *inherit* more than our fathers *had*: no amount of experience of fact, however universal, however completely without exception, can give rise to that particular characteristic of intuitions and *à priori* ideas which compels us to deny the possibility that in any other world, however otherwise different, our experience could be otherwise.

But, 2, If Mr. Spencer's doctrine of the rise of a space-intuition will only account for an inherited sensuous organization and dexterity, particularly appropriate for dealing with space,—just as the Red Indian inherits an appropriate sensuous organization and dexterity for pursuing a trail, or the breed of pointers for discovering and telling the situation of game,—his hint as to the possible development of *moral* intuitions seems to me open to still more final criticism. For what Mr. Spencer has to account for here is not merely the inheritance

of a practical habit or custom, but the inheritance of a practical habit and custom of this particular kind, that though the agent *admits* the possibility and actual frequency of actions which infringe it, he is compelled to assert that such frequent actions are “wrong,” and this though the very and the only quality which according to the theory makes them wrong—their tendency destructive of happiness—has, according to the same theory, completely or in a very great degree dropped out of view. I can quite understand that a mere habit is very often strongest when its original motive has utterly disappeared. The habit of hoarding money, or of dressing gaily, or of walking fast, or of talking to yourself, and every other habit, constantly survives the cause or reason which gave birth to it, and I know, of course, that many habits are hereditary where there is no hereditary *justification* for them. I do not, therefore, in the least object to the hypothesis that we probably inherit many modes of thought and action of which we do not inherit the explanation, just as a child may perhaps inherit a sailor's rolling gait without inheriting the nautical habits which produced it. But when I am told not only that we may inherit a practical distaste for certain actions, and a disposition towards certain others, without reason assigned, but inherit the tendency to object to them as “wrong,” without remembering what is meant by “wrong,”—namely, destructive of happiness—I am puzzled.

3. The theory that a “moral” intuition is nothing but the final equivalent of a number of experiences of utility accumulated through many generations, with the predicate of their “utility” forgotten or obscured, seems to me to be a thing which reduces a “moral” intuition to a dry habit or tendency, which it is *uncomfortable* to resist; which if we do resist, we feel “put out,” as we do by a disturbance of the regular order of our meals, or the routine of our daily occupations, but which has either no reason or sacredness at all, or if it has any, just that which led us to approve

it at first, and no other. If, then, we inherit a dislike to certain actions, and a liking for certain others, apart from any inheritance of our ancestors' *reasons* for disliking and liking them, and apart also from any experience of our own as to their consequences, that dislike and liking seem to me not to resemble a sense of absolute right and wrong *more*, but *less*, than the original utilitarian experience which, according to Mr. Spencer, probably gave rise originally to that dislike and liking. Indeed, it seems to me that either a man or a generation which goes on doing anything merely from the unexpended momentum of an acquired habit, does it from what is far *less* like a real sense of right than those who are said to have done it first because they saw that it produced a great balance of happiness. I should have said that, just as certain geological strata are now known to be the accretions of innumerable once living and now dead individual organisms, so Mr. Spencer's theory of moral intuitions makes them out to be the accretions of once living and now dead individual moral perceptions—*i.e.* that if his theory were true he would account, *not* for the increasing halo of moral reverence with which our duties are encircled, but for the gradual extinction of that moral reverence, and its supplanting by a mere inertia which keeps us on in the same track. I think the geometrical analogy as to the space-intuition which Mr. Spencer suggests would bear out this criticism. Following that analogy, Mr. Spencer should surely say that we inherit from our ancestors a highly-trained and disciplined habit of perceiving utilities, an ever-increasing sensibility to utilities; and that this increased and increasing capacity for perceiving utilities of which our ancestors only painfully convinced themselves, alone gives us anything we can call a moral faculty transcending our individual experience. But, then, if Mr. Spencer did say this, he would be unable to account for the fact that so many of our perceptions of right and wrong are so very unlike as they are to our perceptions of utility. Still, it

seems to me that it is even *worse* for one who makes utility the true final criterion of right and wrong to account for the absolute, imperious, and mystic character of our moral perceptions, by the dropping out of the notion of utility, than by the more vivid and intense appreciation of it. Mr. Spencer's theory, if true at all, accounts, as it seems to me, for the suppression of the notion of utility in our moral ideas, only by the suppression of all vividness and virtue in those moral ideas, and their degradation into mere routine. Whatever is our real test of right, the more we realize that test, the more moral life we have; and if the test be "utility," the more we fail to apply it, the more we fail of a high moral standard. Mr. Spencer's theory appears to me to find the feeling of moral obligation at its maximum when the perception of the quality which ultimately produces that feeling is at its minimum. This is not the usual law of an inherited capacity. Mr. Bagehot pointed out, in a very striking paper some time ago in the *Fortnightly Review*, how gradual has been the growth of political *tameability*—*i.e.* the disposition to submit to government—in the race. But no one would deny for a moment that, together with that disposition, there has grown *pari passu* a power of perceiving its infinite utilities, perhaps even a tendency to exaggerate them. The growth of a habit, separated from the corresponding perception of its natural authority, would account for the *drying up* of the sense of obligation, but not for its vast, and, to use Mr. Mill's word, its *mystical* extension. Surely, just in proportion as we discharge the idea which warrants a specific mode of action from our minds, that mode of action, though it may become more perfect in its mechanical operation, like the manipulation of a musical instrument after it has become a second nature, must also become less and less authoritative to anything which we may please to call our conscience.

But (4) is it not a very strong objection to Mr. Spencer's theory, that even the root-principle of all these gradually

acquired intuitions, the respect for the dissemination of happiness, has not itself been consolidated in this manner into a moral intuition? Can we conceive that the root should have less hold on our minds than the branches? If association with happy consequences of various different sorts has so much power over the imagination as to sow gradually in our minds a respect for the specific modes of action which produce these consequences, even apart from specific reference to these consequences, and, it may be, in forgetfulness of them,—is it conceivable that the very generating associations themselves should not, first of all, have been consolidated into a respect for wise happiness-producing, of a kind far more potent, and partaking far more of the nature of a final and undivided intuition, than any of the secondary and more specific *modes* of production which ramify out of it. It is scarcely possible, surely, that the consecrating principle should at this age of the world be of less power and repute in our minds than the agencies to which it had imparted its consecrating influence. If we have come, by the consolidated experience of our ancestors, to hold honesty, and pity, and purity, good, without relation to the happy consequences, by their association with which, and by that association alone, our forefathers were, as is supposed by the hypothesis, compelled to prize these qualities, surely we must have come by a very much wider and more universal experience to regard all fruitfulness of happy consequences, all fruitfulness of happiness, as the great criterion of good. There could not now surely be even a controversy about the principle of utilitarianism, if that principle had been so potent as to consecrate even the particular modes of action most closely associated with it, and this though the consciousness of that association had faded away. It seems to me impossible that the associations with *particular* runlets of happiness could have been gradually consolidated, as it were, into intuitions of particular duties, unless associations with all possible springs of happiness

had been simultaneously melted down into a universal intuition of duty. I can conceive Mr. Spencer replying that the *particular* mode is of the essence of the matter, because the various particular modes agree only in the *successfulness* of their methods, while even the vices *aim* as much at happiness as virtues, though they aim badly. The *intention*, therefore, to produce happiness may be associated with vices and virtues alike; but a steady *result* of happiness is associated only with the *special* modes which succeed, and these have nothing particular in common, except their success—there being no special likeness, for instance, between integrity and humanity of disposition, nothing to suggest a common classification, except the experience of a generally successful issue. And this reply would have a good deal in it if the utilitarian theory did not assume in the race a very large power of weighing bad results against good, and associating a particular mode of action only with the *balance*. Honesty, for instance, must certainly have been associated by our ancestors with many unhappy as well as many happy consequences, and we know that in ancient Greece dishonesty was openly and actually associated with happy consequences in the admiration for the guile and craft of Ulysses. Hence the moral associations slowly formed, according to Mr. Spencer, in favour of honesty must have been, in fact, a mere predominance of association with a *balance* on one side. But if, then, *particular* modes of action are consecrated in the mind as moral laws, in spite of a large minority of disturbing associations in the other direction, there must be enough of discrimination and judgment in the historical process which forms and consolidates these supposed moral intuitions of Mr. Spencer's, to have formed, in like manner, the general intuition, that all modes of action which produce the largest *balance* of happiness are right—that is, that right *means* a result in the largest balance of happiness. Were Mr. Spencer right, the utilitarian canon could not, I conceive, be now even under discussion; it would be

far more certain than the particular canons of duty to which he supposes it to lead. If we can strike a balance in each particular case of duty, and organize our experience into a sense of special duty, which may be independent of the process which produced it, we must clearly be competent to associate the process of striking the balance itself with the general sense of duty, which in so many different instances it separately engenders. I cannot but believe, then, that Mr. Spencer's theory of the genesis of duty is disproved by the mere fact that so many who think about the subject are not utilitarians. There has been a more universal experience of a kind that *ought* to have obtained for the general principle of promoting the maximum of happiness a sacred and binding character than there has been of the particular experiences which, according to Mr. Spencer's theory, have obtained that sacred and binding character for particular duties. If his account of the foundation of the *subordinate* kingdoms of duty is sufficient, I think the same process must, *a fortiori*, have sufficed to confer a sort of imperial crown on the central conception of duty which he maintains.

Finally (5), I urge an argument which it may be said that I ought to have put in the front of the battle: What *positive* evidence exists for that historical transformation of utilitarian associations into ideas of duty which Mr. Spencer suggests? The changes of physical species, so far as they are authentic, and can be traced to the development of special functions or organs and the disappearance of others, are matters of observation: we can always point to species in which the wing or the beak is lengthened, or the tail is becoming rudimentary; but can we bring a single actual observation to testify to this supposed transformation of moral species? Mr. Spencer would scarcely refer to instances like the sanitary laws of the Jews which prohibited the eating of pork, and other well-known and peculiar physical rules to which great sacredness was attached. For not only would it

be impossible to show that, in any of these cases, the utilitarian benefit derived from the observance had led to the rule; but, obviously, had that been so, the rule would, by Mr. Spencer's own canon, have grown in authority from generation to generation, instead of having become speedily obsolete. Doubtless such practices were, in fact, consecrated by religious authority, or what was believed to be such, and were not the results of perceived advantage. The arbitrary customs which, in so many nations, have acquired a character of adventitious sacredness, have certainly rarely, if ever, derived it from utilitarian considerations, but rather from reverence for an authority already consecrated in the national imagination. Which, then, of the duties we now recognise most universally as intuitive can we trace historically back to its primitive utilitarian phase? We may perhaps find an age when craftiness was considered to be justified by the utility of its consequences, as I have already said, in the time of Homer's wily Ulysses; but the notion of "honesty being the best policy" is, as far as I know, long subsequent to the most imperious enunciation of its sacredness as a duty. Three thousand years ago at least, there is no trace of any such sanction for honesty in the literature which gave to honesty the most binding character. "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully," "he that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not," was not praised at that date as the gainer of all sorts of earthly advantages for society, but as alone able to enter into communion with God. If there is any justification for the notion of the utilitarian origin of the intuitions of duty, it must clearly be only in pre-historic times; for in the earliest historic times we certainly find far more traces of utilitarian excuses for *breaches* of duty, and of the assertion of immutable principles against such excuses, than of the origin now assigned to moral law. Surely if anything is remarkable in the history of morality, it is the *anticipatory*

character, if I may use the expression, of moral principles,—the intensity and absoluteness with which they are laid down ages before the world has approximated to the ideal thus asserted. If we can trust historic evidence at all, we may trust it for as much as this: that the obligations of fidelity, sincerity, purity, self-denial, were imperatively announced as binding duties on the conscience in age after age when the esoteric rule of worldly-wise men had been entirely in the opposite direction, when the concentrated experience of previous generations was held, *not*, indeed, to justify, but to excuse, by utilitarian considerations, craft, dissimulation, sensuality, selfishness. Now this can certainly not be said in any sense of the empirical geometrical notions which Mr. Spencer supposes to have been gradually consolidated into our intuition of space. The wisest men of their time, and the most simple alike, have always recognised that a straight line is the shortest way between two points. All experience undoubtedly *has* led us to this result, though it may be the teaching of more than experience. But how can we sustain the theory that our notions of duty are consolidated out of utilitarian experiences when, as far at least as historic evidence goes, they can be shown to be not only long anterior to any general adoption of them by mankind, but to have been announced with the utmost absoluteness ages ago, when they were the laughing-stock of the world in general, and had to fight their way chiefly against the very considerations—utilitarian considerations—by which they are now supposed to have been alone supported? If we compare the history of moral discovery with that of scientific discovery, we shall see on what a very different foundation the two kinds are based. Scientific discoveries, though they may *seem* incon-

sistent with much of our experience at first, are cleared from inconsistency at every fresh intellectual step which is made, until at last no one who enters into the reasoning by which they are established, can refuse his assent. Moral discoveries are from the very first opposed to a great number of the natural tendencies of the very men who announce them, and are of use precisely *because* they are thus opposed, because they proclaim a war which, whether open or secret, must be as unending as human history, and therefore they are discoveries which, however often announced, need fresh announcing in every fresh generation of men, gaining hold over our nature on one side only to lose it on another,—and, as I think most people will admit, never weaving themselves into all our thoughts and actions so effectually as to leave any single society of men with a less serious moral conflict on its hands than that of any previous society, however ancient and primitive. I confess I cannot reconcile facts of this kind at all with the hypothesis that our moral intuitions grow gradually out of cumulative utilitarian experiences. Civilization doubtless does so grow; the use of the appliances and inventions of each generation becomes a sort of second nature to its successors; but the old controversy which was pleaded thousands of years ago, “before the mountains and strong foundations of the earth,” is as fresh to-day as it was then; and I cannot believe that this could be so, if during all that time our moral nature had been steadily growing by the consolidation of utilitarian experiences into *intuitions*. Surely by this time, at least, if that were so, some *one* elementary moral law should be as deeply ingrained in human practice as the geometrical law that a straight line is the shortest way between two points. Which of them is it?

THE POPE'S POSTURE IN THE COMMUNION.

[THIS attempt to sum up a small liturgical question originated as follows:—In an essay in *Good Words* (May 1868, p. 306) on "Some Characteristics of the Papacy" occurred this statement:—"At the reception of the Holy Communion, while others kneel, the Pope sits He still retains the posture of the first Apostles, and in this he is followed by the Presbyterians of Scotland and the Nonconformists of England, who endeavour by this act to return to that spirit which, in the Pope himself, has never been abandoned. It brings before us the ancient days, when the Sacrament was still a supper, when the communicants were still guests, when the altar was still a table."

This statement was denied in the most unqualified terms by a Roman Catholic writer, and his denial was endorsed by the *Dublin Review* of January 1869. This led to a fresh statement and counter-statement in the *Dublin Review* of April. The controversy seemed to involve matters sufficiently curious to deserve a summary of its true issues, apart from any personal questions; and it is accordingly thus treated on the neutral ground of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

A. P. S.]

AMONG the curious archæological questions which surround the celebration of the Eucharist, not the least remarkable is that which concerns the posture of the communicant. Of the four possible postures, lying, sitting, standing, and kneeling, all have been practised at different times. The original posture is, beyond doubt, the recumbent. It is certain not only from the well-known custom of lying on couches at meals during that age of the Roman Empire, but from the precise and unmistakable expressions of the Evangelists (*ἀνέκειτο*, Matt. xxvi. 20; *ἀνακειμένω*, Mark xiv.

18; *ἀνέκειτο*, Luke xxii. 14). They all describe this recumbent attitude, which, in the case of St. John, is further illustrated by describing in detail the posture in which the beloved disciple lay at length upon the couch next his Master (John xiii. 23—25). There is no record of the moment when this attitude, hallowed by the most sacred associations and the most primitive usage, was lost. It has now so entirely passed away as to have faded even from the imagination. Even in works of art, Poussin and Le Sueur are the only painters of the Last Supper who have attempted to represent it.¹ It is almost obliterated even in the versions of the original record. The Vulgate translation has retained the words "discubuit," "discumbentibus." But the English versions of the sixteenth century, whether of the Protestant or Roman Catholic Churches, are not equally honest. In Tyndale, Cranmer, the Genevan, and Rheims versions, of John xiii. 23, 25, and xxi. 20, it is "leaning," not "lying;" and in the Authorized Version it is "lying" in John xiii. 25 only. In all these versions, in Mark xiv. 3, 18, &c. it is "sat at meat," or "at the table," or "at the board." Only in Wycliff, both in John xiii. and Luke xiv. it is "rested." Doubtless the alteration began early, when the idea of the "Supper" was lost in that of the "Sacrament." Then the usual attitude of devotion took the place of the common attitude of guests at a meal; and standing, which, in the earlier ages of the Church, as in the East then and now, became the authorized posture. In process of time, the attitude of standing was in Western countries exchanged for the more reverential posture of kneeling, as in other parts of the worship, so also in the

¹ Mrs. Jamieson's "Sacred and Legendary Art," i. 257, 258.

moment of receiving the Communion. But in one large class of persons the standing posture still retained its ground. Throughout the service of the Mass of the Roman Church, whilst the congregation is enjoined to kneel, the officiating priest is enjoined to stand, thus maintaining an intermediate position between the custom when all stood, and the modern custom when all kneel. In the English Church, the standing posture is yet further restrained; for though a relic of the earlier Western practice is preserved in the standing posture of the officiating minister during the larger part of the Communion Service, at the moment of reception he also kneels.

There long remained, however, and there still remains, to a certain degree, one remnant of the original posture of the Last Supper. Recumbency, indeed, has everywhere disappeared. But the nearest approach to it—i.e. the posture of sitting, which in the West has succeeded generally in social intercourse to that of lying down—has in one instance been preserved. The Bishop of Rome, from the singular importance of his office, has naturally preserved many peculiarities which have elsewhere perished, just as the clerical order generally has preserved other usages which the more transitory fashion of the secular world has in other professions obliterated. Not to speak of any rites but those which belong to the celebration of the Eucharist, there are amongst other peculiarities these:—He still celebrates facing the congregation, behind the altar, instead of turning his back on the congregation, and occupying, as all other priests, the space between them and the altar. He still continues—at least, in his chief cathedral (St. John Lateran)—the practice of celebrating, not on a stone structure, but on a wooden plank or table. During his celebration, instrumental¹ music, common on all other like occasions, is prohibited, as in Eastern Churches. He takes the wine not, as other priests, from the cup, but sucks it from a gold

tube with a sponge inside it. This singular practice is said to be a remnant of the ancient practice when the wine as well as the bread was universally administered, and hence this precaution against spilling the wine, which has thus been preserved in the single case of the Pope, for which it is probably less needed than any other.¹ In ancient times² the Cardinal Presbyters used to celebrate mass with the Pope, standing in a circle round him—a relic of the more social character of the original communion. A separate scrutiny takes place of both the elements before he receives them. The sacristan eats and drinks first, looking at the Pope, from the same paten and the same chalice.³

But the peculiarity⁴ which has attracted most attention, is the fact that by him, and by him alone, in the Roman Catholic Church the posture of sitting has been, at least till comparatively modern times, retained intact, and in modern times is still, if not retained, yet kept in remembrance and partially represented.

It is one of the most curious circumstances of this curious practice, that amongst Roman Catholics themselves there should be not only the most conflicting evidence as to the fact, but even entire ignorance as to the practice ever having existed. In a recent number of the leading Roman Catholic journal (the *Dublin Review*), the statement that such a practice prevailed was asserted to be "the purest romance;" and though in a subsequent number this expression was courteously withdrawn, yet the fact was still denied, and it appeared that there were even well-instructed Roman Catholics who had never heard of its existence. This obscurity on the matter, as well as

¹ Casalini, "De Veteribus Sacris Christianorum Ritibus," pp. 418, 420.

² Ibid. p. 419.

³ It is probable that these practices originated in the fear of poison in the elements. The "Credence" table is a relic of the same dreadful suspicion.

⁴ It is hardly necessary to say that these peculiarities of usage belong to the Pope only as Pope. On ordinary days he communicates like any other priest.

¹ The trumpets blown at the entrance of the Pope into St. Peter's forms an apparent exception to this rule.

the warmth of feeling which the mere indication of the fact called forth, may perhaps show that it is regarded as of more importance than would at first sight appear; or, at any rate, may serve as a justification for a more careful statement of the authorities on both sides of the question.

1. The Roman Liturgies themselves have no express statement on the subject. They all agree in directing that the Pope retires to his lofty seat—"ad sedem eminentem"—behind the altar, and there remains. Some of them add that he "stands" waiting for the sub-deacon to approach with the sacred elements; but beyond this, with the exceptions hereafter to be noticed, there is no order given.

2. The earliest indication of the Pope's position to which a reference is found is in St. Bonaventura (1221—1274), on Psalm xxi.: "Papa quando sumit corpus Christi in missâ solemnî, sumit omni-
"bus videntibus, nam *sedens in cathedra*, se convertit ad populum" (Opp. vol. i. pp. 111, 112); and that this was understood to mean that he communicated sitting appears from the marginal note of the edition of Bonaventura published by order of Sixtus V. (1230—1296), "*Papa quare communicet sedens.*"

Durandus, in his "Rationale" (iv. § 4, 5, p. 203), and the "Liber Sacrarum Cærimoniarum" (p. 102), use nearly the same words: "Ascendens ad sedem eminentem ibi communicat." This expression, though it would suggest that the Pope was seated, does not of necessity imply it. But the "Liber Sacrarum Cærimoniarum," although at Christmas (p. 133) it describes the Pope immediately after his ascension of the chair as "*ibi stans*," when it speaks of Easter (p. 176) expressly mentions the posture of sitting as at least permissible. "Com-
"munione facta, Papa surgit, *si com-
"municando sedebit.*"

Cardinal Bona (Rer. Lit. ii. c. 17, 88; iii. p. 395)—than whom there is no higher authority—writes: "Summus Pontifex cum solemniter celebrat *sedens* *communit* hoc modo."¹

Martene (1654—1789), "De Ant. Eccl. Rit." i. 4, 10, p. 421, states that "Romæ
"summus Pontifex celebrans in sua
"sede consistens seipsum communicabat.
"Postea accedebant episcopi et pres-
"byteri ut a pontifice communionem
"accipiant, episcopi quidem stantes ad
"sedem pontificis, presbyteri verò ad
"altare genibus flexis."

The obvious meaning of this passage is that the Pope remains ("consistens") in his place, sitting; whilst the other clergy, according to their ranks, assume the different postures described, the bishops standing, the presbyters kneeling. And this is the view taken of it by Moroni, the chamberlain and intimate friend of the late Pope Gregory XVI., who cites these words as showing "che in Roma
"il Papa *communicavasi sedendo nel suo
"trono*" (Dizionario, vol. xv. p. 126).

It is hardly necessary to confirm these high Roman authorities by the testimony of Protestant Ritualists. But that it was the received opinion amongst such writers that the Pope sits, appears from the unhesitating assertions to this effect by Bingham, Neale, and Maskell.

3. To these great liturgical authorities on the *theory* of the Papal posture may be added, besides Moroni (whose words just cited may be taken as a testimony to the practice of the late Pope), the following witnesses to the *usage* of modern times.

The Rev. J. E. Eustace, the well-known Roman Catholic traveller through Italy, says: "When the Pope is seated, the two deacons bring the holy sacrament, which he first reveres humbly on his knees, and then receives in a sitting posture." Eustace mentions the practice with some repugnance, and adds,—
"Benedict XIII. could never be prevailed upon to conform to it, but always remained standing at the altar, according to the usual practice" (Eustace's *Travels*, ii. 170).

¹ A question has been raised as to the authority on which the Cardinal puts forth his statement. But this does not touch the authority of the Cardinal himself.

² The word itself means simply "keeping his place."

Archbishop Gerbet, who has the credit of having instigated the recent "Syllabus," and whose work on "Rome Chrétienne," is expressly intended as a guide to the antiquities of Christian Rome, writes as follows :—

"Le Pape descend de l'autel, traverse le sanctuaire et monte au siège pontifical. Là, à demi assis, quoique incliné par respect, il communie," &c. "*L'attitude du Pape et cette communion multiple retracent la première communion des Apôtres assis à la table du Sauveur.*" (Rome Chrétienne, ii. 86, 87.)

The passage is the more interesting as Gerbet's reference to the original attitude shows his belief that it was the retention of the primitive practice.

An English traveller, a careful observer, thus speaks of the sacrament on Easter Day, 1868 :—"I have a very distinct recollection of the part of the ceremony about which you question me. The Pope was seated at the end. The paten and chalice were carried to him from the altar; and it strikes me very forcibly, but I cannot state it on oath, that he remained sitting whilst receiving the Sacrament."

4. This mass of testimony might be thought sufficient to establish so simple a fact. But it will be observed that there is a slight wavering in the statement of Martene and of Gerbet; and this variation is confirmed by the silence or by the express contradiction of other authorities, not indeed so high, but still of considerable weight.

It is stated that in the "Ordo" of Urban VIII., after the adoration of the sacred elements the Pope immediately rises, "*statim surgit*," and that Crispus, who was sub-deacon to Clement XI., says, "in cathedrâ *stans et veluti erectus* in cruce sanguinem sugit." These same authorities, with Catalani, also state that after the communion "the Pope takes his mitre and sits down," "*sumptâ mitrâ sedet*," or "*accipit mitram et sedens*," &c. It is also said to be mentioned as a peculiarity that on Easter Day, 1481, Sixtus IV. was obliged by infirmity to sit down during the communion at High

Mass, which, if so be, would imply that it was not the usual posture.

Dr. Bagge (in his book on the Pontifical Mass, 1840) states that "the Pope does not receive sitting, as Eustace and others assert. When the sub-deacon has reached the throne the Pope adores the Sacred Host, the cardinal-deacon then takes the chalice and shows it to the Pope and the people It is carried from the deacon to the Pope, who, having adored, remains standing."¹

5. Between these contradictory statements there is a middle view, which probably contains the solution of the enigma, and is to be found in the statements of two authorities, which for this reason are reserved for the conclusion.

The first is Rocca (1545—1620), who was chosen corrector of the press of the "Sixtine Bible, and is said to have excelled all others in ecclesiastical knowledge; and who, on account of his perfect acquaintance with rubrics and the Liturgies, was appointed Apostolic Commentator by Pope Clement VIII."²

He writes as follows (in his "Thesaurus Rituum," in the "Commentarium de Sacra S. Pontificis communione," 20): "*Dicitur autem Summus Pontifex sedere dum communicat, vel quia ipse antiquitus in communicando sedebat, vel quia sedentis instar communicabat, sicut præsens in tempus fieri solet.* Summus namque Pontifex ad solium, stans non sedens, ad majorem venerationem repræsentandam, ipsi tamen solio, populo universo spectante, *innixus, et incurvus, quasi sedens communicat*, Christum Dominum cruci affixum, in eaque quodam modo reclinantem repræsentans."

The other is Pope Benedict XIV. (1740-1758), who thus writes in his treatise "De Sacrosancto Missæ Sacrificio,"

¹ These quotations, which I have not been able to verify, are taken from the statements of the writer in the *Dublin Review*, April 1869, pp. 514, 515.

² *Dublin Review*, April 1869, p. 516. The same passage extracts from the sentences quoted in the text, "Summus Pontifex ad solium stans, non sedens," but omits all that precedes and all that follows.

lib. ii. c. 21, § 7: "Illud autem prætermitti non potest, Romanos quosdam Pontifices in *solemni Missa in solio sedentes, facie ad populum conversa, Eucharistiam sumere consuevisse*, ut Christi Passio et Mors experimeretur, qui pro palam passus et mortuus est in conspectu omnium, quotquot nefariæ Crucifixioni adfuerat tamen (?) vero Summum Pontificem, cum solemnem celebrat Missam, se aliosque communicare facie quidem ad populum conversa, sed pedibus stantem in solio, corpore tamen inclinato, cum et ipse suscipit, aliisque præbet Eucharistiam. . . . Hinc est quamobrem Pontifex populo, procul et exadverso in faciem eum adspicienti, *videatur sedens communicare*, ut bene observabat post S. Bonaventuram Rocca de solemnium communionem Summi Pontificis et Casalius de veteribus 'Sacris Christianorum Ritibus,' cap. 81, p. 333, ed. Rom. 1647."

From these two statements it appears that the Popes in ancient times sat whilst communicating, but that from the close of the sixteenth century they usually stood in a leaning or half-sitting posture.

To these must be added a further statement of Pope Benedict XIV. in a letter addressed in 1757 to the Master of the Pontifical Ceremonies, on the general question of the lawfulness, under certain circumstances, of celebrating Mass in a sitting posture.

The general cases which raise the question are of gout and the like; but in the course of the discussion the Pope describes some particulars respecting his predecessors bearing on the present subject.

Pius III. was elected to the Pontificate (in 1503) when he was still only a deacon. He was ordained priest on the 1st of October, and on the 8th of October he himself celebrated Mass as Pope. On both of these occasions (being troubled by an ulcer in the leg) he sat during the whole ceremony; a seat was solemnly prepared, in which he was to sit, and the altar arranged in the form of a long table, under which he might stretch his legs ("sedem in qua sedens extensis

"cruribus ordinaretur, et mensam longam pro altari ut pedes subitus extendi possent)."

It also appears that in the Papal chapel it is considered generally that the Pope has liberty to sit whilst he administers the elements to his court. It appears, further, that (also without any reference to special cases) the Pope sits during the ceremony of his ordination as sub-deacon, deacon, and presbyter, if he has been elected to the Pontificate before such ordination; and that the fact of this posture during the Holy Communion was considered by Benedict XIV. to cover the question generally. It will be sufficient to quote the passage which relates to the ordination of a Pope as priest. "In collatione sacerdotii *sedens Pontifex* manuum impositionem, olei sancti, quod catechumenorum dicitur, unctionem, calicem cum vino et aquæ, et patinam cum hostia, recipit. Quæ omnia luculenter ostendunt haud *inconueniens esse sedere Pontificem in functionibus sacratissimis*, utque eo *ipso Missam totam a sedente posse celebrari, præsertim si pedibus debilitatis insistere non valat*." He concludes with this pertinent address on his own behalf to the Master of the Ceremonies:—"Et, si quidem *sedentes* missam celebrare statumus, tuum erit præparare mensam altaris cum consecrato lapide," &c. "vacuumque subtus altare spatium relinquitur extendendis pedibus idoneum; confidentes singula dexteritati tuæ singulari perficienda, apostolicam tibi benedictionem peramanter impertimur."¹

6. The conclusion, therefore, of the whole matter must be this. In early times,

¹ Opp. xvii. 474, 489. It will be observed that the acceptance of the chalice and paten by the Pope at his ordinations is not of itself the Communion. It must be further noticed that the Pope in thus writing makes this qualification: "Dum Romanus Pontifex solemniter celebrat, . . . recipit sacram Eucharistiam sub speciebus panis et vini stans, neque sedens communicat, prout per errorem scripserunt aliqui, viderique potest tom. ii. *Tract. Nostri de Sac. Missæ*, sect. i. c. 20, § 1." It is a curious example of what may be called "the audacity" which sometimes charac-

probably down to the reign of Sixtus V. (as indicated in the marginal note on St. Bonaventura), the position of the Pope was sitting, as a venerable relic of primitive ages. Gradually, as appears from the words of Eustace, the value of this tenacious and interesting adherence to the ancient usage was depreciated in comparison with its apparent variation from the general sentiment, as expressed in the standing posture of priests and the kneeling attitude of the communicants, and it would seem that before the end of the sixteenth century the custom had been in part abandoned. But with that remarkable tenacity of ecclesiastical usages, which retains particles of such usages when the larger part has disappeared, the ancient posture was not wholly given up. As the wafer and the chalice are but minute fragments of the ancient Supper—as the standing posture of the priests is a remnant of the standing posture of devotion through the whole Christian Church—as the standing posture of the English clergyman during part of the Communion Service is a remnant of the standing posture of the Catholic clergy through the whole of it—as the sitting posture of the earlier Popes was a remnant of the sitting or recumbent posture of the primitive Christian days,—so the partial attitude of the present Popes is a remnant of the sitting posture of their predecessors. It is a compromise between the ancient historical usage and modern decorum. The Pope's attitude, so we gather from Rocca and Benedict IV., and also from Archbishop Gerbet, is neither of standing nor of sitting. He goes to his lofty chair, he stands till the sub-deacon comes, he bows himself down in adoration as the Host approaches. Thus far all are agreed, though it is evi-

terises expressions of Pontifical opinion, that the very passage to which Benedict XIV., in the last year of his life, thus referred to as "an erroneous statement," of the Pope's "sitting at the Communion," contains his own assertion that "some of the Roman Pontiffs in solemn mass were accustomed to receive the Eucharist sitting." In fact, it is difficult to reconcile the statement in the letter just quoted with the passages which are quoted in the text.

dent that at a distance any one of those postures might be taken, as it has by some spectators, for the posture at the act of communion. But in the act of communion, as far as we can gather from the chief authorities, he is in his chair, facing the people, leaning against the back of the chair, so as not to abandon entirely the attitude of sitting—sufficiently erect to give the appearance of standing, with his head and body bent down to express the reverence due to the sacred elements. This complex attitude would account for the contradictions of eye-witnesses, and the difficulty of making so peculiar a compromise would perhaps cause a variation in the posture of particular Popes, or even of the same Pope on particular occasions. What to one spectator would seem standing, to another would seem sitting, and to another might seem kneeling.

This endeavour to combine a prescribed attitude either with convenience or with a change of sentiment is not uncommon. One parallel instance has been often adduced in the case of the Popes themselves. In the great procession on Corpus Christi Day, when the Pope is carried in a palanquin round the Piazza of St. Peter, it is generally believed that, whilst he appears to be in a kneeling attitude, the cushions and furniture of the palanquin are so arranged as to enable him to bear the fatigue of the ceremony by sitting; whilst to the spectators he appears to be kneeling.¹ Another parallel is to be found from another point of view, in one of the few other instances in which the posture of sitting has been retained, or rather adopted, namely in the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. There the attitude of sitting was rigidly prescribed. But, if we may trust an account of the Scottish Sacrament, believed to be as accurate as it is poetic, the posture of the devout Presbyterian peasant as nearly as possible corresponds to that which Rocca, Gerbet, and Benedict XIV. give of the Pope's present attitude—"innixus," "in-

¹ See the minute account of an eye-witness in 1830 in Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, ii. 469.

curvus inclinato corpore," "*à demi assis*," "*une profonde inclination de corps*":—

"There they sit
 In reverence meet
 Many an eye to heaven is lifted,
 Meek and very lowly.
 Souls bowed down with reverent fear.
 Hoary-headed elders moving,
 Bear the hallowed bread and wine,
 While devoutly still the people
 Low in prayer bow the head."¹

Several conclusions are suggested by this brief essay:—

1. It is interesting to observe this ancient usage becoming small by degrees and beautifully less, yet still not entirely extinguished: reduced from recumbency to sitting, from the sitting of all to the sitting of a single person, from the sitting of a single person to the doubtful reminiscence of his sitting, by a posture half-sitting, half-standing.

2. In the requirements of some amongst ourselves for more precise ritual uniformity, it is instructive to notice the vague and contradictory state of the ancient Roman rubrics on a point which in modern times has been deemed of importance sufficient to rend Churches asunder. No member of the Roman Church can point to any rubric which certainly prescribes the posture of its supreme head at the most solemn moment of its worship.

3. The recent controversy on the subject is curious as showing how, even within the limits of the same Church, two streams of tradition and sentiment can run so entirely unknown to each other, as those which this inquiry has brought before us.

4. There is a peculiar charm in observing (as was pointed out in the

original notice of this practice) how the two extremes of the Christian Church—the Pope on the one side and the Presbyterians and the Puritans on the other—have been brought together in these sacred forms in the time of Innocent III., and, to a certain extent, even in the times of Gregory XVI. and Pius IX.

5. The compromise of the Pope's actual posture is a characteristic specimen of that "*singular dexterity*" which Benedict XIV. attributes to his Master of the Ceremonies, and which has so often marked the proceedings of the Roman court. To have devised a posture by which, as on the festival of Corpus Christi, the Pope can at once sit and kneel; or—as in the cases mentioned by Pope Benedict XIV.—an arrangement by which the Pope, whilst sitting, can "*stretch his legs in the vacant space under the altar*"; or, as in the case we have been considering, a position of standing so as to give the appearance of sitting, and sitting so as to give the appearance of standing—is a minute example of the subtle genius of that institution which could produce a syllabus capable of being explained by one high authority in the sense of the extreme Ultramontanes, and by another high authority in the sense of modern progress; or which could, in parting with the troops of the French Emperor, deliver that ingenious combination of insults under the form of blessings—"They say he is ill; I pray for his health. They say he is uneasy in his conscience; I pray for his soul." As the practice itself is a straw, indicating the movement of primitive antiquity, so the modern compromise is a straw, indicating the movement of the Roman Church in later times.

¹ Kilmahoe; and other Poems. By J. C. Shairp.

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ROMAN IMPERIALISM.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

II. THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

WHAT was the cause of the fall of the Roman Empire?

That after a few centuries a fabric so artificial should fall to pieces is not in itself surprising. Great empires seldom last long; they are by their very nature liable to special evils to which in time they succumb, and so the process of their downfall is commonly the same. Rome was by no means exempt from these special causes of weakness, but we shall find that Rome did not, like other empires, succumb to them. We shall find that she weathered these most obvious dangers, and that the history of her fall is as unique as that of her greatness.

The difficulty which has been found insurmountable in most great empires is their unwieldy size, and the obstinate antipathy of the conquered nationalities to their conquerors. Government must necessarily become difficult in proportion to the extent of the territory governed and the disloyalty of the inhabitants. It follows that in a great empire founded upon conquest the difficulties of government are the greatest possible. To cope with them it is found necessary to create pashas or viceroys of particular provinces, with full monarchical power. Sooner or later government breaks down, overborne partly by its insurgent subjects, partly by these viceroys shaking off its authority.

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This, then, is the regular process of dissolution in empires. Subject nationalities succeed at last in recovering their independence, and subordinate governors throw off their allegiance and become kings. Sometimes the two solvents help each other, as Ali Pasha of Janina helped the early attempts of the Greek patriots. Let us take some of the more conspicuous examples which history affords. Alexander's empire was dissolved by his officers making themselves kings, and the kingdom of Pontus was formed out of it by the effort of one of the conquered nationalities. The Saracen Empire split into three independent chalifates. The Seljukian Empire of Malek Shah was divided in a few generations among independent sultans of Persia, Syria, Roum, &c. The Great Mogul lost his dominion partly to the insurgent Mahrattas, partly to his own viceroys of the Deccan and of Bengal. The German Empire became a nullity when the electors began to raise themselves to the rank of kings. In the Ottoman Empire the process of dissolution shows itself in Greece and Servia recovering their independence, and the Egyptian viceroy making himself a sovereign.

If we look for similar symptoms in the dissolution of the Roman Empire we are disappointed. The subject nation-

alities do not recover their independence. It is true that they make their separate influence felt long after they have been politically merged. The Greeks, for example, maintained, not only the independence, but the superiority of their language and their culture. Although the greatest writers of this period are Roman, yet, within half a century after the death of Tacitus and Juvenal, Greek not only prevailed in the eastern half of the Empire, but had so far superseded Latin in Rome itself, that the Emperor Aurelius uses it in meditations intended for his own private use. The Asiatic part of the Empire preserved its peculiar ways of thinking. Its religions entered into a competition both with the religions of the West and with Greek philosophy, the religion of the cultivated classes among the Romans. In this contest between the Western conquerors and the Eastern subjects the conquered races had at last the better, and imposed a religion upon their masters. Nor were the African nationalities without their influence. They gave to the Empire, in Severus, the master who first gave unlimited power to the army; and they contributed to the religious reformation its greatest rhetorician, Tertullian; its most influential politician, Cyprian; and, later, its greatest theologian, Augustine.

But though the nationalities retained so much intellectual independence, they never became dangerous to the Empire. There were indeed, in the first century, four considerable wars of independence—the rising of the Germans under Arminius, that of the Britons under Boadicea, that of the Germans and Gauls under Civilis, and that of the Jews. But the first two were not rebellions of nations already conquered, but of nations in the process of being conquered. In the case of the Germans it was the effort by which they saved their independence; in the case of the Britons it was the last convulsion of despair. The other two revolts were, no doubt, precisely of the kind which occur so frequently in great empires, and are so frequently fatal to them. But to the Roman Empire they

were not fatal, and can hardly be said to have seriously endangered it. It was owing to the confusion of a revolutionary time that Civilis was able for a moment to sever the Rhenish provinces from Rome, but his success only made it more evident that his appeal to national feeling came too late, and was addressed to that which had no existence. As soon as the vigour of the central government revived, a single army, not very well commanded, extinguished the feeble spark. Far different, certainly, was the vigour and enthusiasm with which the Jews took arms. But the result was not different. The rebellious nationality only earned by the fierceness of its rising a more overwhelming ruin.

If we reckon the Jewish war of the reign of Vespasian and that of the reign of Hadrian as constituting together one great national rebellion, then the history of the Empire affords no other considerable example besides those I have mentioned of the rising of a conquered nationality. There appear, indeed, in the third and fourth centuries, some phenomena not altogether different. The third century was an age of revolution. I have spoken already of the great Roman Revolution which began with the tribunate of Gracchus and ended with the battle of Actium. It would be a convenient thing if we could accustom ourselves to the notion of a second Roman Revolution, beginning with the death of Marcus Aurelius, in A.D. 180, and ending with the accession of Diocletian, in A.D. 285. During this period the Imperial system struggled for its life, and suffered a transformation of character which enabled it to support itself over the whole extent of the Empire for more than another century, and in the eastern half for many centuries. In the fearful convulsions of this revolutionary period we are able to discern the difficulties with which the Imperial system had to cope. And among these difficulties is certainly to be reckoned the unlikeness of the nations composing the Empire. The Empire shows a constant tendency to break into large fragments, each held together internally by national sym-

thies, and separated from the others by national differences. The Greek-speaking world tends to separate itself from the Latin-speaking world. Gaul, Britain, and Spain tend to separate themselves from Italy and Africa. These tendencies were recognised when the revolutionary period closed in Diocletian's partition of the Empire between two Augusti and two Cæsars, and, afterwards, in the four great præfectures of Constantine. The division between East and West, after being several times drawn and again effaced, was permanently recognised in the time of the sons of Theodosius, and is written in large characters in the history of the modern world.

The tendency then to division certainly existed, and might at times be dangerous. But it is not to be confounded with that working of the spirit of nationality which I have spoken of as the commonest cause of the ruin of great empires. In most great empires the subject nations have not only a want of sympathy, or it may be a positive antipathy, towards each other; they are influenced still more by an undying hostility towards their conquerors, and an undying recollection of the independence they have lost. Out of these feelings springs a fixed determination, handed down through successive generations, and shared by every individual member of the conquered race, to throw off the yoke at the first opportunity. Where this fixed determination exists, the conquerors have in the long run but a poor chance of retaining their conquest; for their energy is more likely to be corrupted by success than their victims' fixed hatred to be extinguished by delay. And this was the difficulty which, almost alone among conquering nations, the Romans were not called upon to meet. By some means or other they succeeded in destroying in the mind of Gaul, African, and Greek the remembrance of their past independence and the remembrance of the relentless cruelty with which they had been enslaved. Rome destroyed patriotism in its subject races, though it left in them a certain blind instinct of kindred. When the Empire grew weak, the atoms showed

a tendency to crystallize again in the old forms, but while it continued vigorous it satisfied the nationalities that it had absorbed. Whether by its imposing grandeur, or the material happiness it bestowed, or the free career it offered, particularly to military merit, or the hopelessness of resistance, or—more particularly in the West—by the civilization it brought with it; by some of these means, or by some combination of them, the Roman Empire succeeded in giving an equivalent to those who had been deprived of everything by its relentless sword. As Tecmessa to Ajax, the world said to Rome—

σὺ γὰρ μοι πατρίδ' ἥσυχας δόρει
καὶ μητίρ' ἀλατ' μοῖρα τὸν φόβον ἰ τε
καθίδεν Ἀἰδου θανάσιμους οὐκίτροας
τίς δῆτ' ἐμὸν γένοιτ' ἂν ἀντὶ σοῦ πατρίς;
τίς παῖδρος; ἐν σοὶ πᾶσ' ἐγώ γε σάβουμαι.

“Thou didst destroy my country with thy spear;

My mother and begetter eyeless Fate
Took to be tenants of the house of death.
Now then what country can I find but thee,
What household! on thee all my fortune hangs.”

Of all the conquered nations, that which had the noblest past was Greece. It is a striking fact that even a hundred years ago there existed among the Greeks no proud remembrance of their heroic ancestors. Leonidas and Miltiades were names which had no magic sound to them. But they were proud of two things,—of their religious orthodoxy and of their being the legitimate representatives of the Roman Empire.

The Roman Empire, then, did not fall as, for example, the Parthian Empire fell, by the rebellion of the conquered nationalities. But neither again did it fall by the rebellion of its great officers and viceroys, as the empire of Alexander. It was, indeed, constantly exposed to this danger. It felt, as other empires have felt, the necessity of creating these great officers. The Legati of the Rhine and Danube, the Legatus of Syria, possessed the power of independent sovereigns. They often seemed likely to use, and sometimes did use, this power against the government. In the first two centuries, Galba, Vitellius, Vespasian, Severus,

were successful usurpers ; Vindex, Avilius Cassius, Pescennius Niger were unsuccessful ones ; Corbulo, and perhaps Agricola, paid with their lives for the greatness which made them capable of becoming usurpers. But these men usurped, or endeavoured to usurp, or were thought likely to usurp, the whole Empire, not parts of it. The danger of the Empire being divided among its great generals, did not appear till near the end of that revolutionary period of which I have spoken. Then, however, it seemed for a time very imminent. We might rather say that for some years the Empire was actually divided in this way. In what is commonly called the time of the Thirty Tyrants, Gaul and Spain were governed for some years by independent emperors, while Syria and part of Asia Minor formed the kingdom of Odenathus. In other parts of the Empire, at the same time, the authority of Rome was thrown off by several less successful adventurers. At this moment, then, the Roman Empire presented the same spectacle of dissolution which other great empires have sooner or later almost always presented. It seemed likely to run the usual course, and to illustrate the insurmountable difficulty of at once concentrating great power at a number of different points, and preserving the supremacy of the centre of the whole system. But the Roman Empire rallied, and by an extraordinary display of energy proved the difficulty not to be insurmountable. It escaped this danger also, and that not only for a time, but permanently. The disease of which it died at last was not this, but another.

Of the first Roman Revolution, Marius, Cæsar, and Augustus are the heroes. The first of these organized the military system, the second gave the military power predominance over the civil, the third arranged the relations of the military to the civil power, so as to make them as little oppressive and as durable as possible. The second Roman Revolution, that of the third century after Christ, had for its heroes Diocletian and Constantine. The problem for them was to give to the military power, now

absolutely predominant, unity within itself. Before, the question had been of the relations between the Emperor and the Senate ; now it was of the relations between the Emperor and his Legati and his army. But now, as then, the only hope of the Empire was in despotism ; the one study of all statesmen was how to diminish liberty still further, and concentrate power still more absolutely in a single hand. As Rome had been saved from barbaric invasion by Cæsar, so it was saved by Diocletian from partition among viceroys. But as it was saved the first time at the expense of its republican liberties, it was saved the second time by the sacrifice of those vestiges of freedom which Cæsar had left it. The military dictator now became a sultan. The little finger of Constantine was thicker than the loins of Augustus ; and if Tiberius had chastised his subjects with whips, Valentinian chastised them with scorpions.

The Revolution now effected had two stages. First came the temporary arrangement of Diocletian, who, in order to strengthen the Imperial power against the unwieldy army, created, as it were, a cabinet of emperors. He shared his power with three other generals, whom he succeeded in attaching firmly to himself. Such an arrangement could not last, for only a superior genius could suspend the operation of the law, *Nulla fides regni sociis* ; but so long as it lasted the Imperial power was quadrupled, and the Empire was firmly ruled, not from one centre, but from four : from Nicomedia, Antioch, Milan, and Trèves. This plan had all the advantages of partition, while in the undisputed ascendancy of Diocletian it retained all the advantages of unity. This temporary arrangement in due time gave place to the permanent institution of Constantine, who broke the power of the Legati by dividing military power from the civil. Up to that time, the Legatus of a province had been an emperor in miniature—at the same time governor of a nation and commander of an army. Now, the two offices were divided, and there remained to the emperor an im-

mense superiority over every subject,—the prerogative that in him alone civil and military power met. And at the same time that by disarming all inferior greatness he made himself master of the bodies, the lives, and fortunes of his subjects, he subdued their imaginations and hearts by his assumption of Asiatic state and by his alliance with the Christian Church.

Thus was the second danger successfully encountered. Rome disarmed her formidable viceroys, as she had subdued and pacified her subject nationalities. Yet in a century and a half from the time of Constantine, the Western Empire fell, and the Eastern Empire in the course of three centuries lost many of its fairest provinces, and saw its capital besieged by foreign invaders. Having escaped the two principal maladies incident to great empires, she succumbed to some others, the nature of which we have now to consider.

The simple facts of the fall of the Empire are these. The Imperial system had been established, as I have shown, to protect the frontier. This it did for two centuries with eminent success. But in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, whose reign I have noted as marking the commencement of the second revolutionary period, there occurred an invasion of the Marcomanni, which was not repulsed without great difficulty, and which excited a deep alarm and foreboding throughout the Empire. In the third century the hostile powers on every frontier begin to appear more formidable. The German tribes, in whose discord Tacitus saw the safety of the Empire, present themselves now no longer in separate feebleness, but in powerful confederations. We hear no more the insignificant names of Chatti and Chauci; the history of the third century is full of Alemanni, Franks, and Goths. On the eastern frontier, the long decayed power of the Parthians now gives place to a revived and vigorous Persian Empire. The forces of the Empire are more and more taxed to defend it from these powerful enemies. One emperor is killed in battle with the

Goths, another is taken prisoner by the Persians. But strengthened by internal reforms, the Empire is found still capable of making head against its assailants. In the middle of the fourth century it is visibly stronger and safer than it had been in the middle of the third. Then follows the greatest convulsion to which human society is liable, that which is to the world of man what an earthquake is to nature,—I mean an invasion of Tartars. The Huns emerge from Asia, and drive before them the populations of Central Europe. The fugitive Goths crave admission into the Empire. Admitted, they engage in war with their entertainers. They defeat and kill an emperor at Adrianople. But again the Empire is avenged by Theodosius. In the age of his degenerate sons the barbaric world decisively encroaches on the Roman. There is a constant influx of Goths. Goths fill the Roman armies, and plunder the Empire under cover of a commission from the emperor himself. Rome is sacked by Alaric. Then most of Gaul, Spain, and afterwards Africa are torn from the empire by an invasion half-Teutonic, half-Slavonic. Barbaric chieftains make and unmake the emperors of the West. At last they assume sovereignty in Italy to themselves, and the Ostrogothic kingdom is founded. The East, too, suffers gradually a great change of population. Greece is almost repopled with Slaves and Wallachians. New kingdoms are founded on the Lower Danube. In the seventh century, Egypt and Syria are wrested from the Empire by the Saracens.

This is what we commonly understand by the fall of the Empire. It was matched in war with the barbaric world beyond the frontier, and the barbaric world was victorious. But it would be very thoughtless to suppose that this is a sufficient account of the matter, and that the fortune of war will explain such a vast phenomenon. What we call fortune may decide a battle, not so easily the shortest war; and it is evident that the Roman world would not have steadily receded through centuries before the barbaric had it not been decidedly

inferior in force. To explain, then, the fall of the Empire, it is necessary to explain the inferiority in force of the Romans to the barbarians.

This inferiority of the Romans, it is to be remembered, was a new thing. At an earlier time they had been manifestly superior. When the region of barbarism was much larger; when it included warlike and aggressive nations now lost to it, such as the Gauls; and when, on the other hand, the Romans drew their armies from a much smaller area, and organized them much less elaborately, the balance had inclined decidedly the other way. In those times the Roman world, in spite of occasional reverses, had on the whole steadily encroached on the barbaric. The Gauls were such good soldiers, that the Romans themselves acknowledged their superiority in valour: yet the Romans not only held their own against them, but conquered them, and annexed Gaul to the Empire. If we use the word "force" in its most comprehensive sense, as including all the different forces, material, intellectual, and moral, which can contribute to the military success of a nation, it is evident that the Roman world in the time of Pompey and Cæsar was as much superior in force to the barbaric world as it was inferior to it in the time of Arcadius and Honorius. Either, therefore, a vast increase of power must have taken place in the barbaric world, or a vast internal decay in the Roman.

Now the barbaric world had actually received two considerable accessions of force. It had gained considerably, through what influences we can only conjecture, in the power and habit of co-operation. As I have said before, in the third century we meet with large confederations of Germans, whereas before we read only of isolated tribes. Together with this capacity of confederation we can easily believe that the Germans had acquired new intelligence, civilization, and military skill. Moreover, it is practically to be considered as a great increase of aggressive force, that in the middle of the fourth century they were threatened in their original

settlements by the Huns. The impulse of desperation which drove them against the Roman frontier was felt by the Romans as a new force acquired by the enemy. But we shall soon see that other and more considerable momenta must have been required to turn the scale. For in the first place, if in three centuries the barbaric world made a considerable advance in power, how was it that the Roman world did not make an immensely greater advance in the same time? A barbaric society is commonly almost stationary; a civilized society is indefinitely progressive. How many advantages had a vast and well-ordered empire like the Roman over barbarism! What a step towards material wealth and increase of population would seem to be necessarily made when the bars to intercourse are removed between a number of countries, and when war between those countries is abolished! If in the first two centuries of the Empire there were bloody wars within the Empire, yet they were both short and very infrequent; the permanent condition of international hostility between the nations surrounding the Mediterranean Sea, which had preceded the Roman conquests, was a tradition of the past. Never since has there been over the same area so long a period of internal peace. If we were guided by modern analogies, we should certainly expect that, while barbarism made its first tottering steps in the path of improvement, the Empire would have made gigantic strides; that its population and wealth would have increased enormously; that instead of failing to defend the frontier it would have overflowed it at all points; and that it would have annexed and romanized Germany with far greater ease than in Cæsar's time it had absorbed Gaul.

In the second place, the balance had already begun to turn before any new weights were put into the scale of barbarism. A long period intervened between the time when Rome was a conquering state and the time when it began to be conquered. During this interval barbarism had acquired no new

strength, and yet the Romans had ceased to conquer. And this must have been owing, not to any want of will, but to a consciousness of the want of power. For when Rome ceased to conquer, it was far more completely organized for military purposes and governed more exclusively by military men than in its period of conquest. With a citizen soldiery, summoned from farms and commanded often by civilians, Rome extended her boundaries widely ; but with a magnificent standing army, with a crowd of experienced officers, and with an Emperor at the head of affairs, Rome ceased, except at long intervals, to conquer. The maxim of Augustus, that the Empire was large enough, can only mean that the limit of its resources had been reached, and that those resources, for some reason or other, did not grow. And that the maxim was sound, and continued to be sound, is shown by Hadrian's re-assertion of it when he gave up the Parthian conquests of Trajan, and later by Aurelian's evacuation of Dacia. Aurelian was a great general, Hadrian was an active and enterprising man. Both of them must have known that the easiest way to obtain popularity was to carry on wars of conquest. Both must have known that to give up conquests was the readiest way to offend the pride of the Romans, and to excite disaffection towards the government. We may therefore feel sure that it was neither love of ease nor a mere blind respect for a traditionary maxim that induced these two emperors deliberately to narrow the boundaries of the Empire. They must have had a knowledge of the weakness and exhaustion of the State, and of its inadequacy to new conquests, so certain and clear as to silence all the suggestions of ambition and interest.

We are forced, then, to the conclusion that the Roman Empire, in the midst of its greatness and civilization, must have been in a stationary and unprogressive, if not a decaying condition. Now what can have been the cause of this unproductiveness or decay ? It has been common to suppose a moral degeneration in the Romans, caused by

luxury and excessive good fortune. To support this it is easy to quote the satirists and cynics of the Imperial time, and to refer to such accounts as Ammianus gives of the mingled effeminacy and brutality of the aristocracy of the capital in the fourth century. But the history of the wars between Rome and the barbaric world does not show us the proofs we might expect of this decay of spirit. We do not find the Romans ceasing to be victorious in the field, and beginning to show themselves inferior in valour to their enemies. The luxury of the capital could not affect the army, which had no connexion with the capital, but was levied from the peasantry of the whole Empire, a class into which luxury can never penetrate. Nor can it be said that luxury corrupted the generals, and through them the army. On the contrary, the Empire produced a remarkable series of capable generals. From Claudius Gothicus to the patrician Aetius, a period of two centuries, the series is scarcely interrupted, and for the greater part of that time the government of the Empire itself was in the hands of men bred to war and accustomed to great commands. And as in better times, the Roman arms were still commonly victorious. Julian, fighting at great odds, defeated the Alemanni ; Theodosius quelled the intruding Goths ; Stilicho checked Alaric and crushed Rhadagaisus ; the great Tartar himself, the genius of destruction, Attila, met his match in Aetius, and retreated before the arms of Rome.

Whatever the remote and ultimate cause may have been, the immediate cause to which the fall of the Empire can be traced is a physical, not a moral decay. In valour, discipline, and science, the Roman armies remained what they had always been, and the peasant-emperors of Illyricum were worthy successors of Cincinnatus and Caius Marius. But the problem was how to replenish those armies. Men were wanting ; the Empire perished for want of men.

The proof of this is in the fact that the contest with barbarism was carried on by the help of barbarian soldiers. The Emperor Probus began this system,

and under his successors it came more and more into use. As the danger of it could not be overlooked, we must suppose that the necessity of it was still more unmistakable. It must have been because the Empire could not furnish soldiers for its own defence, that it was driven to the strange expedient of turning its enemies and plunderers into its defenders. Yet on these scarcely disguised enemies it came to depend so exclusively that in the end the Western Empire was destroyed, not by the hostile army, but by its own. The Roman army had become a barbarian horde, and for some years the Roman commander-in-chief was a barbarian prince, Ricimer, who created and deposed emperors at his pleasure. Soon after his fall, another barbarian occupying the same position, Odoacer, terminated the line of emperors, and assumed the government into his own hands.

Nor was it only in the army that the Empire was compelled to borrow men from barbarism. To cultivate the fields, whole tribes were borrowed. From the time of Marcus Aurelius, it was a practice to grant lands within the Empire sometimes to prisoners of war, sometimes to tribes applying for admission. Thus the Vandals received settlements in Pannonia, the Goths of Ulfilas in Mæsia, the Salian Franks along the Rhine. In these cases the Romans were not forced to admit the barbarians. If they were partly influenced by the wish to pacify them, it is certain also that there must have been a vast extent of unoccupied land which the Empire was glad to people in this way. However much disposed we may be to reject as rhetorical the descriptions of utter devastation along the frontier in which our authorities abound, it seems at least to be clear that, however many barbaric tribes might knock for admission, there was room for them within the Empire. Nor did these large loans of men suffice the Empire. It was perpetually borrowing smaller amounts. Under the name of *Læti* and *Coloni*, there seems reason to believe that the Empire was already full of Germans before the great immi-

grations began. It is easy to discover symptoms of every kind of decay in the Roman Empire. We may talk of oppressive taxation and the rapacity of officials; of the tyranny by which the curiales, or respectable middle class, of provincial towns were crushed; of the decline of warlike spirit shown by the high price of volunteers and the extensive practice of self-mutilation to avoid the conscription; of the general decline of warlike spirit. But, however visible these symptoms may be, they must not divert our attention from the great symptom of all, the immediate and patent cause of the fall of the Empire,—that want of population which made it impossible to keep a native army on foot, and which caused a perpetual and irrepressible stream of barbaric immigration. The barbarian occupied the Roman Empire almost as the Anglo-Saxon is occupying North America: he settled and peopled rather than conquered it.

The want of any principle of increase in the Roman population is attested at a much earlier time. In the second century before Christ, Polybius bears witness to it, and the returns of the census from the Second Punic War to the time of Augustus show no steady increase in the number of citizens that cannot be accounted for by the extension of the citizenship to new classes. A stationary population suffers from war or any other destructive plague far more and more permanently than a progressive one. Accordingly we are told that Julius Cæsar, when he attained to supreme power, found an alarming thinness of population (*δαινὴν ὀλιγανθρωπίαν*). Both he and his successor struggled earnestly against this evil. The grave maxim of Metellus Macedonicus, that marriage was a duty which, however painful, every citizen ought manfully to discharge, acquired great importance in the eyes of Augustus. He caused the speech in which it was contained to be read in the Senate: had he lived in our days, he would have reprinted it with a preface. To admonition he added legislation. The *Lex Julia* is the irrefragable proof of the existence at the beginning of the Imperial

time of that very disease of which, four centuries after, the Empire died. How alarming the symptoms already were may be measured by the determined resolution with which Augustus forced his enactment upon the people, in spite of the most strenuous resistance. The enactment consisted of a number of privileges and precedences given to marriage. It was in fact a handsome bribe offered by the State to induce the citizens to marry. How strange, according to our notions, the condition of society must have been; how directly opposite from the present one, the view taken by statesmen of the question of population; and how unlike the present one, the view taken by people in general of marriage, may be judged from this law. Precisely as we think of marriage, the Roman of Imperial times thought of celibacy—that is, as the most comfortable but the most expensive condition of life. Marriage with us is a pleasure for which a man must be content to pay; with the Romans it was an excellent pecuniary investment,¹ but an intolerably disagreeable one.

Here lay, at least in the judgment of Augustus, the root of the evil. To inquire into the causes of this aversion to marriage in this place would lead me too far. We must be content to assume that, owing partly to this cause and partly to the prudential check of infanticide, the Roman population seems to have been in ordinary times almost stationary. The same phenomenon had shown itself in Greece before its conquest by the Romans. There the population had even greatly declined, and the shrewd observer Polybius explains that it was not owing to war or plague, but mainly to the general reluctance of his countrymen to rear families. If we can suppose a similar temper to have become common among the Roman citizens, it may still seem at first sight unlikely that the newly-conquered barbarians of Gaul or Britain would fall into an effeminacy incident rather to excessive civilization. But there is

reason to think, on the contrary, that the newly-conquered barbarians were especially liable to it. We know how dangerous is the sudden introduction of civilized habits and manners among barbarians. We know how fatally the contact of Anglo-Saxons has worked upon Indians, Australians, and New Zealanders. The effect of Roman civilization upon Gauls and Britons was similar, if we may take the evidence of Tacitus. They exchanged too suddenly a life of rude and violent adventure for the Roman baths and schools of rhetoric. The effect upon these races was an unnatural lethargy, and apparently also a tendency to decline in numbers. The Helvetians are spoken of by Tacitus as already almost extinct; and the Batavians who distinguish themselves by their high spirit in the wars of Vitellius and Vespasian, have entirely disappeared when their territory is occupied in the fourth century by the Franks.

It remains to point out that the circumstances of the Empire between the times of Cæsar and Constantine were such as rather to aggravate than mitigate the disease. One main reason why civilization in modern times is favourable to the growth of population is that it is industrial. The Anglo-Saxon subdues physical nature to his interest and convenience. Wherever he comes he introduces new industries. He contrives first to prosper, and next he increases. By his side the barbarian, skilled only in destruction, and without the inclination or talent to create anything, feels himself growing weaker and weaker, despairs, and then disappears. But Roman civilization was not of this creative kind. It was military, that is, destructive. The enormous wealth of the Romans had not been created by them, but simply appropriated. It had been gained not by manufacture or commerce, but by war. And it had been gained by the concentrated effort of many successive generations. Probably such a great national effort cannot be maintained for so long a time without giving to the national character a fixed warp or bias. The military inclination would remain to

¹ Plutarch : *περὶ φιλοστοργίας*, c. 2.

the Romans even when they had lost the power to gratify it. The aversion to all the arts of creation would remain even when nothing but those arts could save them. In the most successful conquering race that has appeared since the Romans,—in the Turks,—the same phenomenon appears. They have lost the power to conquer, but they cannot acquire habits of industry and accumulation. Their nature has no versatility; it enjoys nothing between fighting and torpid inaction. They could win an empire, but having won it they allow it to fall into ruin. In a less degree the Romans seem to have had the same defect. There runs through their literature the brigand's and the barbarian's contempt for honest industry,—at least when that industry is not agricultural. To make wealth appears to them sordid; to take it admirable. And accordingly, when the limit of conquest and spoliation had been reached, a torpor, a Turkish helplessness, fell on them. They lived on what should have been their capital. Their wealth went to Asia in exchange for perishable luxuries, a general poverty spread through the Empire, and the unwillingness to multiply must have become stronger and stronger.

Perhaps enough has now been said to explain that great enigma, which so much bewilders the reader of Gibbon; namely, the sharp contrast between the age of the Antonines and the age which followed it. A century of unparalleled tranquillity and virtuous government is followed immediately by a period of hopeless ruin and dissolution. A century of rest is followed not by renewed vigour, but by incurable exhaustion. Some principle of decay must clearly have been at work, but what principle? We answer: it was a period of sterility or barrenness in human beings; the human harvest was bad. And among the causes of this barrenness we find, in the more barbarous nations, the enfeeblement produced by the too abrupt introduction of civilization, and universally the absence of industrial habits, and the disposition to listlessness which belongs to the military character.

A society in such a critical position as this can ill bear a sudden shock. The sudden shock came; "a swift destruction winged from God!" Aurelius, whose reign I have marked as the end of an age, saw the flash. We might say that Heaven, pitying the long death-struggle of the Roman world, sent down the Angel Azrael to cut matters short. In A.D. 166 broke out the plague. It spread from Persia to Gaul, and, according to the historians, carried off "a majority of the population." It was the first of a long series of similar visitations. Niebuhr has said that the ancient world never recovered from the blow inflicted upon it by the plague which visited it in the reign of Aurelius. We are in danger of attaching too little importance to occurrences of this kind. The historian devotes but a few lines to them because they do not often admit of being related in detail. The battle of Cressy occupies the historian more than the Black Death, yet we now know that the Black Death is a turning-point in mediæval English history. Our knowledge of the series of plagues which fell on the Roman world during the Revolutionary period from Aurelius to Diocletian, is extremely fragmentary. But the vastness of the calamity seems not doubtful, and it seems also clear that the condition of the Empire was just such as to make the blow mortal. It is also plain that the reconstructed Empire over which, when the Revolutionary period was past, Diocletian and Constantine reigned, was different in its whole character from the Empire of the Antonines, and that a new age began then which resembled the Middle Ages as much as it resembled Antiquity.

As the population dwindled, a new evil made its appearance. The expenses of government had always been great: when complete Oriental sultanism was introduced by Diocletian, they became enormous. And the demands of government reached their highest point when the population had been decimated (the word is probably much too weak) by the plague. The *fiscus*, which had always been burdensome, became now a

millstone round the neck of the sinking Empire. The demand for money became as urgent as the demand for men. A leading characteristic of the later Empire is grinding taxation. The government being overwhelmingly powerful, there was no limit to its power of extortion, and the army of officials which had now been created plundered for themselves as well as for the government. What the plague had been to the population, that the *fiscus* was to industry. It broke the bruised reed; it converted feebleness into utter and incurable debility. Roman finance had no conception of the impolicy of laying taxation so as to depress enterprise and trade. The *fiscus* destroyed capital in the Roman Empire. The desire of accumulation withered where government lay in wait for all savings—*locupletissimus quisque in prædâ correptus*. All the intricate combinations by which man is connected to man in a progressive society disappeared. The diminished population lived once more as *αὐτάρκεις*, procuring from the soil as much as their own individual needs required, each man alone, and all alike in bondage to an omnipotent, all-grasping government. For safety they had given omnipotence to their government, but they could not give it the knowledge of political economy, nor the power to cure subtle moral evils. Accordingly all the omnipotence of government was turned to increasing the poverty, and consequently the sterility, of the population.

I have not left myself space to describe in detail the pressure of the *fiscus* and the conscription upon the different classes of the people. It is related in many books with what malignant ingenuity the men of property everywhere were, so to speak, chained to the spot where they lived, that the vulture of taxation might prey upon their vitals; and how the peasantry were in like manner appropriated and enslaved to military service. But this oppression, to which government in its helplessness was driven, filled the cup.

I conceive that the downfall of the Empire is thus accounted for. Barbarians might enter freely and take possession. Vandal corsairs from Carthage might outdo the work of Hannibal, and Germany avenge at her leisure the invasions of Cæsar and Drusus, for the invincible power had been tamed by a slow disease. Rome had stopped, from a misgiving she could not explain to herself, in the career of victory. Acentury of repose had only left her weaker than before. She was able to conquer her nationalities. She centralized herself successfully, and created a government of mighty efficiency and stability. But against this disease she was powerless; and the disease was sterility. Already enfeebled by it she passed through a century of plague, and when the plague handed her over to the *fiscus* there remained nothing for the sufferer but gradually to sink. But the causes from which the disease itself had sprung were such as we can but imperfectly ascertain,—causes deeply involved in the constitution of society itself, and such as no statesmanship or philosophy then in the world could hope to contend with.

NOTE.—The *Spectator*, in a flattering notice of the first of these papers, asks for an explanation of the statement that the Senate was an assembly of life peers freely chosen. The magistrates were chosen by popular election, and election to the higher magistracies carried with it a permanent seat in the Senate. This is what I meant by calling it an assembly of life peers. I call it freely elected because every full citizen was eligible and had a vote. No doubt the great houses had such overwhelming influence that they could in ordinary times monopolize the magistracies. But until the Revolutionary period began, I do not think this influence had much coercion in it. The great families were really revered by the people, and were considered to have a sort of moral right to office.

J. R. S.

A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER V.

THAT to-morrow, of which Josephine Scanlan spoke so calmly, turned out to be the crisis of her life.

To make up her mind to this visit to the Rectory, cost some pain. It was like assuming her husband's duty; doing for him what he was too weak to do for himself; and, though many a woman is compelled to do this, still it is only a mean sort of woman who enjoys the doing of it, or likes being made perforce a heroine because her husband is a coward.

Ay, that was the key-note of Edward Scanlan's nature. He was a moral coward. Physically, perhaps, he had the bravery of most Irishmen; would have faced the cannon's mouth; indeed, it was always his regret that he had not been a soldier instead of a clergyman. But to say No to an evil or unworthy request; to enter an elegant drawing-room in a shabby coat; in short, to do anything awkward, unpleasant, or painful, was to him quite impossible—as impossible as it would have been to his wife to go away and leave it undone.

She knew this well; it had been forced upon her through years of bitter experience, and, therefore, she nerved herself to undergo her double humiliation: that of asking a favour which might not be granted, and of reading in the Rector's shrewd eyes, though he might be too courteous to say it, the knowledge that her husband, and not she, was the person who ought to have come and asked it. She knew, too, that all sorts of common-sense questions might be put to her. Why could they not make ends meet?—other people did, who were no better off than they, and had as many children. Perhaps, too, even

Mr. Oldham would side with the opinions of the other two men—Mr. Scanlan and Mr. Summerhayes—against her—only a woman! and recommend that they should try to better themselves by seeking their fortune in London.

Seeking one's fortune! A bright, bold, happy thing to do—for a young woman with her young husband, in whom she has full faith, and for whom she is ready to give up everything and follow him cheerfully, in weal or woe, throughout the world. Ten years ago, Josephine Scanlan would have done it gladly, with the Edward Scanlan whom she then believed in. Now?

She could not do it; she dared not. With those six little ones entrusted to her charge; sent to her by God himself, to be her crown of comfort, to keep her heart warm, and open a dim vista of joy in the heavy future, which otherwise might have closed blankly upon her like the dead wall of a cave—no, it was impossible.

The thought of them, and this only alternative of saving them from what she felt would be utter ruin, beat down the cruel feeling of shame which came upon her whenever she considered how she should speak to Mr. Oldham—into what words she should put the blunt request, "Give me some more money!" For she knew, that in degree, her husband was right; the Rector was rather hard in the matter of money. That is, where he did give, he gave liberally enough, but he disliked being encroached upon, or applied to unnecessarily; and he was so exceedingly accurate himself in all his pecuniary affairs that he had a great contempt for inaccuracy in others. He had, too, on occasion, the power of making people a little afraid of him; and, brave woman as she was, I think Mrs. Scanlan must have been slightly afraid

too-conscious of that sensation which children call "their courage slipping down to the heels of their shoes"—as she sat, lacing her poor, half-worn, nay, shabby boots, on her delicate feet, the morning she had to walk down to the Rectory.

It was a burning hot morning in the middle of June. I can picture her, for I know exactly how she was dressed. She had on her usual print gown, with a tippet of nankeen, and a gipsy hat, such as was then the fashion, of coarse black and white straw. She used to plait this straw herself, and make it into hats for her own use and for the children—large, shady, and comfortable, tied across the crown and under the chin with green riband. Her costume was, perhaps, not quite matronly enough, but it suited her circumstances; the lilac print gown washed for ever; the hat was much more convenient than the gigantic bonnets, heavy with feathers and flowers, which were then in vogue—and much more economical besides. With her stately gait and still slender girlish figure, upon which almost anything looked well, I have little doubt, though the Ditchley ladies who met her that day might have set her down as dressed rather oddly and unfashionably, there was something about Mrs. Scanlan's appearance which marked her unmistakeably as "the gentlewoman."

She walked quickly across the common, and through the town, for she wanted to get rid of some ugly thoughts which oppressed her; and besides, whenever a difficulty had to be met, it was her nature to meet it as soon as possible. "If I had to be hanged," she would say, "I would rather be hanged at once. Reprieves are intolerable."

It was not often she quitted her own house for other people's now. For months she had not been inside the pretty Rectory, and the sight of it in all its summer beauty aroused old remembrances and vain desires. Desires, not for herself, but for those belonging to her. Had she been alone, she almost thought she would have lived on for ever at Wren's Nest, dilapidated and dreary

though it was growing. But—her children. It was now most difficult to stow them all away within those narrow walls; and, as for making them really comfortable there, the thing could not be done at all.

She counted them over, her pretty flock:—manly César, delicate Adrienne, Louis, who bade fair to be the cleverest of the tribe, Gabrielle growing up with all the health and beauty that her elder sister lacked; Martin and Catherine, baby nonentities still, but fast turning into individualities, like the rest, for the mother's character had impressed itself upon every one of her children. They were not commonplace at all, but had each strong wills and decided tastes. Poor little souls! How hard it would be to repress their dawning talents and aspirations, to bring them up little better than labourers' children, for so it must be—how could it be different? She did not know where even food and clothing were to come from, to say nothing of education. Oh, if she only had a little money; merely the crumbs from the rich man's table—the merest tithe of that wealth which Mr. Oldham spent so carelessly upon this his garden, his conservatories, his beautiful and tasteful house.

She began to think that after all her husband was right in his complaints against fate; that blessings were very unfairly divided, especially money; and that it was hard this childless old bachelor should have so much, and she and her poor young tribe so little. Did the good God look with equal eyes on all? Did He see how she suffered? Was it any use to call upon Him, and ask Him to help her? Not in one of those voluminous and voluble prayers which her husband poured out night and morning, to the phraseology of which she had grown so accustomed that now it all went in at one ear and out at the other. She either never listened at all, or listened with a slight curl of the lip, incredulous both as to the prayer itself, and, God help her, to the Hearer of it also.

Blameworthy she might be—ay, she

was. She ought to have been Christian enough to judge between the sham and the reality; wise enough to know that all the musty human curtains hung between may darken the soul's daylight, but can never blot out the existence of the sun, the great Sun of Righteousness, who shines for ever above and upon us all. But she was also deeply to be pitied; for the man who made this woman half an unbeliever, stood to her in the closest relation that one human being can stand to another, the ruler of her life, the centre of her world, her priest, her lord, her husband.

Usually she was too busy, from hour to hour, and from minute to minute, for these ill thoughts to come; thoughts which, beginning in lack of faith in man, ended in lack of faith towards God: but to-day, in her long, lonely, fatiguing walk, the devil had had full opportunity to attack her. She felt his cruel black wings flapping behind her at every step she took, and she flung the Rectory gate after her with a clang, hoping in that pleasant, peaceful garden, to shut him out, but he would come in. He seemed to jeer at her from under the faded laburnums, and behind the syringa bushes—those mock orange-blossoms, with their faint, sickly smell, sweet at first, but afterwards growing painful to the sense. They reminded her of many marriages, which begin so bright at first, and end, God knows how! Marriages in which nobody is particularly to blame, and of which the only thing to be said is that they were altogether a mistake—a sad mistake.

"But nobody knows it, and nobody ought to know," said to herself this thirteen-years' wife—apropos of nothing external, as she walked on in her rare solitude, thinking she would give herself, and the devil, no more opportunities of the same sort again; and forcibly turning her mind away from other things to the special thing she had that morning to do.

She found Mr. Oldham, not in his study, as she expected, but sitting in his verandah. The day was so hot, and his book so uninteresting, that he had

fallen asleep in his arm-chair. As she came suddenly upon him thus, he looked so withered and wasted, such a forlorn specimen of a solitary old bachelor, with not a creature to look after him, not a soul to care whether he was alive or dead, that the wife and mother who a moment before had been bitterly envying him, now felt a sensation of pity. Her own full, bright home, alive with little voices, and this lonely house and silent garden, where the bees and the birds went on with their humming and singing, as heedless of the old man as if he were not asleep but dead—struck her with forcible contrast, and reproached her unconsciously for all she had been thinking of so bitterly.

She had no time to think more; for Mr. Oldham woke and apologized, in some confusion, for being so discovered.

"But I really do not believe I was asleep, madame; I was only meditating. At my age one has plenty of time for meditation. You, I suppose, have very little?"

"None at all." And the idea of her sitting down, only for ten minutes, idle, with a book in her hand, quite amused Mrs. Scanlan.

The old man seemed much pleased to see her; brought her an arm-chair as comfortable as his own, and thanked her warmly for taking such a long, hot walk, just to pay him a neighbourly visit.

"It is very kind of you; very kind indeed, and you are most welcome too. I am so much alone."

His courteous gratitude smote her conscience painfully. Colouring, almost with shame, she said at once, blurring it out in a confused way, very unlike her ordinary sweet and stately manner,—

"You must not thank me too much, Mr. Oldham, or I shall feel quite a hypocrite. I am afraid my visit to-day was not at all disinterested, in the sense you put it. I had something which I particularly wished to speak to you about."

"I shall be most happy," returned the Rector; and then noticing how far from happy his visitor still looked, he added, "My dear lady, make yourself quite at ease. I like your plain-speak-

ing, even though it does take down an old man's vanity a little. How could I expect you, a busy mother of a family, to waste your valuable time inquiring after the health of a stupid old bachelor like me?"

"Have you been ill? I did not know."

"Nobody did, except Waters; I hate to be gossiped about, as you are aware. I think, Mrs. Scanlan, you and I understand one another pretty well by this time!"

"I hope so," she said, smiling, and taking the hint, asked no more questions about his illness. She noticed that he looked a little worn, and his hands were "shaky," but he was as polite and kind as usual—rather more so, indeed.

"Come, then, we will sit and talk here, and afterwards we will go and look at my roses. I have the finest Banksia you ever saw, just coming into flower."

Banksia roses! and the bitter business that she had to speak about! It was a hard contrast for the Curate's wife: but she made a violent effort, and began. Once begun, it was less difficult to get through with; the Rector helping her by his perfect, yet courteous silence; never interrupting her by word or look till she had got to the end of her tale, and had made, in as brief language as she could put it, her humiliating request. Then he raised his eyes and looked at her—inquiringly, as it seemed, but satisfied; looked away again—and sat drawing patterns on the gravel-walk with his stick.

"What you tell me, Mrs. Scanlan, you probably think I was unacquainted with, but I am not. Your husband has broached the matter to me several times; he did it a week ago, and I gave him an answer—a direct refusal."

"A direct refusal! And he never told me! He allowed me to come and ask you again!"

For a moment Josephine's indignation had got the better of her prudence.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Oldham," added she, rising at once. "I perceive, I ought not to have come here at all. But Mr. Scanlan said——"

She stopped. It was not always safe to repeat what Mr. Scanlan said, without some confirmatory or secondary evidence.

"Mr. Scanlan probably said a great many unnecessary things, as a man does when he is annoyed—and I fear I annoyed him very much that day. But you must pardon me, madame. Your husband is a young man, and he ought to put up a little with an old man like me. So ought you. My dear lady, will you not sit down again, and let us talk the matter quietly over?"

She obeyed, though it went against her grain, sorely. But the Rector was, as he said, an old man, who had been very kind to her and her children. She believed him to be really her friend—in fact, the only friend she had; since forlorn wives, whom the world supposes well protected, are, consequently, the most friendless women alive. Their one stay failing them, they can have no substitute; they must acquire strength enough to stand alone—or drop.

"Mr. Scanlan told me, of course, of the alternative—the fatal alternative, for me"—(here it was difficult to distinguish whether Mr. Oldham meant truth or satire)—"that if his income were not increased he would have to go at once to reside in London. It seems he has admirable prospects there!"

This last sentence, which, though stated as a fact, sounded more like a query, was met by Mrs. Scanlan with a dead silence. In truth, she was so surprised at finding all these things, upon which her husband had bound her to secrecy, made patent by him to the very last person she expected he would have told them to, that she could not find a word to say.

"Or else," pursued Mr. Oldham, "he thinks he has great prospects—which, in a person of my friend Scanlan's enthusiastic temperament, comes to the same thing. But in such important matters I always prefer having the lady's opinion likewise. What do you say? Is it your wish to leave Ditchley?"

"No. Decidedly no."

The old man looked pleased. "I

am glad of that. I should be sorry, madame, that after all these years you liked us so little that you were glad to run away. And besides I cannot feel that there are such vital objections to Ditchley. It is a pretty neighbourhood, with good society, a healthy place for children, and all that. Why should you go to London?"

"My husband wishes it."

"Yes, I remember he said he would be better appreciated there; would attract large congregations; get into the aristocratic evangelical set, and so on. He might; he is a clever man and a most—ahem!—most popular preacher. But at the same time, he might not. As I told him, it is just a chance; and if the chance fails, where is he? Also, where are you and the children?"

Mr. Oldham spoke in such a practical, kindly, common-sense way, having evidently taken in the position and thought it over, in a way that people seldom trouble themselves to think over their friends' affairs—that Mrs. Scanlan was a little relieved. He had not been offended, evidently, whatever unpleasant talk had passed between him and her husband. She felt extremely grateful to the old man, and expressed her gratitude warmly.

"No, no. You have nothing to thank me for; it is quite the other way. And I looked forward to having the pleasure of your society, and my friend Scanlan's, for some years—in fact till my years are done. It would be a great regret to me if you had to leave Ditchley."

"And to me also. In which," added she, recollecting herself, "I am sure my husband would join. He would hesitate very much at giving up his curacy. But necessity has no law." For it seemed as if the object of her visit were slipping away, so she forcibly brought herself back to the point. "It all comes to this, Mr. Oldham: we cannot live upon the income we have from you, and we have no other—not a halfpenny but what you give us."

"Indeed? I feared so, but I never was quite sure of it. You must have a sore pull sometimes. Poor lady!"

He just touched her hand, with which she had grasped the arm of his chair. What a thin hand it was! and marked with traces of toil, not usually seen on a lady's hand. Mrs. Scanlan drew it away at once.

"I do not complain," she said, rather proudly. "I shall make ends meet if I can, but just this year I have been unable to do it, and I feel quite miserable. Do you know, we actually owe fifteen pounds!"

"Fifteen pounds—what an alarming sum!" said the Rector, smiling.

"Not to you, perhaps; but to me it is alarming. It makes me shrink from going through Ditchley High Street. I think all men's eyes must be upon me.—'There is the clergyman's wife, she owes money, and she can't pay, or won't pay;' for how do they know which it is? Oh! Mr. Oldham, you may think lightly of it, but to me it is dreadful—intolerable!"

She spoke earnestly; almost with the tears in her eyes. It was so long since her heart had been opened to anybody, that once beginning to speak, she could not stop herself.

"You see, I never was used to this sort of thing. My father,—ah! if you had known my father! He would have gone hungry—many a time we have both gone hungry—but to go into debt! we would have shuddered at such a thing. Yes, you should have known my father," she repeated, and her tears began to start.

"I have never named the circumstance to you, madame, because it was not necessary," said Mr. Oldham gently; "but once in Paris, at the marriage of Mademoiselle his sister, whom I had met before, and much admired, I had the honour of seeing, for five minutes only, Monsieur le Vicomte de Bougainville."

Greatly astonished, but still unwilling to put questions which Mr. Oldham had evidently no intention of answering—indeed he seemed exceedingly to dislike the subject—Mrs. Scanlan sat silent; and the next moment the butler appeared, announcing lunch.

"You will allow me?" said the Rector, offering her his arm. "After luncheon we shall have an opportunity of talking our little business over."

The Curate's wife roused herself to necessary courtesy, and her courage, which had been slowly ebbing away, faintly revived. During the meal, she and Mr. Oldham conversed together in their usual pleasant way; on his favourite hobbies, his garden and so on; nay, he paid her every attention that he could think of; even sending for a bottle of his most precious Burgundy, in celebration, he said, of the rare honour of having her for his guest. His kindness comforted her even more than his wine.

Besides—alas! for poor mortality—to her, faint from her hot walk, this plentiful meal, more luxurious than any dinner she had had for months; and the peaceful eating of it, surrounded by the quiet atmosphere of wealthy ease, affected her with a sensation of unaccustomed pleasantness. She had never cared for luxuries when she had them: but now, in her long lack of them, they seemed to have acquired an adventitious value. She almost wished she had a beggar's wallet, and a beggar's cool effrontery, that she might take a portion of the delicately-cooked dinner home to her children, especially her sickly Adrienne; and she gazed round the large, cool, airy dining-room with an unconscious sigh.

"You seem to admire this room," said Mr. Oldham, smiling.

"Yes, I always did, you know. The Rectory is, to my mind, the prettiest house in Ditchley. And I have a weakness for all pretty things."

"So have I. And sometimes I think I might indulge it even more than I do; in collecting pictures for instance. But where would be the good of this? to an old bachelor like me, who cannot, at best, enjoy them long; and at my death they would be all dispersed. No, no; I have made up my mind to keep to my old plain ways, and leave extravagance for those that will come after me."

It was the first time Mr. Oldham had ever openly reverted to his heir or heirs. Of course they existed: rich men have

always a tribe of seventeenth cousins and so on, eager to drop in for what may be left them; but none such had ever appeared at Ditchley. The town and neighbourhood seemed as ignorant on the subject as Mrs. Scanlan; in fact, the general opinion was that Mr. Oldham meant to leave all his money to some charitable institution. He was, she knew, the last of his family—a sad thing in itself, and not a pleasant topic to speak upon with him—so she tried to turn the current of conversation by some commonplace remark; hoping that "those which came after him" would long be kept out of their inheritance.

"Thank you. However, when they do come into it, they will find it safe and sure. I take a good while to make up my mind, but having once made it up, I rarely change it. My heirs may count securely upon their property."

It was an odd remark, and Josephine was puzzled how to reply to it. Of course, it showed Mr. Oldham's friendly spirit towards herself and her interest in his affairs, thus to speak of them to her; but her own business was too near her heart, and she was pardonably in different as to who might or might not inherit Mr. Oldham's money. The humble fortunes of herself and her family were of much more importance to her, just then. Still she would not force the conversation; but she waited with nervous impatience for her host to quit the dining-room and lead the way into his study.

He did so at length; though even when there he settled himself in his chair, and pointed to her to take another, without testifying any immediate intention of beginning the subject which lay so close to her heart.

"Do you ever think of dying, Mrs. Scanlan?"

It was an odd question, odd even to ludicrousness, but she restrained her inclination to see it in that light, and said gravely,—

"In a religious point of view, do you mean, Mr. Oldham?"

"No; a worldly one. Do you consider yourself likely to have a long life?"

"My family were all long-lived, and I am myself, so far as I know, a very healthy person. Yes; I hope I shall live to see all my children grown up. God grant it!"

She slightly sighed. For, when in her last crisis of motherhood she had a nearer risk of her life than ordinary, it had struck her—what, if she were to die, leaving those poor little ones of hers with no shelter, no protection against the hard world, except their father? And since that time she had taken especial care of her own health, and striven hard against a weary longing for rest that sometimes came over her, praying that she might be forgiven for it, and not allowed to die until she was quite an old woman, or until her children needed her no more.

"My life is in God's hands," she resumed, "but, humanly speaking, I see no reason why it should not be a long one. I trust it will be, for my children's sake and my husband's."

"Your husband is less strong than you; at least he always tells me so. When he gets into a melancholy mood, he says he shall never live to be my age."

"I think he will, though," replied Mrs. Scanlan cheerfully, "especially if he has no very hard work, and resides always in the country. Which is one of my strong reasons for disliking to remove to London."

"Stay; we will enter upon that matter presently. Just now I wish to speak to you about—what I did not at first mean to tell you, but have decided that it is better I should—some private affairs of my own. A secret, in short. I know that you can keep a secret."

Mrs. Scanlan bent her head assentingly, wondering what on earth was coming next. Surely, she thought, it is not possible that the old man is going to be married! He was seventy-five, at least; yet such things do happen, even to septuagenarians. But his next sentence removed this doubt.

"It is a secret that you will have to keep for some time—possibly several years. And you must keep it implicitly

and entirely. You must not even tell it to your husband."

"Not tell my husband!" cried Josephine, drawing back. "Then, I think, Mr. Oldham, you had better not confide it to me at all. It is exceedingly difficult—not to enter upon the question of whether it is right or wrong—for any wife to keep a secret from her husband."

"May be; I have never had the advantage of being married, and am certainly not likely now to risk the experiment. But still, in the matter of Mrs. Waters you did not tell your husband."

"That was different," said she, hesitating.

"Nevertheless—here the case stands. Either you must promise not to communicate this fact to your husband, or I cannot confide it to you. And it is important—indeed of the most vital importance—that you should know it."

The Rector spoke decidedly, with that decision which, whenever he chose to exercise it, she was aware was inflexible. He did not care to fight about small things, but in great ones, when his mind was made up, you might as well attempt to move a mountain as Mr. Oldham.

"It is a secret," continued he, "which is exclusively mine; which would do Scanlan no good to learn, and might do him considerable harm. The greatest kindness I can show him, I honestly believe, is to keep it from him."

"Then why tell it to me?"

"Because you are another sort of a person. It could not possibly harm you, and might be useful to you in some degree—you and the children. I advise you to hear it, if only for the sake of the children."

"I hate mysteries," said Mrs. Scanlan uneasily, and turning over in her mind what this secret of the Rector's could possibly be; was it any difficulty between him and his bishop, in which Mr. Scanlan was also concerned? Or was it—this suggestion occurred to her as most probable—something relating to Mr. Scanlan's future; perhaps his chance of the next presentation to the living of Ditchley, on Mr. Oldham's

decease? The Rector's next words confirmed her in this idea.

"I hate mysteries, too, madame, unless they are quite unavoidable, as this is. I ask from you a plain Yes or No, nor can I give you any more information to influence you on the matter, except that when you know my secret, I believe, I am almost sure, that you will not think it necessary to go and live in London."

The temptation was sore. "Oh! Mr. Oldham," she said piteously, "why do you try me so hard?"

"I do it for your own good. Do you think I don't feel for you, my poor girl?" and his tone was almost paternal in its kindness. "But the circumstances of the case are quite inevitable. Either you must accept my secret, and keep it from your husband, and from every human being during my lifetime, or I shall consider the conditions void; and all things shall be as if they had never been."

"I do not understand——"

"There is no necessity that you should understand. Only, will you trust me? Have I not always been a good friend to you? Can you not believe that I shall remain so to the last? And I give you my honour—the honour of the last of the Oldhams"—added he with a sort of proud pathos, that went right to the heart of this mother of a rising race, "that what I ask of you will never trouble you, or grieve you, or compromise you in the smallest degree. It is my secret. I might have kept it from you to the last, only," with an air of amused benevolence, "I think you will be the better for hearing it. I think, too, that Scanlan himself would urge you to accept my conditions—if he knew."

"Let me tell him," pleaded the wife. "Let me just tell my husband that there is a secret; which he must allow me to keep, even from himself, for the present."

Mr. Oldham shook his head. "You Quixotic woman! You are like Charity, that 'believeth all things, hopeth all things.' But I know better. No, no. Don't mistake me. I like Scanlan very

much. He is a clever fellow; a pleasant fellow; he suits me as a curate. I never wish to part from him. Still, my dear lady, you do not require me to tell you that—that—" he hesitated—"Mrs. Scanlan is a very superior person to her husband."

Poor Mr. Oldham! in his ignorant bachelorhood, he had not a suspicion of the effect his compliment would produce.

The blood rushed violently into Josephine's face; she drew herself up with a haughtiness which he had never before seen.

"Sir!—Mr. Oldham!—you cannot surely mean what you are saying. Let us dismiss this subject, and confine ourselves entirely to the matter in hand—the matter my husband sent me to discuss with you. May we enter upon it at once? for I must go home to my children."

Mr. Oldham regarded her a moment, and then held out his hand almost humbly.

"Pardon, madame. I was forgetting myself, and speaking to you as if you were my daughter. You almost might have been. I was once in love with a lady very like you."

There was a slight twitch in the withered face, and the momentary emotion passed. Who the "lady" was, Mrs. Scanlan did not, of course, ask him. Years afterwards she had reason to think it might have been her aunt, that beautiful Mademoiselle Josephine de Bougainville who died young, soon after her marriage, which had been a marriage *de convenance*; but the real facts, buried far back in long forgotten years, Josephine never inquired into, and never learnt.

"The matter in hand, as you termed it," resumed Mr. Oldham, "is easily settled. I like you—I like your husband. I wish him to remain my curate as long as I live. Therefore, tell me how much income you think necessary for your comfort, and you shall have it. Give me my cheque-book there, state your sum, and we will arrange the matter at once. And now, may I tell you my secret?"

Mrs. Scanlan had listened in wondering thankfulness, too great for words; but now she recoiled. Evidently the old man was bent upon his point, and upon exacting his conditions to the letter. Her strait was very hard. The simple duty of a wife—to hide nothing from her husband; to hear nothing that she will require to hide—Josephine never doubted for a moment; but hers was an exceptional case.

She knew well enough, and was convinced the Rector knew, that Edward Scanlan was the last man in the world to be trusted with a secret. At least, so she should have said of him had he been any other man than her husband—and did his being her husband alter the facts of the case, or her judgment upon it? We may be silent concerning the weak points of our nearest and dearest; but to ignore them, to be wilfully blind to them, to refuse to guard against them, is, to any prudent and conscientiously-minded person, clearly impossible.

Could it be that in refusing the Rector's conditions, which her judgment told her he, who knew her husband's character as well as she did, was warranted in exacting, she was straining at gnats and swallowing camels? setting up a sham eidolon of wifely duty, and sacrificing to it the interests of her whole family, including her husband's?

"Are you sure it will never harm him—that he will never blame me for doing this?"

"Scanlan blame you?—Oh! no. Quite impossible," answered the Rector, with a slight curl of the lip. "I assure you, you may quiet all apprehensions on that score. He will consider it the best thing you could possibly do for him."

Yet, still poor Josephine hesitated. That clear sense of the right, which had always burnt in her heart with a steady flame, seemed flickering to and fro, turned and twisted by side winds of expediency. The motto of the De Bougainville family, "*Fais ce que tu dois, advienne que pourra*," rung in her ears with a mocking iteration. In her girlhood she had obeyed it always—had dared everything, doubted nothing.

Could wifehood and motherhood have made her less honourable, less brave?

"Come," said Mr. Oldham, "this is too important a matter for you to give, or me to take, a rash answer. There is a blank cheque, fill it up as you think fair. And meantime go into the garden and look at my roses, just for a quarter of an hour."

With gentle force he led her to the French window of his study, handed her through and closed it behind her, shutting her out alone in the sunshiny garden.

Therein she wandered about for fully the prescribed time. What inward struggle she went through, who can know? Whether she was able to satisfy herself that she was doing right; that circumstances justified what, in most other women's case, would actually be wrong, and she would have been the first to pronounce wrong—who can tell? Or, perhaps, goaded on by the necessities of her hard lot, she deliberately set aside the question of whether her act was right or wrong, and was determined to do it—for her children's sake. If anything could turn a woman into a thief, a murderess, a sinner of any sort, I think it would be for the love of, or the terror for, her children.

I do not plead for Josephine Scanlan, I only pity her. And I feel—ay, I feel it even with my own husband's honest eyes looking into mine—that, had my lot been hers, I should have acted exactly the same.

She came back to Mr. Oldham.

"Well, my dear lady, have you decided?"

"Yes. You may tell me anything you like, and so long as you live I will keep your secret faithfully."

"As you did Mrs. Waters'?"

"That was a different matter—but I will keep your secret too—even from my husband."

"Thank you." And Mr. Oldham shook her hand warmly. "You shall never regret the—the sacrifice."

But now that he had her promise, he seemed in no hurry to claim it. He finished writing out the cheque, putting

in a sum a little beyond that which she had named, and then taking up his hat and stick, composedly accompanied her round the garden, pointing out his favourite flowers and his various improvements.

"That Banksia rose, is it not fine? I shall train it all over the verandah. Indeed, I have thought of making a proper rosery, or rosarium; but it would be expensive, and is hardly worth while, since the Rectory comes into other hands at my death. Oldham Court, however, will be the property of my successor—and a very fine property it is—quite unencumbered. My heirs might run through it in no time; however, I shall take care to prevent that. My friend and executor, Dr. Waters, and my lawyer, are both remarkably acute, firm, and honourable men."

"Oh! yes," replied poor Josephine, answering at random, for her patience was at its last gasp. But still Mr. Oldham went on talking—she scarcely heard what—about everything except the important secret; and not until the very last minute, when he had let her out at the gate and stood leaning against it, still conversing with her, and regarding her in a tender, wistful sort of way, did he refer to what he had to tell.

"I am laying on you a heavy burthen, you think, Mrs. Scanlan? Perhaps it

is so. But be easy, you may not have to bear it very long. Only during my lifetime."

"That may be, I trust, many years."

"And, possibly, not one year. I had a slight seizure the other day, which made me arrange all my affairs. But do not speak of this. It is of no consequence. Go home now, and mind, what I have to tell you must make no difference there; everything must go on as heretofore. Only you need not come to me again, looking the picture of despair, as you did to-day."

"Well, I do not return in despair, thanks to your kindness. And on my next visit I will take care to put on my best looks, and bring a child or two with me, to amuse myself and you. Shall I?"

"Certainly. Yours are charming children, and—" he added, becoming suddenly grave, "do not torment yourself any more about their future; it is not necessary. This is my secret—a very simple one. Yesterday I made my will, and I left you my heiress. Not a word. Adieu!"

He turned, and walked quickly back into his garden. Mrs. Scanlan stood, transfixed with astonishment, at the Rectory gate; and then, there being nothing else left for her to do, she also turned and walked home.

To be continued.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY MISS YONGE.

II. DIDACTIC FICTION.

THE reign of didactic fiction for children was inaugurated by the Edgeworth family, who produced a great and lasting effect upon education and juvenile study. It is always difficult to believe that they were Irish, so unlike was the whole tone of character to the ordinary national one, except in a certain ardour and intolerance. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, husband to four wives in succession, father of twenty children, and with a true genius in his eldest daughter, had certainly unusual facilities for studying "practical education," and between himself and his daughter Maria much that was really wise and valuable was enunciated, though mixed with a good deal that was absurd and pragmatism. He was the first who impressed the public mind with the seemingly wise but excessively foolish maxim, that nothing should be taught to children that they cannot understand. It is almost inconceivable that a man with so many young people around him should have been so utterly blind to that curiously disproportionate power of memory with which childhood is gifted, as if for the very purpose of accumulating stores for future use, as well as to the almost equal delight in the mysterious and half comprehended. Such instincts are absolutely condemned by him as either conceit or imitation, or the mere love of pretty sounds. He would allow children to enter no temple of wisdom that their own rushlight cannot thoroughly illuminate, to tread no path which their reason does not accept—never to be satisfied without replies to their ever-recurring "why and wherefore." Nothing is too grand, mysterious, and sacred, too precious or too important, to be either reduced to their level or ignored: the discipline of unquestioning obedience,

the duty of enforced attention, the reverence of awe, the joy of beauty beyond comprehension, are all denied to them. In truth, Richard Edgeworth must have been singularly deficient either in imagination or sense of beauty. Looking back at the joint works of himself and his daughter, it is strange to find how little there is of sense of admiration. There is actual condemnation of any sort of purchase for the sake of pleasing the eye; the strongest appreciation of the beauties of scenery that we can remember is of the oaks of Wootton—of poetry, of Darwin's Botanic Garden, and of Pope's gaudy and falsified translation of Homer's moonlight simile; music is never dwelt on, and even in childhood we were scandalized at the utter indifference to a picture-gallery supposed to be natural to the young, when we remembered gazing with strange dreamy delight at, among others, a copy of the Madonna della Sedia, at Paul Potter's Evening, and at Erminia and her shepherds in the National Gallery.

Practice was probably better than theory in Mr. Edgeworth. An able man, always instructing his children, and exciting them to activity of mind, he had no means of seeing that the never putting a spade into ground that could not easily be dug up, led to unwillingness ever to go deep; and that reading nothing not easily understood might be a habit retained through life. He did much by awakening attention in parents, and showing them useful methods; and his daughter, a genius far beyond himself, gave a life and animation to all his tenets, which carried them far and wide.

Their first joint juvenile work, the "Parent's Assistant," was, we believe,

intended to supplement the "Evenings at Home." It is curious to see how Maria Edgeworth's dramatic power made this, compared with those little polished hard pebbles, a chain of bright crystals reflecting every phase of childhood in true and brilliant colours, but still—just not diamonds.

Another thing that is strange is, how such sticklers for accuracy and truth committed such strange pieces of negligence and ignorance as are to be found in the "Parent's Assistant." Had they no Eton friends to describe to them the absurdities of their Montem? Did they not know the Neapolitan nature better than to make the public opinion of the children drum out of the market-place a boy convicted of lying and cheating? Did they really suppose that, even in glass hives, bees amiably allowed their mistress to come, like "Simple Susan," with a spoon, and help herself to a slice of their comb without more ado; and did they imagine Hereford Cathedral¹ to be solely the charge of a churchwarden? Was this the consequence of the father Edgeworth's complacency in his universal knowledge, or was it the effect of that generation's happy immunity from criticism?

Sir Walter Scott was a great admirer of "Simple Susan," and was heard to say that "when the boy brings back the lamb to the little girl, there is nothing for it but to put down the book and cry." We can imagine him to have worked up his own feelings to this pitch when reading to his children, or mayhap to the gifted little Marjorie Fleming, who, amidst the much stronger (not to say tainted) meats mentioned in her diary, speaks of "Miss Edgeworth's tales" with passing approbation. In general, Maria seldom ventures on the pathetic, and only successfully in a few Irish portraits. Usually, she is as cold as she is clear, and perhaps is therefore all the more wholesome reading for children, whose susceptibilities are much better left unstirred by mere fiction. "Simple Susan," "Lazy Lawrence," the

"Orphans," and "Waste not, Want not," are the best tales in the "Parent's Assistant." The Orphans, as well as the "scotching" children on the road to Dunstable, do indeed perform wonderful feats, but a belief in infinite possibility is dear to the young, and very good for them. Mademoiselle Panache is a portrait of a class of French governesses which we suppose existed in those days. It is only made good for children by the clever painting of the young Helen's hasty friendship, and foolish love of making trumpery presents—a fashion over-prevalent in our day. The "Fila-gree Basket" is thoroughly Edgeworthian. Poor Rosamond, who here first saw the light, is dumbfounded by her wise father and mother's inquiries, why a person's birthday should be kept more than any other day of her life; and her attempts at present-making are not directed, nor assisted, but permitted to stultify themselves. This was part of the system, and on her next appearance in "Early Lessons," this poor, ill-used child is, by way of wholesome lesson, allowed to give the price of a needful pair of shoes for a purple jar in a chemist's shop, without being warned that the colour is not resident in the glass, but only in the liquid within. If it ever happened, it was a most unjustifiable trick! Yet some of the lessons to Rosamond upon present or future enjoyment have lasted us our life. The minor morals of life have never been better treated than by Maria Edgeworth. "Principles," as she calls them—by which is meant religious faith producing obedience to moral precepts—are taken for granted; and the good sense, honour, and expediency of life are the theme. It is a high-minded expediency, the best side of Epicureanism. Honesty is the best policy, but policy it always is: success is always the object and the reward, but it is not a showy, gaudy gratification of vanity, although it may be of pride. Truth and moral courage are evidently the favourite qualities, and honour is kept very high and true. There is also a contempt for mere pleasures of the senses, which is very wholesome; a

¹ Popular Tales, "The Limerick Gloves."

disdain for sugar-plums and fine clothes, which it would be well to renew in the present generation.

Something of this was due to the reaction in favour of simplicity that preceded the French Revolution. The grand severity of the classic philosopher was the ideal. The sight of the foul orgies of the French court and noblesse, and the still coarser and ruder revels of English rakes, made a strict regimen noble and beautiful in comparison. Every better instinct awoke in favour of the avoidance of all manner of excess. Religion, then reviving in a stern puritanical form, strongly supported this spirit of abstemiousness; with what effect is testified by our fine elderly men, slender eaters, often water drinkers, looking with disgust at food taken at irregular times, despising smoking simply on the ground of its being a mere bodily indulgence; and utterly unable to comprehend the theory of later times which prizes physical indulgence as a right and attribute of the complete human creature. Alcibiades, rather than Aurelius, has become the modern model.

But we have wandered from Richard Edgeworth and the pedantic maxims or proverbs which he set his daughter to illustrate, and between the narrow banks of which her bright genius flowed through the twelve volumes of "Popular, Moral, and Fashionable Tales." We wish that some of these could be published afresh, apart from the rest, for they are a great mixture, and some are by no means fitted for the young (for whom indeed they were not intended). "Manceuvring," "Vivian," "Ennui," and "The Absentee," in "Fashionable Tales;" the "Bad French Governess," in "Moral Tales;" and the less known "Legacy," in "Popular Tales,"—are all admirable novelettes. "Lame Jervis" is much too interesting to be forgotten, and would be much liked by the lads of a parish library: and the "Good Aunt," the "Good French Governess," in "Moral Tales," "Emilie de Coulanges," and "Madame de Fleury" in the "fashionable" volumes, would make a charming book for young people. The last of

these is, we believe, a veritable history of a benevolent lady; and nothing can be better than the lesson in "Emilie de Coulanges" against spoiling generosity in great things by fretful exactions in little ones. There is something very touching in the manner in which the French emigrant noblesse occur in several of these stories, with their distresses, their strange resources, and their unflinching cheerfulness; but Madame de Coulanges and her daughter Emilie are the best of all, the one in her frivolity, the other in her sweetness. Another capital story among the "Moral Tales" is the "L'Amie Inconnue," where the romantic girl absolutely runs away from home to throw herself into the arms of the authoress of certain Rosa Matilda novels, with whom she has enjoyed a sentimental correspondence. We believe the idea was taken from the "Female Quixote" (which, however, we have never seen), but it is carried out with more wit, and less caricature, than Mr. Paget's "Lucretia."

"Early Lessons" began under Mr. Edgeworth's superintendence, but by and by they developed into their far more charming sequels. Frank—though a little too much of an Edgeworthian Emile—is a real, fresh, bright boy, with his fits of idleness and self-improvement, his beloved pony Felix, his magnificent attempt at an orrery, and his regrets that he cannot be a self-taught genius. We have no doubt that he is exactly what a well-disposed Edgeworthian boy would be, and to our childhood he was a dear friend and companion. Rosamond is quite equal as a portrait, and some of the lessons to which she gives occasion still remain unapproached in excellence. Excuses, airs and graces, and false daring and timidity (see the Black Lane), are all treated with a light grace and good sense, perhaps, only surpassed in the "Conversations d'Emilie" mentioned above.

We hear that children dislike these books now, as being dry. Is it the natural impatience of the last generation's fashions, or is it that they are

too much used to sentiment, rapid incident, and broad fun, to appreciate quiet detail? As to "Harry and Lucy," a certain exertion of mind is necessary for reading it, and Scott, whose imaginative nature would naturally shrink from science and mechanics, laughed at it; but we hold to its real value. First principles are capitally explained, and better popularised than we have ever seen them elsewhere, and they are well relieved by characteristic sketches of that thorough girl Lucy, and her plodding, persevering brother. That long journey of theirs, through the Black Country and among the Staffordshire potteries, will long be memorable in our eyes, and all the more so because they travelled post in their own carriage, and relieved the way with sense and nonsense, ranging from Humboldt's travels to "the grand Panjandrum himself." Miss Edgeworth seldom came nearer to pathos than in the account of Harry's accident; and the day during his convalescence, when Lucy insisted on "feeding him on nothing but plums," has acted as a salutary warning to us through life.

These works of Maria Edgeworth's spread through a long space, reaching from the youth of the grandmothers to that of the mothers of the present generation. Their influence was very wide, and scarcely anything of equal importance rose up coevally with them, not at least in the same style. All the "story-books" of the period bear their impress, and have the same coldness without the same freshness. Even Mary Russell Mitford, though writing so deliciously of children, could not write for them. She saw them from outside, not from within, and her juvenile tales are not spontaneous overflows of good-humoured love of village nature seen through rose-coloured spectacles, but all smack of being done as task-work for the *Annals*, that preceded the more modern magazines, of which there were none for children except a very clever "*Juvenile Spectator*." Mrs. Hofland was, perhaps, the most voluminous writer, but in general she

wearisomely exaggerated the Edgeworth fashion of making children support the whole family by wonderful exertions and inventions. Now children have no objection to see themselves made valuable and important, but Mrs. Hofland's sons and daughters of genius do not remain children after the first few pages, and after exertions and successes beyond the reach of sympathy, pass into the uninteresting grown-up world. Her "Rich Boys and Poor Boys," and "Young Crusoe," seem to our memory her only really interesting books. But among all the juvenile library of this date, how shines out Mary Lamb's "Mrs. Leicester's School!" It is one of those books of real force and beauty that made a mark in our mind long, long ere we knew that books had authors, and that authors had different degrees of fame. The volume was not our own, but was devoured at a young companion's house, certainly before our eleventh year. The child leading her uncle to her mother's tombstone, the little changeling, the Mahomedan fever, the church bells that were taken for angels singing, all dwelt with us in a delightful dream that we longed to renew, and when the next opportunity came it led to dire disgrace, for we sat a whole afternoon shut up in a book-cupboard with Mrs. Leicester's wonderful scholars, utterly unsocial and deaf to the more commonplace living companions. It is a book that is nearly safe from becoming forgotten. Another really clever book was Mrs. Penrose's "Mrs. Markham's Children's Friend," which contained some capital stories and dramas, with more of the element of fun than was often found in books of the time. An early production of Agnes Strickland (we believe) stands out in our mind as full of interest. It was called "The Rival Crusoes," and gave the story of a youth, who had been taken by a press-gang to oblige a tyrannical marquis, finding himself *tête-à-tête* on a desert island with the nobleman's midshipman son. How the two youths held aloof in pride and hatred, how they found themselves silently burying their com-

rades together, how they stalked apart in gloom, till Philip, missing Lord Robert, found him nearly dead of fever, and how they were fast friends long before they were rescued, is well told, and raises the book far above the ordinary desert island. "Leila," Miss Fraser Tytler's much-loved island story, is the most improbable of all. It is less good than her "Mary and Florence," her only real imagination, and the second and third parts are almost absurd for their crowd of improbabilities.

Worthy, too, was Mrs. Whateley's "Reverses, or the Fairfax Family," a book with something of the stiff wisdom of the time, but full of character, and almost historical from the picture of a voyage to, and settlement in, Canada before the days of steam. There are two excellent fairy tales, which are almost unique in their endeavour to treat fairies with proper respect to their traditions. For fifty years, fairyland had been under a ban. The reading of fairy tales had, from Madame de Genlis downwards, been treated as an intolerable folly; and if the poor things were mentioned at all, it was in the most arbitrary manner. Sometimes they became the torments of the naughty, sometimes the rewarders of the good, sometimes they were beneficent or malevolent old ladies, sometimes poor little sprites, loaded with priggishness. They became actual moral qualities, like Order and Disorder; kept halls of discipline, or, worse still, of science and natural history; and the only thing not dreamt of, was that they belonged to a beautiful and curious system of popular mythology, which it was a pity arbitrarily to confuse. Mrs. Whateley, however, from no doubt an innate sense of the fitness of things, made her fairies suit with genuine elfin lore, even while they had a moral, and a very good one.

In fact, we have omitted the first real good fairy book that had found its way to England since "Puss in Boots" and Co.: we mean Mr. Edgar Taylor's translation and selection of Grimm's collection under the title of "German Popular Tales," with admirable illus-

trations by Cruikshank. Here was once again the true unadulterated fairy tale, and happy the child who was allowed to revel in it—perhaps the happier if under protest, and only permitted a sweet daily taste. We rejoice to see that the whole book, illustrations and all, has been reproduced by Mr. Hotten, with a preface by Mr. Ruskin. It is a much safer and better-weeded book than the fuller collection illustrated by Wehnert, and published by Addy, but without Mr. Taylor's excellent notes.

Croker's "Irish Tales" followed, and, though not professedly intended for children, were soon heartily loved. Once for all, let us state our opinion of fairy lore. It has become the fashion to speak of children and fairy tales as though they naturally belonged together, and so they do, but it is the genuine—we had almost said authentic—fairy tale, taken in moderation, that is the true delight of childhood. The trumpery, arbitrary, moral fairy only spoils the taste of the real article; and the burlesque fairyland is still worse, for its broad fun, slang, and modern allusion destroy the real poetry and romance of childhood, and foster that unnatural appetite for the facetious which is the bane of the young. Why should the lovely princes and princesses, the dreamy groves and glittering palaces, that childish imagination ought to revel in, and brighten its sense of the unseen, be made mere occasions for trumpery parodies, and lowered to make Cockneys laugh? The burlesque has found its way into children's literature, and is fast vulgarizing every sweet nook of fairyland, which has come to be considered as a mere field for pantomime. A real traditional fairy tale is a possession.

"Tales from the Norse" is nearly as good, in its way, as "German Popular Tales," and infinitely better in style; and we were lately edified by the delight which a family of young children took in Miss Frere's "Old Decan," proving, we suppose, the congeniality of the Aryan tale. Mrs. Craik has made an excellent collection of old

English fairy-tales in her "Book of Fairies" in the "Golden Treasury;" and with these, and those we have mentioned above, young people would be provided with the real classics of fairy lore, and would soon learn to regard them with the same sort of respect as the conclave of Olympus, with whom no one now-a-days thinks of taking liberties. The pseudo-fairy, whether moral or comic, is an absolute injury to both taste and antiquarianism.

Far away, indeed, was the whole supernatural world banished by the educationalists who, in the track of Tutor, George, and Harry, in "Evenings at Home," strove to improve the young mind. Joyce's "Scientific Dialogues," and Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Chemistry," were as stiff as if they had not been broken into question and answer with names inserted; we believe they were sound and correct as far as they went, but the century has gone on too fast for them, and Mrs. Marcet is better known now by her "Seasons," the "Willie Book," as it is still tenderly called in many a nursery where it is the first step in literature beyond "Little Charles." And her "Mary's Grammar" is precious in the schoolroom.

Walks with fathers, uncles, mothers, maiden aunts and governesses, were made to teach everything imaginable,—commerce, mineralogy, the Wars of the Jews, botany, geography,—all being decorated with dainty little steel engravings, two or three in a page. We remember diligently extracting the small sandwiches of story, and carefully avoiding the improving substance. One successful writer may, however, be honourably mentioned,—Maria Hack. Her "Winter Evenings, or Tales of Travellers," are admirable, and are the more valuable now, as the books they are taken from have drifted out of reach. They are far the best of their class, and stand unrivalled even in these days. She likewise put a certain Harry Beaufoy through three series of conversations, diluting Paley's "Natural Theology," Keith's "Evidence of Prophecy," and geology at about the Buck-

land era. These are all delightful in their way. It was our "entering" with geology, and served as a foundation to all subsequently learnt. Her "True Stories from Ancient History," and ditto from modern, were also good in their line, the former the best, inasmuch as it is minced Rollin, while the other is only minced "Russell's Modern Europe." But they belong to a class whose commencement was with the ever memorable and fascinating "Tales of a Grandfather," a book thoroughly fulfilling its design of being easy enough for childhood, and yet of not being too puerile for manhood to be interested in. Its description of the removal of Bruce's remains always has seemed to us one of the most perfect specimens of simplicity and pathos that was ever produced. No child's history has ever come near it for beauty; but then who could hope to write like Scott, and on his own familiar ground? Croker's "Stories from the History of England" come nearest to it in charm of manner, but *longo intervallo*; and all the rest, Mrs. Markham's, Lady Callcott's, Miss Sewell's, and many more, though very good for those who want to learn history, do not teach history by their own charm. We mean Lady Callcott's "Spain." Her "Little Arthur's England," though happening to be just in the style that children like and understand, is so full of inaccuracies of fact that we wonder no subsequent edition has corrected them.

Another variety of books sprang up in the early part of this century; namely, the Sunday story, or religious fiction. Hannah More's Cheap Repository Tracts had long been almost alone, when Mrs. Sherwood, just before she went out to India, published a little tale called "Susan Gray," and after an absence of nearly twenty years came home and found it universally read and pirated. It is a short story of a village girl, who is apprenticed to a dress-maker, and shows great firmness in resisting the addresses of a young officer, backed by her wicked mistress. Finally she is driven to such straits that she

runs away in a thunderstorm, reaches her native village, and dies of decline. One would not have thought this a very desirable story for children, but from its beginning with young girls, and from the religious talk therein contained, it was regarded as a Sunday study, and the peculiar prettiness of Mrs. Sherwood's writings rendered it a great favourite. The young women for whom it was primarily intended read it with great avidity, but we have our doubts whether it was beneficial; we suspect that the rank of Susan's lover gave it one charm in their eyes.

Mrs. Sherwood's writing is peculiar. Her descriptions of all that is pleasant to the young have a certain simplicity and earnestness of detail that go to the very heart's core, and some of her strangest episodes are told with a naïve straightforwardness, that may be either dry humour or the utter absence of it. Her "Stories on the Catechism," though about a little Mary, are cast in barracks in India; and her heroine, a sergeant's daughter, illustrates, or sees illustrated, the breach of the Commandments one after another, without mincing matters, while the lessons at the end of each chapter reflect the shifting opinions of a very untaught and conceited though pious mind. "The Fairchild Family" has more of her felicitous descriptions, and the gusto with which she dwells on new dolls and little tea-drinkings with good old ladies earned fervent love for the book, not diminished by the absolutely sensational naughtiness of Henry, Lucy, and Emily, and the dreadful punishments they underwent. Their second part is even worse than most second parts, but their first is, we suspect, still dear to many. Mrs. Sherwood was first in the field of pious slaughter: "Henry and his Bearer," and the feminine counterpart, "Lucy and her Dhayè," were both Anglo-Indian children pining to convert their native attendant and dying in the meantime. "Emma and her Nurse" follows in the same line, only the nurse-girl converts the child she waits on, and watches her death-bed; and a crowd of other tales of

all sizes were so written as to touch a certain chord of sentiment never before appealed to in the same style, and inculcating a kind of Calvinistic piety. Mrs. Sherwood ranged all over the world, in all times. The poor Shepherd-Lord Clifford is brought in as an advanced Calvinist. Thanks to Lollardism, we have the "Vaudois Persecutions," and then again an Italian "Nun," whom at one time we used to admire unspeakably. No doubt Mrs. Sherwood was an effective writer, and a little discipline and real instruction would have raised her much higher. Her "Faithful Little Girl" is, we believe, her very best specimen, combining high aims, home truths, and a very beautiful and practical allegory, tenderly and well told and explained.

Her sister, Mrs. Cameron, shared her labours, and produced many nice little practical books. "The Polite Little Children" is one that ought to be brought to light again for its excellence. Mrs. Sherwood was the mother of two genera of books—the religious story of the poor and of the rich. The Religious Tract Society was soon spreading pious little tales of both classes far and wide—tales which inculcated sudden conversion, and very frequently ended in an early death, yet which still had a certain spirit and earnestness which made them attractive in spite of their sameness, and gained them a strong hold upon many minds. We would mention among the most really notable books of this school, "Anna Ross," the story of a little girl of nine years old, whose father is wounded at Waterloo, and who goes with her mother to nurse him. On arriving, their meeting with his funeral is described in a really touching manner. The mother, already much out of health, sinks under the shock, and Anna is to spend half a year with each of her guardian uncles in succession, and then to choose with which of them shall be her home. Her first six months are spent in a fashionable school-room at Edinburgh, with a disagreeable governess, and cross, frivolous cousins, and in an alternation of difficult lessons

and stiff appearances in the drawing-room. The second period is passed in a manse among the mountains, with the kindest of uncles and aunts, and well-brought up cousins, all full of helpfulness and good nature, though of course without the luxuries of riches to which Anna had become accustomed. Then the choice is made, and Anna, of course, chooses the Manse, where her return is celebrated by a most charmingly described succession of bonfires upon every hill, and we feel that she is perfectly happy, and rejoice with her. The weak point in the book seems to us to be that it is no sacrifice, but the reverse, for Anna to remain with the good uncle. The fine clothes, and driving in a curicle, and the hopes of future fortune are not by any means likely to counterbalance the charms of the free life of the moorland manse; and if the author means to make comparison of a worldly life with a religious one, she made the contrast stronger than it would necessarily have been. There was nothing to dazzle Anna at her Uncle Ross's schoolroom, nothing to repel her from her Uncle Murray's manse, but it may be well to leave children's sympathies enlisted against the gaiety which certainly is not sufficient for happiness.

Most of the tales of this kind are open to much graver objections. Without pausing to consider the doctrine they teach, the manner of it is undesirable, because obtrusive. Little children amaze their elders, and sometimes perfect strangers, by sudden inquiries whether they are Christians, or as to their personal love for God; they judge their superiors, and utter sentiments which are too apt to pass for practice; while the mixture of sentimentality with religion, the direful judgments brought on the unconverted, and the prominence given to feeling and conscious piety, are all undesirable. Moreover, when the Tract Society had pledged itself to introduce the central doctrine of the Christian Faith in every publication, of whatever size, it undertook what was not possible without

frequent irreverence. Much was doubtless done towards establishing a high standard of purity of reading, and beguiling the hours of the Sunday that once were weary; but something was also done towards rendering habits frivolous, and promoting the notion that a tale interlarded with religious reflections is a religious study. Example is often very precious, and establishes a maxim better than many comments, but the maxim and its deep why and wherefore are apt to be smothered under the Ellens and Lucys who are meant to bring it into action.

The species has of late culminated in "Ministering Children," a book multiplied by thousands, owing to a certain pleasantness of practical detail in the early pages, running on into the mawkish sweetness and sentiment that is peculiarly acceptable to a certain stage of development in children and in nursery maids. The two American books, "The Wide Wide World" and "Queechy," have much the same claim to popularity—enhanced, however, by a real freshness and beauty of description in dealing with life in American farm-houses, and scenes in the depths of the forests. But these, as well as many more for which we have a much greater regard, have the very grave and really injurious effect of teaching little girls to expect a lover in any one who is good-natured to them. Nothing ought to be more rigidly avoided, for it fills the child with foolish expectations and dreams, which poison her simplicity of mind and her present enjoyment. It is true that many beautiful lifelong attachments have dated from early childhood, but these must be spontaneous, not the effect of imitation. Nothing is prettier in real life, or in a story, than such affections, but we would entreat writers to withstand the temptation of representing them, and to recollect that though boys seldom are influenced by story-books, yet that girls are, and that theirs being the passive side, unable to take the initiative, is exactly that which it is most cruel to impress with vain aspirations.

Fortunately, most healthily constituted children become weary of a story so soon as it touches upon the sentiment of love, but it is those who do like to dwell upon it, that should least be permitted what can be suggestive of application to themselves.

Belonging to this genus, yet rising above it by force of cleverness, is Miss Sinclair's "Holiday House," where the quaint naughtiness of the children, and their unrivalled power of getting into scrapes, is delightful, and the conversation as amusing as it is improbable, being one continued succession of good things—perpetual rockets fired off impartially by Grandmother, Uncle, Nurse Crabtree, and naughty children, till we stand amazed at such a blaze of wittiness, and do not feel in the least prepared to find ourselves beside the ordinary stamp of pious death-bed. Miss Sinclair, however, deferred to a second part the novelish termination, and we defy any child to anticipate that Laura is there married to the converted Peter Gray. Indeed, the conclusion looks as if it had been written to please some youthful admirers of the original book.

Of course there are many more stories of this description than we have space to mention. It is a class that is generally given up to utter reprobation by the critical world, the very words, "a

religious tale," being almost contemptuous. The real flaw, of course, is that the author, as the Providence of the book, can twist the narrative to point the moral, and sometimes does so unjustifiably, as in a story we dimly recollect where the white feathers of a riding-hat are one day envied, and shortly after are seen (we used to think they were the same) on their late owner's hearse. The principle of "Don't care came to a bad end" ought not to be too often followed out. But a "religious tale," overloaded with controversy, and with forced moral, should be carefully distinguished from a tale constructed on a strong basis of religious principle, which attempts to give a picture of life as it really is seen by Christian eyes. The leader in such writing was Manzoni, whose "Promessi Sposi" has always seemed to us the type of the novel of the religious mind. It is, of course, not a book for mere children, and we would deprecate the reading it merely by way of an Italian lesson, as there are long regions of desert in it that might deter a laborious reader, and we only mention it here as showing what the right sort of religious tale may be, drawing out the poetry of all that is good, enlisting the sympathies on behalf of purity, faith, and forgiveness, and making vice hateful and despicable.

To be continued.

THE LEGEND OF THE PRINCESS TARAKANOF.

BY W. R. S. RALSTON.

MANY of the visitors to the Paris Exhibition of 1867 will remember a striking picture in the Russian section, representing the interior of a cell in the Petropavlovsky Fortress at St. Petersburg, during the great inundation of 1777. It is a picture which cannot fail to produce a strong and a very painful impression on all who see it. Through the broken window of the cell the turbid water is pouring in a great wave: the room is already half flooded, and will soon be completely submerged. On the bed a young girl is standing, pale and evidently half fainting with fear, and a number of mice are swimming towards it, or, like her, have already taken refuge upon it. The bare aspect of the dreary prison-chamber contrasts strongly with the richness of the young girl's dress, worn and faded as it is, and so does the wild look of despair upon her face with the beauty of the features and the grace of the form of one who seems to have been fitted for far other scenes, for a widely different fate. Few of the spectators who saw this picture of Flavitsky's turned away from it without a wish to know something about the story which it illustrated, and which the catalogue informed them was known as "The Legend of the Princess Tarakanof." That story we now purpose to tell. It has often been told before, but—as far as English narrators are concerned—always wrongly, and yet it is well worthy of being told aright. But its true nature has not very long been made known even in Russia. It was not till Alexander II. came to the throne that the papers were allowed to be examined on which the book is

founded, and from which we are about to take our facts.¹ It is not wonderful, therefore, that the old legend should not yet have been displaced in England by a true version of the story.

The legend runs as follows. After the Empress Catharine II. had mounted the throne, she discovered that a rival, whose claims might become dangerous to her, existed in the person of a Princess Tarakanof. This princess was the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth by her marriage with Count Razumovsky. She had been brought up abroad in great seclusion, and was living at the time in Italy. Catharine determined to get hold of her, and sent Count Alexis Orlov to Italy, on purpose to entrap her. He contrived to gain the confidence and to win the heart of the young girl, who was very beautiful and exceedingly charming. Having deluded her by a false marriage, he got her entirely into his power, inducing her to believe that he was going to espouse her cause and make her Empress of Russia. One day she went on board his ship at Leghorn. At first she was treated with the honours proper to royalty, but was suddenly arrested, loaded with irons, confined in the hold, and carried off to Russia. On arriving there she was thrown into a fortress, and treated in the most barbarous manner. Six years afterwards she perished in her prison, during an inundation of the Neva. Such is the legend. We pass on now to the true story.

The Empress Elizabeth was of a very impressionable character. Early in life, some time before she came to the throne, she fell desperately in love with a young officer named Shubine, and wished to

¹ The book was published last year at St. Petersburg, under the title of "Knyazna Tarakanova i Printsessa Vladimirovskaya." P. Melnikova [Princess Tarakanova and the Princess of Vladimir. By P. Melnikof], but

its substance had already appeared in some of the Russian periodicals. A German translation of part of it has been published at Berlin, under the title of "Die vergebliche Tochter der Kaiserin Elisabeth Petrowna."

marry him. But before the marriage could be brought about, he was suddenly arrested, and banished to Kamschatka, by the reigning Empress Anna. Elizabeth consoled herself as she best could, but she did not forget her former lover, and after her accession sent a confidential agent all over Kamschatka in search of him. For many months that officer travelled about the country seeking him in vain; all his inquiries were fruitless. No one had ever heard of such a name as Shubine. But at last one day, while he was talking to a group of exiles, he happened to mention the name of the Empress Elizabeth. "Is Elizaveta Petrovna now on the throne?" asked one of them. The officer replied in the affirmative, but the exile seemed to doubt the fact, until he was shown an official document in which Elizabeth was named as Empress. "If that is the case," said the convict, "the Shubine whom you are asking about is standing before you." Elizabeth's long-lost lover was found at last. On his arrival at St. Petersburg Elizabeth received him very kindly, made him a major-general, and conferred various other honours upon him. But the years he had passed in exile had produced a great change in him. His bodily health was shattered, and his thoughts had turned to religion, and especially to its ascetic side. He soon retired from the court, and before long he died. His last days were spent in the country, on an estate which the Empress had given him. There, in the village church, are preserved to this day a costly picture of the Saviour and a precious relic, both presented by Elizabeth to her former lover in remembrance of her early attachment.

After Shubine's banishment Elizabeth had turned her attention to another lover. In the same year with herself, in 1709, a certain Alexis Razum had come into the world, the son of a simple Cossack in Little Russia. As the young Alexis grew up, it was discovered that he had a magnificent voice, and he became one of the choristers in the village church. There

he was heard one day by an agent collecting singers for the imperial chapel, by whom he was at once transferred to St. Petersburg, where Elizabeth saw him, and took a fancy to him. As soon as she mounted the throne she began to confer on him the first of a long series of honours. The young Cossack Razum soon became the great noble Razumovsky, Count of the Roman as well as of the Russian empire. In the year 1744 the Empress first made him a field-marshal and then married him. From that time till the end of her life he bore himself very discreetly, and never lost his influence over her. After Elizabeth's death, the Empress Catharine II. sent Count Vorontsof to ask Razumovsky to produce the papers bearing on his marriage with her predecessor, and offering to confer on him the title of Imperial Highness. Vorontsof went to Razumovsky's house, and found him "sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, and reading the Bible." After the usual compliments Vorontsof explained the cause of his visit. Razumovsky did not utter a word, but silently rose and opened a cabinet, from a secret drawer in which he produced a packet of papers enveloped in rose-coloured satin. These he began to read, still keeping silence; when he had finished reading them he raised his eyes, which were swimming in tears, to the sacred pictures which hung overhead, crossed himself devoutly, and threw the papers into the fire. Then he resumed his seat and began to speak. According to his account the late Empress had never had any relations with him beyond those of a monarch with a devoted subject, and the story of the marriage was nothing but an idle legend. For himself, he wished no more than to end his days in prayerful seclusion.

There can be no doubt, however, that the marriage really took place, and that two children were the fruit of it. Of these one was a son of whom nothing certain is known, but tradition relates that he lived till the beginning of the present century, shut up in a distant monastery, and always bitterly lament-

ing his unhappy lot. Of the daughter more has been ascertained. Of her early life nothing is known, but in 1785, when forty years old, she was sent by the Empress Catharine II. to the Ivanovsky convent at Moscow. There she lived for some five-and-twenty years, leading so secluded a life as to see scarcely any one beyond a few priests. A private corridor and staircase led directly from her cell into the convent church, and so she could go into it unseen. When there mass used to be said privately for her, and on such occasions the church doors were closed and no strangers were admitted. The curtains behind the windows of her cell were always drawn; and if any of the passers-by loitered near and tried to look in, they were immediately driven away. There has been some slight dispute as to the date of her decease, but her tombstone states that she died on February 4, 1810, in the sixty-fourth year of her age. The Governor of Moscow and the other great officials attended at her funeral in full uniform, and the crowd of lookers-on was enormous. She was not buried in the cemetery of the convent in which she had lived, but in that of the Novospassky monastery. It is a fitting resting-place for one who had led a quiet life, for it is a very quiet spot, although lying close to one of the large streets in the outskirts of Moscow. The graves seem somewhat huddled up together, and have rather a neglected look, but there are trees which throw a pleasant shade on them, and in the fine weather of spring and early summer the birds sing pleasantly and flowers grow around in profusion. Even an acknowledged princess might find a worse place to sleep in.

So much as regards the real Princess Tarakanof, of whom but little has been written. Now for the pretender to the title, on whom much ink and sympathy have been expended.

About the year 1771, a certain Van Toers, the son of a Dutch merchant, fled from Ghent, where he left a wife and several creditors, and took up his

residence in London. With him came a Madame Tremouille—a lady who had been living in Berlin under the name of Franck, and in Ghent under that of Schöll. She is said to have been very beautiful, although with a slight cast in one eye; and as she was both clever and accomplished, and had a singularly fascinating manner, she succeeded in charming most of the persons with whom she was brought into contact. She and Van Toers lived in great style in London, but before long fresh creditors obliged him to leave England. In the spring of 1772 he appeared in Paris, under the title of the Baron Embs, and thither he was followed, a few months later, by Madame Tremouille, who now began to call herself the Princess of Vladimir. Her story was that her parents, with whose name she was unacquainted, had died while she was very young, and that she had been brought up in Persia by an uncle. This uncle was taking care of her property, which was of fabulous value, and she herself had come to Europe for the purpose of looking after a rich inheritance which had accrued to her in Russia.

Alina, as she called herself, spent the winter of 1772 very pleasantly in Paris, where she added greatly to the number of her admirers and of her creditors, prominent among the former being Oginski, the Polish Ambassador, with whom she became closely allied. But before long Van Toers again became crippled by debts, and in 1773 he had to fly with Alina and some of her friends to Frankfurt. Even there his creditors persecuted him, and he was put in prison. Fortunately for Alina, there arrived just then in the city a very foolish sovereign, Prince Philip Ferdinand of Limburg. The fair foreigner was introduced to him, and almost at the first interview completely won his heart. He paid her debts, and treated her with such royal magnificence that she soon deserted her other admirers for him, and in the beginning of June 1773 she left Frankfurt and went with him to his castle in Franconia.

There she led a life of luxury and extravagance which exactly suited her, and there she discovered for herself a new family history and provided herself with a new title. She became now "the Sultana Alina," and as the daughter of a Turkish Sultan was styled "Princess of Azof;" moreover she founded the Order of the Asiatic Cross. A little later, however, she explained that she was only "a lady of Azof," not the princess of that country, and that she would soon be recognised in Russia as sole heiress to the property of the house of Vladimir. Meanwhile the Prince of Limburg became more and more infatuated with her, and at last asked her to marry him. She consented, and it seemed as if after all her wanderings and adventures a quiet and enviable life was about to open before her.

But about this time a young Pole named Domanski began to make his appearance at Oberstein, where the "Princess of Vladimir" was then holding a kind of court, and before long she was in close correspondence with several of the Polish nobles, especially with Prince Charles Radziwill. Poland was then smarting under the injustice of the "First Partition," and Radziwill was taking an active part in the proceedings of the Polish committee into which the leading members of the late Confederation of Bar had formed themselves. The successes gained in the east of Russia by Pugachef—the insurgent chief who pretended to be the Emperor Peter III.—had raised the hopes of the Poles, and they were anxious to take advantage of them in order to set a western insurrection on foot. How far their advice may have swayed the action of the "Princess of Vladimir" is not known, but before long rumours began to spread abroad to the effect that she was no less than rightful heiress to the throne of Russia, being the legitimate daughter of the late Empress Elizabeth by her marriage with Count Razumovsky; and that Pugachef, who was the Count's son by an earlier marriage, was her half-brother. With an imperial crown in view no wonder that

she disdained the merely princely coronet of the ruler of Limburg, and in the spring of 1774 she left him, never to return.

From Germany she went into Italy, settling down for a time at Venice, where, under the name of the Countess Pinneberg, she set up a kind of little court. She lived in the house of the French Resident, spent her money freely, and allowed herself every indulgence. Her principal visitors were Poles, but the captains of two Turkish frigates, Hassan and Muhammad by name, were often at her receptions, and so was a well-known English traveller who had a strong taste for all manner of eccentricities—Edward Wortley Montagu. After a time she determined to go to Constantinople, with the idea of trying to persuade the Sultan to support her claim to the Russian throne. Accordingly, she and all her court embarked on board one of the Turkish vessels, the commander receiving her with the greatest respect, and treating her as a royal personage. The ship set sail, but contrary winds drove it to Corfu, whence its captain determined to return to Venice. Several of the followers of the Princess went back in it, entreating her to accompany them; but she would not do so. They left her, and she embarked on board another Turkish vessel, and a second time set sail for Constantinople. But a second time a storm arose, and the ship was obliged to take refuge in the harbour of Ragusa. In that city the Princess took up her habitation, being lodged there, as before at Venice, in the house of the French consul. The French king was said to look with no unfriendly eye on her opposition to the Empress Catharine.

At Ragusa the Princess matured her plans. By way of confirmation of her story, she now produced certain documents of a very suspicious nature, amongst them the wills of Peter the Great and the Empress Elizabeth, on which she founded her claim to the throne of Russia. She also wrote a letter to the Sultan, suggesting an

alliance with him against Catharine, and saying that Sweden and Poland were willing to take part in it; and she sent the Grand Vizier a copy of the letter, which she asked him to forward to her half-brother, Pugachef. She did not know that Pugachef was at that moment a fugitive, soon to be betrayed to the Russian general; nor did she suspect that her friend Radziwill had given secret orders to his agent at Constantinople not to forward the letters she sent to his care for the Sultan and the Grand Vizier.

In her letter to the Sultan, the Princess spoke of an address which she had communicated to the Russian fleet at Leghorn. That fleet was commanded by Count Alexis Orlof, and it was to him that she addressed herself, sending a letter to him which she entrusted to the care of Mr. Wortley Montagu. In it she called upon Orlof to espouse her cause, styling herself Elizabeth II., Princess of Russia, and distinctly claiming the throne as hers by right. Orlof received the letter with delight, and immediately sent it on to the Empress Catharine, telling her that he intended to enter into communication with his correspondent, and that as soon as he could get her on board his ship he would sail straight away with her to Cronstadt.

Catharine sent word to Orlof to get hold of the pretender at all risks, even telling him—if his own account of the matter may be taken as correct—that he was to bombard Ragusa in case the senate of that republic refused to give her up. On the receipt of this letter, Orlof sent an agent to make inquiries at Ragusa about the Princess Elizabeth, and was about to proceed there himself with his squadron, when he learnt that she was no longer there. By this time her affairs were in disorder, and her prospects sadly overclouded. Peace had been concluded between Russia and Turkey, and Pugachef had been taken prisoner and executed, so that Catharine was freed from her most serious apprehensions. Radziwill, seeing that his plans were no longer practicable, abandoned the unfortunate ad-

venturess whose cause he had pretended to espouse so long as she seemed likely to be useful to him. But when asked to betray her, he utterly refused. That act of baseness he left for Orlof to perform. But he did not shrink from leaving her at Ragusa alone and without resources.

From Ragusa the Princess went to Naples, where she made acquaintance with the English ambassador, Sir William Hamilton, through whose influence she was enabled to obtain a passport, with which she immediately set off for Rome. There she lived for some time, giving herself out to be a noble Polish lady, and professing to wish to lead a life of great seclusion, making few acquaintances, and never going out except in a carriage with closed windows. The truth was, her health had begun to give way, and for a time she really did lead a quiet life in acquiescence with her doctor's advice; but so uncongenial a mode of passing her time did not long satisfy her. Meanwhile, she was not unmindful of her interests. Announcing herself as a penitent schismatic desirous of entering the Roman Communion, she tried to make friends at the Vatican. At this time there was no Pope at Rome, for a successor to Clement XIV. had not yet been elected. Cardinal Albani was talked of as likely to be chosen, and the Princess was very anxious to obtain an interview with him. At last, on January 1, 1775, one of her Polish companions managed to convey a letter from her to the Cardinal, who sent an abbé, named Roccotani, to confer with her. On him she produced a very favourable impression, and even the Cardinal, in spite of the state of pre-occupation in which he then naturally was, could not help being interested in the fair convert, who explained that she was likely to become the Empress of Russia, and would do her best in that case to wean back her subjects from the errors of schism. But she succeeded only in getting a small amount of money from him. Further assistance he would not give, nor would the Polish Resident at Rome, who treated

her with marked coldness. As she had taken once more to leading an extravagant life, keeping some fifty servants, and opening her rooms to a large circle, chiefly persons of artistic tastes, she was soon in want of money. In her distress she bethought herself of Sir William Hamilton, and wrote him a long letter explaining her claims to the throne of Russia, her present impecunious position, and the absolute necessity of her borrowing a little money. This letter alarmed the English ambassador, who had no wish to compromise himself in the eyes of the Russian authorities, and he determined to make amends for his error in obtaining her passport. So he sent on the letter to the English consul at Leghorn, Sir John Dick.

Throughout the whole of this story our countrymen figure to little advantage. Sir John Dick plays a very sorry part indeed, but he had always been on very friendly terms with the Russian authorities, and especially with Orlof, who procured for him the much-valued decoration of the Order of St. Anne—the only instance of a Russian decoration being conferred on an English subject in the eighteenth century.

Sir John Dick seems to have been ready to do anything for Orlof, and at once handed over to him Sir William Hamilton's letter. Up to this moment Orlof had been unable to trace the movements of the victim he was hunting down. Now he knew where to find her. A few days later he was able to send word to the Empress Catharine that one of his officers, Khristenek by name, had been sent to Rome to try and induce the pretended Princess to leave that city, and to place herself within reach of the arm of Russia.

A few days later an English banker named Jenkins introduced himself to the Princess, and offered to open an unlimited credit at his bank for her. At first she thought he came from Sir William Hamilton, but he explained that his employer was Orlof, to whom he had been recommended by Sir John Dick. A vague suspicion flitted across

her mind, and at first she refused the tempting offer. About the same time a stranger had been observed curiously gazing at the house she occupied, and asking questions about its inmates. She immediately suspected that he was a Russian agent, and she sent to Cardinal Albani to ask for protection. But the stranger presented himself to her, and explained that he had been sent by Orlof to proffer her his services. At first she told him, as she had told Jenkins, that she did not require them. She justly suspected danger, and she kept herself aloof from the toils. But, unfortunately, it was only for a time. A few days later she yielded to the temptation, listened to Khristenek's advice, and, in accordance with it, set out to meet her doom. About the middle of February, after having had her debts paid by Jenkins, from whom she also borrowed 2,000 ducats on her own account, she set out for Pisa, where Orlof was anxiously awaiting her. On her arrival, he received her with the greatest respect, had her magnificently lodged and entertained, and treated her as a royal personage. The suspicion she had felt at first with regard to his sincerity soon vanished, and before long she believed in him implicitly. A little later she learnt to love him also. Nor is that to be wondered at, for Orlof was one of the finest and handsomest men of his day, and a consummate master of the art of making love. Intriguer and adventurer as she was, the Princess was entirely taken in by his feigned attachment, and abandoned herself to him with as enthusiastic a devotion as if she had been an artless and inexperienced girl. Orlof played his part well, and refused her nothing. Relying on this, Khristenek was guilty of the unexampled baseness of asking her to obtain for him his promotion to the rank of colonel. She consented at once, and he received his commission from the hands of the unfortunate woman whom he had helped to betray, and whose doom he now felt was sealed.

After a few days, which she passed very happily, Orlof told her that he

must leave her for a time. His useful ally, Sir John Dick, had written to tell him that his presence at Leghorn was absolutely necessary. The Princess tried to induce him to stay in Pisa, but he told her that it was impossible. "In that case," she said, "I will go to Leghorn with you." Orlof wished for nothing better. At last, he felt, she was on the point of being in his grasp.

The morning after her arrival at Leghorn, Orlof sent a message to Sir John Dick, to say that he was coming to dine with him; and in the afternoon he appeared with Admiral Greig and several other friends. With him came the Princess, who was received with the greatest apparent respect by the consul and his wife. In the evening she appeared at the opera, where she was naturally the centre of attraction. Every eye was turned towards her, and to almost every spectator her position must have seemed a most enviable one. They little knew that she was then standing on the threshold of a dungeon.

The next morning the English consul entertained his Russian friends at breakfast. The Princess was the queen of the feast, every one striving to do her honour, and none, it is said, more than Lady Dick and the wife of Admiral Greig. After breakfast the conversation turned on the subject of the Russian ships, and the Princess expressed a desire to see them. Orlof suggested that she should pay his vessel a visit, and she consented at once. The Admiral's barge was got ready, and the whole party embarked in it. In a short time Orlof had the delight of seeing his victim set foot upon the deck of his flag-ship.

It was a beautiful day. The waters of the bay were calm and bright, and the whole spectacle offered to the poor adventurers was very gay and enlivening. The people flocked to the shore in crowds expecting to see the fleet execute some of the manoeuvres to which Orlof had accustomed them, and pleasure-boats came off to the ships in numbers. The Russian vessels were decked out

with flags, their officers appeared on deck in full uniform, their crews manned the yards, and, amidst the roar of cannon and the cheering of the sailors, the doomed woman was received on board the vessel of her betrayer. She was in high spirits, and thoroughly enjoyed the brilliant spectacle got up in her honour. A little time passed, and then the vessels began to manoeuvre. The Princess stood looking on in silence. Suddenly she heard a harsh voice demanding from her Polish followers their swords. She turned, and saw that Orlof and Greig had disappeared, and that in their place stood a file of soldiers under arms, whose commanding officer was in the act of arresting her friends.

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked.

"You are arrested by order of the Empress," was the reply.

The terrible truth suddenly flashed upon her mind. She fainted away, and during her state of insensibility she was carried down to the cabin. Her followers were removed to another vessel.

When she recovered her senses, and asked for Orlof, she was told that he also was a prisoner, and was thus induced to believe that he was sharing her fate. She fully trusted in him and in his love for her, and he was anxious that she should not be undeceived, for he feared that she might commit suicide if she lost all hope, and he was very desirous of gratifying Catharine by providing her with a living victim. Meanwhile the news of her imprisonment had spread far and wide, and the greatest indignation was produced by it in Leghorn. Some of the boats which surrounded the Russian ships, in spite of the threats of the sentries, got near enough to the Admiral's vessel to enable their occupants to see the pale face of the unfortunate prisoner at one of the cabin windows. The story of Orlof's audacity and treachery became known at Pisa and at Florence, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany protested vigorously against the act of violence committed within his realm. But the Russian Court paid no attention to his protests.

The day after her arrest Orlof went to see Sir John Dick, and asked for some books for the Princess to read. He looked pale and excited, said the English consul afterwards—and he well might be. The next day the Russian fleet put to sea, but Orlof set off for St. Petersburg by land. This was in the second week of March 1775.

Before very long the fleet arrived off Plymouth, and remained at anchor there for some little time. It was during this stay in English waters that the poor woman whom Orlof had betrayed first learnt his perfidy. Up to that moment she had remained tolerably calm, always hoping that he would manage to rescue her. But at last, while the vessel lay in Plymouth harbour, the full truth was revealed to her, and she was made aware that Orlof's love for her had been feigned throughout; that he had all along been merely leading her on to her fate, and that he had now gone to Russia in order to claim his reward for having ensnared her. And this was the man who had professed such devotion to her, whom she had so fondly, so blindly loved. After the first stunning influence of the shock had passed away, she made a desperate attempt to escape. An English vessel was lying alongside the Russian man-of-war on board of which she was confined, and she tried, but tried in vain, to get to it. Then she attempted to fling herself into the sea, and was only withheld from doing so by force. On two or three different occasions she tried to drown herself, and at last Admiral Greig was obliged to quit Plymouth Roads sooner than he had intended, so nervous was he about the proceedings of his now desperate prisoner.

On the 29th of April the Russian fleet reached the Sound, and on the 22d of May cast anchor off Cronstadt. On the 4th of June an officer named Tolstoi was sent for by the Governor of St. Petersburg, Field-Marshal Galitsin, and, having been sworn to eternal secrecy on a copy of the Gospels, was sent to Cronstadt to receive Admiral Greig's prisoner, and to convey her to the Petropavlovsky fortress at St. Petersburg.

Silently, by night, the vessel which bore Tolstoi on his errand dropt down to Cronstadt. During the ensuing day that officer remained in concealment on board the Admiral's flag-ship. The following night, while all on board the surrounding shipping and all the inhabitants of the neighbouring shores were fast asleep, his vessel silently made its way back up the stream to St. Petersburg. Before the sun rose on the 6th of June Tolstoi had handed his prisoner over to the commandant of the Petropavlovsky fortress, who conducted her to one of the casemates in the Alexief ravelin.

During the month of June the nights are delicious at St. Petersburg. The air is full of a kind of magic light, and long after the sun has sunk beneath the horizon, and long before it reappears, the sky is tinged with delicate pink and amber hues on which the eye is never tired of gazing. Seen from the opposite side of the river, the waters of which are bright with reflected light and colour, the fortress, with its long low walls and its tall and graceful spire, rises dark against the eastern sky. Very dark and dreary it must have seemed then to that unfortunate woman, who, just as the sunlight began to fall on the gilded domes and spires of the sleeping city, passed within the granite walls of that prison-house from which she was destined never to emerge.

As soon as Catharine heard that her enemy was at last in her power, she ordered her to be subjected to a close examination, in hopes that some light might be thrown upon the intrigues with which she had been connected, and the supposed conspirators of whom she had been the tool or the ally. Accordingly Prince Galitsin examined and cross-examined her and her fellow-prisoners—for her Polish followers were also lodged in the fortress, though not allowed access to her—but without arriving at any satisfactory result. She maintained that she did not know who her parents were, that she had been at first brought up in Kiel, but at nine years old was taken away into the interior of Russia,

where some one gave her poison, from the effects of which she suffered for more than a year; that she was then sent to Bagdad, where a rich Persian took charge of her till she was eleven, when she was removed to Ispahan, where she passed under the care of a Persian prince, who told her that she was the daughter of the late Empress Elizabeth of Russia. That at the age of seventeen the Prince took her to Russia, and thence to Germany and England. That she spent two years with him in London, and afterwards went to Paris, and that she soon afterwards met the Prince of Limburg, to whom she became betrothed. All these statements she repeated many times, and it was found impossible to obtain any other story from her. This obstinacy on her part so greatly irritated the Empress that she wrote to Galitsin, telling him to have recourse to "rigorous measures" in his treatment of the prisoner. Accordingly he gave orders that she should be put upon prison fare, and have only just as much of that as was necessary to sustain life; that her servant-maid should be denied access to her, and that an officer and two soldiers should be stationed day and night in her cell. These orders were carried into effect. For two days and two nights she underwent the indignity of being continually watched by guards, who never quitted her for a moment. All that time, too, she passed without taking food; for the gruel and cabbage-soup, which were served up to her in wooden bowls, were so revolting that she could not touch them. Meantime her health became rapidly worse, the cough from which she had been suffering for some time increased, and she began to spit blood. At last, by signs, she managed to explain that she wished to send a letter to the Governor, and writing materials were supplied to her. On receiving her letter, which contained a pathetic appeal to his feelings and those of the Empress, Galitsin paid her a visit, and again tried to extract some information from her as to her accomplices, but without success, although he went so

far as to threaten her with "extreme measures." On leaving her cell he told her that she must not expect any mitigation of the hardships she had lately endured, though in reality his heart was touched by her sufferings.

Galitsin was a man of more than usual kindness, and could not bear to see a young and attractive woman—one, moreover, accustomed to an easy and luxurious life—exposed to such sufferings and such indignities as she had to undergo. She was also evidently in a state of such physical and mental prostration, that her life did not seem likely to be much prolonged; and so, in spite of the distinct commands of the Empress, he found himself incapable of continuing the "rigorous measures" which had proved so fruitless. Before quitting the fortress he gave orders that the severity of her treatment should be mitigated, and that the sentries should no longer be stationed inside her room.

Meantime her two Polish fellow-prisoners had been examined by Galitsin, and every means taken to obtain some useful confession from them. One of them, Domanski by name, declared that it was merely love for her that had made him follow in her train, and that even now, if she would marry him, he should consider himself the happiest of men; even though he had to spend the rest of his life in a prison. Some hope seems to have been held out to him of the possibility of such marriage, and Galitsin suggested the idea to the Princess—if we may be allowed still to give her that title—but she treated it with contempt, saying that Domanski was far too contemptible and uneducated a man for her to think of as a husband, even if she were not bound by her plighted troth to the Prince of Limburg. Galitsin then tried to obtain a confession from her by promising that, if she would say what her origin really was, she should be allowed to go back to her betrothed in Germany. For a time she seemed to waver in her denial of all knowledge of her history, and promised to send Galitsin a full account of herself; but

when the paper which he thought would contain it arrived, there was no new information in it. Whether she really had none to give, or whether she distrusted Galitsin's promises, is not known. All that is certain is, that nothing more was ever learnt from her respecting her former career.

About this time, tradition states, Orlof came to see her, and a stormy interview ensued. The story is not at all probable, and it is to be hoped that it is not true. But what is certain is, that a little later, in the month of November, she bore her betrayer a son. The child was christened in the prison, and it is said that it thrived, and eventually grew up to man's estate, and became an officer of rank in the Russian service. Anyhow, its mother did not long survive its birth. Her strength had altogether given way under her sufferings. For she had suffered much, and yet had been treated with much of the old severity. The soldiers had been brought back into her room, in spite of the pathetic appeals she made to the Empress, saying, as she well might, that the constant presence of men beside her "shocked her womanly nature." The consumption which had seized on her made rapid progress, her cough became worse and worse, and at last she lay down to die. A priest was sent for, who exhorted her, as upon the threshold of the grave, to make full confession of her sins against the Empress. But she still maintained that in this respect she was not to blame, and the priest at last left her without giving her absolution.

On the 15th of December, 1775, she died, carrying with her to the grave the secret of her birth. The next day the soldiers, some of whom had stood by her bedside till she drew her last breath, dug a deep hole in the ground within the walls of the fortress, and buried in it the body of the unfortunate adventuress.

No funeral rites were performed over her grave. Catharine's revenge was complete.

Two years later occurred the terrible inundation of 1777, when the Neva rose to such a height that the casemates of the Petropavlovsky Fortress were submerged under its waters. In spite of the secrecy which had been preserved with respect to the so-called Princess, rumours had got about that a daughter of the Empress Elizabeth was kept in confinement in the fortress, and after the inundation a story gained credence that she had been forgotten or intentionally deserted in her cell, and so had been drowned by the rising tide.

Two years more passed by, and the cell in which the adventuress died received another inmate. This was a young Guardsman named Vinsky, who had become compromised in some political conspiracy, and who was ultimately exiled to Orenburg. While occupying his prison-quarters in the fortress, he amused himself by deciphering the inscriptions which previous inmates had left on the walls. One day he observed some writing on one of the panes in the window, and on closer inspection he made out the words, "O mio Dio!" which had evidently been scratched with a diamond on the glass. The warder told him that they must have been the handiwork of a young and beautiful lady, who had occupied the cell four years before. This was the last trace which remained of her existence, unless a little mound be taken into consideration, which, as late as the year 1828, was still visible in the garden of the fortress, and which was said to mark the spot where, at the end of her restless and wasted career, Orlof's victim at last found repose. Who she really was, and what was the secret of her early life, are problems which to this day remain unsolved.

Arthur's Knighting.

BY SEBASTIAN EVANS, LL.D.

I MIND me of Toraise in Carmelide:—
 Planary court with show and festival
 Held King Leodegan that Whitsuntide.
 By noon the busy cooks had served in hall
 Pottage of herbs with spiceries and wine,
 Boars' heads in aigredouce and therewithal
 Herons and egrets in sauce Gamelyne,
 Peacocks in pride in platters of pure gold,
 And swans in silver served with galentine,
 Bakemeats and venison and a store untold
 Of savoury breads, and flesh, and fowl, and fish,
 Sallets and mortrews, fritters hot and cold,
 Creams, cates, and jellies, many a lordly dish
 Of pear and pippin, comfit-caraways,
 Citron and dates—a Cardinal could wish
 No fairer garnish on his holy days.
 And after every course the Sewer arrayed
 A subtle fancy of Dame Fortune's ways:
 First, Belisaire upon his throne displayed;
 Next, the blind lazar cowering by the wall;
 The third, in tattered weed, a beggar-maid;
 And last, Cophetua's bride in crown and pall.
 Dame Fortune's self the while, in midmost place,
 Poising her gilded limbs on her swift ball
 Above the mast-head, with a silken lace
 Bare up the mainsail of an argosy
 Of beaten silver, that in hypocras
 Swam idly, all becalmed in a Red Sea,
 Among the isles of wafer-cake in sop.

And fair aloft, the minstrel-gallery
 A ceilure starred with gold did overtop:
 And ever among, the quire or played or sang
 With citole, sackbut, sawtrey, and sweet stop
 Of clariner and cornet, and the clang
 Of timbrels and of tabors—pipe and lute
 With their wild warble thrilling through the twang
 Of harps and wail of melancholy flute.

To that high music every heart beat high
 With knightly passion, and, when all was mute,
 The young men did not think it much to die;
 And graybeards knew that their old blood was young,
 And looked upon the young men with a sigh.
 Then forward stood a chorister and flung
 Such sweet, sweet sorrow into his sweet lay
 Of lovers' woe, that, ere the song was sung,
 There was no warrior's eye but turned away
 Lest it should meet his fellow's for the tear.

Ginevra looked at Arthur, but the grey
 Of her bright eyne knew nought of lover's fear;
 And when they met not his, the rebel blood
 Flushed to the fair tip of her tingling ear,
 As there before him teeth on lip she stood,
 For that she knew she showed so beautiful
 In the wild triumph of that sovran mood,
 And grudged that he should see not. Was he dull,
 And drank that philtre of sweet sound in vain,
 That thus he looked away, nor cared to lull
 The divine longing of love's hunger-pain
 By feeding in her eyes his love with love?
 He saw not,—no! Nor, though he stared amain,
 Saw he the banners blazoned bright above
 The starry ceilure. Not until the stir
 After the song, when all the guests 'gan move,
 Did her true lover think to look at her.

And then, pardie, her eyes were elsewhere:
 For lo, past truncheoned steward and cellarer
 Who stood beside the cupboard, mazed with care
 Of the great goblets and the cups of state,
 Limped Tronc the jester, with a Kaiser's air,
 His kingly train upborne by an ape sedate,
 And four white poodles, two on either side,
 Marching upright, but sad, as if the fate
 Of courtier-life bore hardly on their pride,
 And those gay silken masquer weeds they wore
 Repaid not half what they must needs abide
 As hangers-on to majesty so poor.
 Long laughter shook the hall at that strange show,
 Which waxed amain when on the lower floor
 The motley knave, with many a mop and mow,
 Bade all his four-foot courtiers dance and leap,
 Just as a king might bid his dukes do so.
 The feasters laughed and drank, and they drank deep
 Of those tall flagons, and the butler's wand
 Waved for fresh vintage with a lordly sweep.

Ginevra raught a wine-flask from the stand
 Brimmed with the ripest, and at Arthur's knee
 Knelt, a deep beaker in her dainty hand,
 Gemmed all within with jewels that make flee

All taint and venom from the faery brim,
 And humbly proffered her new lord. But he,
 Shamed that such service should be done to him
 By her who was his worship, bade her rise.
 "Nay," quoth the Sire, "fair knight, in life and limb
 "We are all thine. Let be, the girl is wise."
 Then Arthur drank and gave her back the cup;
 But still she knelt beside him, and her eyes
 Betrayed no signal as she raised them up
 Of woman's art in the child's artlessness,
 As if she wondered how her lord should sup.

Yet inly knew she all her loveliness:
 The pilch of velvet, parted white and blue,
 Reversed with ermines for an emperess,
 All overt on the sides, where shimmered through
 The kirtle's silken warp with weft of gold
 From looms of Baldack—O, full well she knew
 The needled broidery wrought on every fold,—
 Those smiling suns above and sunflowers three
 Under each sun, with faces broad and bold
 Staring upon him through their greenery
 Of sheeny leafage; all along the hem
3 rinz plus bas jez ne me tourne mie
 Figured in umber, and on every stem
Selleil m'affire on scroll of argent grain;—
 The glistening girdle brooched with pearl and gem,
 The gipciere silver-guarded and its chain,
 The coronal of gold and golden net,—
 Full well she knew she wore them not in vain,
 But knew no less herself was mightier yet.
 The joyous witchcraft of her sunny hair,
 The spell of eyes that dimmed the eyes they met,
 Even the sigh that half betrayed how fair
 The rosy promise of the imperial breast,
 Guising an art to tell how, pillowed there,
 Her love, the sovrán of the world, might rest
 In empire sweeter than the sway of kings.

So, for the night was waxing, host and guest
 Betook them to their chambers, and the things
 Which showed so mighty faded while they slept
 Utterly even as fond imaginings,
 And no man knew that he had laughed or wept.
 But not forgetful of sweet life they lay,
 For each, almost ere midnight tolled, had leapt
 Forth from his couch to busk him for the day.

Then on the dais a carpet of fine Tars
 Was spread in hall, where grooms and pages gay,
 With tapers twinkling under the gold stars,
 Lighted the bare-armed, leathern-aproned band
 Who cased us in our harness for the wars.
 And 'mid the clang, a squire on either hand,

Came Arthur's self, and on the carpet doffed
 His mantle blue of cloth of Samarcand,
 Unhasped the jewelled girdle, and aloft
 Lifted the velvet coat, and set aside
 The banded shoon of cheveril white and soft.

Then stately through high hall in seemly pride,
 Among the clashing press, that Peerless One
 Stepped with such gait as might beseem the bride
 Of empire peerless underneath the sun.
 Yet to her lord right maidenly she spake,
 Bidding good morrow: "Nay," quoth she, "by none,
 Save mine own hands, sweet Sire, for knighthood's sake
 Shalt thou be armed this day."—With that she set
 Upon the kingly cycladoun of lake
 The hacketon all lined with sarcinet,
 Orfreyed without with crescents of thin gold
 Upon the buckskin; next the sollarret
 She fitted on each foot with fold on fold
 Of overlapping steel and toe-piece keen,
 Like scale and sting of hornet; next in hold
 She locked his thews in greaves of damasked sheen
 Of Milan; next the cuisses featoualy
 She hasped upon his thigh, and fair between
 Buckled the knee-piece underneath the knee;
 Vambrace and brassart next, and elbow-plate
 As squire who knew full well where each should be.
 Upon his arms she jointed in due state,
 And shelled the shoulders in their silver scale.
 Then, o'er the pourpoint, heeding not the weight,
 Deftly she donned the jesseraunt of mail;
 And over that, the jupon, blazoned fair
 With fiery dragon swindging his huge tail,
 And brodered bordure, wrought in leafage rare
 Of braided strands of silk incarnadine.
 Then on the golden glory of his hair
 With gently stedfast hand and earnest eyne,
 As if she offered up a kingly gift
 With solemn pageant at a saintly shrine,
 With arms upstretched before him did she lift
 The bascinet all burnished, rich inlaid
 With golden damask, then with fingers swift
 Made fast the fringe of camail fair displayed;
 Drew on the gauntlets with their gadlings gilt
 And tasseled hems with knotted silk arrayed;
 And kneeling then, the spurs he won in tilt
 On the first day he armed him, on his heel
 She set and buckled. Deftly thus she built
 Around her love that sheeny tower of steel.—
 But more was wanting. Still upon one knee
 Beside her new lord did the proud one kneel,
 And from the blushing page took reverently
 The faery wonder of Escalibor
 With all its wealth of jewelled wizardry

Wherewith to gird her knightly bachelor :
Baldrick and hilt and scabbard,—not a gem
But flashed with virtue for a conqueror :—
This ruby once on Judith's diadem
Blazed like a star—that diamond clasp of yore
Girdled the Wise King in Jerusalem :
Yet all not worthier than the blade they bore,
Forged in the caverns of the Enchanted Lake
By Weland, snapped and forged again thrice o'er,
Graven with names whereat the foul fiends quake
In potent rune and mystic sign enscrolled ;
Then for the first time did the fair hand shake,
Yet tongued the buckle smoothly on the fold
And the rich ends in a loose knot let fall.

So rose she, proudly smiling to behold
Her knight and king, how comely and how tall
He showed in that fair labour of her hand.
Yea, and beside her others smiled in hall ;
For watching the sweet pair anigh did stand
Her sire and Merlin, with such thoughts as stir
Old hearts at sight of young love, 'mid a band
Of gaping losels, page and armourer.

Then spake old Merlin with his sour-sweet smile,
By name to Arthur, but as much to her :—
“Fair sir, in Logress, in the minster-aisle
“Of sweet Saint Steven erst thou didst receive
“At pious Dubric's hand the name and style
“Of a true knight, but now thou wouldst achieve
“A dearer honour—now almost 'tis thine
“To be love-knighted. By this lady's leave
“One thing alone is lacking.”—Her full eyne
Ginevra flashed upon that wizard grey,
As Arthur asked : “What lacketh, master mine ?
“No rite shall fail my chivalry this day
“From whence I date my knighthood, for till this
“I have but jested.” Then quoth Merlin : “Nay,
“'Tis but a trifle,—let the lady kiss,
“And thou, fair sir, art knight for evermore !”
“Sweet Sire,” quoth she, “King Arthur shall not miss
“For gift so small his knighthood. If my lore
“Be nothing in this matter, pardon me :
“Yet as to kisses, I am not so poor
“That I can spare none.” Then full maidenly
Her rosy lips she lifted to her lord
And kissed him in all stateliness ; but he
Caught her in both arms and without a word
Repaid the kiss thrice o'er and thrice to boot.
O, but no rune nor gem on belt or sword
Could stay the trembling that from head to foot
Shook the new knight in that encounter sweet,
No harness ward the wound from his heart's root.

So kissed those lovers. Fleet and few, how fleet,
 How few, from the first cradle to the last,
 Those high eternal moments! O, the beat
 Within their pulses made our own beat fast
 And dimmed our eyes with pity and regret.
 Or do we now grow old, and fondly cast
 A sadness on the joy we half forget,
 Clouding with sorrows of our old the youth
 We do remember to remember yet?
 We know not now. But even thus in sooth
 Those lovers kissed, and we who saw them kiss
 Look back and see them still with such deep ruth
 As maketh old men weep at sight of bliss;—
 Still feel the whisper which we could not hear:
 "All eyes are staring—loose me after this."
 So slipped she from his arms with gracious cheer,
 Ruddy for maiden shame, yet not the less
 Proud, not alone of her own knight sans peer,
 But proud that all should see that fond caress.

Then Arthur turned as one but half awake,
 Drunken with that deep draught of loveliness,
 Dazed with his dreams of conquest for her sake
 And bliss to be. But when his eye did light
 On her sad-smiling sire, a flush 'gan break
 Into his brow, with love's own wanness white;
 And when beyond he felt the glittering blue
 Of Merlin's eye, he crimsoned through outright;
 For well that bridegroom knew that Merlin knew
 His lawless other love and its wild sin,—
 Sin unto death, even though all else be true.

But Merlin spake: "Hereafter thou shalt win
 "Glory undying, such as never yet
 "Was e'er achieved by prince or paladin.
 "Yea, there be mighty names that men forget,
 "And all our life is but a little space,
 "And soon we shall lie still for all our fret.
 "Our day is short, and night comes on apace,
 "And then we shall not know sorrow nor bliss,
 "Nor toil nor rest, nor recollect the face
 "Of man nor woman. Yet by that sweet kiss
 "To the world's end men shall remember thee!
 "They shall remember, yea, and more than this:
 "King thou art now, and king again shalt be
 "Hereafter in this land of Bloy Bretayne;
 "For though thou go away, and shalt be free
 "No less than others from the toil and pain,
 "Thou shalt not die as others, nor the years
 "Shall waste no glory of thy secret reign
 "In realm of Faery, whence among thy peers
 "Thou shalt return to rule in sight of all
 "That shall have eyes to see thee through their tears
 "Of joy that after so long interval
 "Their own King Arthur doth come back to men."

So Merlin spake, and we, who stood in hall,
Were mute for musing. But Ginevra then
As one whom joy and doubt at once o'erwhelm,
Hearing how he, her lord, should come agen,
Yet nought of her, the lady of his realm,—
Stepped forth once more and with firm hand did don
Over the knight's steel cap the kingly helm,
Windowed and pranked with gold, and thereupon
A chaplet wrought with leaf of lily and vine,
Beaten in gold,—a Jew's-work pentagon
Under each foil, inwrought with subtle twine
Of stones of empire on the sheeny rim.
Then Merlin came, saying: "The last is mine,"
And set above the helm a crest to dim
All gold and gemwork flash they as they might;
The Dragon-royal, through whose every limb
The lifeblood beat in pulses of quick light;
Yet stirred it not, save that its snaky tail
It curled in glancing folds, and fiery bright
It breathed a flame, red-mirrored in the mail.

So strode the King full kingly to the gate,
Where in gay trappings o'er the burnished scale
Bridged by the saddle, his tall steed did wait
And neighed to greet his monarch as he strode
And swung into the stirrups in all state.
Sadly those lovers each bade each to God;
For glory is sweet but love is loth to go;
And through the straight lane clattering forth we rode
With folded gonfanons and lances low.

ESTELLE RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XXX.

JULIA WEAVES A WEB.

THE sweet Devonshire lanes were fragrant with the odour of fallen leaves, and the evenings began to close in chilly and misty. At the Court and at the Hall each family had returned to its accustomed ways; much to Julia's dissatisfaction.

For, at the Court, Mrs. Vivian could be much more constantly by her son's side than in London; and although Julia took credit to herself for never having let slip an opportunity during her stay at Hyde Park Gardens, for all the good she had done she might as well have stayed at home. The Baronet seemed as far from the point to which she wished to bring him as ever.

The first thing she heard when she got back to Wembury was that Herbert, now Captain Waldron, was in England; and further, that it was shrewdly guessed he had come back to get a wife. The Admiral had taken a fancy to Herbert: a fine fellow, he said, now that he had had the nonsense knocked out of him: and he wrote and asked him to come down and spend September at Wembury. "We can get some shooting over the Vivian preserves," he said, "and amuse the fellow."

Sir Louis had extended to the Admiral the invitation which had come regularly the last week in August, during the old Baronet's lifetime, "to get his gun ready for the 1st." Herbert, who was in the North with his regiment, wrote gladly to accept the Admiral's hospitality; but when the time came he was kept from Wembury by a return of the ague he had caught in India. The Admiral was put out at this, and insisted on his trying the change to Devonshire as soon as he could get the doctor's leave. He was

rather crosser than usual for some days, till he got a letter from Herbert to say that he considered his visit only deferred. "If he would but marry some nice girl, now," thought the old man, "and settle down somewhere near, so that we could drop in and see each other!" And he sighed, looking round on all his useless daughters, growing up, and growing old, and never a one among them all that would ever be worth her salt.

"If either of them would but help me in my barometrical readings," he thought, "that would be some good. But no; no good to ask them; they couldn't be got to understand the thing, the silly fools." And then he sighed again, for he thought what a comfort a son would have been. Henrietta noticed it.

"Papa, dear, is anything the matter?" Her voice had a sympathetic ring in it very different to the old voice, and she had learned to say, "Papa, dear." Her face had lost its wizened look, too, although she was as pale as ever, and thinner, if possible.

The Admiral brightened a little as she spoke. "No, my dear, nothing, nothing."

But Lizzy, pert as a sparrow, observed, "Papa's afraid that Cousin Herbert will be falling in love with you, Henrietta." She did not intend her father to hear, but he did, and in former times would have ordered her out of the room in a rage. But one day just after Henrietta's return, he had got into a rage at some such thoughtless speech of Lizzy's, and had frightened Henrietta into one of her fainting-fits. In his turn he had been frightened, and had controlled himself in her presence ever afterwards. He merely said sternly to Lizzy, "What do you mean?" and went on to Henrietta: "I am thinking of giving up my correspondence with the Meteorological Society."

"Oh, Papa, why? After having be-

longed to it so many years, I think you would miss it if you gave it up. Couldn't I help you, Papa?"

"What should you know about it?"

"Oh, but I do; just a little. Jack likes all those scientific things; and I have got a little barometer that—that he gave me, in my own room. And I look at it every morning and evening at eight o'clock, and he does the same. And then we compare notes."

"Oh, so that is what you write to each other about? How interesting!" said Lizzy.

This time the Admiral growled "Leave the room, Miss!" The next minute they heard her laughing in Julia's room overhead. "Insubordination!" Henrietta heard her father mutter, amongst other inaudible growlings. And presently, "Why do you allow such behaviour? Why don't they show you the respect due to an elder sister? I believe it is your own fault!"

"I daresay it is," said Henrietta hastily, not caring to contradict and so prolong a distasteful subject. "But if they do laugh at me, they are very kind to me all the same, so I need not care." And then she cunningly plunged into matters meteorological, and asked all manner of questions about aneroids, wet bulbs, and atmospherical pressure, till she had fairly set the Admiral off on his favourite hobby, and made him quite happy and oblivious for a few minutes; until he, through Henrietta's dropping her needle, suddenly remembered to whom he had been holding forth; a mere girl! A crocheting, embroidering, gossiping animal!

"Dear me, Henrietta," he said, sighing again, "what a pity it is you are not a boy!"

There was something so truly pathetic in the way he said this, that Henrietta did not feel in the least inclined to turn it into joke.

"Dear Papa, I wish I were, for your sake," was all she said.

Julia sat in her room upstairs, writing a subtle little note to her cousin Herbert. He had written openly to her, complaining of her unaccountable

silence,—unaccountable except as denoting change in her feelings,—and entreating her to be kind and explain.

"If that man does not,—will not,"—and she shot a glance out of window towards Vivian Court—a glance with more of hate than love in it; but the hate in it was not for the house, but for the man, who would not—"if it is so, I must e'en take Herbert, poor fool, who loves me. For marry I must, before my next birthday. So, were he fifty times a cousin, and Papa fifty admirals—stop, though! I'll wait till Sir Louis has married somebody else; I won't give up hope till then . . . He will tire me to death with his antiquarian lore; I shall hate him before the honeymoon is half over. Poor Herbert! I wish he were rich . . . But I can't be a poor man's wife, I can't. I must have things nice and pretty about me." Then she read her note once or twice and sealed it. She would ride into the town to-morrow, and post it privately.

A ring was heard at the front door as she was putting it away in her desk. Peeping, she saw an old crony of her father's, Admiral Henley, and his wife, standing on the step. They were two tiresome people, not worth cultivating, and she resolved to keep out of their way. She put on her hat, and went for a walk, supposing they would be gone by the time she came back. But Mrs. Henley and Mrs. Maurice had not met for a long time, and there was an unusually large budget of gossip to be delivered on both sides; and when Julia re-entered the hall, she saw through the half-open door, Mrs. Henley, the Admiral, and her mother, all standing in a row before the great orange sunset, which had been hung above the sideboard in the dining-room instead of a dingy sea-piece.

Mrs. Maurice was saying, in the most emphatic manner, "Yes, I assure you, she only admired it, in a casual way, you know, and he got it for her without saying a word. So kind, wasn't it?"

"Meant for something better than kind, I should say," rejoined the old

gentleman, chuckling. "I hope you will send us wedding-cake, Mrs. Maurice, my wife is particularly fond of it."

"Oh dear, no, I didn't mean that. Why, it couldn't be, Admiral, because you see he gave dear Henrietta a vivarium full of sea-anemones and things, and dear Henrietta is quite out of the question."

"That only makes it the more conclusive, I think," said Mrs. Henley. "I shall have to congratulate you before long, I don't doubt."

"Of course," says Mrs. Maurice, quite innocently, "we never know what is going to happen in this world. But I don't think there is more than a friendly feeling on both sides. Please don't hint at such a thing, because my husband would not like it. If anything is going on, we shall all know by and by."

Julia had stood at the door by which she had entered, listening to this conversation. She turned back, and went up the back staircase to her own room, smiling to herself.

"Thanks, my dear Mamma, for your morning's work," she said, as she watched the forms of the two visitors receding behind the trees that hid the road close to the house in summer, but were daily losing more of their leafy screen.

"Somebody used to say—Napoleon, wasn't it?—that if you wanted to make a lie history, you had only to get it believed for four-and-twenty hours. I think I begin to see the beginning of the end." And then she changed her dress, and went to the parlour where her sister generally lay, for Mrs. Vivian often came there on a private visit to Henrietta, and as she had not been near her for more than ten days, it was probable that she would come in some time that day. Julia knew—through the lady's-maid partly—that there had been a succession of company at the Court, people who had been friends of the old Baronet mostly, with a sprinkling of *savans*, a class with whom Sir George had had very few dealings, and

a few "nobodies," whom Sir Louis had picked up from no one knew where. Mrs. Maurice came in to repeat Mrs. Henley's gossip for Henrietta's amusement, and did not fail to mention that she had been showing off the new picture, adding in full all the comments and all her replies thereto.

"Oh, Mamma," Henrietta exclaimed, "how could you? Mrs. Henley will have it all over the neighbourhood that Sir Louis is paying attention to Julia. She is just the woman to do it. What a pity you showed her the picture at all!"

Mrs. Maurice's face expressed extreme bewilderment. "But I said that he had given you a vivarium, dear, so I don't think they could say he was paying attention to one more than to the other. Besides—as I said to Mrs. Henley—nobody knows what will happen in this world. And he is very attentive, there is no denying it. He is always sending you fruit and game, and out-of-the-way books and little messages. As I said, nobody knows."

"Oh, Mamma, Mamma," Henrietta laughed, "how blind you must be if you think that game, and fruit, and books would ever make me throw over dear old Jack. Why, Mamma, can't you see that Sir Louis's attention to me only proceeds from the very fact of my being engaged to Jack?"

Mrs. Maurice reflected, and said it was very odd that had never occurred to her before, and perhaps she had better tell Mrs. Henley.

"I don't know that," said Henrietta, "but I wouldn't exhibit the picture any more, if I were you."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Maurice, "if I had but thought—I'm afraid everybody has seen it now."

"Really," said Julia, with a curling lip, "I think you are making a great fuss about nothing. It may be strange for Henrietta, who has lived like a nun all her life; but as for me, I've been accustomed to a great deal of attention ever since I grew up, and I shouldn't know how to do without it. Sir Louis Vivian is not the first man by a good

many who has made me a present, and I daresay he won't be the last, either. And if I worried myself about what people said, I should have grown grey by this time."

Henrietta looked pained. "Oh, Ju, I wish you wouldn't talk in that way. You ought not—if one of the children were here——"

"But neither of them are here," Julia retorted, "and they can't be listening either, for they are with Miss Brydges; so your caution is thrown away."

"Hush, I hear Sir Louis coming up the path, and he has somebody with him," said Henrietta.

Julia gave a look at herself in the mirror, and then took her station quite naturally by her sister's sofa. Presently Mrs. Maurice was called away to the drawing-room. "I suppose he is come to make a formal call," said she, as she left the room. Julia sat still, uncertain whether she would go or stay. It were better, if possible, to see him in Henrietta's parlour; for he unbent himself in her presence to a much greater extent than even in his own house, with people whom he was anxious to please. But she would not let him go without showing herself. Her sister asked if she was going to the drawing-room. "No," she said; "if he wants to see me, he can come here." And Henrietta was wondering silently at the resentful tone of this speech, when Mrs. Maurice came back in a hurry.

"It's Mrs. Vivian, dear, as well as Sir Louis, and they both want to see you. They say they haven't seen you for an age."

"That has been their own fault entirely," said Julia scornfully, looking up from her embroidery.

Mrs. Vivian monopolized Henrietta for five minutes, and then let her son have his say, and turned to Julia.

"It is quite an age since I saw you, my dear; but if you only knew how I have been engaged! A house full of people, and talk, talk, talk, from morning till night. Oh, I'm so glad to get a peep at your dear sister in her little room again! Dear Mrs. Maurice, I am going

to ask you for some tea, here in this dear little room, all cosy and snug."

Meanwhile Sir Louis was saying to Henrietta, "Miss Maurice, I have brought you two partridges, killed, I beg to observe, by my own hands and not by proxy. I'm an awfully bad shot, as you know, but I'm improving. You should just see the Admiral's face when I miss my bird. It is a mixture of pity and contempt that would altogether annihilate me, if I didn't take the ludicrous view."

"Papa thinks he has lost his day if he doesn't make a good bag, I know," said Henrietta. "I shall like the birds very much, Sir Louis, and I hope you will improve, and shoot me some more."

"Here they are," said he, fumbling at his pockets. "I wasn't going to carry them in my hand, for I knew that nobody would believe I had shot them. I told my mother so, and she was in such a rage with me. She likes to think me an omnipotent sort of fellow, you see."

"Dear Mrs. Vivian! Well, Sir Louis, I think two birds a very fair beginning. Indeed, I believe there is nothing you could not do, if you only gave yourself time."

Strange! that very thing had Estelle said to him one day; in almost the same words. Stranger still, Henrietta's face as she spoke, and especially the kind look of her eyes, reminded him vividly of Estelle. And yet Henrietta's face was faded, and Estelle's fresh and beautiful. Certain it was that there was a likeness, and that was what drew him towards Henrietta; it was like getting glimpses of his darling's ghost. He went on, looking at the face on the sofa. "You should have seen the Admiral's face whenever I missed! I assure you, Miss Maurice, it had exactly the same look that your sister Lizzy's had, the first and only time I ever attempted to dance with her."

"Sir Louis, will you come for your tea, or shall I bring it to you over there?" said Julia, who thought he had talked quite long enough to Henrietta.

Sir Louis got up and went to the

table, and Julia crossed over to the sofa.

"Hen, what do you think?" she said, bending over her; "Mrs. Vivian says Sir Louis has asked Dr. Vandeleur down to stay, and he is actually coming."

Henrietta's face absolutely beamed with delight.

"It is too good to be true," she said.

It could only be for a very few days, Julia went on to say, because of his patients. But what a shame it was that he should be at the Court, instead of the Hall! She would talk to Papa about it. Henrietta suggested that perhaps Papa and dear Jack would not agree very well. Then it was time they should learn, said Julia, and she should speak to the gov. that evening.

The Admiral was out taking his constitutional, Mrs. Maurice said, and Sir Louis left a message for him, that he had a new microscope coming from London, and would have much pleasure in showing it to him any evening next week.

Julia caught him for a moment while Mrs. Vivian was having last words with Henrietta.

"I want to speak to you so very particularly; it's about dear Hen. I want you to tell Dr. Vandeleur something for me. I might write to him, I suppose, but I don't feel as if I knew him in the least, although he is to be my brother-in-law. I would rather send a message through you, if you don't mind."

"You know I shall be only too glad to serve you in any way that concerns either. But I hope that you are not anxious about your sister. Surely, she looks better, brighter, altogether."

"Oh no, no, it is not that which makes me anxious. I can't exactly explain at this moment. How could I manage to speak to you?"

Sir Louis thought for an instant. "I have to ride into town to-morrow morning. Might I come here on my way back?"

"There would be Mamma, or somebody. I can't talk over Hen's affairs in public."

"Ride with me, then."

She hesitated a moment. "I might; part of the way, at least. I shouldn't care to ride through the streets on our rough pony, just to show off your splendid bay. Papa has sold my horse, you know, and he's so cruel, he won't buy me another yet."

She had found this little fact of great use already; and no longer bore her father malice for the loss of the animal, although he had been somewhat of a pet.

"You shall have my aunt's horse," he said. "He is in capital order. The Duchess of——some ladies, that is, have been riding him constantly this last fortnight."

This was exactly what she wanted. But she drew back. "You may want him for somebody else: I would rather not, thanks. No, I'll go a mile with you on the old pony."

"Nonsense! Other people have had their turn, and now you shall have yours. They say he is a capital one to go. I shall be here to-morrow at half-past eleven."

Mrs. Vivian, who had been whispering to Henrietta about Dr. Vandeleur, now became aware that Miss Julia and her son were having a very confidential *tête-à-tête*; and hurried him away, saying that they had made quite a visitation, and that dear Henrietta would be tired.

Julia's face was dark, when, next morning, she descended from her room dressed for her ride with more than her usual care, at the sound of the horses' feet within the shrubbery. She had a twofold game to play that morning. The idea of getting Dr. Vandeleur down as a visitor had flashed suddenly on her the day before. To-day she felt how more than ever desirable it was; for her father had said in his odd, abrupt way, on leaving the breakfast table: "Have the spare-room got ready; Herbert may come in any day." And as she knew that "any day" in her father's phraseology might mean either within a week or a month, it was important too to bring matters to a crisis if she

could between herself and Sir Louis. Supposing Dr. Vandeleur could not or would not come to them, she knew that the only way of disposing of Herbert quietly would be by pleading an engagement. But she preferred that he should stay away altogether. She had enough on her mind, she thought, without the twinges that the sight of him would give her torpid conscience. So she smoothed her face into as much serenity as she could, and, as they rode along, unfolded her plan to Sir Louis as if it were Henrietta's; touching playfully on the necessity of managing dear Papa's odd little fancies, and on the long trouble of her sister's youth. Sir Louis did not say how unnatural he thought it that any management should be required in the case, but he knew Vandeleur too well to suppose that he would invite himself to a house where there would be no real welcome from its head—even for Henrietta's sake. He said:

"I don't think *my* speaking to Vandeleur would be the slightest use. When he comes down, Miss Maurice can talk him over. I'll give him up to her without grumbling, I promise you, although I have been expecting his visit most eagerly. As it is, I daresay he would desert me the best part of the day, and only do me the honour to sleep at the Court."

But Julia wanted the spare-room occupied. "I know Hen would never ask, for fear of being refused. Although she is so good, she is terribly proud."

"Then why don't you? You will be his sister-in-law," said straightforward Sir Louis.

"Yes, I suppose. But I don't know him; no, not half as well as I do you. Now how could I say to him, 'Dr. Vandeleur, my sister wishes you very much to come and stay at our house. I know you ought to have been invited, but Papa is—well—odd; and won't do it, and Mamma will never think of suggesting it to him. But if you write and say you are coming down, Papa will be obliged to say that he will be glad to see you,'—and so he will when the first

awkwardness has passed off—but how could I say this to a person who is a mere stranger?"

"Think for one moment, and you will see that I could as little say with propriety to Vandeleur anything implying a want of hospitality on the part of your father. I think the best plan would be for Miss Maurice to come and stay with my mother for a little while. That will make things pleasant for everybody, will it not?"

"You are too kind," Julia murmured, keeping down her anger at the failure of her plan, yet not so entirely but that her voice shook. Was there no other way? she thought again and again, as they continued their ride in silence. Henrietta would accept the invitation but too eagerly, and instead of one there would be two spare bedrooms. Had the children all had the measles? Or was there such a thing as scarlet-fever going about—hooping-cough they were too old for; was there anything that could be magnified into an epidemic? She resolved that if all failed, she would sham illness herself, and be lodged in the spare-room, because it was larger than her own. Yes, that would she do, unless Sir Louis himself rendered it needless. Pending this cogitation, they rode through the town and dismounted at the hotel. Right glad was Julia to see and bow to a party of men lounging about the entrance; partners and admirers all of them. Sir Louis promised to be ready at three o'clock, and then they separated, he to find out the whereabouts of an Australian mummy, reported to be for sale; she to pay visits, hear the news, and give her dressmaker an instalment of her long-running account, preparatory to the ordering of fresh dresses.

She had no small number of hints and inuendoes to parry during her round of calls, all proceeding from the fact of her having been seen riding with Sir Louis Vivian, and on a horse which had belonged to Lady Caroline. Other ladies, visitors at the Court, had done the same, but never *tête-à-tête*, the gossips averred. To a woman of Henrietta's

reserved temperament, such inuendoes would have given deep annoyance. But Julia played cleverly with them, so that people believed that the marriage was to be, without her having had once to commit herself by saying in so many words, "Yes, I am going to be married."

At two o'clock she went to Miss Warren's, the chief cook and confectioner of the place, to wait for Sir Louis. It was the fashionable hour for people who liked frangipane and hot patties, and the shop was full, as she had hoped it would be. She ordered a cup of chocolate, and sat in the room behind the shop while she drank it, so that the Baronet might be forced to inquire for her of Miss Warren. Then she asked for pen and ink, opened her letter to Herbert, and added the words, "We are expecting Dr. Vandeleur, Henrietta's intended, to make a short stay down here. I am so sorry you cannot meet; he is a very clever London physician, and you would have taken no harm by consulting him for your ague. But, unfortunately, this house is small, and we cannot manage more than one spare room." As she was replacing the sheet in a fresh envelope, she heard Sir Louis's voice inquiring for her. The assistant replied, and he sat down, saying he was in no hurry. From behind the muslin curtain she saw a distant neighbour, a country gentleman named Stratton, enter with two chubby boys, supply each with buns, and turn to speak to Sir Louis. First, about a case which had come before him on the bench (for increasing deafness had not yet been considered an impediment to the performance of magisterial duties—at least down West). He had a great deal to say about this case, which he had thought proper to send to the Exeter assizes, but which Sir Louis would have disposed of at once. Mr. Stratton, however, owing to his infirmity, imagined that the Baronet entirely agreed with him, and felt that he had done an exceedingly wise thing. Then, proceeding to lighter matters, he said, alluding to the mummy—"I saw the bidding likely to run high. You were

too eager; if I could have got near I would have dropped you a hint. It wasn't worth the money."

"But I wanted the thing," said Sir Louis.

"Wanted the tin!" exclaimed Mr. Stratton, in pure amazement.

"I wished to have it particularly. I wish to add it to the collection at the Court. It will be a fine contrast to the Egyptian mummy."

"Wretched mother!" Mr. Stratton whispered to himself. If Mrs. Vivian was wretched, how in the name of fortune was a dried-up Australian native to put her into good spirits?

Seeing his look of bewilderment, Sir Louis roared out benevolently: "It is to be added to the Court collection—the Mu-se-um—though what—" he continued in a more rapid and lower key—"on earth could possess anybody to call that ill-arranged conglomeration of odds and ends a museum, it would be hard to say. I have written," he continued, again raising his voice, "to London for a person who understands these things, to come down to the Court and set all the rubbish in order. I hope by and by you will see a great change for the better. At present it is more like a lumber-room than a museum."

Mr. Stratton caught so much of the Baronet's speech as to make out that a competent person was coming from London, and that all the rubbish was to be consigned to the lumber-room, preparatory to a great change in the house.

"Oh! ah! yes. I'll be bound he won't find much rubbish, though. Your aunt didn't like rubbish about her. Well, well, 'tis a change indeed. I congratulate you on making it. What does Mrs. Vivian say? Will she remain at the Court?"

All the neighbourhood wanted to know that; for that Sir Louis was going to marry one of the Maurices had long been settled.

"Why on earth should she not? Her rooms are all on the south side; she need not go near the museum till it is in perfect order." Which Mr. Stratton translated freely into the following:

"That Mrs. Vivian cared no more than the Mewstone as long as the place was kept in proper order, and she was allowed to retain her rooms on the south side."

Wishing to put a stop to Mr. Stratton's interrogatories, Sir Louis walked to the opposite counter, and spoke again to the confectioner, who bustled to the back of the shop and told her assistant to tell Miss Maurice Sir Louis Vivian was waiting for her.

"And when are all these alterations to take place?" Mr. Stratton inquired with an affectation of extreme mystery, as Julia appeared at the door of the private dining-room.

"Why, immediately; at least as soon as I can get a competent person from London."

"In May? Oh, ah!" and Mr. Stratton walked up to Julia, shook hands with her warmly, and insisted on crossing the road to the hotel with them, to put her on her horse.

"I ain't a bit surprised, my dear, not a bit; my wife saw it coming—oh, long ago. I'm glad of it. I'm uncommonly glad to see one of you settled; so many daughters, and that sort of thing, you know. Excuse me," he went on, as he examined stirrup and girth—"excuse me, my dear. I'm a plain man, and knew your father, bless me, when he was a young spark of nineteen; little he thought then that he would be an admiral, and father to such a handsome daughter as you."

Julia prudently answered all this by a smile and nod, and rode off, well pleased with her morning's work, and particularly with Mr. Stratton's congratulation, which might help the thing to become true, she thought. There was enough in the paragraph she had added to Herbert's letter to keep him away a while longer; and even a day might make a great difference now. So she smiled brightly on Sir Louis, who, however, only spoke once, during this long ride, and that was to tell her to bring her sisters to the Court soon, and show them the new mummy.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHAT THE SPIDER SAYS TO THE FLY.

JULIA took her sister to the Court before many days had passed, ostensibly to see the mummy, really to gain another chat if possible with the Baronet. But Mrs. Vivian did the honours of the mummy, and in answer to a blunt question from Clara, informed them that her son was looking after his mining property in Cornwall. Dr. Vandeleur came down shortly after, so that Sir Louis's return might be inferred, but everything seemed to militate against his coming to Wembury. Dr. Vandeleur was unable to remain even the week he had promised, and Henrietta, invited by Mrs. Vivian for that week, was easily persuaded to stay a while longer, so that there was no need of inquiry after her health from the inhabitants of the Court; and whenever the girls went to see their sister, it was obvious enough that Mrs. Vivian intended to keep them quite out of her son's way. Captain Waldron had not made his appearance as yet, but the Admiral still chose to speak of his arrival as imminent, and mysteriously referred the delay to private affairs; which, translated by Lizzie to mean that he was looking out for a wife, was an additional cause of torment to Julia. And so the winter set in, most inauspiciously. She began to lose her brilliant colour; began to find herself less the object of universal notice. People said she was fading, and would have to give place to the pretty younger sister, and turn into a wall-flower. Some such remarks she heard, couched in no tones of regret, but the contrary; for many and many a time had she presumed on her good looks to spoil the game of an incipient wall-flower, or of a shy, new plain girl; and these and their mothers and sisters remembered these things against her, and took their revenge.

She scrutinized her face in her glass, and was forced to admit, shuddering,

that it was true. Her cheeks were fading, her eyes were becoming languid, her very eyebrows were losing their pure arch, and men were beginning to extol Lizzy's! The minx, who ought to be in the schoolroom learning German verbs, was actually supplanting her with her tricks of dimple and drooped eyelashes! And now she began in despair to make acquaintance with superfine rouge and pearl white, not to mention certain villainous preparations which give fictitious lustre to the eyes. Thus tinted, she again asserted her supremacy for a time; yet with sinking heart, haunted ever by the fear of her fraud being found out, and bringing her into worse contempt; for she knew how she had used her world, and was too wise to expect quarter.

All this time Mrs. Vivian was building up an air-castle, in which a certain Lady Florence figured as *châtelaine*. This Lady Florence was the youngest daughter of a distant relative of the late Lady Caroline, who, on the strength of the connexion, had invited herself to Vivian Court for a week during the autumn, and had patronised Mrs. Vivian rather extensively. With the patronage, however, there was mingled a certain judicious amount of flattery on the subject of that only son, whose virtues Mrs. Vivian daily extolled to all and sundry. The dowager duchess had this one daughter, still hanging on her hands in the most unaccountable and disgraceful way. This daughter was not in the first bloom of youth, neither was Sir Louis. She was plain; so was he. She was quiet and studious; so was he. *Ergo*, they were made for each other: and the two mothers bent their efforts to bring about the match. Mrs. Vivian, truly, thought herself the most magnanimous party in the tacit treaty of alliance. "I dare say I shan't see much of him when he's married, dear fellow," she was wont to say to herself. "She naturally will like to have her own grand relations about her, and I shall be in the way. But a duke's daughter has a right to be high; and it will be a good connexion for him. I can go back

to Dorking, and he can come and see me now and then; and I know he will let me have a hundred a year to help my own little income."

Some such thoughts as these were passing through her mind, as she sat in the morning-room before her writing-table, answering a friendly note from the dowager duchess, inviting her and her son to spend Christmas-week with them in the north, and giving a faithful bulletin of her grace's nervous headaches, and Lady Florence's studies. "Who would have thought," said Mrs. Vivian to herself, as she sealed and carefully directed the envelope, "that I should ever come to be in correspondence with a duchess, or that my dear Louis might be a duke's brother-in-law for the asking?" And she turned to Henrietta, who was lying near the fire reading the paper, and remarked that the ways of Providence were very mysterious: to which Henrietta assented briefly, not seeing what gave rise just then to the utterance of the sentiment, but supposing that her hostess meant it merely as an interjectional remark by way of redeeming the time.

"Yes," Mrs. Vivian said: and then she began considering how she should best give Henrietta some inkling of what was uppermost in her mind, without exactly having the air of talking over Louis's affairs with a third person, or without appearing to say, what nevertheless she wished to have understood, "My son's wife must rank higher than a retired admiral's daughter." While she stood by the fire pondering over and weighing her words, visitors were announced, and she had to go to the drawing-room to receive them. When she returned, it was with a cloud on her usually cheery face, and Sir Louis unwittingly made it a blacker one, by remarking to Henrietta at luncheon that it was a fine day, and that, if either of her sisters happened to come up, he should be happy to ride with her in the afternoon. Mrs. Vivian looked daggers during this civil speech, and Henrietta, conscious that something was wrong,

felt nervous and uncomfortable, and heartily wished herself at home.

It was not till late in the afternoon, when there was no chance of either of the girls dropping in, that Mrs. Vivian bethought herself of having given the rein to her carnal temper. Then she strove to make amends by petting Henrietta more than usual, and speaking of Dr. Vandeleur. From Henrietta's dear Jack to her dear Louis was but one step, and gradually her matrimonial plans for him became unfolded, and the cause of that day's annoyance.

"My dear, it was Mrs. Henley who put me out so. It was wrong of me, I confess; but really, knowing as I do, what a match Louis is likely to make, it was most trying to hear her nonsense. Now you know, my dear, that my son is not a man to do anything precipitately; and I believe that he and Lady Florence perfectly understand each other. And so you may just imagine what I felt when Mrs. Henley actually congratulated me on his approaching marriage with your sister Julia!"

Henrietta blushed deeply. "I am sure," she said, in a tone of much annoyance, "that no one would feel more hurt, more distressed, than my sister, if she knew this. She would never come near this house again. How on earth could such—" "a report have arisen," she was going to say, but stopped, remembering suddenly her mother's silly remarks to Mrs. Henley, as well as the comments of the latter respecting the picture in the dining-room.

"I am sure I cannot tell," Mrs. Vivian went on. "It was not you, or I, who set the report going. I only know she told me everybody considered it a settled thing, and that they were going up the Nile for the honeymoon!"

"I do wish people would mind their own business!" Henrietta exclaimed, very angry, and resolved to return home the next day, and never come to stay at Vivian Court till Sir Louis was married.

"I wish they would. I assure you, my dear, I am annoyed almost as much on your sister's account as on my son's. It might be highly injurious to her. I

told Mrs. Henley that there was not the slightest foundation for the report, and begged her to contradict it most positively."

Henrietta was out of patience. "My sister will never forgive Mrs. Henley this—at least, I should not in her place. Mrs. Vivian, I don't feel as if I could stay here any longer. You must let me go home to-morrow, please, and we must see a little less of each other for a time. People will have something else to talk about by and by."

No, Mrs. Vivian said: she did not wish that. Henrietta's companionship was a pleasure and a comfort to her.

"Thank you," said Henrietta; "but for Julia's sake I ought to go home now. I can't bear the idea of her name being bandied about the neighbourhood. People will be saying next that—that she has been jilted."

"Oh, my dear child, I hope not. They shan't, if I can prevent it." But she did not press Henrietta to prolong her visit; feeling instinctively what Louis's horror would be, should such a report come to his ears. She was, on the contrary, glad that Henrietta's visit had been thus of her own free-will curtailed, and there was no word said about repeating it.

Henrietta found things in a very uncomfortable state when she returned to Wembury. The Admiral was unusually cross; her mother was laid up with influenza, Miss Brydges was complaining of various violations of schoolroom rules, and Lizzy and Julia were enjoying a fit of sulks, each in her own room. The Admiral was the easiest pacified. He had been suffering from the want of companionship during Henrietta's absence; and although it was his own fault—for he had sent both wife and daughters to Coventry for some imagined want of subordination in household affairs—he still felt it very severely. Herbert was still coming, he said; but the truth was, the young man was waiting for a signal from Julia that the impending visit of Dr. Vandeleur was over. And Julia, as it may be supposed, was in no hurry to give him any such signal.

One blowy, rainy afternoon, Julia and her sister were preparing themselves for a long drive to Mrs. Stratton's, where they were to dine and spend the night, when the clanging of the door-bell and the barking of all the dogs told of an unusual arrival. Presently after, Emily rushed into Julia's room, followed by Clara, both announcing that Cousin Herbert was come.

"And oh, he does look so ill!" said one.

"And so handsome!" said the other; "such eyes!"

Julia set her teeth. Only the day before, Henrietta had told her of the reason of her cutting short her visit to Mrs. Vivian. She had not intended to mention it, she said, but she had no choice; for without a good reason to the contrary, nothing would prevent the girls from taking walks in the Vivian grounds, and entering the Museum at all times and seasons, as Sir Louis had once asked them to do. Mrs. Vivian, Julia knew, had not been near Henrietta since the latter's return. And now Herbert was come, and could not be put off any longer by lies and subterfuges. Julia knew well enough that he would have a "yes" or "no" from her before he had been in the house very long, unless she kept to her own room, which would be tiresome and inconvenient. She felt that a crisis of some sort was at hand, too, with respect to the Baronet. Marry this Lady Florence he should not if she could prevent it; yet how to prevent it she knew less than ever. She did not come down till the last moment, when her father's voice resounded through the house, declaring that if she were not ready he must leave her behind. Her heart beat with fear lest Herbert should meet her on her way down, and she hurried past the drawing-room door like a culprit, and felt relieved when they had actually driven off, and the meeting was inevitably postponed till the next day. Her father beguiled the way by grumbling at Herbert for coming on a day when they were engaged out; and when she roused herself from her own thoughts to observe that it did not

matter, she was only growled at for her pains, and reproved for want of cousinly feeling.

Mrs. Stratton, a fat, motherly woman, who, having no daughters of her own, could afford to be fond of the handsome daughters of Admiral Maurice, was waiting to receive them upstairs; and sending the lady's-maid about her business, began, in a tearful, hysterical voice:—

"Oh, my dear Miss Maurice, I did it for the very best, but you'll never forgive me! Only, my dear, it can't be helped now, and if you will be so good as to come down—Mr. Stratton can't bear to see a gap at table, or else I wouldn't press it—but I'll see that you don't come in contact."

"I don't understand you in the least, Mrs. Stratton," said Julia, drawing herself up to her full height. "With whom am I not to come in contact?"

"Oh, my dear, I don't want to mention names. I was so shocked, indeed I was, to hear that it was all off, when Sir Louis himself had said it was to be immediately. And my husband was pleased, naturally; and told everybody about it. And we thought it would be pleasant for you to meet; and I got a beau for Miss Lizzy, too. Oh, dear, dear, I wouldn't have had this happen in my house for something. And my husband is so put out! Indeed, my dear, we both feel very much for you."

"Thank you," said Julia, ironically, but with a parched throat and violent beating of the heart.

"Oh, my dear!" and Mrs. Stratton rushed to the bell and rang for wine and sal-volatile.

"I don't want anything, thank you. It was not remarkably pleasant to hear what you had to tell me, but I don't see why I should care, after all, as there is not a particle of truth in it."

Lizzy, who had kept silent, save an interjection or two, till now, exclaimed in corroboration: "No, indeed, and why should she care? I wouldn't. It's only people's spite;" and then looked at her sister for a glance of approval. But Julia had something else to think of.

"It is not true," she began, deliberately, "and yet I do not wonder very much at people's talking so. But it will all come right before long. I don't know whether to be glad or sorry to have to meet him to-day. It may be fortunate. Shall we go down, Mrs. Stratton?"

"I see, my dear," said the good woman, kissing her; "only a misunderstanding. I'll give my husband a hint; he'll be so glad, you don't know. And try to make it up, my dear; do. I'll manage that you shall have the little room behind the billiard-room to yourselves this evening; nobody ever goes there."

"You dear, kind soul," murmured Julia, giving her a butterfly kiss as they passed out of the room; she feeling that the last card in her game was to be played that evening, and steadily refusing to contemplate failure; Mrs. Stratton all eagerness to tell her husband that things were not so bad after all.

Nevertheless, it was a trial to Julia's highly-wrought nerves to encounter Mrs. Vivian; to be told, in a patronising tone, that she was looking very nice, and to be tapped on the shoulder by that lady's bespangled fan. A few months ago, she would have patronised Mrs. Vivian: but the widow had been taking lessons from the dowager duchess in the art of making people feel their proper position, and, her wits being sharpened through love for her son, she had arrived at a very fair proficiency. She had set up an eye-glass, too; a double eye-glass, in a magnificent gold setting, which she wore dangling from a chain at her belt, also *à la duchesse*. And through this she was enabled to keep a sharp watch on the Miss Maurices' behaviour all dinner-time, to their extreme annoyance, and to the discomfiture of Lizzy in particular. For Lizzy had undertaken a flirtation with a young man whom everybody knew to be engaged, and was progressing splendidly, when she caught the terrible eye-glass turned full on her. Once inspected and brought to confusion, Mrs. Vivian let Lizzy alone, and turned to observe Julia, who was really doing

nothing except eat her dinner, but who was filled with impotent rage at being thus looked over.

"Come away from that end of the room," she whispered to Lizzy, as they re-entered the drawing-room in the wake of the matrons of the party. "Lizzy, I think I would give a year of my life to pay back that Irishwoman's impertinence."

And then they amused themselves indifferently well with annals and photographs, and sips of coffee, and listened with secret yawnings to the scraps of nursery information with which Mrs. Stratton regaled them from time to time. Then the door opened and Sir Louis came in, and groped his way through an archipelago of small tables and tapestry chairs towards Mrs. Stratton, who graciously made place for him beside her.

"Metal more attractive here, eh, Sir Louis?"

Sir Louis bowed. "I left the gentlemen very busy talking about mangel-wurzel, and so forth. I suppose the subject is an interesting one to those who understand it. I don't."

Then Mrs. Stratton got up to look after her other guests, but came back presently; and seeing that Julia remained silent, while Lizzy was doing all the conversation, benevolently observed:

"You seem rather dull, good folks. Don't you think a game of billiards would enliven you?"

Sir Louis rose and offered his arm. "Are we to have the pleasure of your company?"

"Well, I never did! That doesn't look like making it up," thought Mrs. Stratton. "No, thank you, I'm not clever at billiards; but Miss Maurice is, and I daresay a game would amuse her."

"It looks as if there had been something desperate, my dear," she whispered to Lizzy, as the two marched out together.

Lizzy was learning not to waste her ammunition; i.e. not to lie verbally when a sign might serve the purpose. She merely sighed and shook her head.

"Is Mrs. Vivian at the bottom of it, my dear? I ask because I see you

haven't done more than speak to each other, and I had imagined you were all so intimate."

Lizzy hesitated. "Mrs. Vivian is Henrietta's particular friend. She has always been very kind to Henrietta, and—she's dotingly fond of *him*, you know."

"Oh, ah, I see. Jealous. Well, I'm sure I think she might be thankful to get such a sweet daughter-in-law, and one that will do the honours so well. Ah, my dear, men think a good deal of the figure the wife will make at the head of the dinner-table." And then, good-natured Mrs. Stratton, seeing some of the younger men approaching, walked off, that she might not spoil Lizzy's amusement.

"Those girls do flirt," she would say, when the matrons of her acquaintance shook their heads at the two handsome Miss Maurices' behaviour. "They do flirt, and I am not going to attempt to deny it. But if I were as young and as handsome, and as much noticed in society, I think I should do exactly the same. So I won't join in your abuse of them, my dear." From which last speech, the said matrons concluded that in spite of Mrs. Stratton's well-known devotion to her deaf husband and her unruly boys, her morals were at a very low ebb, and that it was providential she had no daughters.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FLY WALKS IN UNAWARES.

"WHAT shall it be? *Sans égal* is a very good game for two players," said Sir Louis, taking down the cues from the rack.

"I don't care what it is," she said, taking the cue he handed to her. She was an excellent billiard-player, and at another time she might have amused herself at the Baronet's blunders. But now she knew she must keep her energies for another game.

Sir Louis knew that he played badly, but he knew also that he was improving every day; that he might soon come to

beat most lady-players, if he chose, from the simple fact of his trusting nothing to chance—of always giving a reason to himself for every stroke of his cue—whether he were playing, or simply practising alone. He was surprised to find that Julia made no way against him this time,—surprised and ever so slightly vexed, for even so frivolous a thing as a game of billiards—as he held it—was worth playing well, if played at all.

"You are not playing well to-night," he said at last. "Take care, or I shall beat you hollow."

She laughed. "Luck is against me, I suppose. Never mind."

"Another foul stroke! Don't you know, Miss Maurice, that the angle of reflection is the reverse of the angle of incidence? That is just the *pons asinorum* of the billiard-player."

"Of course I know it! I believe I am not in the mood to-night; a child might beat me. Do you know," she continued hurriedly, "I have heard three strange reports about you since—since yesterday—and all three contradicting each other. This neighbourhood is greatly interested in your proceedings, Sir Louis."

"Much obliged to it," said he, with real nonchalance.

"There was something said about me—me—too," she continued. "When I saw you here to-night, I thought, what a bold man you must be!"

"You are speaking riddles," said he, still showing but little anxiety for the solving of them by tone or manner.

"Shall I tell you?" she went on, playing her ball.

"If you please."

"It was this." She drew herself away quite to the other side of the table, and looked him full in the face. "That you were engaged to me. That we were to be married immediately, you said, and go up the Nile."

He threw down his cue with an exclamation.

"That is not all. The worst—or the best, you may think—is to come. My friends have been all condoling with me

for your ill-behaviour in—in—what did they call it? Jilting me! *Me!*”

Sir Louis began pacing the room in great perturbation. “Miss Maurice! Miss Julia! I am distressed beyond measure. I am completely bewildered at this—this most unjustifiable report. Jilt! I declare I would as soon be accused of forgery. I hold in abhorrence the wanton playing with the affections that the word implies.”

“You men,” she went on, speaking very low, “you men have a remedy. You can shoot or horsewhip the man who dares traduce your character. But we women!—we can but asseverate, put a bold face on the matter. And when that’s done, people say, ‘Ah, poor dear thing! See how bravely she keeps it up!’ But they believe that she *was* jilted, for all that. They are talking it over now, I daresay, in the drawing-room. This is what I have had to bear to-day, Sir Louis. And I think for both our sakes—for mine, especially—that there had best be a cessation of our friendly intercourse until—until my third piece of news comes true. For, say they, you have jilted me—” she saw how he winced at the word, and laid an emphasis on it accordingly—“in order to marry a Lady Clara, or Lady Laura somebody. Allow me to congratulate you!” And she made him a deep, mocking curtsy, still keeping her eyes fixed on his face. She did not want rouge now, nor belladonna either, and she knew it.

“It is false!” he cried, angrily—“utterly false! Who has dared say so? Who has dared slander me thus—and you? If I knew of any man——”

“False! Did you say it was false?” she whispered, leaning over the table, and hiding her face in her hands.

“False! Say it again.”

“Utterly, completely false!” said he, taking his stand close beside her with an unaccountable impulse. She remained silent a moment. Then, with her face still hidden in her hands: “Forgive me for making you say what I had no right to know—no right either to know or care for. But—but—one

cannot always be brave. It will come to pass some time, no doubt. Till then, ah, forgive me! May I see you sometimes just as usual? I fancied you avoided me of late. I had no right to your society, I knew, and never pressed it. But—but—for so long now has it been the only thing that made my life worth having, that—that I cannot give it up till I must. Ah, what am I saying? No, no, no, I did not mean that. Have pity on me, Sir Louis, and leave me! Go away somewhere, anywhere, so that you do not cross my path. You are your own master. But I—I am but one daughter in a family. How can I leave my home, and my home duties and roam abroad, that people may not say of me—what they are daring to say!—*that I am pining away because of you!* Will you not go, in pity?” she cried, with a voice choking in sobs.

He took her hand. “And have you thought it worth while to love *me*? Poor child!” He bent down and stroked her hand pityingly, just as if she were a child that had bruised itself in falling. She felt his breath stir her hair as he sighed.

“Worth while?” she repeated, raising herself till their faces almost touched. There was a moment’s pause. . . .

“Poor child!” he said again very sadly, half to himself.

“I will not be scorned!” she cried proudly, turning away from him.

“Scorned! I scorn you! Heaven forbid! I would study how to thank you for—for what I had never thought to win. Let me learn to love you, Julia.”

* * * * *

They were sitting side by side, amiably enough, Mrs. Stratton thought, when she by and by entered, half out of curiosity, half to tell Sir Louis that Mrs. Vivian was anxious to get home before the moon went down.

“So you *have* brought him to the point at last!” exclaimed the admiring Lizzy, as she helped her sister to disrobe herself that night. “What a diplomatist you would make, Ju!”

It was a great relief to Julia to hear, on returning home next day, that Herbert was laid up in an ague-fit. The Admiral betook himself to the invalid's room, and stayed there till dinner-time. Julia took some trouble to find out how long the fit was going to last, but her father, according to his usual provoking, mysterious habit, did not choose to supply the information, only said he should not hear of his leaving Wembury for the winter; which news she had to digest as best she could.

It would never do, she thought, for things not to be squared between them before Sir Louis came openly as her future husband. Herbert's temper was never of the best, and things might be said which were better unsaid. Yet she tore up sheet after sheet before she could write a letter to her mind—something decided, yet not too cruel. Just as she thought she had hit on a right beginning, a summons came to attend her father in his study. It was a small chamber fitted up with shelves, and full of barometers, maps, globes, and nautical instruments,—the chamber of horrors, the girls called it, since they never entered it except on command, and generally to receive a reprimand extraordinary for some violation of discipline. The Admiral, however, was in a wonderfully good humour. "I've had a letter from Sir Louis about you," he said, pushing his spectacles up to his forehead; "a very nice letter, if 'twere not written in such a confoundedly small hand. And here's one that I'm to give to you, if I see fit. I call that open and aboveboard."

"I suppose I may open it," said she, taking the letter daintily.

"Of course, unless you wish it returned."

In which gracious manner the Admiral signified his consent; and then for the second time ran through the contents of his letter, wherein the Baronet had set forth his worldly circumstances and his intentions as to settlements and so forth, as frankly and lucidly as a father could wish.

"Then you consent?" she said, when

she had read hers. She did not half like it. There was much more about his mother's comfort and happiness in it than about his or hers. What was his mother to her but a tiresome, stiff, sanctimonious old Irishwoman, to be put aside at the first opportunity!

"You womenkind can't bear anything like a practical statement," said her father; "but for once just take the trouble to glance over this page, where you'll find everything relating to money matters set down in the most straightforward manner. He means to make you comfortable, you will see."

She looked through the page with but half-concealed eagerness, and murmured that she thought she understood. That matter-of-fact statement was more interesting, truly, than his letter to her.

"Then I suppose it's all settled," said the Admiral. Then he kissed her, and murmured something huskily which sounded like a blessing; and she escaped to her room to write that letter which brooked no further delay, leaving him wiping his eyes and his spectacles, and thinking she was his favourite after all, and he should not know how to get on without her, in spite of Henrietta or Herbert either. But he never thought of standing in her way. He must die one of these days, and then the girls must leave Wembury for some smaller place; and one so well married would be a comfort to think of on his death-bed. And then he got out his will, and read it over, as he did sometimes when a gloomy fit came over him.

And Julia wrote to her two lovers,—to Herbert, declaring once for all that she had never loved him: to Sir Louis, begging him to bring his mother as soon as he liked. She laughed as she wrote. "*Your dear mother.*" "I wonder how the old thing took the news?" she said aloud. "I wonder if she cried, or what? Little she thought I was going to supplant her Lady Florence! I suppose they will come, both of 'em, to-morrow, and we shall kiss, and make pretty speeches, and call each other 'dear,' she and I. And it will be as good as a play."

It was more startling than pleasant to hear Herbert's voice on the stairs, as she stood, arranging a few winter-flowers for the drawing-room table, and dressed—not rouged to-day—to receive Sir Louis and Mrs. Vivian. A minute after, he entered, and bade her good-morning, as coolly as she could have wished. She answered, fingering the flowers, and looking down, having just grace enough left to feel abashed in his presence.

"I wish," said he, sitting down on a sofa where he could get a full view of her face, "to hear from your own lips, if you have no objection, what your note gave me to understand yesterday."

"Yes," she said, softly, and with eyes cast down, it was true. In fact—she was engaged. She knew she had not treated him well; youth must be her excuse. She should always feel grateful to him for his affection; and as a cousin——

He stopped her there. "You might have saved me the trouble of coming back to hear only this. That would have been more cousinly, Cousin Julia. What? Your last letter to me in India was all affection, and this note"—he drew it, all crumpled, out of his breast-pocket—"this note tells me you never loved me. In plain words, one or other is a lie."

He was clearly angry, now; and she liked him all the better for it.

"I thought it was true at one time," she said; "and then—hoped to make it truth, I did indeed. And—you know you were impetuous, Herbert, and I was afraid of you, and did not understand myself——"

"I never bullied a woman yet," he interrupted, "and was it likely I was going to practise upon you? The long and short of it is, that you've changed your mind. You've grown worldly-wise, and don't any longer see the glory of being a poor soldier's wife. You did once; but you were young then, as you say. Well! I'd have done my best to make you comfortable. And my old granny would have remembered us both—she's a kind old woman—but that's neither here nor there now." He stopped and breathed hard, setting his teeth to keep

down his emotion, half anger, half sorrow. He had loved her his very best, and it was hard to be told now that she had never cared for him. Mortifying, above all things, after his telling his cronies out in India that he was going to bring his wife back. Why, he had actually inquired about the Overland route of some of the ladies who had lately joined, on Julia's account. And now to be told she had never loved him!

"You will give me back my letters," said she, hardening herself to look straight at him at last.

Had she but seen him before that dinner-party, she thought, dropping her eyes again, and trying hard to swallow the knob that would rise in her throat! Here was a man! tall, straight as a poplar, with a pair of hands fit for beauty to clasp hers, thin to transparency, and white as a piece of china. Where did the Baronet get his broad, clumsy paws? Ay, from his mother the Irishwoman, no doubt. She looked up once more and caught his eyes fixed upon her, scanning her from head to foot covetously. Magnificent blue eyes, better than hers, thought she, half relenting.

But the time-piece struck, and she hardened again. "I must have my letters."

"Certainly," he rejoined. "Let us make an exchange." There was less of wounded feeling in his voice now, and more of contempt than she liked. He saw how anxious she was to have her love-letters back—how anxious to get rid of him.

"It was silly of us ever to be engaged, Herbert. We might have known—even had there been no change on either side—that Papa's prejudice against cousins' marrying would never give way."

He laughed. "Why, the Admiral told me an hour ago that he looked upon me as a son."

She shook her head, and played with her watch-chain. There was a carriage stopping at the front door, and the bell clanging through the house. "It's no

use talking," she said, hurriedly. She knew it was the Vivian Court carriage.

"Shake hands, Cousin Herbert, and please, please don't be more angry with me than you can help."

Surely that was the door opening. They must be in the hall now. Was he staying on purpose to humble her? A minute more, and the Irishwoman's sharp eyes would be looking her through and through.

"Even as cousins we need not part so," said he, rising languidly. "Give me one kiss, Cousin Julia; just one, to repay me for loving you all these years."

"Take it, and go," she whispered, with her ear strained to catch the sound of footsteps on the stairs.

"By heaven, I believe you love me!" he cried, kissing her passionately. "Let us go on as we were, Julia. Throw over this engagement. I don't believe your heart is in it."

She thought for a moment that she had a heart, and that it was going to break. Here was a man who had made her only scornful, derisive speeches for the last quarter of an hour and more, but who loved her like a man. Was not this fire and fury better than your mumbling lump of ice? She clung to him, and hid her face on his shoulder.

"Oh, Herbert, Herbert! if you had but come here a little sooner. But it's too late now. Yes, I do love you, even now, Herbert!" No, this would never do, this melting mood. The

words were scarcely out of her mouth when she repented them. She broke away from him, and ran to the window.

"Why should it be too late?" said he, following her and attempting to take her hand.

But she was herself again. "Leave me," she cried, passionately; "leave me! He will be here in an instant."

His eye fell upon the carriage just turning down the drive. "Oh, I understand. Yes, I think it was the best thing you could do to throw me over. I couldn't offer you anything at all equal to that, you know."

"Sir Louis Vivian, Mrs. Vivian," said Wallis, throwing open the door with alacrity. Herbert vanished, with a mocking bow to his cousin.

She came from the window, and met them half-way. The Baronet took her hand and put it in his mother's, saying very solemnly, "This is your daughter that is to be."

And Mrs. Vivian threw back her veil, and looked her through and through, saying, "My dear, I love everything and everybody that my son calls his own; and I will love you if you will let me." And as she said it, she felt that she disapproved of Julia Maurice more strongly than ever. As for Julia herself, she felt, as she told Lizzy afterwards, as much weighed down as if she had been at a funeral.

"But, of course, you know," rejoined Lizzy, "you'll make her know her place as soon as you're fairly married."

To be continued.

THORVALDSEN'S MUSEUM IN COPENHAGEN.

BY REV. HUGH MACMILLAN.

COPENHAGEN is one of the most interesting capitals of Europe, and yet it is difficult to point out exactly in what the interest connected with it lies. Its situation is not picturesque, and its buildings are not distinguished for architectural beauty, consisting chiefly of lofty brick structures covered with stucco, and presenting a very bald and monotonous appearance. The people are very quiet and primitive in their ways; and, with the exception of the *fêtes* in the Tivoli Gardens and the Alhambra, there are none of those fashionable gaieties and amusements which are to be found in such abundance in Paris, Berlin, or Vienna. Perhaps the serenity and repose of the place, and the simplicity of the manners and customs, may contribute much to the indefinable charm, as well as the feeling that one is beyond the usual tourist ground, and in a region comparatively fresh and unknown. In summer the sky overhead is peculiarly bright, and the sunshine warmer than it is in Britain. Everywhere in the city there is the gleam of water, for it is intersected and islanded in all directions by canals and harbours, and the placid Sound reflects the overhanging buildings on its bosom, and brings the fresh breath of ocean into the most crowded market-places. So common is this element of beauty, that Copenhagen has been called "the Venice of the North." The magnificence of the avenues of lime and chestnut trees that lead from the heart of the city to its suburbs, especially when in full blossom, loading the air with fragrance, and lighting up the green gloom with their white flowery candelabra, requires to be seen in order to be appreciated. All ranks meet and mingle in the various places of public resort on familiar terms, and with mu-

tual consideration and respect. The society of the better classes is fully as cultivated and refined as it is anywhere in Europe. We in Britain know very little of the literature of Denmark, Hans Christian Andersen being almost the only Danish author with whose writings we are acquainted. And yet in history they have had the two Niebuhrs, father and son; in poetry and general literature, Evald, Baggesen, Wessel, Holberg, Grundtvig, Ræbbell, Heiberg, Mølbech, Ingemann, and, greatest of all, Oehlenschläger, whose statue, in bronze, is conspicuous in one of the squares. Worsaae, the successor of Thomsen, the founder of the unique Museum of Northern Antiquities, is one of the most accomplished antiquarians in Europe; Steenstrup has a world-wide reputation as a scientific discoverer; and Carsten Hauch, the poet, has inherited the mantle of Oehlenschläger, and continues to enrich the poetic stores of his country by his dramas and lyrics. But by far the most illustrious of the great names of Denmark is that of Thorvaldsen. Copenhagen is in fact the city of Thorvaldsen—the Mecca of sculpture. His museum is the "sight" of the place. His memory is the glory of the people. The booksellers' shops are full of photographs of his person and works; and copies of his busts and statues, in all sizes and materials, may be seen exposed for sale in almost every second window.

Of course we visited the shrine of this remarkable hero-worship, and ceased to wonder at the popular enthusiasm. Thorvaldsen's museum—and also his mausoleum, for he is buried within its walls—is situated on an island formed by an encircling canal towards the west-end of the city. It is so close as almost to form part of the huge pile called the Christiansborg Palace, and is

a square yellowish-looking building in the Egyptian style, singularly ugly. The outside is covered with pictures, produced by the inlaying of differently-coloured cements in the walls, representing on one side the hero's triumphant return home, after an absence of eighteen years, in the same ship which conveyed his works from Rome; and, on the other side, the transport of these works by an enthusiastic crowd to the museum. The façade represents Fame in her fiery car drawn by four horses, in bronze. Passing in by a side door, we examined with interest the colossal plaster busts, statues, and friezes in the entrance-hall—models for monuments which Thorvaldsen executed for different cities—prominent among which was the statue of Pius VII. seated in the papal chair, supported by allegorical figures. Before inspecting the contents of the corridor—Christ's Hall—and the different rooms on the ground-floor, the keeper led us to a wide court in the centre of the building paved with stones and roofed by the sky, at that moment one brilliant flawless sapphire. The surrounding walls were painted with palms and other decorations of antique tombs. "There is his grave," said our guide, pointing to a small plot of ivy growing almost on a level with the pavement in the midst of which it was set. The sun shining in through the open roof lingered on the green spot, and burnished the ivy leaves, while the shadows projected by the walls elsewhere were cool and dark. It was touchingly simple. No marble monument, no elegiac inscription—not even his name carved on the pavement—nothing but the small-leaved ivy, clustering closely together, that wreathes alike the ruins of human art and the remains of man himself with its unfading green. It might be said of him, as it was said of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, "If you wish to see his monument, look around." There he reposes amid the creations of his genius—no less than six hundred and fifty in number, most of which have achieved a world-wide reputation.

There is no other mausoleum like it in the world. No monarch ever had such a resting-place, as this son of a poor ship-carpenter. I longed to pluck a leaf as a memorial, but I felt that it would have been a species of sacrilege. Gazing with uncovered head upon the ivy, I remembered that Thorvaldsen himself had stood on the same spot, and looked down for a long time in silence into the open grave, which, according to his instructions, the architect had made when the building was completed. I thought of that wonderful funeral procession of which the King of Denmark and his son formed the head, and in which almost the whole nation were mourners, and of the garland of flowers woven by the hand of the queen, placed beside Thorvaldsen's chisel on the coffin. Surely, never was artist so honoured in life and death. And this little plot of ivy was the end of it all!

Around the courtyard runs a series of small apartments, each opening into the other, and each of a different colour and design. The walls are neutral-tinted, and the ceilings painted in the Pompeian style with brilliant colours and with much artistic skill—the work of the pupils of the Copenhagen Academy of Arts. Each apartment contains a single marble statue or group, while the walls are decorated with appropriate bas-reliefs, whose playful fancy and endless variety are exceedingly charming. The light in each room is so arranged as to be as much as possible that of the studio, that each statue and bas-relief may be seen in the light in which it was executed; while the neutral tint of the walls brings out the exquisite whiteness of the marble and the beautiful outlines of the forms with the utmost distinctness. The arrangement and light of each apartment are such as to show its precious contents to the utmost advantage, and to impress them most vividly upon the mind and memory. It would be impossible within the limits of an article like this to go over all the sculptures in these rooms in detail: I can only briefly notice those

hich are considered by the best judges of art to be the gems of the collection. In the first room, there is the lovely Polydore pouring water into an empty cup, whose attitude and expression are perfect. In the eighth room, are marble reliefs of Night with her children Death and Sleep; and Morning with Aurora, the genii of light, accompanied by Cupid culling flowers from the stony ground, and collecting shells for an ornament. These *relievi* have a European reputation, have been copied in marble and biscuit innumerable times, and may be seen in photographs everywhere. In the corridor is a splendid group of Hector the Trojan hero in the chamber of Helen reproaching Paris for his cowardice; and also a model in stucco of the celebrated Lion of Lucerne.

The statue, however, upon which we gazed the longest, not only on account of its own high artistic merits, but also on account of the interesting personal associations connected with it, was that of Jason with the Golden Fleece, exhibited in the fifth room. This statue illustrates the turning-point in the life of Thorvaldsen. It was the foundation of all his marvellous success and reputation. He conceived the idea of it when in Rome studying at the expense of the Academy of Copenhagen, and made a model, which he broke up in a fit of despondency. Afterwards he returned to the subject; and, working with extraordinary enthusiasm, soon completed a new model in clay larger than life, which excited general admiration. Canova was greatly struck with it when visiting the young artist's studio, and from it prophesied his future fame. For two months the Roman *dilettanti* and art-idlers visited Jason, and expressed much approval, but gave no substantial token of their admiration. Meanwhile, the circumstances of Thorvaldsen were as unfavourable as they could well be. His whole career in Rome up to this period was singularly unfortunate. He happened to come to the Eternal City at a time when the Papal government was brought into collision with the victorious

arms of Napoleon Buonaparte, and a series of skirmishes and internal convulsions took place, which ultimately resulted in the proclamation of a Roman Republic from the Capitol, the flight of the Cardinals, and the expulsion from the Chair of St. Peter of poor frail Pius VI., who shortly afterwards expired in exile. In this stormy political atmosphere there was obviously no calm or leisure in the city for the prosecution of the study of art. The principal statues had either already been sent away, or were packed up and waiting to be conveyed to Paris—whither Napoleon was in the habit of sending the works of art of which he had spoiled the galleries of Europe in his all-conquering march. The Apollo Belvedere, the group of the Laocoön, the Venus de' Medici, and the celebrated Torso, were indeed in Rome, but they were enclosed in packing-cases; and for purposes of study might as well have been immured in their native quarries. The climate, too, proved very unhealthy to his northern constitution. He was constantly subject to the Roman fever, which laid him aside from all work for long intervals. Add to this, that the groups of sculpture which he found leisure and strength to execute for the Copenhagen Academy—to satisfy his patrons regarding his progress and diligence—were detained on their passage home, and were kept so long at the custom-house that they failed to accomplish the object which he had in view, and not one of them was exhibited at the Royal Exposition of Arts. The two years which the Academy had granted him for study in Rome had expired; he had no means of his own to lengthen the period; his funds were so reduced that he had hardly enough money remaining to pay his passage home. He had heard nothing of or from his parents since he had left them. Everything seemed to conspire against him; so that his spirits, naturally somewhat melancholic, sank to zero, and he is reported to have said to a friend, "I cannot understand how a grown-up person can laugh." Despairing of success, the desponding sculptor made up his

mind to leave Rome for ever. The day of his departure was actually fixed ; the *veturino* drove up to the door at the hour agreed upon, and everything was ready for the journey. But a Prussian sculptor with whom he had agreed to travel home failed at the last moment to make his appearance. After considerable delay he came, announcing that he was unable to get his passport properly *visé*, and therefore would not be allowed to go out of Rome that day. As Thorvaldsen had resolved not to travel without him, they had no alternative but to dismiss the *veturino* and postpone their departure till the following morning. Regarding this as another of the complications of fortune against him, he returned to his studies with a bitter heart. Late in the day a wealthy Englishman, the well-known Mr. Hope, called to see the model of Jason, which the sculptor had packed up in readiness to be sent home after him. Greatly struck with its beauty, Mr. Hope asked him how much it would cost in marble. Thorvaldsen agreed to execute it for three hundred guineas, which was far too small a sum for so important a work. But the artist was glad to get anything to do on almost any terms. Mr. Hope paid him 63*l.* in advance ; but the block of Carrara marble which he had to purchase for the statue cost upwards of 140*l.* ; so that the commission actually made him poorer than before. But, though in a pecuniary sense unprofitable, the patronage of the Englishman turned the tide of Thorvaldsen's fortune. The fame of his statue went forth immediately to the world. The Danish minister at the Neapolitan court, Baron Schubart, happening to be in Rome, and hearing of the genius of his young countryman, became greatly interested in him ; and, besides bringing him under the notice of his sister the Countess Charlotte of Schimmelmann, who was high in favour at Court and the patroness of all the eminent poets and artists of the day, gave him an introduction to the highest circles of Roman society. The celebrated Baron Humboldt received him

as a familiar friend into his house, and exerted his powerful influence in his behalf. Proud of the rising reputation of his subject, the King of Denmark sent him a congratulatory note, with a considerable sum for his expenses ; Hansen, the architect of the new palace at Copenhagen, engaged him to execute some statues for the decoration of the large saloons ; the Countess Woronzoff ordered several marble groups, and commissions began to flow in upon him from crowned heads and the leading connoisseurs of sculpture in Europe. Everywhere he was beginning to be recognised as the equal, if not the superior, of Canova, his early teacher, and as the restorer of the long-lost art of Phidias and Praxiteles. The Academy of Florence, the most renowned in Europe, elected him one of its professors ; a distinction which was speedily followed up by a similar appointment in the Copenhagen Academy. Greatly cheered by these proofs of universal appreciation, and with his health restored and his pecuniary circumstances much improved, Thorvaldsen, now in his thirty-fifth year, resolved to remain in Rome and work steadily, notwithstanding a most flattering and tempting invitation from the Crown Prince of Denmark, as President of the Danish Academy, to return to his native city for a time. Such being the associations connected with Jason, we were not surprised that he should have regarded it as his favourite statue. In the eighth room of the museum there is a statue of Hope, after an ancient Greek idea, in which he seems to have expressed all the pathos of his nature ; and, as if practically punning upon the name of his first patron, he executed a model of himself in his seventieth year, leaning on a figure of Hope, which may be seen in the corridor. And yet the truth must be told : with a strange and unaccountable insensibility to the claims of Mr. Hope upon him, he delayed finishing the marble statue of Jason for no less than twenty-five years, although he had received part of the price in advance, and had been frequently reminded, and sometimes in pretty sharp terms, of his

engagement. Want of leisure could not have been urged as the excuse, for he had found time to execute a hundred commissions for others during the long interval; but the plea offered by his friends is that he was engaged in working out new ideas, which were more congenial to him than an old subject, and that an artist's engagements cannot be measured by the rules that apply to ordinary merchandise.

That portion of the museum called Christ's Hall is one in which the spectator is disposed to linger long. It contains casts of the statues of Christ and the Apostles; but, as these can be seen in marble in the Frue Kirke or metropolitan church of Copenhagen, they should be inspected there also, in order to form a correct idea of their matchless beauty. This church is one of the most interesting in Europe. Its interior is severely simple in its architecture, but very grand and imposing in its proportions. It has no other ornaments save the works of Thorvaldsen. These are so arranged as to form one harmonious whole—an epic in marble from the portico to the altar. The pediment is ornamented by an alto-relievo of John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness; while the frieze over the entrance represents the triumphant entry of Christ into Jerusalem. On both sides of the great central aisle are ranged colossal marble statues of the Apostles—six on each side; St. Paul being substituted for Judas. It was originally intended that these statues should fill niches in the walls of the church, which the architect had made for the purpose; but when they came home, and were unpacked, they were found much too large for the niches, which had consequently to be filled up, and the statues were erected where they now stand. Thorvaldsen, it was well known, greatly disliked the common fashion of exhibiting works of art in niches, which he regarded as an ingenious method of lessening the labour of the sculptor and concealing defects behind. He wished that his statues should be seen on all sides, and found

complete in every part; and therefore, instead of remonstrating with the authorities, which he knew to be useless, he adopted the above simple expedient of compelling the architect to accede to his wishes. The wisdom of this plan is obvious to every one who visits the Frue Kirke; for nothing can exceed the grandeur of these twelve colossal figures—admirably lighted, standing out bold, and well-defined in all their exquisite symmetry, in the centre of the building. Each of the Apostles exhibits the individuality of character indicated in the Gospels, and the traditional style of dress and habit; but all are noble in their simplicity. St. James, with his palmer's hat slung behind him, was the sculptor's favourite statue; but were I to give an opinion of their respective merits, I should prefer St. John, which, to my mind, admirably expresses the manly fire and womanly gentleness of Boanerges, the beloved disciple. St. Peter and St. Paul were the only statues entirely modelled by Thorvaldsen himself. The others were modelled from his sketches and under his own inspection by a few select pupils; he himself giving the finishing touches before they were cast in plaster. It seems that the execution of these statues was the darling project of his life. No testimonial could have proved half so flattering to him as the order to prepare them in imperishable marble for the principal church of Denmark. "Thus," he was often heard to say, "should an artist be honoured."

We walked between these magnificent figures with a feeling of solemnity and awe—an avenue of genius leading up to the principal object of attraction, the statue of Christ behind the altar. In front of it, in the centre of the chancel, is an exquisitely lovely statue of a kneeling angel bearing a large concha on its outstretched arms. This forms the font; and the first child christened from it was that of Professor Bissen—the favourite pupil of Thorvaldsen, who acted as sponsor—in the presence of the king, queen, and royal family. None of the works of Thorvaldsen have

attained half the celebrity of the statue of Christ; with none of them are we in this country so familiar. The first view of it is somewhat disappointing—for, contrary to the sculptor's canon of art already noticed, it is placed in a niche surmounted by a heavy canopy of marble, supported by pillars. The projections of this background cast shadows which greatly interfere with the proper expression of the different parts of the figure. Were they removed altogether, and the statue seen in clear outline and relief in empty space, like the Apostles, its effect would be greatly enhanced. For an adequate idea of the Christ one should see the plaster cast in the Christ's Hall of the museum, which has no canopy or niche to shadow it. There one is lost in admiration of its matchless beauty and expressiveness. It is the most perfect representation I have ever seen of my ideal of our Lord. In my musing moments it often haunts me. It is certainly that "thing of beauty" which is a "joy for ever."

There are many, I am aware, who have conscientious scruples regarding any outward representation of Christ. The subject is too high, too sacred for the sculptor or the painter. To a certain extent I sympathise with this iconoclastic feeling. I cannot but regard it as a most convincing proof of the divine origin of Scripture, that while in all human writings a description of the personal appearance of their subjects is given, there is not in the Four Gospels, or in any of the sacred writings, a single word, a single hint, upon which to found any description of our Lord's personal appearance. We have the fullest portrait of the moral and spiritual lineaments of Him whom, not having seen, we love; but there is nothing whatever told us of His bodily features—His voice, His figure, His habits. This fact shows us how intensely spiritual is our Christianity; and I cannot but think it a wise intention of Heaven, owing to our proneness to cleave to some visible object of worship, that not a single authentic relic connected with the earthly life of our Saviour can be pointed out

at the present day; and the type of His appearance usually embodied in Christian art—with which we are all familiar alike in the picture-book of the child, and in Raphael's Transfiguration on the walls of the Vatican—is a merely ideal conception, a work of the imagination, resting on no preserved original, and having no warrant from Scripture.

But while I sympathise thus far with the feelings of the iconoclasts, I should not wish to proscribe altogether artistic representations of sacred subjects. To do so would be to banish pictures from our Bibles, and to deprive young and old alike of the rich source of delight and instruction which they derive from illustrations of the Great Biography. I believe that the desire to have an outward semblance of Christ is an instinct of our nature; an instinct that began to show itself practically from the earliest extant painting of our Lord in the catacombs of St. Calixtus in Rome, through the writings of the Fathers, on to the highest efforts of art in the paintings of the great masters; and so long as the representation is not worshipped as an idol, or made to minister in any way to a sensuous religion, whose spirituality has vanished amid the gorgeousness of its outward appearance,—so long as it is regarded as a mere artistic embodiment, I cannot see any harm in it. At all events, when admiring the statue of Thorvaldsen, or the painting of Raphael, I do not feel that I am guilty of idolatry, or sinning against the spirituality of my religion. I know that, as no human language could give an adequate description of our Saviour's outward form, even though the Evangelists had attempted it, so no work of art can worthily describe the ideal of Christ in the mind and heart. But still I can derive deep pleasure from the highest efforts made by men to embody this ideal, and the loftier the work the higher does my own ideal, like a sky, rise above it, and the more I am convinced that the subject baffles representation. The very limitations of the statue or the painting speak powerfully of the surpassing glory of the inspiring object.

Previous to these efforts of Thorvaldsen, sculptors had sought their subjects entirely from profane history and poetry, and it was feared by his admirers that, from his inexperience in this new field, and want of religious susceptibility, he would not be able to do justice to sacred subjects. But the result agreeably disappointed all; and though the artist, in common with many other men of genius, it is more than probable, regarded only the poetical aspect, and not the saving influence of Christianity, and treated the Founder of it and His Apostles as he would have done the beautiful and noble creations of Homer's genius, still no one can gaze upon his statue of Christ unmoved. It was indeed a labour of love to him. No other hands touched it save his own. The preliminary sketches occupied him a long time, and so many were destroyed before he was satisfied, that he almost despaired of succeeding. At first he represented our Saviour with His arms raised to heaven as if in prayer, but afterwards he altered the model to its present attitude, as if in the act of blessing the assembled throng of worshippers, and uttering the invitation from St. Matthew's Gospel, engraved on the pedestal, *Kommer til mig*, "Come unto Me." The drapery and attitude are singularly graceful, while the expression of the countenance is exquisitely lovely. A holy, superhuman calm broods over every feature, speaks through that eye of sorrow, and reigns on that august brow. It is as perfect a representation in material form as man can make of the face of Him who endured the contradiction of sinners against Himself, who pursued, amidst ills past finding out, the even tenor of His way, as placidly as the earth turns upon its axis, while winds and waves are raging around it, and who at the close of life said to His disciples, "My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you." And yet, wonderfully perfect as the statue seems, it is recorded of Thorvaldsen that, when he had finished it, he was overwhelmed with melancholy, and when asked the

reason he touchingly replied, "My genius is decaying." "What do you mean?" said the visitor. "Why, here is my statue of Christ; it is the first of my works that I have ever felt satisfied with. Till now my idea has always been far beyond what I could execute. But it is no longer so. I shall never have a great idea again." This, it may be remarked, has been the case with all men of true genius, whether expressing themselves in form, or word, or colour. It is only God Himself, as it has been finely said, who could look down upon His creation and behold that it was all very good.

Having thus examined the principal objects of interest on the ground-floor of the museum, and the casts of the statues and bassi-relievi in Christ's Hall, which are executed in marble in the Frue Kirke, we went upstairs to the second story. The rooms of this floor are filled with minor works of art, and with an immense number of busts, some of which are admirably done, while others are utterly unworthy of the genius of the sculptor. We were specially interested in a plaster cast of the bust of Sir Walter Scott, and in a model of the famous statue of Lord Byron, which was refused admission into St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and was ultimately placed in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. Hans Christian Andersen graphically describes the interview between Byron and Thorvaldsen in Rome in his *Mährchen meines Lebens*. He says that, when the artist was modelling the bust, "Lord Byron sat so uneasily in his chair, and kept changing the expression of his features to such a degree, that he was at length obliged to request him to keep his face still, and not to look so unhappy." On Byron's making answer that such was the usual expression of his countenance, Thorvaldsen merely replied, "Indeed," and went on with his work, producing an excellent likeness. Byron was dissatisfied with the expression; but Thorvaldsen retorted that it was his own fault, he would look so miserable. A far more favourable

impression was produced by the visit of the great Scottish novelist in 1831. Though Sir Walter Scott strangely neglected, during his stay in Rome, to visit the Vatican, where so many of the greatest statues and paintings in the world are to be seen, he was nevertheless very anxious to make the acquaintance of Thorvaldsen in his studio. Owing to ignorance of each other's language, the interview between the two great men was very short and awkward. But it made up in warmth for what it lacked in elegance and intelligibility. By signs and gestures, and much pressure of hands, they strove to convey their mutual regard; and when they parted they affectionately embraced, and followed each other with their eyes as long as possible.

What strikes one chiefly in passing through the rooms of the museum is the enormous amount of work which Thorvaldsen accomplished. He was constitutionally lazy, and took a great deal of pleasuring in life, but he has notwithstanding left behind him upwards of seven hundred works of art, many of which required great labour and delicate handling. His life was indeed exceptionally long, for he died in 1844 in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and he began his art-career when very young. The explanation usually given of the circumstance is, that he constantly kept a large number of pupils, and economized his own labour by availing himself of their aid in preparing models and carving statues up to a certain point, when he gave the finishing touches himself. But, notwithstanding this help, he must have been very industrious to have sketched and finished such a great variety of subjects, and executed so many statues single-handed. Though lounging often in idleness, and mixing freely in all the gaieties of the highest society, yet, when the glow of creative energy seized him, he worked like one of those trolls or brownies in Scandinavian folk-lore, who were able to build a city in a single night. He himself has told us, regarding his noble statue

of Mercury, what was true of most of his productions. "I immediately began modelling, I worked all the evening till at my usual hour I went to bed. But my idea would not let me rest. I was forced to get up again. I struck a light and worked at my model for three or four hours, after which I again went to bed. But again I could not rest; again I was forced to get up, and have been working ever since."

A suite of rooms in the upper story of the museum is devoted to a valuable and instructive collection of paintings, Etruscan and Roman relics, antique coins, bronzes, vases, and other curiosities which Thorvaldsen had amassed during his long residence in Rome. One small apartment contains the furniture of his sitting-room, arranged exactly as it was when he last occupied it. A Dutch clock on a table still marks the hour of his death, when, in accordance with a superstitious feeling common to all Northern nations, it was stopped for ever. The cast of a bust of Luther, which he commenced on the morning of that day when his lifeless body was carried home from the Royal Theatre, stands beside it, and near at hand the black slate easel on which a day or two before he had drawn in white chalk a sketch for a new bas-relief called "The Genius of Sculpture." These affecting relics showed how death by apoplexy overtook him in the full plenitude of his powers, and when his fruitful mind was still meditating future works. Of the several portraits of himself in the gallery of paintings, we were particularly interested in the one by his faithful friend Horace Vernet. It is said to be an admirable likeness, representing the old man with a broad, open, fresh-coloured face, keen light-blue eyes, and long white hair, standing out like a halo all round his head.

The contrast between the departure of Berthel Thorvaldsen from Copenhagen—the son of a poor carver of figure-heads for ships—sent out to study sculpture in Rome by the charity of the Danish Academy, and his return in a royal frigate as the wealthy and unri-

vallied sculptor, loaded with all the honours that art could bestow, is one of the most remarkable in the biography of great men. His journey northwards was more like the march of a popular king through his dominions than the return home of a Danish artist. Every city through which he passed received him with public hospitality and rejoicing. Kings and courtiers vied with each other in entertaining him, and learned universities exhausted their vocabulary of praise in his favour. For days before his arrival in Denmark, the popular enthusiasm, from the king to the humblest peasant, was at the highest pitch. When he landed in Copenhagen, the excitement was altogether unprecedented; thousands became half delirious with joy. And from that time on to the day of his death his life was a constant succession of banquets and levees. The newspapers greedily detailed every scrap of gossip they could pick up about him, and his letters and petitions were so numerous that he found it impossible to read them, and had to employ a secretary for the purpose. On such terms of intimacy was he with the royal family, that he could decline without embarrassment an invitation to dinner from the king, on the ground of a previous engagement, "setting aside the universal rule that an invitation from the sovereign cancels all others." And when he died and was buried, all Denmark went into mourning.

What was the cause of this vast popularity? We cannot attribute it to a universal appreciation of sculpture. Of all the fine arts, the sculptor's, I should say, from the very nature of the subject, is the one least likely to be widely popular. Infants, it is well known, prefer colour to form; and it is only as they grow up that they learn to know and value the outlines of objects. Most people are in the infantile condition of mind; they like paintings, but they are slow to discover the colder and quieter excellences of a statue or a frieze. The colour of a flower is admired, when the exquisite contour of a snowy mountain against the blue sky evokes no feeling. Robert-

son of Brighton has remarked, that the contemplation of an exquisite form or outline is one of the purest and highest pleasures that one can have; but this implies an amount of culture and refinement to which comparatively few can attain. So long as the great majority of mankind are what they are, the gallery of paintings and the music saloon will be crowded, while the studio of the sculptor, where an equal or even greater amount of genius is displayed, will only be visited by a select few. It clearly, then, was not critical knowledge of art that created the Thorvaldsen mania in Denmark and throughout the Continent. A probable origin for it was the appreciation of the princes and great people of Europe, who at the time were deeply interested in antique art. Thorvaldsen was confessedly the greatest disciple of the classical school that had arisen since the genius of Greece drooped and wasted away under the yoke of Rome; and, therefore, his works suited the taste of the age. And when the great who adored on critical grounds led the way, the humble who knew nothing about the matter obediently followed. Thorvaldsen became the rage—apart altogether from his merits—just as a singer or an acrobat, or even a dwarf, happens to become the rage. Denmark, of course, being a small country, felt itself elevated by the extraordinary reputation of one of its sons; and, therefore, as in duty bound, applauded to the echo.

A perusal of the various biographies of Thorvaldsen, by Plon, and Thiele, and Barnard, from which some of the preceding facts have been gleaned, leaves upon the mind an unfavourable impression of Thorvaldsen's character. There must indeed have been something personally attractive about the man, otherwise he could not have inspired so much affection in the hearts of those with whom he came into contact. But his morality was very much on a level with that of the pagan heroes whose forms he delighted to model. His sculpture is as pure as the marble itself; but, alas! his escutcheon has more than

one bar-sinister on it. It would serve no purpose to drag up again the discreditable parts of his life from the deep waters of oblivion under which, so far as most people are concerned, they at present lie; but were they set in order, and exhibited in their bare unvarnished truth, they would afford a melancholy proof of the hopelessness of that gospel of art or beauty upon which so many at the present day are setting their hopes as the great regenerator of mankind. It is undeniable that beauty has a refining and purifying influence; that art has a tendency to elevate and ennoble the nature. They are God's blessed agents of civilization. But it is a woful mistake to suppose that they are sufficient for this purpose alone. Unmentionable, almost inconceivable, social depravity co-existed in Greece with sculpture, whose mutilated fragments, spared by time, have a loveliness which no modern art can hope to rival. We are shocked to see the grossest scenes and actions immortalised in those carved jewels, cameos, and intaglios, which are handed down to us from ancient times; the rarest skill and

the loveliest material combining to shed lustre upon all that is most vile in man's imagination and life. The cases of Byron, Edgar Poe, and Thorvaldsen, as well as of hundreds more, show to us that the finest poetic and artistic genius may be united with the disgraceful animalism of a satyr. It cannot be too often repeated, or too deeply impressed upon the mind, that the Gospel of Christ is the only means of purifying the heart and ennobling the life; and the beauty of poetry or sculpture, of painting or music, without it, can only move our sensuous nature, and create in many a keener relish for sensual pleasure. Bezaleel and Aholiab were filled with the Spirit of God in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, in order to qualify them for constructing the Tabernacle according to the pattern shown in the Mount; and those who are artists among us, and we who enjoy their works, must both be possessed of the same heavenly spirit if the beauty of art is to produce on them and on us the purifying and ennobling influence which God intended.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR AND HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.¹

BY PROFESSOR MAURICE.

THE two men whose names are placed at the head of this article passed through nearly ninety years of the most eventful period in European and American history. "Born," says Mr. Forster, of Landor, "in the year when the English colonies in America rebelled; living through all the revolutions in France and the astonishing career of the great Napoleon; a sympathiser with the defeated Paoli and the victorious Garibaldi; contemporary with Cowper and Burns, yet the survivor of Keats, Wordsworth, and Byron, of Shelley, Scott, and Southey; living while Gibbon's first volume and Macaulay's last were published; to whom Pitt and Fox, and even Burke had been familiar, as were Peel and Russell; who might have heard Mirabeau attempting to save the French monarchy and Mr. Gladstone predicting the disruption of the American republic: it would seem strange that a single life should be large enough for such experiences." Mr. Crabb Robinson had these same wide experiences. He lived to see the battle of Sadowa and the complete victory of Grant. Landor and Robinson were friends; and had many common friends. They were curiously, even comically, as unlike in temper and disposition as two men of the same epoch could well be: one the least "clubbable" of men; the other made for society. As their biographies have appeared simultaneously there seems reason enough for speaking of them together, though the modesty of Mr. Robinson would have been

greatly shocked if it had been hinted to him that he should under any pretext be placed side by side with the author of "Gebir" and the "Imaginary Conversations."

No one would have been qualified for a biographer of Landor who did not estimate these works very highly. Mr. Forster has shown the keenest appreciation of their beauties, and has bestowed valuable and discriminating criticism upon them. Every student and admirer of Landor may derive much instruction from his remarks. Still it may be a question whether they will contribute to the result which such a student and admirer would desire. We are rather saturated with criticism; when it is not flavoured with a little malice, as Mr. Forster's never is, one fears it may be passed over by the reader along with the passages which justify its truth. "Gebir," he admits, is *caviare* to the general. The simple announcement of that fact might whet the appetite of many a young man to show that he does not belong to "the general." If it were stated that Southey said he would go a hundred miles to see the author of that poem, and that Shelley devoured it so continually at Oxford that his friend Hogg had need to throw it out of the window of his room at University, in order to get an ordinary question answered; the desire to know something about the book might be still further enkindled. "Have you a copy of it? Is it in the library of the club? I suppose one ought to read it! Perhaps one might purchase it at some second-hand bookseller's." So a certain man might speak to his neighbour at the dinner-table, till by degrees the volume which De Quincey pretended that no one had

¹ Walter Savage Landor. A Biography. By John Forster. Chapman and Hall. 2 vols.

Henry Crabb Robinson's Diary. Edited by Dr. Sadler. Macmillan and Co. 3 vols.

read but Southey and himself might be in a number of hands. The other method of compelling attention to a neglected book by vigorous panegyric is, no doubt, sometimes successful. A few ardent youths preached Wordsworth incessantly, till the "Lyrical Ballads" and "Sonnets to Liberty" became tolerated in drawing-rooms. Professor Wilson, having every advantage of bodily as well as mental energy, insisted that a number of Edinburgh Pistols should eat the leek, who with wry faces did eat it accordingly. But when there is no poetical creed to be propagated, as there was in Wordsworth's case, such experiments generally fail. Men may be induced to read an unknown book on your recommendation, but they would rather find out its merits for themselves.

The like remark applies still more forcibly to Mr. Forster's reports of the "Imaginary Conversations," in his second volume. They should surely be left to tell their own tale. The best things that can be said about them will mislead anyone who will not study them for himself. He may fancy that they are altogether antique, and have no reference to his own time. He may fancy them so full of references to his own time that the purity of the antique is wholly lost. He may suppose that they imitate the style of certain thinkers and writers, or that they are not the least dramatic, and only embody the dogmas of the author. There is excuse for all these opinions; a phrase intended to represent certain characteristics of the book may confirm any one of them. The entire impression derived from the Dialogues themselves can alone correct and reconcile them. One can scarcely wish that Mr. Forster had not exhibited the critical ability to which these studies of his friend's works have given occasion. But for their sake it might, I think, have been better only to observe that able and accomplished teachers on the other side of the Atlantic, like Emerson and Lowell, are drinking with delight at the well of pure English undefiled which is to be found in the

"Conversations," whilst we are preferring streams muddy with vulgar rhetoric and slang. That comparison might excite the inhabitants of the Smaller Britain to imitate the Greater.

Such grumbings as these would be very ungrateful if they were not intended to introduce the remark that Mr. Forster has supplied us with a commentary on these works which no criticism, even as good as his, could afford, — a commentary almost indispensable to the full understanding of them. The most well-disposed reader of the "Imaginary Conversations" must be frequently tormented by questions of this kind: What manner of man was the writer of this remarkable book? Was he an extreme Jacobin, or a flagrant aristocrat? Was he raised above ordinary prejudices, or was he drenched in them? Was he a lover of his kind, or a hater of it? Was he the most cultivated of men, or the most savage? Was his difference from all the schools of thought in the midst of which he lived, and we are living, merely affected, or had he actually struck out a path of his own, in which he was determined to walk? A supercilious reader may affirm with a shrug of his shoulders, that it signifies nothing what answer is given to these questions. But it does signify: one may like or dislike Landor's books heartily; they cannot be read with indifference. And those who do not read them with indifference must wish for satisfaction on these points, though they may despair of it. The satisfaction can only come from a biography. Mr. Forster has produced a thoroughly honest, a thoroughly affectionate one. He has determined that we should know his friend as he was. He has tasked other men's recollections of him, and has added his own testimony which we might account the most valuable, if Mr. Robert Landor had not aided him with a series of notes, clear, humorous, just, kind to his brother and to all with whom his brother was at strife, — notes unrivalled for the illustration of a difficult and complicated character.

The result of these records — given in

the books—is nearly what we might have expected, and even hoped, to find. Landon was no pretender to a set of strange notions. The contradictions in his writings faithfully express the contradictions in his life. He *was* a Jacobin from first to last. He *was* an aristocrat from first to last. In his boyhood his mother boxed his ears because he expressed a wish that the French would conquer England, and hang up George III. between the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. He could never agree with his other parent, a mild, intelligent physician, apparently too little disposed to assert his authority. He was removed from Rugby, though he wrote better Latin verses than any of his schoolfellows—Dr. Butler, afterwards the head master of Shrewsbury, being one of them—for offering a gratuitous insult to the head master. At Oxford he wore no hair-powder, when to be without it was to confess revolutionary opinions. He did confess them in songs and in his habitual speech. He was nevertheless treated with a tolerance which, for a Tory college of those days, seems incredible, till he fired his fowling-piece into the window of a Mr. Leeds. It was, says Robert Landon, a mild form of protest against the Toryism of Leeds. Walter Landon himself places his justification on another ground. Besides being generally disagreeable, the offender had at that time a party of *servitors and other raffs*. This hatred of “*raffs*” went on *pari passu* with the growth of his Jacobinism. Neither in the least interfered with the other. He had an intense reverence for his family; could trace it back, amidst the jokes of his brother, to an unknown antiquity; in later years was hindered with difficulty by Mr. Forster from sending a challenge to Lord Russell, because in an unguarded hour he had written or spoken some words that sounded disrespectful about a Savage who was Speaker in the first Parliament of Henry VII., and whom, on somewhat suspicious evidence, Landon held to be a maternal ancestor. Of his primogeniture he was tenacious; when

he actually became a Welsh landlord, he maintained his position with much dignity, though he had the misfortune to fall out with most of the neighbouring gentry, to be cheated by his tenants and stewards, to find the Celtic peasants abominable.

And yet if any one concluded from these undoubted facts that Landon was an ungenial man who did not inspire affection, there is abundance of evidence to confute the opinion. His Rugby master parted with him reluctantly; his tutor at Trinity, “dear old Benwell,” shed tears because, through Landon’s own bad management, his fault could not be condoned. In his native Warwick he found a friend in Dr. Parr, who was attached to him through his life, though it could not be concealed that Landon used to call Charles James Fox a scoundrel. The affection of his mother, brothers, and sister seems not to have been shaken by all his eccentricities. A charming Dorothy Littleton, with whom all men were in love, came forward as an intercessor with his father, and showed more than the regard and more than the wisdom of an elder sister in her advice to him. Southey formed a friendship with him when both were grown men, with fixed and widely different opinions, which was never interrupted. He counted two clergymen, whose deepest convictions he must often have shocked, among the most firm of his friends. He was fond of children. And Mr. Forster says of him: “My own pre-
“dominant impression, from our years
“of intercourse, during all which he
“was living alone, was that of a man
“genial, joyous, kind, and of a nature
“large and generous to excess, but of
“a temper so uncontrollably impetuous
“and so prone to act from undisciplined
“impulse, that I have been less startled,
“upon a closer knowledge, to find it
“said by others, unfaltering both in
“admiration and true affection for him,
“that during hardly any part of his life
“between nine years till almost ninety
“could he live with other people in
“peace for any length of time; for that,

"though always glad, happy, and good-humoured for a while, he was apt gradually to become tyrannical when he had power, and rebellious when he had not" (p. 52).

The last words are spoken reluctantly, and without the least bitterness. They are unquestionably true. But they must be taken in their context; then they will leave an impression, painful indeed, full of warning for ourselves, but not one which can diminish our pity or even our respect for the subject of them.

So as to its prejudices. He felt the influence of the French Revolution as most thoughtful youths, just reaching the borders of manhood, felt it. Yet he hated Frenchmen, all the old John Bull feeling being strengthened by his conviction that they have no capacity for dispensing with an absolute ruler.

He was passionate in his zeal for the Spaniards; was willing to throw away money, of which he had a good supply at that time, in the Peninsular War. His life was at the service of the same cause; he went as a volunteer. But he fancied that some disparaging words spoken about another man were meant for him. The officer who uttered them explained that he was at that very time commending Landor's zeal and devotion. It was of no use. Though he had received a commission from the Junta, he returned home in disgust. He was evidently desirous to improve the Welsh till he went among them. He thought he preferred Italy to England till he became acquainted with Italians. He liked the President of the United States as an abstract representative of republicanism. But, as Mr. Forster remarks, with true insight and liberality, his republicanism was always negative, his friend Southey's always positive. Landor would have beheaded or hanged George III., but he never dreamed of a pantocracy; Southey in his most Tory days loved the people, while Landor only hated the king. He did in his heart of hearts detest injustice as injustice. But as he could never separate it from some man whom he supposed had

committed it, and as he thought himself the most ordinary victim of it, he was seldom more unjust than when denouncing it.

So again his Culture was most refined and thorough; not dwelling on the surface of his mind, but penetrating it and possessing it. He might be inferior to a number of scholars, but his scholarship had an effect on his thought and his writing which is very rare. No style surely bears such testimony as his, by its calmness and proportion, its freedom and its severity, to the influence of the best authors upon him, and to his own power of coping with them and mastering them. It is, moreover, adapted to this century, no copy of Taylor or Milton's, of South's or Addison's, though benefited and enriched by them all; still more by his classical reading, not corrupted or made the least pedantic by it. His style is never obtrusive, seldom leads you to think about it, but it always suggests a man of whose mind it must be the utterance. The dialogue was the rightly-chosen instrument of such a mind. He required it that he might present the different aspects of his own character; it kept up the balance of powers, each of which was always tending to excess. Mr. Emerson's praise of Landor that he was more devoted to pure literature than any man of his day has much justification; but it may be perverted to an entirely wrong sense. *Pure* literature is often taken to be dilettantism; the separation of letters from life. Landor was the very reverse of a dilettante. He was full of passion and of personality. Personality was his strength and his weakness; the secret of his power and the temptation to his greatest outrages.

This Culture, then, one is compelled to ask, which has made him so valuable to us, what could it do for himself? The oracle in the Eton Grammar frightens little boys from the faithful study of the ingenuous arts by telling them that it will not suffer them to be fierce. They might be encouraged to perseverance by Landor's example. This study, most

faithfully pursued by him, did suffer him to be very fierce. It restrained no violence; it only enabled him to manifest his violence in more vigorous prose, or more withering hendecasyllables. It may be respectable to be wounded by the sword of a man of culture, as it is a compliment to be pushed into the gutter by a prince of the blood. But putting aside the honour of the thing, the suffering in each case is, I presume, nearly equal. And if it should happen that the man of culture not only injures his opponent, but disgraces himself, Mr. Arnold will admit that a serious mischief is done, which the slaughter of a whole troop of us Philistines cannot compensate.

To this disgrace Landor did more than once expose himself. Minerva did not descend to restrain and rescue him. I wish those who worship her to lay that fact to heart; to interpret it as they can. I know well that there is a lesson just as pointed which I, as the member of another guild than theirs, professing to worship Wisdom under another name, should also lay to heart. If we fancy that by any notions or opinions we could have chained a man like Landor, we are assuredly practising a delusion on ourselves. The chains would have been plucked asunder, the fetters would have been loosed, in any one of his passions. Only if we could have told him of a Personal Centre, of a Ruler over the man himself, who could emancipate him as well as bind him, would our words have meant anything to him, could they have obtained a moment's hearing.

I pass over many topics in Mr. Forster's volume which he was obliged to handle, and which he has handled with much delicacy as well as courage. I have tried to show what advantages the biographer has over the reviewer as an interpreter of books. The advantage of the latter is that he is not obliged to speak of family dissensions which the grave has covered. Without a knowledge of them it would be impossible to have a complete understanding of Landor's character: when we have satisfied

ourselves about that, we may forget some of the disagreeable discoveries which have helped us to attain it. Mr. Forster has evidently turned with much relief from these miserable details to the cordial friendships which Landor formed with some who remain, and with many who are departed. He will, perhaps, allow me to correct a mistake into which he has fallen respecting one of these friends; the one who devoted himself with most diligence to adjust—if it had been possible—his domestic differences. On the authority of Mr. Seymour Kirkup he says (vol. ii. p. 3) that Francis Hare, in his conversation with Landor at Florence, "avoided the classics." Mr. Kirkup's recollection must have betrayed him on this point. Mr. Hare, whose acquaintance with Landor began in 1815, at Tours, where his father was dying, was a specially accomplished classic. I have seen letters of his to his brother Julius, which showed that he had a most extensive knowledge not only of the Greek poets but of the philosophers. His brother always said that he owed as much to him as to any of his instructors. He certainly did not "avoid the classics" when he was in company with such men as Welcker, who could have detected any ignorance or pretension in him. He conversed with that eminent scholar in his own language, on the subjects with which he was most occupied, and drew forth expressions of surprise from him and another German professor at the extent and solidity of his acquirements. When he first went to Christ Church, Cyril Jackson said that he was the only rolling stone he had ever known which was always gathering moss. I am assured by those who knew him (I did not) that he continued to roll and to gather moss all his life. He was, no doubt, a profuse and brilliant talker; but I cannot find that the inference which Mr. Forster deduces from the affectionate lines addressed to him by Landor, respecting his unwillingness to listen, is confirmed by the testimony of his other friends. Landor expressed, with more even than his wonted vehemence, his horror of anyone who should

do an injury, or think of doing one, to Francis Hare.

I have another slight complaint to make of Mr. Forster. He has quoted (vol. i. p. 136) an admirable sentence from an answer of Landor to the foolish charge of a Monthly reviewer, that in "Gebir" he had plagiarized from Milton. "Plagiarism, imitation, and allusion, "three shades that soften from blackness "into beauty, are, by the glaring eye of "the malevolent, blended into one." Landor could not be expected to remember this memorable dictum if on any occasion he was exasperated against an old friend. He had praised the "Excursion" vehemently; had been on the most cordial terms with its author. Taking up a notion, for which there was no ground, that Wordsworth had spoken slightly of Southey, he began *more suo* to believe that Wordsworth was little more than a poetaster; then, for the first time, he discovered that the lines on the shell had been stolen from "Gebir." Why should Mr. Forster (note to p. 85, vol. i.) endorse this charge? Would he not have honoured Landor's memory more by appealing from Philip drunk to Philip sober? But if a biographer must hold a brief for his hero, writers in magazines should remember that they are retained for the reader. In the interest of all readers, I protest solemnly against these huckstering squabbles about the property in passages both exceedingly beautiful, each coming home to us in different states of mind, which we feel must both in the truest sense have been original. The loss which men suffer in moral profit and enjoyment by these petty controversies is incalculable.

I cannot better introduce Mr. Robinson's "Diary" than by saying that in the third volume of it there is a beautiful letter from him to Landor on this very subject. He argues boldly and admirably with his excited friend about the crime of associating as a friend with Wordsworth if he suspected him of the meanness which he was suddenly imputing to him. Afterwards, in a wise

and kindly manner, Robinson questioned Wordsworth about this supposed plagiarism, and received what seems to me a most honest and self-evident justification. I must make use of the "Diary" to fill up some gaps in Mr. Forster's narrative. There is a letter in the second volume from Landor describing Augustus Wilhelm Schlegel "dressed out as a pony in French ribands." That comparison—which Landor was so fond of that he repeated it nearly in the same words to another correspondent—painfully recalls to some who witnessed it a scene which was in no wise creditable to our countryman. An English lady, residing in Bonn, invited Schlegel expressly to meet Landor. From the moment the "little pony," covered with his French orders, entered the room, Landor began to treat him with a series of deliberate insults. When he had satisfied his wrath he retired to a table at another part of the room, and occupied himself in explaining to a young Englishman, an officer in the Prussian service, by help of a map, how the different countries of Europe ought to be redistributed. Schlegel was no doubt a coxcomb, and had been recently guilty of a libel on Niebuhr, which Germans had a right to resent. But he had done service to English literature, which an English man of letters should have acknowledged. At all events, he should not have drawn upon us the merited reproach that the French, whom he abused, could behave with ordinary courtesy to strangers and to their hostesses.

That is the savage side of the man. Here is a specimen of him in his beautiful and humane mood:—

"W. S. LANDOR TO H. C. R.

(No date.)

"The death of Charles Lamb has "grieved me very bitterly. Never did "I see a human being with whom I was "more inclined to sympathise. There "is something in the recollection that "you took me with you to see him "which affects me greatly, more than

"writing or speaking of him could do with any other. When I first heard of the loss that all his friends, and many that never were his friends, sustained in him, no thought took possession of my mind except the anguish of his sister."—(*Diary*, vol. iii. pp. 59, 60.)

Nor should we forget that if the maxim of art—

"Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit"—

seems to have been observed in Landor's own existence, there must have been a growth of good, a victory over evil in him, unless the portrait which is prefixed to Mr. Forster's volume was a gross libel when it was first made. The dark, slouching, suspicious look which it gives him certainly does not recall the manly, if haughty countenance and bearing, which comes back to those who saw him in later years, and which corresponds to the descriptions of him both in the "*Life*" and the "*Diary*."

That "*Diary*," it need scarcely be remarked to any one who knew Mr. Robinson, was not written chiefly to commemorate his own acts and thoughts. There is a very pleasant image of him in it, but it is the image of a man who thought first of the people whom he saw, and among whom he dwelt, of himself chiefly as one who could learn from them or show them kindness. He mixed with too many people to be a Boswell. He had no special hero, and was far from a retailer of any man's opinions. On the other hand, he offended no one's prejudices, was tolerant of all the peculiarities which he encountered, never seems to have quarrelled with any of his acquaintances, and did his best to reconcile their quarrels. He was of humble birth, and was utterly free from any desire to conceal it, as well as from any envy of those who possessed an ancestry. He had too little ambition, and no avarice; he went to the Bar late, left it as soon as he had reached a fair competence, indulged in few luxuries, except the great one of helping those who needed help. He

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never took the least pains to penetrate the circles of the upper ten thousand. But among men of letters in England, France, and Germany he was a welcome and familiar guest. He was able to converse with them on all the subjects which interested them most, never affected to know more than he did know, was always able to give an intelligible account of what they said, and to make a reasonable guess at what they meant. A more agreeable narrator it would be difficult to find. There are no rough edges in his reminiscences; he is always cheerful, never out of sorts with his friends or the world. As in the instance I have given respecting Wordsworth and Landor, he sees the best side in his friends; is very desirous of their good opinion, yet can risk it for the sake of correcting their false impressions of each other. He makes mistakes about facts, as every man must do who travels over such an extent of ground. Every reader will probably detect some circumstance which has been stated carelessly. But his errors are never malicious; three volumes of anecdotes with so little spite perhaps never issued from the press of any country. They have not therefore the kind of attraction which belongs to the memoirs of Horace Walpole or Lord Hervey. But for the literary—I do not say, of course, for the political or aristocratic—history of the nineteenth century, they are far more valuable than those are for that of the eighteenth century; more valuable than Evelyn and Pepys are for the seventeenth.

Of politics Mr. Robinson was not an indifferent observer. He was a Liberal and a Dissenter, but as much opposed to Napoleon as Southey or Wordsworth; a foreign correspondent of the *Times* when Copenhagen was bombarded. Still politics, on the whole, make little show in his "*Diary*." He passes over the Queen's Trial and the Reform Bill much more rapidly than would have seemed possible for a man frequenting clubs as much as he did. In one sense he more deserves to be credited with "pure literature"

than Landor. Though he was not himself a maker of books (he always wished, he says, like the high-born lady who was compelled for her livelihood to sell muffins, that no one might hear the cry of any little pamphlet which he published), he reverences the makers of books above any class of the community.

Wordsworth perhaps appears more frequently in the "Diary" than any other writer of the day. Here is the account of the first meeting:—

"A few days after this (viz. on March 15th) I was introduced to Wordsworth. I breakfasted with him at Lamb's, and accompanied him to Mr. Hardcastle's, at Hatcham, Deptford, with whom Mr. Clarkson was on a visit. Wordsworth received me very cordially, owing, I have no doubt, to a favourable introduction by Mrs. Clarkson, aided, of course, by my perfect agreement with him in politics; and my enthusiastic and unconcealed admiration of his poetry gave me speedy admission to his confidence. At this first meeting he criticised unfavourably Mrs. Barbauld's poetry, which I am the less unwilling to mention as I have already recorded a later estimate of a different kind. He remarked that there is no genuine feeling in the line,—

'In what brown hamlet dost thou joy?'

"He said, 'Why brown?' He also objected to Mrs. Barbauld's line,—

'The lowliest children of the ground, moss rose, and violet,' &c.

"'Now,' said he, 'moss-rose is a shrub.' The last remark is just, but I dissent from the first; for evening harmonizes with content, and the brown hamlet is the evening hamlet. Collins has with exquisite beauty described the coming on of evening,—

'And hamlets brown, and dim discover'd spires.'

"Wordsworth, in my first tête-à-tête with him, spoke freely and praisingly of his own poems, which I never felt to be unbecoming, but the contrary. He

"said he thought of writing an essay "on 'Why bad poetry pleases:' he "never wrote it—a loss to our literature. He spoke at length of the connexion of poetry with moral principle, as well as with a knowledge of the principles of human nature. He "said he could not respect a mother "who could read without emotion his "poem,

'Once in a lonely hamlet I sojourn'd.'

"He said he wrote his 'Beggars,' to exhibit the power of physical beauty and health and vigour in childhood even in a state of moral depravity. He "desired popularity for his 'Two Voices' are there, one is of the Sea,' as a test "of elevation and moral purity."

This was the time in which Wordsworth was asserting himself. A less genial person than Mr. Robinson might have seen in him only an egotist. He perceived clearly that there was in him a thorough conviction that he had a work to do, that he talked of himself to some extent as if he was another person. Every year that they met after Wordsworth had obtained a recognised position he found him more tolerant, more agreeable to his friends, less of a propagandist. There is a very pleasant account in his second volume of the Swiss tour which Wordsworth commemorates in his "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent;" a still pleasanter report of their visit to Rome, in the third. Extracts would only spoil the reader's interest: I commend him to the book.

Many of us can recollect how people in the humbler Liberal ranks—the inspiration being no doubt received originally from the sublime circle in Holland House—spoke of Southey as selling himself for a "butt of malmsey." Mr. Robinson lived among those who were sure to repeat this witicism, with others of the same kind. From the first he treated it as vulgar and false. He saw in Southey the true-hearted, self-denying man that he was; he was sure that his changes of opinions were honest changes of that;

in heart he was always an earnest social reformer; a man who, instead of selling himself to a party, was using up his strength and his brain that he might support himself and do service to others. No parts of the "Diary" are more wise and hearty than those which refer to this excellent man.

Mr. Robinson was present at Coleridge's lectures on Shakespeare, and listened to his conversation at Highgate. He did not profess always to understand him, but he does not, like most writers of his time, compliment himself on his incapacity. He was puzzled with Coleridge's theology, and differs from it when he was not puzzled. But he never suspected him of playing false with others or with himself. He introduced Landor to Coleridge. He gives us this letter in 1834 :—

"My friend! My friend! What a dismal gap has been made in the forest of intellect among the plants of highest growth! Byron and Scott put the fashionable world in deep mourning. The crape, however, was soon thrown aside, and people took their coffee, and drew their card, and looked as anxiously as ever at what was turning up. Those deaths were only the patterings of rain before the storm. Goethe, your mighty friend, dropped into the grave. Another next to him in power goes after him—the dear, good Coleridge. Little did I think when we shook hands at parting, that our hands would never join again." Some of our witslings may perhaps be a little surprised to hear that even Landor could speak of the "dear, good Coleridge."

Lamb is, of course, a charming figure in these reminiscences, as in those of all who knew him. Mr. Robinson knew him well, and loved him much. He records his puns with delight, and dwells on the tragedy of his life with great tenderness. Poor Mary Lamb seems almost to have divided his heart with her brother.¹

¹ Almost the only conspicuous and popular name which looks very ignominious in these

No one comes before us more frequently or more strikingly than Flaxman. The simple, pure, brave man, always poor, always free from debt, never complaining of poverty or neglect, delighting in the society of his wife, devout without the least ostentation, affords one of the most beautiful pictures of an artist's life that any age or country has to offer. Landor bestowed upon his works exaggerated praise. Robinson felt these to be the genuine expressions of a man's heart, and spent more money than was known, except to one friend, in bringing them together in University College for the contemplation of young Englishmen.

Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Flaxman, Landor,—these alone would make a considerable gallery of portraits. And being exhibited separately and together, in different days of their lives, not as subjects for discussion and criticism, but in friendly converse, and in all moods of joy and grief, we know much of them which formal biographies do not tell. Nearly as vivid, if not quite as interesting, are Robinson's recollections of Madame de Staël, when she met him in Germany, and eagerly welcomed him as a dragoman to bring German philosophy (which he made no great boast of understanding) within the reach of her French intellect; again, when she was the idol of English society. No fresh light perhaps is thrown upon the authoress or the woman, but our previous impressions of both are made clearer and deeper.

Among Germans Robinson was at home when Englishmen received their chief impressions of them from the play in the Anti-Jacobin. He studied at Jena; not too old to sympathise with the feelings of the students, nor too young to profit by the professors. He was admitted into the Weimar circle,

pages is that of Thomas Moore. He was invited to meet Elia and some of his friends. The author of "Little's Poems" evidently deemed that an infinite condescension and humiliation. He jokes about their "Mæcenas," and speaks of Mary Lamb as "a woman who went mad in a diligence."

was kindly welcomed by Wieland, made the acquaintance of Herder, saw a little of Schiller, approached with timidity to Goethe, and was not repulsed. In 1829 he was again in the same presence.

"Having left our cards at Goethe's dwelling-house, we proceeded to the garden-house in the park, and were at once admitted to the great man. I was aware by the present of medals from him that I was not forgotten, and I had heard from Hall and others that I was expected; yet I was oppressed by the kindness of his reception. We found the old man in his cottage in the park to which he retires for solitude from the town-house, where were his son, his daughter-in-law, and three grandchildren. He generally eats and drinks alone; and when he invites a stranger, it is to a *tête-à-tête*. This is a wise sparing of his strength. Twenty-seven years ago I thus described him: 'In Goethe I beheld an elderly man of terrific dignity; a penetrating and unsupportable eye,—the eye like Jove's, to threaten and command;' a somewhat aquiline nose, and most expressive lips, which when closed seemed to be making an effort to move, as if they could with difficulty keep their treasures from breaking forth. His step was firm, ennobling an otherwise too corpulent body; there was ease in his gestures, and he had a free and enkindled air.' Now I beheld the same eye indeed, but the eyebrows were become thin, the cheeks were furrowed, the lips no longer curled with fearful compression, and the lofty, erect posture had sunk to a greater stoop. Then he never honoured me with a look after the first haughty bow, now he was all courtesy. 'Well, you are come at last,' he said; 'we have waited years for you. How is my old friend Knebel? You have given him youth again, I have no doubt.' In his room, in which there was a French bed without curtains, hung two large engravings; one the well-known panoramic view of Rome, the other the old square engraving of an imaginary

"restitution of the ancient public buildings."

It is a great temptation to go on and quote the discourses of Goethe on Byron, though his opinions on that subject are tolerably well known. One characteristic story may be introduced. "That evening I gave Goethe an account of Lamennais, and quoted from him a passage importing that all truth comes from God, and is made known to us through the Church. He held at the moment a flower in his hand, and a beautiful butterfly was in the room. He exclaimed, 'No doubt all truth comes from God; but the Church! There's the point: God speaks to us through this flower and that butterfly, and that's a language those *Spitzbuben* don't understand'" (ii. 430—432).

He did not know that Lamennais would in a few years think much more of the language that comes through flowers and butterflies than of that which comes through the Church.

Much as we ought to value such records as these for their own sake, it is impossible to separate them from the friendly, cordial man who has bestowed them upon us. Those who have never seen him or shared his hospitality will become well acquainted with him through this "Diary;" they must feel towards himself much personal gratitude and regard. Personal,—for he too was personal, though in a very different way from Landor. He cared much more for persons themselves than either for opinions or for truth as truth. His want of any strong conviction or fervent zeal is what he most laments in himself. It was no morbid self-accusation; he was not the least inclined to be morbid; he was singularly healthy in body and happy in his spirits. He felt inwardly that it was a want: a very interesting and pathetic letter to Benecke shows that he longed for some satisfaction of it. The discovery of such a craving in a man of his social and cheerful temperament is very impressive, and even startling. If he makes those ashamed who feel often tempted to Landor's intolerance by his comprehensive sym-

pathies, he may make them more ashamed if they have the glimpse of any truth which should be the basis of all such sympathies, and at the same time of a distinct individual belief. Supposing that is so, they ought to be more vehemently earnest than Landor, more catholic than Robinson. If they are conscious of being inferior to each in that which was his proper characteristic,

they may at least accept both as men who represent our age. We sometimes denounce it as an age of extreme bitterness, sometimes of all-embracing indifference. It may be liable to both dangers; there is assuredly in every one of us a tendency to both. Neither can banish the other; there is a principle hidden under each; those principles may be, and will be, reconciled.

A SUGGESTION.

Among the many ladies whose life is frittered away in a round of purposeless occupations, there are numbers who have a latent desire to find something which it is worth while to do.

Many more chafe under their imposed idleness, and strive to find a sphere of usefulness. They perhaps plan work for themselves among the poor, but in the outset are hindered by their over-protecting parents. They may not go out alone, or they may not expose themselves to the evils of close rooms and an infected atmosphere. For similar reasons they may not teach in Ragged Schools. They may not undertake a class in an Evening School, because it would interfere with the family dinner-hour. Against their teaching children in their own homes obstacles are again raised. Besides, it is extremely likely that their talents may not lie in these directions. Finding no work to do for others, they resolve to employ themselves in developing their own power. They set themselves to study history, literature, languages, or art. But interest in the work must flag sooner or later. The study is nearly all for self; and how can a woman go on working steadily for herself alone? Let her but have an object out of herself on which to expend her zeal, and she will work on happily for years.

We have such an object to propose to amateur artists. It is, that they should

give their works for the adornment of rooms where working-men meet. At present, the walls of such rooms are generally covered by an ugly paper, which offers no suggestion of the grand or the lovely.

Would not a faithful representation of mountain wilds, of shady forest, or of some happy domestic scene, do something to elevate the tone of working-men? We all rejoice in finding ourselves occasionally placed in a new world, whether of Nature or of life; and the man whose means prevent him from going to the sea-side or to the mountains, might, at least for half an hour, be brought into contact with some of Nature's aspects. It is good to be alone with Nature, even though no beautiful thoughts may be suggested; yet if we will sit perfectly passive in her temple, we must come forth calmer and stronger. Into this temple we may in a measure enter by looking quietly at some pictures.

But it is only the rich or the well-to-do who can have this enjoyment. Let us open up this avenue of pleasure to all who will enter it. Let us hang the walls of Reading-rooms, of Hospitals and Infirmaries, of Class-rooms, of Sunday Schools and Cottages, with good pictures. To be good pictures it is not necessary that they should be painted by a great artist, or should even contain a large amount of work; but they must be faith-

ful representations of Nature. They must be true in colour and form, and right in feeling.

We believe that there are numbers of young ladies who can draw, paint, or model, well enough to give pleasure by their work, and who would work twice as well if they knew that their pictures would not be put away in a portfolio as soon as completed.

Here the question arises—Who is to judge whether their drawings are sufficiently good to be thus distributed? We suggest that a committee be formed in London, to consist of some dozen artists and men of taste, who would decide on the quality of the pictures, and admit or reject accordingly. It would be a laudable object of ambition among ladies to produce work worthy of acceptance. In concert with the artists, there might be a working-committee, which should lend out the pictures to all suitable applicants, and superintend their transfer from one town or village to another. Some pictures might be sold for small sums to adorn private cottages, and would advantage-

ously displace the painful daubs and bad prints that often crown the chimney-piece.

A small fund would be required to pay for the simple framing of the pictures and for other expenses, but this could easily be raised by subscription. The labour involved in the whole undertaking, if divided, would not fall too heavily on any single individual, and the benefit which would accrue to rich and poor would be inestimable.

If some few benevolent and active men would come forward and undertake the work at once, we might, before Christmas, see many a dull public room rendered attractive to the weary workman, while employment was provided for many willing workers.

Until, however, our scheme was realized, much might be done by private individuals without organized agency. Let any lady who has drawings or paintings which she can spare, send them at once to the nearest Infirmary or Hospital or Workhouse; her present is sure to be acceptable, and to be a source of pleasure to those for whom it is sent.

RECENT SOLAR DISCOVERIES.

BY J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S.

In the January number of this Magazine I gave an account of the success which at last had attended the application of a method of studying the conditions of matter, and the forces at work, on our wondrous luminary, the sun: a method which transforms every ray into a sort of inter-stellar cable. I alluded to some of the first messages thus transmitted to us, and I promised to return to the subject.

My first paper was somewhat historical. In the present one I shall endeavour to explain the method of work, to show what has already been accomplished, and what a boundless horizon has been unfolded to us—a horizon which includes every star in the depth of space in its sweep.

The new method consists in a detailed examination of the sun's surface with a very powerful spectroscope, and dates from the year 1866. So powerful and searching is it, that the very first observation made in that year settled the claims of the two theories then prevalent on the physical constitution of the sun. These two theories were brought forward in the year 1865, and dealt with all the telescopic and photographic observations accumulated up to that time. I refer to the explanation given in both of the reason that a sun-spot appears dark—the very key-stone of any hypothesis dealing with the physical constitution of the sun.

English science, represented by Messrs. De la Rue, Balfour Stewart, and Loewy, said that a spot is dark because the solar light is absorbed—stopped—by a cool, non-luminous, absorbing atmosphere pouring down there on to the visible surface of the sun,—in other words, on to the photosphere.

French science, represented by M. Faye, said that a spot is dark because it

is a hole in the photosphere, and that inside or below the photosphere the interior gases of the sun give out little or no light.

Now here was a clear issue, which the spectroscope could solve at once; for the spectroscope is an instrument whose special *métier* it is to deal with radiation and absorption. It tells us that the light radiated from different bodies gives us spectra of different kinds, according to the nature of the radiating body—continuous spectra, such as we see in a rainbow, without bright lines, in the case of solids and liquids; and bright lines, with or without continuous spectra, in the case of gases and vapours. It tells us also that absorption dims the spectrum throughout its length when the absorption is *general*, and dims it here and there only when the absorption is *selective*, the well-known Fraunhofer lines in the sun's spectrum being an instance of the latter kind. So that we have general and selective radiation, and general and selective absorption.

What I saw in 1866 was in favour of the English theory. There *was* abundant evidence of absorption in the spots, and there *was not* any indication of gaseous radiation. The light which came from the spots was like all the rest, but it was dimmed, as the sun's light is dimmed in a fog.

On both the theories to which I have referred, it was imagined that there was a tremendous atmosphere around the sun as ordinarily visible to us, by which the absorption, which gives rise to the dark lines in the otherwise rainbow-band, was affected. This tremendous atmosphere was supposed to be indicated by the corona in total eclipses, and at the base of the corona, at such times, the strange red flames—the nature of which was stated

in the former article—are seen. I shall show presently that this tremendous atmosphere does not exist; but I will



FIG. 1.—Total eclipse of the sun, showing the corona and red flames.

first endeavour to indicate how the spectroscope has enabled us to determine the nature of the red flames.

The light from solid or liquid bodies, as before stated, is scattered broadcast, so to speak, by the prism into a long band of light, called a continuous spectrum, because from one end of it to the other the light is persistent.

The light from gaseous and vaporous bodies, on the contrary, is most brilliant in a few channels; it is *husbanded*, and, instead of being scattered broadcast over a long band, is limited to a few lines in the band—in some cases to a very few lines.

Hence, if we have two bodies, one solid or liquid and the other gaseous or vaporous, which give out exactly equal amounts of light, then the bright lines of the latter will be brighter than those parts of the spectrum of the other to which they correspond in colour or refrangibility.

Again, if the gaseous or vaporous substance gives out but few lines, then, although the light which emanates from it may be much less brilliant than that radiated by a solid or liquid, the light may be so localized, and therefore intensified, in one case, and so spread out, and therefore diluted, in the other,

that the bright lines from the feeble source may in the spectroscope appear much brighter than the corresponding parts of the spectrum of the more lustrous solid body. Now here comes a very important point: supposing the continuous spectrum of a solid or liquid to be mixed with the discontinuous spectrum of a gas, we can, by increasing the number of prisms in the spectroscope, dilute the continuous spectrum of the solid or liquid body very much indeed, and the dispersion will not seemingly reduce the brilliancy of the lines given out by the gas; as a consequence, the more dispersion we employ, the brighter relatively will the lines of the gaseous spectrum appear.

The reason why we do not see the prominences every day in our telescopes is that they are put out by the tremendous brightness of our atmosphere near the sun, a brightness due to the fact that the particles in the atmosphere reflect to us the continuous solar spectrum. There is, as it were, a battle between the light proceeding from the prominences and the light reflected by the atmosphere, and, except in eclipses, the victory always remains with the atmosphere.

It should now be clear that there was a possibility that by bringing a spectroscope on the field we might turn the tide of battle altogether—assuming the prominences to be gaseous; since the reflected continuous spectrum might be dispersed almost into invisibility, while the brilliancy of the lines of the prominences should suffer scarcely any diminution by the process.

And now for the method of work. We have first the object-glass of a powerful telescope to collect the sun's rays, and to form an image of the sun itself on a screen. In this screen is an extremely narrow slit, through which alone light can reach the prisms. The beam, as it enters, is grasped by another little object-glass and transformed into a cylinder of light containing rays of all colours, which is now ready for its journey through the prisms. In its passage through them it is torn

by each succeeding prism more out of its path, till at last, on emerging, it crosses the path it took on entering,



FIG. 2.—Showing how the beam of light is gradually widened out in its passage through a series of prisms.

and enters a little telescope, thoroughly dismembered though not disorganized.

Instead now of a cylinder of light containing rays of all colours, we have a cylinder of each ray which the little telescope compels to paint an image of the slit. Where rays are wanting the image of the slit remains unpainted—we get a black line; and when the telescope is directed to the sun, so that the narrow slit is entirely within the image of the sun, we get in the field of view of the little telescope a glorious coloured band with black lines (Fraunhofer's) crossing it.

Of course it is necessary for our purpose to allow only the edge of the sun to fall on the slit, leaving apparently a large portion of the latter unoccupied. What is seen, therefore, is a very narrow band in the field of view of the little telescope, and a large space nearly dark, as the dispersion of the instrument is so great that the atmospheric light is almost entirely got rid of.

The narrow band of light—the solar spectrum with the dark Fraunhofer lines

crossing it, is shown somewhat roughly

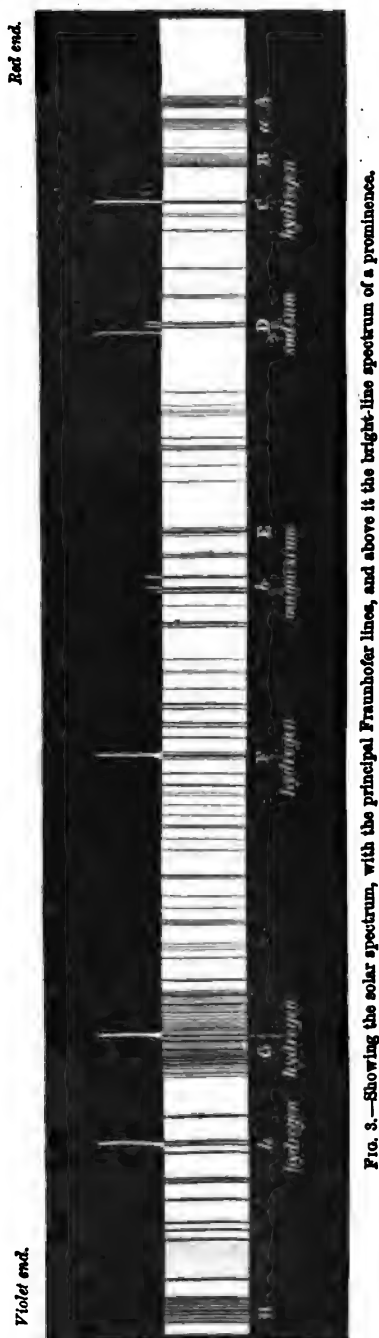


FIG. 3.—Showing the solar spectrum, with the principal Fraunhofer lines, and above it the bright-line spectrum of a prominence.

in Fig. 3; while above it, in the dark

space, are the bright lines which show that the sun is surrounded by a surging sea of incandescent hydrogen, with oftentimes a lower stratum of incandescent magnesium and sodium vapours. I say lower, because the height of the lines indicates to us exactly the height of the stratum, as shown in the figure. For instance, we have a high prominence of hydrogen, the known lines of which correspond to C F, a line near G and *h*, and a low injection of magnesium and sodium, the lines of which correspond with *b* and D respectively.

Although the lines vary in height, they never disappear, showing that for some 5,000 miles in height all round the sun there is an envelope of which the prominences are but the waves. This envelope I named the "Chromosphere," because it is the region in which all the variously coloured effects are seen in total eclipses, and because I considered it of importance to distinguish between its discontinuous spectrum and the continuous one of the photosphere. And now another fact came out. The bright line F took the form of an arrow-head,

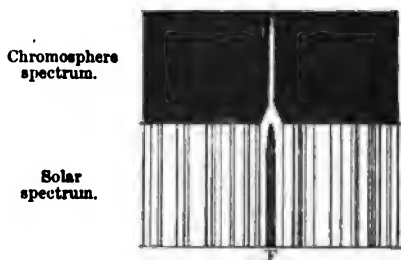


FIG. 4.—Showing how the F line broadens as the sun is approached.

the dark Fraunhofer line in the ordinary spectrum forming the shaft, the corresponding chromospheric line forming the head; it was broad close to the sun's edge, and tapered off to a fine point, an appearance not observed in the other lines.

Nature is always full of surprises, and here was a surprise and a magnificent help to further inquiry lurking in this line of hydrogen! MM. Plücker and Hittorf had already recorded that, under

certain conditions, the green line of hydrogen widened out; and it at once struck me that the "arrow-head" was nothing but an indication of this widening out as the sun was approached.

I will now for one moment leave the observatory work to say a word on some results recently obtained by Dr. Frankland and myself, in some researches on hydrogen and other gases and vapours, upon which we have been engaged.

First, as to hydrogen, what could laboratory work tell us about the chromosphere and the prominences?

It was obviously of primary importance to determine the cause to which the widening of the F line was due, and to study the hydrogen spectrum very carefully under varying conditions, with a view of detecting whether or not there existed a line in the orange; where, as shown in Fig. 3, there is a line in the spectrum of the prominences which behaves exactly as the known hydrogen lines do.

We soon came to the conclusion that the principal, if not the only cause of the widening of the F line was *pressure*. This being so, we were in a position to determine the atmospheric pressures in the chromosphere and prominences; that is, whether the hydrogen was dense or rare.

With regard to the higher prominences, we have found that the gaseous medium of which they are composed exists in a condition of *excessive* tenuity; and that even at the lower surface of the chromosphere, that is, on the sun itself, in common parlance, the pressure is very far below the pressure of the earth's atmosphere.

Now these again are facts which bear upon the problem of the sun's condition in a very great degree, indeed they lead us necessarily to several important modifications of the received theory of the physical constitution of our central luminary—the theory which we owe to Kirchhoff, who based it upon his examination of the solar spectrum. According to his idea, the photosphere itself is either solid or liquid, and is surrounded by an extensive non-luminous atmosphere, com-

posed of gases and the vapours of the substances incandescent in the photosphere. Kirchhoff's idea demands dense vapours far above where we have found hydrogen alone, and that very rare. So that we must consider that the absorption to which the reversal of the spectrum and the Fraunhofer lines are due takes place in the photosphere itself or extremely near to it, instead of in an extensive outer absorbing atmosphere; so that we may say that the photosphere *plus* the chromosphere is the real atmosphere of the sun, and that the sun itself is in such a state of fervid heat that the actual outer boundary of its atmosphere, *i.e.* the chromosphere, is in a state of incandescence.

We must next go a stage lower into the bowels, not of the earth, but of the sun.

As a rule, the chromosphere rests "conformably," as geologists would say, on the photosphere, but the atmosphere (as I have just defined it) is tremendously riddled by convection currents; and where these are most powerfully at work, the upper layers of the photosphere are injected into the chromosphere. Thus in Fig. 3 we see the lines due to the vapour of sodium and magnesium, in the spectrum of the chromosphere, appearing there as very short and very *thin lines*, generally much thinner than the black lines due to their absorption in the solar spectrum.

These injections are nearly always accompanied by the strangest contortions of the hydrogen lines, the latter towering above the rest, of which more presently.

At the same time we have tremendous changes in the prominences themselves, which I have recently been able to see in all their beauty, by merely opening the slit of the spectroscope. By this method the smallest details of the prominences and of the chromosphere itself are rendered perfectly visible and easy of observation, and for the following reason. Let me explain how this result is accomplished. The hydrogen Fraunhofer lines (like all the others) appear dark because the light which would

otherwise paint an image of the slit in the place they occupy is absorbed; but when we have a prominence on the slit, there is light to paint the slit, and as in the case of any one of the hydrogen lines we are working with light of one refrangibility only, on which the prisms have no dispersive power, we may consider the prisms abolished. Further, as we have the prominence image coincident with the slit, we shall see it as we see the slit, and the wider we open the slit the more of the prominence shall we see. We may use either the red, or yellow, or green light of hydrogen for the purpose of thus seeing the shape and details of the prominences. I have been perfectly enchanted with the sight which my spectroscope has revealed to me. The solar and atmospheric spectra being hidden, and the image of the wide slit and the part of the prominence under observation alone being visible, the telescope or slit is moved slowly, and the strange shadow-forms flit past, and are seen as they are seen in eclipses. Here one is reminded, by the fleecy, infinitely-delicate cloud-films, of an English hedge-row with luxuriant elms; here, of a densely intertwined tropical forest, the intimately interwoven branches threading in all directions, the prominences generally expanding as they mount upwards, and changing slowly, indeed almost imperceptibly.

In one instance I saw a prominence 27,000 miles high change enormously in the space of ten minutes; and lately I have seen prominences much higher born and die in an hour. This will give an idea of the tremendous forces at work.

So much, then, for the chromosphere and the prominences, which I think the recent work has shown to be the last layer of the true atmosphere of the sun. We now come to spots.

Now, as a rule, precisely those lines which are injected into the photosphere by convection currents are most thickened in the spectrum of a spot, and the thickening increases with the depth of the spot, so that I no longer regard a spot simply as a cavity—an idea which

dates from the last century—but as a place in which we get the absorption of the vapours of sodium, barium, iron, magnesium, &c., from a much lower level than we do when we observe the photosphere.

Fig. 5 is a sketch of the spectrum of a sun spot. We see a black band run-

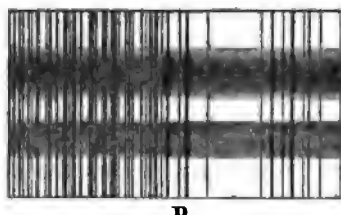


FIG. 5.—Spot spectrum, showing how the solar spectrum is dimmed, and how some of the lines widen as they cross it.

ning across the ordinary spectrum; that black band indicates the general absorption which takes place in a sun spot. Now mark the behaviour of the Fraunhofer lines; see how they widen as they cross the spot, putting on a sudden blackness and width in the case of a spot with steep sides, expanding gradually in a shelving one. The behaviour of these lines is due to a greater absorption of the substance to the absorption of which the line is due.

By examining sodium vapour at different pressures in a tube we can see the absorption line due to sodium, in one part as thin as it is in the ordinary solar spectrum; in another almost if not quite as thick as it appears in a spot.

That grand generalization of Kirchhoff's, by which he accounted for the Fraunhofer lines, may be briefly stated as follows:¹—

If we have a gas or a vapour less luminous than another light-source, and view that light-source through the gas or vapour, then we shall observe absorption of those particular rays which the

gaseous vapour would emit if incandescent.

Let us confine our attention to the hydrogen Fraunhofer lines.

When I observe the chromosphere on the sun's limb, with no brighter light-source behind it, I observe its characteristic lines *bright*. But when I observe them on the sun itself—that is, when the brighter sun is on the other side of the hydrogen envelope, then, as a rule, its function is reduced—the brighter light behind it, showing on both sides the line, makes the line itself appear comparatively dark. But every now and then the hydrogen lines are seen *bright upon the sun itself*!

Not only are the lines observed bright, but it would appear that the strongly luminous hydrogen is carried up by the tremendous convection currents at different pressures; and under these circumstances the bright line is seen to be expanded on both sides of its usual position. Moreover, at times there is a dim light on both sides the black line, and the line itself is thinned out, showing that, although there is an uprush of strongly luminous material, the column is still surmounted by some less luminous hydrogen, possibly separated from the other portion, which is comparatively dim.

I now come to a new field of discovery opened out by these investigations, a branch of the inquiry more startling than all the rest—I allude to the movements of the hydrogen envelope and prominences of which I have before hinted.

Any one who has observed the sun with a powerful telescope, especially in a London fog—all too great a rarity unfortunately for such work—will have been struck with the tremendous changes observed in spots. Now, change means movement, and as spot-phenomena occur immediately below the level of the chromosphere we may easily imagine that the chromosphere and its higher waves, the prominences, will also partake of the movements, be they up or down rushes, cyclones, or merely lateral motions.

¹ I would here call attention to the admirable and full account of it given in Professor Roscoe's recently published book on "Spectrum Analysis," a book which should be perused by all who care for the subject of this paper.

The spectroscope enables us to determine the velocities of these movements with a considerable approach to accuracy; and at times they are so great that I am almost afraid to state them.

Let me endeavour to show how this result is arrived at.

Imagine a barrack out of which is constantly issuing with measured tread and military precision an infinite number of soldiers in single or Indian file. And suppose yourself in a street seeing these soldiers pass. You stand still, and take out your watch, and find that so many pass you in a second or minute, and that the number of soldiers, as well as the interval between them, are always the same.

You now move slowly towards the barrack, still noting what happens. You find that more soldiers pass you than before in the same time, and, reckoned by time, the interval between each soldier is less.

You now move still slowly from the barrack, and with the soldiers. You find that fewer soldiers now pass you, and that the interval between each is longer.

Now suppose yourself at rest, and suppose the barrack to have a motion now towards, now from you.

In the first case the men will be paid out, so to speak, more rapidly. The motion of the barrack-gate towards you will plant each soldier nearer the preceding one than he would have been if the barrack had remained at rest. The soldiers will really be nearer together.

In the second case it is obvious that the interval will be greater, and the soldiers will really be further apart.

So that, generally, representing the interval between each soldier by an elastic cord, if the barrack and the eye approach each other by the motion of either, the cord will contract; in the case of recession, the cord will stretch.

Now let the barrack represent the hydrogen on the sun, perpetually paying out waves of light, and let the elastic cord represent one of these waves; its length will be changed if the hydrogen and the eye approach each other by the motion of either.

Particular wave-lengths with the usual velocity of light are represented to us by different colours.

The long waves are red.

The short waves are violet.

Now let us fix our attention on the green wave, the refrangibility of which is indicated by the F line of hydrogen. If any change of wave-length is observed in this line, *and not in the adjacent ones*, it is clear that it is not to the motion of the earth or sun, but to that of the hydrogen itself and alone that the change must be ascribed.

If the hydrogen on the sun is approaching us, *the waves will be crushed together*; they will therefore be shortened, and the light will incline towards the violet, that is, towards the light with the shortest waves; and if the waves are shortened only by the ten-millionth part of a millimeter, we can detect the motion.

If the hydrogen on the sun is receding from us, the waves will be drawn out; they will therefore be longer, and the green ray will incline towards the red.

Now there are two different circumstances under which the hydrogen may approach or recede from the eye.

Suppose we have a globe to represent the sun. Fix your attention on the centre of this globe: it is evident that an uprush or a downrush is necessary to cause any alteration of wave-length. A cyclone or lateral movement of any kind is powerless; there will be no motion to or from the eye, but only at right angles to the line of sight.

Next, fix your attention on the edge of the globe; here it is evident that an upward or downward movement is as powerless to alter the wave-length as a lateral movement was in the other case, but that, should any lateral or cyclonic movement occur here of sufficient velocity, it might be detected.

So that we have the centre of the globe or sun for studying upward and downward movements, and the limb for studying lateral or cyclonic movements, if they exist.

Fig. 6 shows the strange contortions which the F hydrogen line undergoes at the centre of the sun's disc. Not only

have we the line bright, as I have before mentioned, but the dark one is twisted

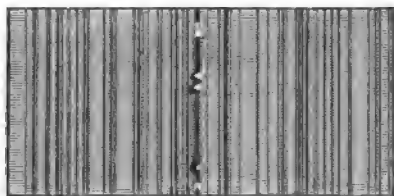


FIG. 6.—Showing how the F line is contorted and at length becomes bright.

in places, generally inclining towards the red; and often when this happens we have a bright line on the violet side.

Now the other Fraunhofer lines in the diagram may be looked upon as so many milestones telling us with what rapidity the uprush and downrush take place; for these twistings are nothing more or less than alterations of wave-length, and thanks to Ångström's map we can map out distances along the spectrum from F in ten-millionths of a millimeter from the centre of that line; and we know that an alteration of that line by one ten-millionth towards the violet means a velocity of 38 miles a second towards the eye, *i.e.* an uprush; and that a similar alteration towards the red means a similar velocity from the eye, *i.e.* a downrush. The fact that the black line inclines to the red shows that the cool hydrogen descends; the fact that the bright line—where both are visible side by side—inclines to the violet, shows that the heated hydrogen ascends; and the alteration of wave-length is such that 20 miles a second is very common.

The observations of the lateral motions at the limb are of course made by the chromospheric bright lines seen beyond the limb. Here the velocities are very much more startling; not velocities of uprush and downrush, as you now know, but swinging and cyclonic motions of the hydrogen.

Although the slit used is as narrow as I can make it, let us say $\frac{1}{100}$ th—I have not measured it—of an inch, a strip of this breadth, of the sun's image, is something considerable, as the sun him-

self as painted by my object-glass is little more than nine-tenths of an inch in diameter, so that after all the slit lets in to be analysed a strip some 1,800 miles wide.

Let us suppose we have a cyclone of incandescent hydrogen some 1,500 miles wide tearing along with a very rapid rotatory motion: it is clear that all this cyclone could fall within the slit; and that if the rotatory motion were sufficiently rapid the spectroscope should separate the waves which are carried towards us from those which are receding. It does this: I have seen an alteration of wave-length both towards the red and violet, amounting to something like 40 miles a second. By moving the slit first one way and then the other we bring it in turn to such positions that only the light proceeding from either side of the cyclone can enter it. Then we shall have changes of wave-length in one direction only.

Now, let us suppose that instead of a cyclone, we have a motion of some portions of the prominence towards the eye; and that, moreover, the rate of motion varies excessively in some portions. What we shall see will be this. The portion of the prominence at rest will give us no alteration of wave-length; its bright line will be in a line with the corresponding black one in the spectrum, as shown in Fig. 3. The portion moving towards the eye, however, will give us an alteration of wave-length towards the violet. You are now in a position to grasp the phenomenon revealed to me by my spectroscope on the 12th of May, when at times the F line was triple! the extreme alteration of wave-length being such that the motion of that part of the prominence giving the most extreme alteration of wave-length must have exceeded 120 miles per second, if we are to explain these phenomena by the only known possible cause which is open to us.

By moving the slit it was possible to see in which part of the prominence these greater motions arose, and to follow the change of wave-length to its extreme limit.

These spectroscopic changes are sometimes connected with telescopic ones. In one case, after I had observed one of these storms on the sun's edge, I examined one of the photographs of the sun taken at Kew every day the sun shines. I found the limb to be actually broken in that particular place in which the storm was observed: the photosphere seems to have been absolutely torn away behind the spot exactly where the spectroscope had afforded me possible evidence of a cyclone!

Now, in connexion with this branch of the research it is important to remark that we have two very carefully prepared recent maps of the solar spectrum, one by Kirchhoff, the other by Ångström, made a few years apart and at different epochs with regard to the sun-spot period. A glance at these maps will show a vast difference in the relative thicknesses of the C and F lines, and great differences in the relative darkness and position of the lines, and we may say that we are now supplied with a barometer, so to speak, to measure the varying pressures in the solar and stellar chromospheres; for every star has, has had, or will have a chromo-

sphere, and there are no such things as "worlds without hydrogen," any more than there are stars without photospheres. I suggested in 1866 that possibly a spectroscopic examination of the sun's limb might teach us somewhat of the outburst of the star in Corona, and already we see that all that is necessary to get just such an outburst in our own sun is an increase in the power of his convection currents, which we know to be ever at work. Here, then, is one cataclysm the less in astronomy—one less "World on Fire," and possibly also a new light thrown on the past history of our own planet.

I might show further that we are now beginning to have a better hold on the strange phenomena presented by variable stars, and that an application of the facts to which I have referred, taken in connexion with the various types of stars which have been indicated by Father Secchi, opens out generalizations of the highest interest and importance; and that having at length fairly grappled with some of the phenomena of the nearest star, we may soon hope for more certain knowledge of the distant ones.

LALAGE.

I COULD not keep my secret
Any longer to myself ;
I wrote it in a song-book,
And laid it on the shelf ;
It lay there many an idle day,
'Twas covered soon with dust :
I graved it on my sword-blade,
'Twas eaten by the rust :
I told it to the zephyr then,
He breathed it through the morning,
The light leaves rustled in the breeze,
My fond romances scorning :
I told it to the running brook,
With many a lover's notion,
The gay waves laughed it down the stream,
And flung it in the ocean.
I told it to the raven sage,
He croaked it to the starling :
I told it to the nightingale ;
She sang it to my darling.

W. H. POLLOCK.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

THE TRUE STORY OF LADY BYRON'S LIFE.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

[Many readers of the *Diary* of the late Mr. Crabb Robinson must have been much struck by a letter from Lady Byron, there printed for the first time (vol. iii. p. 435). The tone of deep affection, and almost divine charity, in which she speaks of her husband, must have come with startling effect on those who knew her only through the representations of "Don Juan," and Mr. Moore's "Life of Lord Byron."

The following paper, from the pen of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, on Lady Byron's life and relations to Lord Byron, is the first complete and authentic statement of the whole circumstances of that disastrous affair which has been given to the world. Painful and appalling as are the details, the time is come when they can no longer be concealed. This paper is, in fact, Lady Byron's own statement of the reasons which forced her to the separation which she so long resisted, and on which, out of regard for her husband and child, she maintained so religious a silence up to the day of her death. Evidence at once so new and so direct cannot but materially alter the whole complexion of this most painful question; and all former judgments, being based on insufficient data, must of necessity be henceforward invalidated or superseded. A perusal of the facts here given for the first time will leave little doubt in the reader's mind both that Lady Byron's separation was the only course open to her, and that the motives for her persistent silence were of the same kind which governed her long life of active and noble beneficence. The intense faithfulness and love to her husband which survived private wrongs of the deepest kind, the continued attacks of Lord Byron himself, and a long course of public vituperation, were only a consistent part of her whole nature and life.

Towards so pure and lofty a character, *compassion* would be out of place; but *justice* may be rendered, even after this lapse of time; and it is peculiarly gratifying to the Editor of *Macmillan's Magazine* that it should be rendered through these columns.]

THE reading world has lately been presented with a book, which we are informed by the trade sells rapidly, and appears to meet with universal favour.

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The subject of the book may be thus briefly stated. The mistress of Lord Byron comes before the world for the sake of vindicating his fame from slan-

ders and aspersions cast on him by his wife. The story of the mistress *versus* wife may be briefly summed up as follows :

Lord Byron, the hero of the story, is represented as a human being endowed with every natural charm, gift, and grace, who by the one false step of an unsuitable marriage wrecked his whole life. A narrow-minded, cold-hearted precisian, without sufficient intellect to comprehend his genius, or heart to feel for his temptations, formed with him one of those mere worldly marriages, common in high life, and finding that she could not reduce him to the mathematical proprieties and conventional rules of her own mode of life, suddenly and without warning abandoned him in the most cruel and inexplicable manner.

It is alleged that she parted from him in apparent affection and good-humour, wrote him a playful, confiding letter upon the way, but, after reaching her father's house, suddenly and without explanation announced to him that she would never see him again ; that this sudden abandonment drew down upon him a perfect storm of scandalous stories, which his wife never contradicted, never in any way or shape stating what the exact reasons for her departure had been, and thus silently and quietly giving scope to all the malice of thousands of enemies. The sensitive victim was actually thus driven from England, his home broken up, and he doomed to be a lonely wanderer on foreign shores.

In Italy, under bluer skies, and among a gentler people, with more tolerant modes of judgment, the authoress intimates that he found peace and consolation. A lovely young Italian countess falls in love with him, and leaving all family ties for his sake, devotes herself to him, and in blissful retirement with her he finds at last that domestic life for which he was so fitted.

Soothed, calmed, and refreshed, he writes "*Don Juan*," which the world is at this late hour informed was a poem

with a high moral purpose, designed to be a practical illustration of the doctrine of total depravity among young gentlemen in high life.

Under the elevating influence of love he rises at last to higher realms of moral excellence, and resolves to devote the rest of his life to some noble and heroic purpose, becomes the saviour of Greece, and dies untimely, leaving a nation to mourn his loss.

The authoress dwells with a peculiar bitterness on Lady Byron's entire *silence* during all these years, as the most aggravated form of persecution and injury. She informs the world that Lord Byron wrote his autobiography with the purpose of giving a fair statement of the exact truth in the whole matter, and that Lady Byron bought up the manuscript of the publisher, and insisted on its being destroyed unread, thus inflexibly, even after death, depriving her husband of his last chance of a hearing before the tribunal of the public.

As a result of this silent, persistent cruelty of a cold, correct, narrow-minded woman, the character of Lord Byron has been misunderstood, and his name transmitted to after ages clouded with aspersions and accusations which it is the object of this book to remove.

Such is the story of Lord Byron's mistress ; a story which is going through England and America, rousing up new sympathy with the poet, and doing its best to bring the youth of our day once more under the power of that brilliant, seductive genius from which it was hoped they had escaped. Already we are seeing it revamped in magazine articles which take up the slanders of the paramour, and enlarge on them, and wax eloquent in denunciation of the marble-hearted, insensible wife.

All this while it does not appear to occur to the thousands of unreflecting readers that they are listening merely to the story of Lord Byron's mistress and of Lord Byron, and that even by their own showing the heaviest accusation against Lady Byron is that *she has not spoken at all* ; her story has never been told.

For many years after the rupture between Lord Byron and his wife, that poet's personality, fate, and happiness occupied a place in the interests of the civilized world, which we will venture to say was unparalleled. It is within the writer's personal recollection how, in the obscure mountain town where she spent her early days, Lord Byron's separation from his wife was for a season the all-engrossing topic.

She remembers hearing her father recount at the breakfast-table the facts as they were given in the public papers, together with his own suppositions and theories of the causes.

Lord Byron's "Fare thee well," addressed to Lady Byron, was set to music and sung with tears by young school-girls, even in distant America.

Madame de Staël said of this appeal, that she was sure it would have drawn her at once to his heart and his arms: she could have forgiven everything; and so said all the young ladies all over the world, not only in England, but in France and Germany, where he appeared in translation.

Lady Byron's obdurate cold-heartedness in refusing even to listen to his prayers, or to have any intercourse with him which might lead to reconciliation, was the one point conceded on all sides.

The stricter moralists defended her, but gentler hearts throughout all the world regarded her as a marble-hearted monster of correctness and morality, a personification of the Law, unmitigated by the Gospel.

Literature in its highest walks busied itself with Lady Byron. Wilson, in the character of the Ettrick Shepherd, devotes several eloquent pages to expatiating on the conjugal fidelity of a poor Highland shepherd's wife, who by patience and prayer and forgiveness succeeds in reclaiming her drunken husband and making a good man of him; and then points his moral by contrasting with this touching picture the cold-hearted pharisaical correctness of Lady Byron.

Moore, in his "Memoirs of Lord Byron," when beginning the recital of the series of disgraceful amours which formed the staple of his life in Venice, has this passage:—

"Highly censurable in point of morality and decorum as was his course of life while under the roof of Madame Segati, it was (with pain I am forced to confess) venial in comparison with the strange, headlong career of licence to which, when weaned from that connexion, he so unrestrainedly and, it may be added, defyingly abandoned himself. Of the state of his mind on leaving England, I have already endeavoured to give some idea; and among the feelings that went to make up that self-centred spirit of resistance which he then opposed to his fate, was an indignant scorn for his own countrymen for the wrongs he thought they had done him. For a time *the kindly sentiments which he still harboured toward Lady Byron, and a sort of vague hope perhaps that all would yet come right again,* kept his mind in a mood somewhat more softened and docile, as well as sufficiently under the influence of English opinion to prevent his breaking out into open rebellion against it, as he unluckily did afterward.

"*By the failure of the attempted mediation with Lady Byron, his last link with home was severed;* while, notwithstanding the quiet and unobtrusive life which he led at Geneva, there was as yet, he found, no cessation of the slanderous warfare against his character; the same busy and misrepresenting spirit which tracked his steps at home, having, with no less malicious watchfulness, dogged him into exile."

We should like to know what the misrepresentations and slanders must have been, when this sort of thing is admitted in Mr. Moore's *justification*. It seems to us rather wonderful how anybody could misrepresent a life such as even his friend admits he was leading, unless it were a person like the Countess Guiccioli.

During all these years, when he was setting at defiance every principle of morality and decorum, the interest of the female mind all over Europe in the conversion of this brilliant prodigal son was unceasing, and reflects the greatest credit upon the faith of the sex.

Madame de Staël commenced the first effort at evangelization, immediately after he left England, and found

her catechumen in a most edifying state of humility. He was metaphorically on his knees in penitence, and confessed himself a miserable sinner in the loveliest manner possible. Such sweetness of grace and humility took all hearts. His conversations with Madame de Staël were printed and circulated all over the world, making it to appear that only the inflexibility of Lady Byron stood in the way of his entire conversion.

Passing by many others, Lady Blessington took him in hand five or six years afterwards, and was greatly delighted with his docility, and edified by his frank and free confessions of his miserable offences. Nothing now seemed wanting to bring the wanderer home to the fold, but a kind word from Lady Byron. But when the fair Countess offered to mediate, the poet only shook his head in tragic despair: "he had 'so many times tried in vain; Lady Byron's course had been from the first 'that of obdurate silence.'"

Any one who would wish to see a specimen of the skill of the honourable poet in mystification, will do well to read a letter to Lady Byron, which Lord Byron, on parting from Lady Blessington, inclosed for her to read just before he went to Greece. He says:—

"The letter which I inclose *I was prevented from sending, by my despair of its doing any good.* I was perfectly sincere when I wrote it, and am so still. But it is difficult for me to withstand the thousand provocations on that subject which both friends and foes have for seven years been throwing in the way of a man whose feelings were once quick, and whose temper was never patient.

"TO LADY BYRON, CARE OF THE HON.
MRS. LEIGH, LONDON.

"PISA, November 17, 1821.

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of Ada's hair, which is very soft and pretty, and nearly as dark already as mine was at twelve years old, if I may judge from what I recollect of some in Augusta's possession, taken at that age. But it don't curl,—perhaps from its being let grow.

"I also thank you for the inscription of the date and name, and I will tell you why;—I

believe that they are the only two or three words of your handwriting in my possession. For your letters I returned, and except the two words, or rather the one word 'Household,' written twice in an old account-book, I have no other. I burnt your last note, for two reasons: firstly, it was written in a style not very agreeable; and, secondly, I wished to take your word without documents, which are the worldly resources of suspicious people.

"I suppose that this note will reach you somewhere about Ada's birthday—the 10th of December, I believe. She will then be six, so that in about twelve more I shall have some chance of meeting her;—perhaps sooner, if I am obliged to go to England by business or otherwise. Recollect, however, one thing, either in distance or nearness;—every day which keeps us asunder should, after so long a period, rather soften our mutual feelings, which must always have one rallying-point as long as our child exists, which I presume we both hope will be long after either of her parents.

"The time which has elapsed since the separation has been considerably more than the whole brief period of our union, and the not much longer one of our prior acquaintance. We both made a bitter mistake; but now it is over, and irrevocably so. For, at thirty-three on my part, and a few years less on yours, though it is no very extended period of life, still it is one when the habits and thought are generally so formed as to admit of no modification; and as we could not agree when younger, we should with difficulty do so now.

"I say all this, because I own to you that, notwithstanding everything, I considered our reunion as not impossible for more than a year after the separation;—but then I gave up the hope entirely and for ever. But this very impossibility of reunion seems to me at least a reason why, on all the few points of discussion which can arise between us, we should preserve the courtesies of life, and as much of its kindness as people who are never to meet may preserve perhaps more easily than nearer connexions. For my own part, I am violent, but not malignant; for only fresh provocations can awaken my resentments. To you, who are colder and more concentrated, I would just hint, that you may sometimes mistake the depth of a cold anger for dignity, and a worse feeling for duty. I assure you that I bear you *now* (whatever I may have done) no resentment whatever. Remember, that *if you have injured me* in anger, this forgiveness is something; and that, if I have *injured you*, it is something more still, if it be true, as the moralists say, that the most offending are the least forgiving.

"Whether the offence has been solely on my side, or reciprocal, or on yours chiefly, I have ceased to reflect upon any but two things, viz. that you are the mother of my child, and that we shall never meet again. I

think, if you also consider the two corresponding points with reference to myself, it will be better for all three.

"Yours ever,

"NOEL BYRON."

The artless Thomas Moore prefaces the introduction of this letter into the memoir by the remark :—

"Few of my readers, I think, will not agree with me in saying that if the author of the following letter had not *right* on his side, he had at least most of those good feelings which are found to accompany it."

The reader is requested to take notice of the important admission that *the letter was never sent to Lady Byron at all*. It was, in fact, never intended for her, but was a nice little dramatic performance, composed simply with the view of acting on the sympathies of Lady Blessington and his numerous female admirers; and the reader will agree with us, we think, that in this point of view it was very neatly put, and deserves immortality as a work of high art. Here had been six years, in which he had been plunging into every kind of vice and licence, pleading his shattered domestic joys, and his wife's obdurate heart, as the apology and the impelling cause; filling the air with his shrieks and complaints concerning the slanders which pursued him, while he filled letters to his confidential correspondents with records of new mistresses.

But while during all these years the silence of Lady Byron was unbroken, Lord Byron not only drew in private on the sympathies of his female admirers, but employed his talents and position as an author in holding her up to contempt and ridicule before thousands of readers. We shall quote at length the account of his side of the story, which he published in the first canto of "Don Juan," that the reader may see how much reason he had for assuming the abused moral tone which he did in the letter to Lady Byron which we have quoted. That letter never was sent to her, but the unmanly and indecent cari-

ature of her, the indelicate exposure of the whole story on his own side that we are about to quote, were the only communications that could have reached her solitude.

In the following verses, Lady Byron is represented as Donna Inez, and Lord Byron as Don José; but the incidents and allusions were so very pointed, that nobody for a moment doubted whose history he was purporting to narrate.

"His mother was a learned lady, famed
For every branch of every science known—
In every Christian language ever named,
With virtues equalled by her wit alone :
She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
And even the good with inward envy
groan,
Finding themselves so very much exceeded
In their own way, by all the things that she
did.

Her favourite science was the mathematical,
Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,
Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was
Attic all,

Her serious sayings darkened to sublimity;
In short, in all things she was fairly what
I call

A prodigy,—her morning-dress was dimity,
Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin
And other stuffs, with which I won't stay
puzzling.

Some women use their tongues,—she looked
a lecture,
Each eye a sermon, and her brow a homily,
An all-in-all sufficient self-director,
Like the lamented late Sir Samuel Romilly;.

In short, she was a walking calculation—
Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from
their covers,
Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,
Or 'Coelebs' Wife' set out in quest of
lovers,
Morality's prim personification,
In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers,
To others' share let 'female powers fall,'
For she had not even one,—the worst of all.

Oh! she was perfect, past all parallel—
Of any modern female saint's comparison;
So far above the cunning powers of hell,
Her guardian angel had given up his
garrison;
Even her minutest motions went as well
As those of the best time-piece made by
Harrison :
In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine incomparable oil, 'Macassar !'

Perfect she was, but as perfection is
 Insipid in this naughty world of ours,—

* * * *

Don José, like a lineal son of Eve,
 Went plucking various fruit without her
 leave.

He was a mortal of the careless kind,
 With no great love for learning or the
 learn'd,
 Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,
 And never dreamed his lady was con-
 cerned;

The world, as usual, wickedly inclined
 To see a kingdom or a house o'erturned,
 Whispered he had a mistress, some said *two*,
 But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,
 A great opinion of her own good qualities;
 Neglect indeed requires a saint to bear it,
 And such indeed she was in her moralities;
 But then she had a devil of a spirit,
 And sometimes mixed up fancies with
 realities,
 And let few opportunities escape
 Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

This was an easy matter with a man
 Oft in the wrong, and never on his guard,
 And even the wisest, do the best they can,
 Have moments, hours, and days so un-
 prepared,
 That you might 'brain them with their
 lady's fan';

And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,
 And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,
 And why and wherefore no one understands.

'Tis pity learned virgins ever wed
 With persons of no sort of education,
 Or gentlemen, who, though well born and
 bred,
 Grow tired of scientific conversation;
 I don't choose to say much upon this head:
 I'm a plain man, and in a single station,
 But—Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
 Inform us truly, have they not henpecked
 you all?

* * * *

Don José and the Donna Inez led
 For some time an unhappy sort of life,
 Wishing each other not divorced, but dead;
 They lived respectably as man and wife,
 Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,
 And gave no outward signs of inward strife,
 Until at length the smothered fire broke out,
 And put the business past all kind of
 doubt.

For Inez called some druggists and physi-
 cians,
 And tried to prove her loving lord was
 mad;
 But as he had some lucid intermissions,
 She next decided he was only *bad*.

Yet when they asked her for her depositions,
 No sort of explanation could be had,
 Save that her duty both to man and God
 Required this conduct—which seemed very
 odd.

She kept a journal where his faults were
 noted,
 And opened certain trunks of books and
 letters,
 All which might, if occasion served, be quoted;
 And then she had all Seville for abettors,
 Besides her good old grandmother (who
 doted);

The hearers of her case became repeaters,
 Then advocates, inquisitors, and judges,
 Some for amusement, others for old grudges.

And then this best and meekest woman
 bore
 With such serenity her husband's woes;
 Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore,
 Who saw their spouses killed, and nobly
 chose
 Never to say a word about them more—
 Calmly she heard each calumny that rose,
 And saw *his* agonies with such sublimity,
 That all the world exclaimed, 'What mag-
 nanimity!'

This is the longest and most elaborate
 version of his own story that Byron
 ever published; but he busied himself
 with many others, projecting at one
 time a Spanish romance, in which the
 same story is related in the same
 transparent manner; but this he was
 dissuaded from publishing. The book-
 sellers, however, made a good specula-
 tion in publishing what they called
 his domestic poems,—that is, poems
 bearing more or less relation to this
 subject.

Every person with whom he became
 acquainted with any degree of intimacy
 was made familiar with his side of the
 story. Moore's biography is, from first
 to last, in its representations, founded
 upon Byron's communicativeness and
 Lady Byron's silence; and the world
 at last settled down to believing that
 the account so often repeated and never
 contradicted must be substantially a
 true one.

This whole history of Lord and Lady
 Byron in its reality has long been per-
 fectly understood in many circles in
 England, but the facts were of a nature
 that could not be told. While there

was a young daughter living, whose future might be prejudiced by its recital, and while there were other persons on whom the disclosure of the real truth would have been crushing as an avalanche, Lady Byron's only course was the perfect silence in which she took refuge, and those sublime works of charity and mercy to which she consecrated her blighted earthly hopes.

But the time is now come when the truth may be told. Every actor in the scene has passed from the stage of mortal existence, and passed, let us have faith to hope, into a world where they would desire to expiate their faults by a late publication of the truth.

No person in England, we think, would as yet take the responsibility of relating the true history which is to clear Lady Byron's memory. But, by a singular concurrence of circumstances, all the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, leaving to her judgment the use which should be made of them. Had this melancholy history been allowed to sleep, no public use would have been made of this knowledge, but the appearance of a popular attack on the character of Lady Byron calls for a vindication, and the true history of her married life will, therefore, now be related.

Lord Byron has described, in one of his letters, the impression made upon his mind by a young person whom he met one evening in society, who attracted his attention by the simplicity of her dress, and a certain singular air of purity and calmness with which she surveyed the scene around her.

On inquiry, he was told that this young person was Miss Millbank, an only child, and one of the largest heiresses in England.

Lord Byron was fond of idealizing his experiences in poetry, and the friends of Lady Byron had no difficulty in recognising the portrait of Lady Byron as she appeared at this time of

her life, in his exquisite description of Aurora Raby.

"There was
Indeed a certain fair and fairy one,
Of the best class, and better than her
class,—
Aurora Raby, a young star who shone
O'er life, too sweet an image for such
glass,
A lovely being scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.

* * * * *

Early in years, and yet more infantine
In figure, she had something of sublime
In eyes which sadly shone, as seraphs shine.
All youth but with an aspect beyond time;
Radiant and grave, as pitying man's decline;
Mournful, but mournful of another's crime,
She looked as if she sat by Eden's door,
And grieved for those who could return no
more.

* * * * *

She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew,
As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
And kept her heart serene within its zone.
There was awe in the homage which she
drew;
Her spirit seemed as seated on a throne,
Apart from the surrounding world, and
strong
In its own strength—most strange in one
so young!

Something of the course which their acquaintance took, and of the manner in which he was piqued into thinking of her, are given in a verse or two:

"The dashing and proud air of Adeline
Imposed not upon her: she saw her blaze
Much as she would have seen a glow-worm
shine,

Then turned unto the stars for loftier rays.
Juan was something she could not divine,
Being no sibyl in the new world's ways;
Yet she was nothing dazzled by the meteor,
Because she did not pin her faith on feature.

His fame, too, for he had that kind of fame
Which sometimes plays the deuce with
womankind,

A heterogeneous mass of glorious blame,
Half virtues and whole vices being com-
bined;

Faults which attract because they are not
tame;

Follies tricked out so brightly that they
blind:—

These seals upon her wax made no impres-
sion,
Such was her coldness or her self-possession.

Aurora sat with that indifference
Which piques a *preux chevalier*,—as it
ought :
Of all offences that's the worst offence,
Which seems to hint you are not worth a
thought.

To his gay nothings, nothing was replied,
Or something which was nothing, as
urbanity

Required. Aurora scarcely looked aside,
Nor even smiled enough for any vanity.
The devil was in the girl! Could it be
pride?
Or modesty, or absence, or inanity?

Juan was drawn thus into some attentions,
Slight, but select, and just enough to
express,
To females of perspicuous comprehensions,
That he would rather make them more
than less.

Aurora at the last (so history mentions,
Though probably much less a fact than
guess)
So far relaxed her thoughts from their sweet
prison,
As once or twice to smile, if not to listen.

But Juan had a sort of winning way,
A proud humility, if such there be,
Which showed such deference to what
females say,
As if each charming word were a decree.
His tact, too, tempered him from grave to
gay,
And taught him when to be reserved or
free :

He had the art of drawing people out,
Without their seeing what he was about.

Aurora—who, in her indifference,
Confounded him in common with the
crowd

Of flatterers, though she deemed he had
more sense

Than whispering foplings, or than wittings
loud—

Commenced (from such slight things will
great commence)

To feel that flattery which attracts the
proud,
Rather by deference than compliment,
And wins even by a delicate dissent.

And then he had good looks;—that point
was carried

Nem. con. amongst the women, . . .

Now though we know of old that looks
deceive,
And always have done somehow, these good
looks
Make more impression than the best of
books.

Aurora, who looked more on books than
faces,

Was very young, although so very sage,
Admiring more Minerva than the Graces,
Especially upon a printed page.
But Virtue's self, with all her tightest laces,
Has not the natural stays of strict old age;
And Socrates, that model of all duty,
Owned to a penchant, though discreet, for
beauty."

The presence of this high-minded,
thoughtful, unworldly woman is de-
scribed through two cantos of the wild,
rattling "Don Juan," in a manner that
shows how deeply the poet was capable
of being affected by such an appeal to
his higher nature.

For instance, when Don Juan sits
silent and thoughtful, amid a circle who
are talking scandal, he says :—

" 'Tis true he saw Aurora look as though
She approved his silence; she perhaps
mistook
Its motive for that charity we owe,
But seldom pay, the absent ; . . .

He gained esteem where it was worth the
most ;

And certainly Aurora had renewed
In him some feelings he had lately lost
Or hardened ; feelings which, perhaps ideal,
Are so divine that I must deem them real :—

The love of higher things and better days ;
The unbounded hope, and heavenly igno-
rance

Of what is called the world, and the world's
ways ;

The moments when we gather from a
glance

More joy than from all future pride or praise,
Which kindled manhood, but can ne'er
entrance

The heart in an existence of its own,
Of which another's bosom is the zone.

And full of sentiments sublime as billows
Heaving between this world and worlds
beyond,

Don Juan, when the midnight hour of pillows
Arrived, retired to his ; . . ."

In all these descriptions of a spiritual,
unworldly nature, acting on the spi-
ritual and unworldly part of his own
nature, every one who ever knew Lady
Byron intimately must have seen the
model from whom he drew, and the ex-
perience from which he spoke, even

although nothing was further from his mind than to pay this tribute to the woman he had injured; and right alongside of these lines, which showed how truly he knew her real character, comes one verse of ribald, vulgar caricature, designed as a slight to her:—

"There was Miss Millpond, smooth as summer's sea,
That usual paragon, an only daughter,
Who seemed the cream of equanimity
Till skimmed,—and then there was some
milk and water,
With a slight shade of blue too, it might be
Beneath the surface; but what did it
matter?
Love's riotous, but marriage should have
quiet,
And, being consumptive, live on a milk
diet."

The result of this intimacy with Miss Millbank, and this enkindling of his nobler feelings, was an offer of marriage, which she, though at the time deeply interested in him, declined with many expressions of friendship and interest. In fact, she already loved him, but had that doubt of her power to be to him all that a wife should be, which would be likely to arise in a mind so sensitively constituted and so unworlily. They, however, continued a correspondence as friends; on her part the interest continually increased, on his the transient rise of better feelings was choked and overgrown by the thorns of base, unworthy passions.

From the height which might have made him happy as the husband of a noble woman, he fell into the depths of a secret, adulterous intrigue with a blood relation, so near in consanguinity that discovery must have been utter ruin and expulsion from civilized society.

From henceforth this damning, guilty secret became the ruling force in his life, holding him with a morbid fascination, yet filling him with remorse and anguish, and insane dread of detection. Two years after his refusal by Miss Millbank, his various friends, seeing that for some cause he was wretched, pressed a marriage upon him.

Marriage has often been represented

as the proper goal and terminus of a wild and dissipated career, and it has been supposed to be the appointed mission of good women to receive wandering prodigals, with all the rags and disgraces of their old life upon them, and put rings on their hands and shoes on their feet, and introduce them, clothed and in their right mind, to an honourable career in society.

Marriage was therefore universally recommended and pressed upon Lord Byron by his numerous friends and well-wishers, and so he determined to marry, and, in an hour of reckless desperation, sat down and wrote proposals to one or two ladies. One was declined. The other, which was accepted, was to Miss Millbank. The world knows well that he had the gift of expression; and those who know his powers in this way will not be surprised that he wrote a very beautiful letter, and that the woman who had already learned to love him, fell at once into the snare.

Her answer was a frank, outspoken avowal of her love for him, giving herself to him heart and hand. The good in Lord Byron was not so utterly obliterated that he could receive such a letter without emotion, or practise such unfairness on a loving, trusting heart, without pangs of remorse. He had sent the letter in mere recklessness; he had not really, seriously expected to be accepted, and the discovery of the treasure of affection which he had secured was like a vision of a lost heaven to a soul in hell.

But, nevertheless, in his letters written about the engagement, there are sufficient evidences that his self-love was flattered at the preference accorded him by so superior a woman, and one who had been so much sought. He mentions, with an air of complacency, that she had employed the last two years in refusing five or six of his acquaintance; that he had no idea she loved him, admitting that it was an old attachment on his part; he dwells on her virtues with a sort of pride of ownership. There is a sort of childish levity about

the frankness of these letters very characteristic of the man who skimmed over the deepest abysses with the lightest jests. Before the world, and to his intimates, he was acting the part of the successful *fiancé*, conscious all the while of the deadly secret that lay cold at the bottom of his heart.

When he went to visit Miss Millbank's parents, as her accepted lover, she was struck with his manner and appearance; she saw him moody and gloomy, evidently wrestling with dark and desperate thoughts, and anything but what a happy and accepted lover should be. She sought an interview with him alone, and told him that she had observed that he was not happy in the engagement, and magnanimously added, that if, on review, he found he had been mistaken in the nature of his feelings, she would immediately release him, and they should remain only friends.

Overcome with the conflict of his feelings, Lord Byron fainted away. Miss Millbank was convinced that his heart must really be deeply involved in an attachment with reference to which he showed such strength of emotion, and she spoke no more of a dissolution of the engagement.

There is no reason to doubt that Byron was, as he relates in his "Dream," profoundly agonized and agitated, when he stood before God's altar, with the trusting young creature whom he was leading to a fate so awfully tragic; but it was not the memory of Mary Chaworth, but another guiltier and more damning memory that overshadowed that hour.

The moment the carriage-doors were shut upon the bridegroom and bride, the paroxysm of remorse and despair—unrepentant remorse and angry despair—broke forth upon her gentle head.

"You might have saved me from this, madam! you had all in your own power when I offered myself to you first. Then you might have made me what you pleased; but now you will find that you have married a *devil*!"

In Miss Martineau's Sketches, recently published, is the account of the scene of the termination of this wedding-journey, which brought them to one of her ancestral country seats, where they were to spend the honeymoon.

Miss Martineau says:—

"At the altar she did not know that she was a sacrifice; but before sunset of that winter day she knew it, if a judgment may be formed from her face and attitude of despair when she alighted from the carriage on the afternoon of her marriage-day. It was not the traces of tears which won the sympathy of the old butler who stood at the open door. The bridegroom jumped out of the carriage and walked away. The bride alighted, and came up the steps alone, with a countenance and frame agonized and listless with evident horror and despair. The old servant longed to offer his arm to the young, lonely creature, as an assurance of sympathy and protection. From this shock she certainly rallied, and soon. The pecuniary difficulties of her new home were exactly what a devoted spirit like hers was fitted to encounter. Her husband bore testimony, after the catastrophe, that a brighter being, a more sympathising and agreeable companion, never blessed any man's home. When he afterwards called her cold and mathematical, and over-pious, and so forth, it was when public opinion had gone against him, and when he had discovered that her fidelity and mercy, her silence and magnanimity, might be relied on, so that he was at full liberty to make his part good, as far as she was concerned.

"Silent she was even to her own parents, whose feelings she magnanimously spared. She did not act rashly in leaving him, though she had been most rash in marrying him."

Not all at once did the full knowledge of the dreadful reality into which she had entered come upon the young wife. She knew, vaguely, from the wild avowals of the first hours of their marriage, that there was a dreadful secret of guilt, that his soul was torn with agonies of remorse, and that he had no love to give her in return for a love which was ready to do and dare all for him. Yet bravely she addressed herself to the task of soothing, and pleasing, and calming the man whom she had taken "for better or for worse."

Young and gifted, with a peculiar air of refined and spiritual beauty, graceful in every movement, possessed of exqui-

site taste, a perfect companion to his mind in all the higher walks of literary culture, and with that infinite pliability to all his varying, capricious moods which true love alone can give; bearing in her hand a princely fortune, which, with a woman's uncalculating generosity, was thrown at his feet—there is no wonder that she might feel for a while as if she could enter the lists with the very devil himself, and fight with a woman's weapons for the heart of her husband.

There are indications scattered through the letters of Lord Byron, brief indeed, but which showed that his young wife was making every effort to accommodate herself to him, and to give him a cheerful home. One of the poems that he sends to his publisher about this time, he speaks of as being copied by her. He had always the highest regard for her literary judgments and opinions, and this little incident shows that she was already associating herself in a wifely fashion with his aims as an author.

The poem copied by her, however, has a sad meaning which she afterwards learned to understand only too well.

"There's not a joy the world can give like
that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in
feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush
alone that fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere
youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the
wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean
of excess;
The magnet of their course is gone, or only
points in vain
The shore to which their shivered sail will
never stretch again."

Only a few days before she left him for ever, Lord Byron sent Murray manuscripts, in Lady Byron's handwriting, of the "Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina," and wrote:—

"I am very glad that the handwriting was a favourable omen of the *morale*

"of the piece; but you must not trust to that, for my copyist would write out anything I desired, in all the ignorance of innocence."

There were lucid intervals in which Lord Byron felt the charm of his wife's mind and the strength of her powers. "Bell, you could be a poet too, if you only thought so," he would say. There were summer hours in her stormy life, the memory of which never left her, when Byron was as gentle and tender as he was beautiful; when he seemed to be possessed by a good angel, and then for a little time all the ideal possibilities of his nature stood revealed.

The most dreadful men to be lived with are those who thus alternate between angel and devil. The buds of hope and love called out by a day or two of sunshine are frozen over and over till the tree is killed.

But there came an hour of revelation,—an hour when, in a manner which left no kind of room for doubt, Lady Byron saw the full depth of the abyss of infamy which her marriage was expected to cover, and understood that she was expected to be the cloak and the accomplice of this infamy.

Many women would have been utterly crushed by such a disclosure; some would have fled from him immediately, and exposed and denounced the crime. Lady Byron did neither. When all the hope of womanhood died out of her heart, there arose within her, stronger, purer, and brighter, that immortal kind of love such as God feels for the sinner,—the love of which Jesus spoke that makes the one wanderer of more account than the "ninety and nine that went not astray." She would neither leave him nor betray him, nor yet would she for one moment justify his sin. And hence came two years of convulsive struggle, in which sometimes, for a while, the good angel seemed to gain the ground, and then the evil one returned with sevenfold vehemence.

Lord Byron argued his case with himself and with her, with all the sophistries of his powerful mind. He

repudiated Christianity as authority, and asserted the right of every human being to follow out what he called "the impulses of nature." Subsequently he introduced into one of his dramas the reasoning by which he justified himself in incest.

In the drama of "Cain," Adah, the sister and the wife of Cain, thus addresses him :—

"Cain! walk not with this spirit.
Bear with what we have borne, and love me—I
Love thee.

Lucifer. More than thy mother and thy
sire?

Adah. I do. Is that a sin, too?

Lucifer. No, not yet;
It one day will be in your children.

Adah. What?

Must not my daughter love her brother Enoch?

Lucifer. Not as thou lovest Cain.

Adah. Oh, my God!
Shall they not love and bring forth things
that love

Out of their love? have they not drawn their
milk

Out of this bosom? was not he, their father,
Born of the same sole womb, in the same hour
With me? did we not love each other? and
In multiplying our being multiply
Things which will love each other as we love
Them?—And as I love thee, my Cain! go not
Forth with this spirit, he is not of ours.

Lucifer. The sin I speak of is not of my
making,

And cannot be a sin in you,—whate'er
It seems in those who will replace ye in
Mortality.

Adah. What is the sin which is not
Sin in itself? can circumstance make sin
Or virtue? if it doth, we are the slaves
Of"

Lady Byron, though slight and almost infantine in her bodily presence, had the soul not only of an angelic woman, but of a strong reasoning man. It was the writer's lot to know her at a period when she formed the personal acquaintance of many of the very first minds of England; but among all with whom this experience brought her in connexion, there was none who impressed her so strongly as Lady Byron. There was an almost supernatural power of moral divination, a grasp of the very highest and most comprehensive things, that made her lightest opinions singularly impressive. No doubt this result

was wrought out in a great degree from the anguish and conflict of these two years, when, with no one to help or counsel her but Almighty God, she wrestled and struggled with fiends of darkness for the redemption of her husband's soul.

She followed him through all sophistical reasonings with a keener reason. She besought and implored, in the name of his better nature, and by all the glorious things that he was capable of being and doing; and she had just power enough to convulse and shake and agonize, but not power enough to subdue.

One of the first living writers of the age, in the novel of "Romola," has given in her masterly sketch of the character of Tito the whole history of the conflict of a woman like Lady Byron with a nature like that of her husband. She has described a being, full of fascinations and sweetnesses, full of generousities and good-natured impulses; a nature that could not bear to give pain, or to see it in others, but entirely destitute of any firm, moral principle; she shows how such a being merely by yielding step by step to the impulses of passions, and disregarding the claims of truth and right, becomes involved in a fatality of evil, in which he persists in the basest ingratitude to the father who has done all for him, and hard-hearted treachery to the high-minded wife who has given herself to him wholly.

There is not often in literature a more fearfully tragic scene than the one between Romola and Tito, when he finally discovers that she knows him fully, and can be deceived by him no more.

Some such hour always must come between strong decided natures who are irrevocably pledged, one to the service of good, and the other to the slavery of evil. The demoniac cried out: "What have I to do with thee, Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to torment me before the time?"

The presence of all-pitying purity and love was a torture to the soul possessed by the demon of evil.

These two years in which Lady Byron was with all her soul struggling to bring her husband back to his better self were a series of passionate convulsions.

During this time such was the disordered and desperate state of his worldly affairs, that there were ten executions for debt levied on their family establishment; and it was Lady Byron's fortune each time which settled the account.

During the latter part of the time, she and her husband saw less and less of each other, and he came more and more decidedly under evil influences and seemed to acquire a sort of hatred of her.

Lady Byron once said significantly, to a friend who spoke of some causeless dislike in another: "My dear, I have known people to be hated for no other reason than because they impersonated conscience."

The biographers of Lord Byron and all his apologists are careful to narrate how sweet, and amiable, and obliging he was to everybody who approached him; and the saying of Fletcher his manservant has been quoted, "That *anybody* could do anything with my Lord, except my Lady."

The reason of all this will now be evident. "My Lady" was the only one fully understanding the deep and dreadful secrets of his life, who had the courage resolutely and persistently and inflexibly to plant herself in his way, and insist upon it that, if he went to destruction, he should go over her dead body.

He had tried his strength with her fully. The first attempt had been to make her an accomplice by sophistry; by destroying her faith in Christianity, and confusing her sense of right and wrong, to bring her into the ranks of those convenient women who regard the marriage-tie only as a friendly alliance to cover licence on both sides.

When her husband described to her the continental latitude,—the good-humoured marriage, in which complai-

sant couples mutually agree to form the cloak for each other's infidelities,—and gave her to understand that in this way alone she could have a peaceful and friendly life with him, she answered him simply: "I am too truly your friend to do this."

When Lord Byron found that he had to do with one who would not yield, who knew him fully, who could not be blinded and could not be deceived, he determined to rid himself of her altogether.

It was when the state of affairs between herself and her husband seemed darkest and most hopeless, that the only child of this union was born. Lord Byron's treatment of his lady during the sensitive period that preceded the birth of this child, and during her confinement, was marked by paroxysms of unmanly brutality, for which the only charity on her part was the supposition of insanity. Moore sheds a significant light on this period, by telling us that about this time Byron was often drunk day after day with Sheridan. There had been insanity in the family, and this was the plea which Lady Byron's love put in for him. She regarded him as, if not insane, at least so nearly approaching the boundaries of insanity as to be a subject of forbearance and tender pity, and she loved him with that loverresembling a mother's, which good wives often feel when they have lost all faith in their husbands' principles and all hopes of their affections. Still she was in heart and soul his best friend; true to him with a truth which he himself could not shake.

In the verses addressed to his daughter, Lord Byron speaks of her as

"The child of love, though born in bitterness,
And nurtured in convulsions."

A day or two after the birth of this child, Lord Byron came suddenly into Lady Byron's room, and told her that her mother was dead. It was an utter falsehood, but it was a specimen of the many nameless injuries and cruelties by which he expressed his hatred of her.

A short time after her confinement, she was informed by him in a note, that as soon as she was able to travel she must go, that he could not and would not longer have her about him—and when her child was only five weeks old he carried this expulsion into effect.

Here we will insert briefly Lady Byron's own account—the only one she ever gave to the public—of this separation. The circumstances under which this brief story was written are affecting.

Lord Byron was dead. The whole account between him and her was closed for ever in this world. Moore's memoirs had been prepared, containing simply and solely Lord Byron's own version of their story. Moore sent these memoirs to Lady Byron, and requested to know if she had any remarks to make upon them. In reply, she sent a brief statement to him, the first and only one that had come from her during all the years of the separation, and which appears to have mainly for its object the exculpation of her father and mother from the charge made by the poet, of being the instigators of the separation.

In this letter she says, with regard to their separation :—

"The facts are: I left London for Kirby Mallory, the residence of my father and mother, on the 15th of January, 1816. LORD BYRON HAD SIGNIFIED TO ME IN WRITING, JANUARY 6TH, HIS ABSOLUTE DESIRE THAT I SHOULD LEAVE LONDON ON THE EARLIEST DAY THAT I COULD CONVENIENTLY FIX. It was not safe for me to undertake the fatigue of a journey sooner than the 15th. Previously to my departure, it had been strongly impressed upon my mind that Lord Byron was under the influence of insanity. This opinion was derived in a great measure from the communications made me by his nearest relatives and personal attendant, who had more opportunity than myself for observing him during the latter part of my stay in town. It was even represented to me that he was in danger of destroying himself.

"*With the concurrence of his family* I had consulted Dr. Baillie as a friend, January 8th, respecting the supposed malady. On acquainting him with the state of the case, and with Lord Byron's desire that I should leave London, Dr. Baillie thought that my absence might be advisable as an experiment, assuming the fact of mental derangement; for Dr.

Baillie, not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive opinion on that point. He enjoined that, in correspondence with Lord Byron, I should avoid all but light and soothing topics. Under these impressions I left London, determined to follow the advice given by Dr. Baillie. Whatever might have been the conduct of Lord Byron toward me from the time of my marriage, yet, supposing him to be in a state of mental alienation, it was not for *me*, nor for any person of common humanity, to manifest at that moment a sense of injury."

Nothing more than this letter from Lady Byron is necessary to substantiate the fact that she did not *leave* her husband, but *was driven* from him,—driven from him that he might follow out the guilty infatuation that was consuming him, without being tortured by her imploring face and by the silent power of her presence and her prayers in his house.

For a long time before this she had seen little of him. On the day of her departure she passed by the door of his room and stopped to caress his favourite spaniel which was lying there; and she confessed to a friend the weakness of feeling a willingness even to be something as humble as that poor little creature, might she only be allowed to remain and watch over him. She went into the room where he and the partner of his sins were sitting together, and said, "Byron, I come to say good-bye," offering at the same time her hand.

Lord Byron put his hands behind him, retreated to the mantelpiece, and looking round on the two that stood there, with a sarcastic smile said, "When shall we three meet again?"

Lady Byron answered: "In heaven, I trust." And those were her last words to him on earth.

Now if the reader wishes to understand the real talents of Lord Byron for deception and dissimulation, let him read, with this story in his mind, the "Fare thee well," which he addressed to Lady Byron through the printer:—

"Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well:

Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee,
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again.

* * * * *

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me
To inflict a cureless wound?"

The reaction of society against him at the time of his separation from his wife was something for which it appears he was entirely unprepared, and which was entirely unexpected by him. It broke up the guilty intrigue, and drove him from England. He had not courage to meet or endure it. The world, to be sure, was very far from suspecting what the truth was, but the tide was setting against him with such vehemence as to make him tremble every hour lest the whole should be known; and henceforth it became a warfare of desperation to make his story good, no matter at whose expense.

He had tact enough to perceive at first that the assumption of the pathetic and the magnanimous, general confessions of faults, accompanied with admissions of his wife's goodness, would be the best policy in his case. In this mood he thus writes to Moore:—

"The fault was not in my choice (unless in choosing at all), for I do not believe, and I must say it in the very dregs of all this bitter business, that there ever was a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, or a more amiable, agreeable being than Lady Byron. I never had nor can have any reproach to make her while with me. Where there is blame it belongs to myself."

As there must be somewhere a scapegoat to bear the sin of the affair, Lord Byron wrote a poem called "A Sketch," in which he lays the blame of stirring up strife on a friend and former governess of Lady Byron's, but in this sketch he introduces the following just eulogy on Lady Byron:—

"Foiled was perversion by that youthful
mind,
Which flattery fooled not, baseness could not
blind,

Deceit infect not, near contagion soil,
Indulgence weaken, nor example spoil,
Nor mastered science tempt her to look down
On humbler talents with a pitying frown,
Nor genius swell, nor beauty render vain,
Nor envy ruffle to retaliate pain,
Nor fortune change, pride raise, nor passion
bow,

Nor virtue teach austerity,—till now.
Serenely purest of her sex that live,
But wanting one sweet weakness,—to forgive.
Too shocked at faults her soul can never know,
She deems that all could be like her below:
Foe to all vice, yet hardly virtue's friend,
For virtue pardons those she would amend."

In leaving England, Lord Byron first went to Switzerland, made the tour of the Alps, conceived and in part wrote out the tragedy of "Manfred." Moore speaks of his domestic misfortunes and the sufferings which he went through at this time, as having an influence in stimulating his genius, so that he was enabled to write with a greater power.

Anybody who reads the tragedy of "Manfred" with this story in his mind will see that it is true.

The hero is represented as a gloomy misanthrope, dwelling with impenitent remorse on the memory of an incestuous passion which has been the destruction of his sister for this life and the life to come, but which, to the very last gasp, he despairingly refuses to repent of, even while he sees the fiends of darkness rising to take possession of his departing soul. That he knew his own guilt well, and judged himself severely, may be gathered from passages in this poem, which are as powerful as human language can be made. For instance, this part of the "Incantation," which Moore says was written at this time:—

"Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gathered in a cloud;
And for ever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.

* * * * *
From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which bath strength to kill;

From thy own heart I then did wring
 The black blood in its blackest spring ;
 From thy own smile I snatched the snake,
 For there it coiled as in a brake ;
 From thy own lip I drew the charm
 Which gave all these their chiefest harm ;
 In proving every poison known
 I found the strongest was thine own.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
 By thy unfathomed gulfs of guile,
 By that most seeming virtuous eye,
 By thy shut soul's hypocrisy,
 By the perfection of thine art
 Which passed for human thine own heart,
 By thy delight in others' pain,
 And by thy brotherhood of Cain,
 I call upon thee! and compel
 Thyself to be thy proper hell !"

Again he represents Manfred as saying to the old Abbot, who seeks to bring him to repentance :—

" Old man ! there is no power in holy men,
 Nor charm in prayer, nor purifying form
 Of penitence, nor outward look, nor fast,
 Nor agony—nor, greater than all these,
 The innate tortures of that deep despair,
 Which is remorse without the fear of hell,
 But all in all sufficient to itself
 Would make a hell of heaven—can exorcise
 From out the unbounded spirit the quick
 sense
 Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and
 revenge
 Upon itself; there is no future pang
 Can deal that justice on the self-condemned
 He deals on his own soul."

And when the Abbot tells him—

" All this is well ;
 For this will pass away, and be succeeded
 By an auspicious hope, which shall look up
 With calm assurance to that blessed place,
 Which all who seek may win, whatever be
 Their earthly errors,"—

he answers,

" It is too late !"

Then the old Abbot passes this soliloquy upon him :—

" This should have been a noble creature : he
 Hath all the energy which would have made
 A goodly frame of glorious elements,
 Had they been wisely mingled ; as it is,
 It is an awful chaos,—light and darkness,
 And mind and dust, and passions and pure
 thoughts
 Mixed, and contending without end or order."

The world can easily see in Moore's memoirs, what, after this, was the course of Lord Byron's life ; how he went from

shame to shame, and dishonour to dishonour, and used the fortune which his wife brought him in the manner described in those private letters, which his biographer was left to print. Moore indeed says, Byron had made the resolution not to touch his lady's fortune ; but adds that it required more self-command than he possessed to carry out so honourable a purpose.

Lady Byron made but one condition with him. She had him in her power, and he stood at her mercy, and she exacted only that the unhappy partner of his sins should not follow him out of England, and that the ruinous intrigue should be given up. It was her inflexibility on this point that kept up that enmity which was constantly expressing itself in some publication or other, which drew her and her private revelations with him before the public.

What Lady Byron did with the portion of her fortune which was reserved to her is a record of noble and skilfully administered charities. Pitiful and wise and strong, there was no form of human suffering or sorrow that did not find with her refuge and help. She gave not only systematically, but also impulsively.

Miss Martineau claims for her the honour of having first invented practical schools, in which the children of the poor were turned into agriculturists, artisans, seamstresses, and good wives for poor men. While she managed with admirable skill and economy permanent institutions of this sort, she had a reserve always ready for the help of suffering in any form.

The fugitive slaves, William and Ellen Crafts, escaping to England, were fostered under her patronising care.

In many cases where there was suffering and anxiety from poverty among those too self-respecting to make their sufferings known, the delicate hand of Lady Byron ministered to the want with a consideration which spared the most refined feelings.

As a mother her course was embarrassed by peculiar trials. Her daughter

inherited from the father not only brilliant talents, but a restlessness and morbid sensibility which might be too surely traced to the storms and agitations of the period in which she was born. It was necessary to bring her up in ignorance of the true history of her mother's life, and the consequence was that she could not fully understand that mother. During her early girlhood, her career was a source of more anxiety than of comfort.

She married a man of fashion, ran a brilliant course as a gay woman of fashion, and died early of a lingering and painful disease.

In the silence and shaded retirement of the sick-room, the daughter came wholly back to her mother's arms and heart; and it was on that mother's bosom that she leaned, as she went down into the dark valley. It was that mother who placed her weak and dying hand in that of her Almighty Saviour.

To the children left by her daughter she ministered with the faithfulness of a guardian angel; and it is owing to her influence that those who yet remain are some of the best and noblest of mankind.

The person whose connexions with Lord Byron had been so disastrous, also, in the latter years of her life, felt Lady Byron's gracious and loving influences; was reformed and ennobled, and in her last sickness and dying hours looked to her for consolation and help.

There was an unfortunate child of sin, born with the curse upon her, over whose wayward nature Lady Byron watched with a mother's tenderness. She was the one who could have patience when the patience of every one else failed; and though the task was a difficult one, from the strange, abnormal propensities to evil in the subject of it, yet Lady Byron never faltered and never gave over, till death took the responsibility from her hands.

During all this trial, strange to say, her belief that the good in Lord Byron would finally conquer was unshaken.

To a friend who said to her, "Oh,
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how could you love him?" she answered, briefly, "My dear, there was the angel in him,"—it is in us all.

It was in this angel that she had faith. It was for the deliverance of this angel from degradation and shame and sin, that she unceasingly prayed. She read every work that he issued,—read it with a deeper knowledge than any human being but herself could possess. The ribaldry and the obscenity and the insults with which he strove to make her ridiculous in the world, fell at her pitying feet unheeded.

When he broke away from all this unworthy life to devote himself to a manly enterprise for the redemption of Greece, she thought that she saw the beginning of an answer to her prayers. Even although his last act was to repeat to Lady Blessington the false accusation which made Lady Byron the author of all his errors, she still had hopes, from the one step taken in the right direction.

In the midst of these hopes came the news of his sudden death. On his death-bed, it is well known that he called his confidential English servant to him, and said to him: "Go to my wife, and tell her . . ."

Here followed twenty minutes of indistinct mutterings, in which the name of his wife, daughter, and sister frequently occurred. Suddenly he turned and said: "You will tell her all this—have you written it down?"

"My Lord," said his attendant, "I really have not understood a word you have been saying."

"O God!" said the dying man; "then it is too late!" and he never spoke more.

When Fletcher returned to London, Lady Byron sent for him, and walked the room in convulsive struggles to repress her tears and sobs, while she over and over again strove to elicit something from him which should enlighten her upon what that last message had been, but in vain; the gates of eternity were shut in her face, and not a word had passed to tell her if he had repented.

For all that, Lady Byron never doubted his salvation. Always and ever before her, during the few remaining years of her widowhood, was the image of her husband, purified and ennobled, with the shadows of earth for ever dissipated, the stains of sin for ever removed—"the angel in him," as she expressed it, "made perfect, according to its divine ideal."

Never has more divine strength of faith and love existed in woman. Out of the depths of her own loving and merciful nature, she gained such views of the Divine love and mercy as made all hopes possible. There was no soul of whose future Lady Byron despaired. Such was her boundless faith in the redeeming power of love.

For the few years after his death, the life of this frail, delicate creature upon earth was a miracle of mingled weakness and strength. So frail in body was she that she seemed always hovering on the brink of the eternal world, yet so strong in spirit and so unceasing in carrying on her various ministries of mercy.

To talk with her seemed to the writer of this sketch the nearest possible approach to talking with one of "the spirits of the just made perfect."

She was gentle, artless, approachable as a little child, with ready outflowing sympathy for the cares and sorrows and interests of all who approached her, with a naïve and gentle playfulness, that adorned, without hiding, the breadth and strength of her mind, and, above all, with a clear divining moral discrimination, never mistaking wrong for right in the slightest shade, yet with a mercifulness that made allowance for every weakness, and pitied every sin.

There was so much of Christ in her, that to have seen her seemed to be to have drawn near to heaven. She was one of those few friends from whom absence cannot divide, whose mere presence in this world seems always a help to every generous thought, a strength to every good purpose, a comfort in every sorrow.

She lived so nearly on the confines

of the spiritual world, that she seemed while living already to see into it. Hence the comfort which she addressed to a friend who had lost a son:—

"Dear friend, remember, as long as our loved ones are in *God's* world, they are in *ours*."

It has been thought by some friends who have read the proof-sheets of the above, that the author should state more specifically her authority for the above narration.

The circumstances which led the writer to England at a certain time, originated a friendship and correspondence with Lady Byron, which was always regarded as one of the greatest acquisitions of that visit.

On the occasion of a second visit to England, in 1856, the writer received a note from Lady Byron, indicating that she wished to have some private confidential conversation upon important subjects, and inviting her for that purpose to spend a day with her at her country-seat near London.

The writer went and spent a day with Lady Byron alone, and the object of the visit was explained to her. Lady Byron was in such a state of health, that her physicians had warned her that she had very little time to live. She was engaged in those duties and reviews which every thoughtful person finds necessary, who is coming deliberately and with open eyes to the boundaries of this mortal life.

At that time there was a cheap edition of Byron's works in contemplation, intended to bring his writings into circulation among the masses, and the pathos arising from the story of his domestic misfortunes would doubtless have greatly aided in giving it currency.

Under these circumstances, some of Lady Byron's friends had proposed the question to her, *whether she had not a responsibility to society for the truth; whether she did right* to allow these writings to gain influence over the popular mind, by giving a silent consent to what she knew to be utter falsehoods.

As Lady Byron's whole life had been

passed in the most heroic self-abnegation and self-sacrifice, the question was now proposed to her, whether one more act of self-denial was not required of her, before leaving this world; namely, to declare the absolute truth, no matter at what expense to her own feelings.

For this purpose it was her desire to recount the whole history to a person of another country, and entirely out of the whole sphere of personal and local feelings, which might be supposed to influence those in the country and station in life where the events really happened, in order that she might be helped by such a person's views in making up an opinion as to her own duty.

The interview had almost the solemnity of a death-bed avowal. Lady Byron recounted the history which has been embodied in this article, and gave to the writer a paper containing a brief memorandum of the whole, with the dates affixed.

We have already spoken of that singular sense of the reality of the spiritual world which seemed to encompass Lady Byron during the last part of her life, and which made her words and actions seem more like those of a blessed being detached from earth than of an ordinary mortal. All her modes of looking at things, all her motives of action, all her involuntary exhibitions of emotion were so high above any common level, and so entirely regulated by the most unworldly causes, that it would seem difficult to make the ordinary world understand exactly how the thing seemed to lie before her mind. What impressed the writer more strongly than anything else was Lady Byron's perfect conviction that her husband was now a redeemed spirit; that he looked back with pain and shame and regret on all that was unworthy in his past life; and that if he could speak or could act in the case, he would desire to prevent the farther circulation of base falsehoods, and of seductive poetry, which had been made the vehicle of morbid and unworthy passions.

Lady Byron's experience had led her to apply the powers of her strong phi-

losophical mind to the study of mental pathology, and she had become satisfied that the solution of the painful problem which first occurred to her as a young wife was after all the true one, namely, that Lord Byron had been one of those unfortunately constituted persons in whom the balance of nature is so critically hung, that it is always in danger of dipping upon the insane side, and that in certain periods of his life he was so far under the influence of mental disorder as not to be fully responsible for his actions.

She went over, with a brief and clear analysis, the history of his whole life as she had thought it out during the lonely musings of her widowhood. She dwelt on the ancestral causes that gave him a nature of exceptional and dangerous susceptibility. She went through the mismanagements of his childhood, the history of his school-days, the influence of the ordinary school course of classical reading on such a mind as his. She sketched boldly and clearly the internal life of the young man of the time as she with her purer eyes had looked through it, and showed how habits, which with less susceptible fibre and coarser strength of nature were tolerable for his companions, were deadly to him, unbinging his nervous system, and intensifying the dangers of ancestral proclivities. Lady Byron expressed the feeling, too, that the Calvinistic theology, as heard in Scotland, had proved in his case, as it often does in certain minds, a subtle poison. He never could either disbelieve or become reconciled to it, and the sore problems it proposes embittered his spirit against Christianity.

"The worst of it is, I *do believe*," he would often say with violence when he had been employing all his powers of reason, wit, and ridicule upon these subjects.

Through all this sorrowful history was to be seen, not the care of a slandered woman to make her story good, but the pathetic anxiety of a mother who treasures every particle of hope, every intimation of good, in the son

whom she cannot cease to love. With indescribable resignation she dwelt on those last hours, those words addressed to her never to be understood till repeated in eternity.

But all this she looked upon as for ever past, believing that with the dropping of the earthly life these morbid impulses and influences ceased, and that higher nature which he often so beautifully expressed in his poems became the triumphant one.

While speaking on this subject the pale ethereal face became luminous with a heavenly radiance ; there was something so sublime in her belief in the victory of love over evil, that faith with her seemed to have become sight. She seemed so clearly to perceive the divine ideal of the man she had loved, and for whose salvation she had been called to suffer and labour and pray, that all memories of his past unworthiness fell away and were lost.

Her love was never the doting fondness of weak women ; it was the appreciative and discriminating love by which a higher nature recognised god-like capabilities under all the dust and defilement of misuse and passion ; and she never doubted that the love which in her was so strong that no injury or insult could shake it, was yet stronger in the God who made her capable of such a devotion, and that in Him it was accompanied by power to subdue all things to itself.

The writer was so impressed and excited by the whole scene and recital, that she begged for two or three days to deliberate before forming any opinion. She took the paper with her, returned to London, and gave a day or two to the

consideration of the subject. The decision which she made was mostly influenced by her reverence and affection for Lady Byron. She seemed so frail, she had suffered so much, she stood at such a height above the comprehension of the coarse and common world, that the author had a feeling as if it would be violating a shrine to ask her to come forth from the sanctuary of a silence where she had so long abode, and plead her cause. She wrote to Lady Byron, that while this act of justice did seem to be called for, and to be in some respects most desirable, yet as it would involve so much that was painful to her, she considered that Lady Byron would be entirely justifiable in leaving the truth to be disclosed after her death, and recommended that all the facts necessary should be put in the hands of some persons, to be so published.

Years passed on. Lady Byron lingered four years after this interview, to the wonder of her physicians and all her friends.

After Lady Byron's death, the writer looked anxiously, hoping to see a memoir of the person whom she considered the most remarkable woman that England has produced in this century. No such memoir has appeared, on the part of her friends ; and the mistress of Lord Byron has the ear of the public, and is sowing far and wide unworthy slanders, which are eagerly gathered up and read by an indiscriminating community.

Such is the origin of these remarks, and we hope that all who have read or credited the slanders of the Guiccioli book will do themselves the justice to read our refutation of them.

ANECDOTES ABOUT THE LONDON POOR.

A FEW weeks ago one of the Oxford professors, preaching at the West-end of the Capital, insisted as much on the harm done to the poor by acts meant for their benefit as on the duty of trying every day to do them some good. "What a contradiction!" said certain fair critics to whom I am indebted for an account of this sermon; and no doubt to the many kind-hearted but busy and unadventurous people who find it troublesome to discriminate in almsgiving, and hard and unsatisfactory to be of personal service to the poor, and who accordingly content themselves with sending a yearly cheque to some relief fund, it seems a contradiction. I desire, therefore, in this paper, by describing London labourers and artisans in some of the aspects under which I have seen them, to suggest to others the thought of doing, but doing more thoroughly, what I have tried to do.

It is now two years since I came up to town; till then I had lived in the country, at school, and in a university, seeing very little even at home of the classes lower than my own, seldom thinking of them but as a sort of field on which my Liberal and Conservative friends fought many of their battles, and yet feeling the necessity of knowing them, and that to make their acquaintance would in itself be an education.

On arriving in London, I obtained from some clergymen whom I knew leave to visit a few of their parishioners. Not having the advantage, and the drawback, of belonging to any society formed for such visitation, I was to go as regularly as I could, but whenever I pleased: without being bound to get them to attend the services of the Church, I was to bring to their notice the various parochial arrangements for their convenience—the schools, mission-houses, and dispensaries especially,

and to report to the respective incumbents cases in which their aid or their interference was wanted. I had the means of relieving distress, but of these I hardly ever availed myself, preferring that responsible and experienced persons should be almoners, and thinking that I should get on better with the people if they had nothing to hope for from my hands.

With these ends in view, I continued visiting in two districts—one in the north-east, one in the west of London—for eighteen months; and I am now to speak of what I saw there.

I must describe my work in the two parishes separately; for though poor people may all appear the same, they were in these instances very unlike one another. And my work was different also. In the westerly quarter my business simply was to go to several houses in various streets and courts, and look after children who belonged to a certain school; but in the north-eastern I had to visit every family in a street which I will call George Lane, and afterwards every family in another street which I will call Thrush Alley.

In the former, the houses and the inhabitants of the houses, and their manners, were, as I say, different from those in the latter, and this difference was due partly to historical antecedents, partly to economical circumstances. Beside the north-eastern district there once stood the Priory and Hospital of St. Mary, and near those buildings, as near the Great Church of St. Paul, was a Cross, to which at Easter the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen of London and their wives, in scarlet on holidays, on Wednesdays in violet, rode through Bishop's Gate to hear the Spital Sermons. After Henry VIII. took the house from the canons, for whom it was founded, merchants

(as Pallavicini the envoy) lived in it; Elizabeth made progresses from it, and round it she and her advisers established the Huguenot refugees. Even a hundred years back the neighbourhood was full of the houses of rich men of commerce, and Wesley preached there, though not from the ancient pulpit, for that the Parliamentarians had destroyed. Of at least equal date are many of the buildings which stand there now. But for the most part the dwellings of the poor in this place have been lately run up in slow compliance with the demands of the neighbouring trades; slow, for the want of house-room is of course tardily supplied in these cases, and thus the people are at the landlord's mercy. Those who go by the Great Eastern to Cambridge or Newmarket know the buildings very well, can look down on leaving the terminus into lanes undrained, unlighted, paved with rough lumps of stone—can look into houses not even properly numbered, and see the broken windows, and smoky walls, and heavy looms, and the pale inmates. Turning to the western quarter, we recollect that three hundred years ago it was mere country, unbroken by a single cottage; that a century later it changed from the "American wilderness" which Baxter found it, into a place of fashionable, even of royal residence and burial, and that then most of the lines of the streets were drawn, and the streets named after grandees of the day, and the small, solid, well-proportioned houses built. These have descended with many of the follies and much of the idiom of their first owners, through the middle class, to the lowest. Poor wretches, tottering on the brink of criminality, and devoid of religion, crowd together in what began as a missionary settlement: democracy slumbers in streets full of associations with the dynasties of Stuart, and Nassau, and Brunswick, and with the aristocrats of the time; and ignorance surrounds the abode of the Literary Club. As a consequence of the nature of West-end labour, and as was evidenced by the

character of the houses, the people in this district were comparatively well-to-do. Not only were the staircases safe (and not trembling ladders, as in Bethnal Green), but the doors would shut, and the windows were full of glass, and the walls (now and then adorned by a fresco ascribed to the hand of Hogarth or Reynolds) were pretty clean.

My main task was to induce parents to keep their children at school by reminders of the value of knowledge and punctual and orderly habits. It was not, however, that they disliked—even if they were criminals—or despised education, nor had they religious scruples; but it was the expense and the loss of earnings, and the want of clothes in which to send them to National or British Schools, and the fear of bad companionship for them and of their losing caste, if they sent them to Ragged Schools,¹ and also the fear of their being run over by drays or cabs, which deterred them.

Another difficulty was to get them to go to service. The younger ones will do it. A porter's son was anxious to be employed as a clerk's boy in the Temple, chiefly I think from his having seen "a matter of thirty turkeys at once" in the kitchen of one of the societies of that house. But the elder—young men or young women—prefer their "liberty."

A third was twofold—to get some to abstain from begging, and to get others to accept help. The latter class connected every offer of assistance (even of work or medicine) with parish relief, and rejected it accordingly. Can we wonder at that? I have seen women come in crying from the workhouse, fling down their loaf of bread on the floor, and say that they wouldn't be so grossly insulted again for twice as much; and the name *Bastille*, once applied to the parish stocks, is now applied to the workhouse and to houses of correction equally.

¹ The master of a certain ragged-school has to let the children out in time to pick the pockets of the people leaving church, or else to lose them. And there is a class feeling between trade and trade: a tailor calls bricklaying "low," and avoids gin palaces used by bricklayers.

I will now notice a few of the people in each district.

In a street named after "that most pious prelate and admirable governor," Compton, Bishop of London, and in one room, were four brothers—the eldest dying of consumption, and hardly able to make his rude and tawdry picture-frames—the rest, and one sister, doing their best to keep themselves and him and a younger sister who went to school.

One child lived in a court which it took me a long time to find, though I knew very well the lane out of which it ran; none of the people in the lane, nor either of the two policemen whom I asked, could tell me of it. At length, a man, who I think was an inspector, pointed it out to me, saying that it was very foolish of me to go there for a "lark;" but, on my replying that I had an order of admittance into a hospital for a child with the dropsy, he made no objection. I went down the hole: the houses on each side leaned towards one another overhead, and there was no light but from the gas in the lane. In the doorways stood men and women of the kind you see outside Bow Street police-court; the houses were not numbered, and I had some trouble in finding the right one; when I found it I was told that the child had died, and the mother gone wild with grief, and been taken to the workhouse. I made some further inquiries, which were answered courteously and kindly, and then I returned.

The ablest and best-educated man of middle age among my friends was a German, who had had to come to London in 1848; he had brought a rough machine with him at which he worked, making gimp and fringe. He lived very much to himself, and yet had a mastery over our language and politics: in the latter he was scientifically interested. He had a certain dignified and intelligent pessimism which was very imposing.

On the site of part of the White House, which, when Soho was fashionable, was a place of aristocratic revelry, stood a dairy—a cabin, of course, but

wonderfully neat, and in the hands of a delightfully countrified woman.

In "furnished lodgings"—I mean a room with a bed and mattress and blanket and a table in it—lived a tailor whom strikes and drunkenness had driven out of work, and who was "in the codging (patching) way." His wife had died in a decline, leaving him four sons: one, aged seventeen, had been valet to a gentleman, till his master went to college, and had a trick of pawning the said blanket, which got him "into trouble;" one was a baby, deaf and dumb; the other two, Sam and Frank, were thirteen and ten years old respectively. It was night when I first went there: on my knocking, the door was unfastened from within by a dirty little ghost which rushed back into bed: this was Frank, who was nursing the baby, but the rest were out. My next visit was in the afternoon, and then it was Sam who was in bed. He and Frank had but one suit, and that in common. A clergyman had got Frank into a refuge, to which, like a Grub Street writer of old, he had gone in the common suit; but, the people at the refuge having as usual burned the clothes, Sam had been confined to bed. He was set free, and he has since been off and on in a printing-office, frequenting when out of work St. Andrew's, Wells Street, and St. Mary's, Soho.

Polly — was nine, the motherless daughter of a "sporting character." Dogs, he said, were his foible; still he wanted the child to go to school and learn to keep house better than his wife had kept it: but she was always making "stalls" (excuses). Accordingly, I put the matter before Polly, and she, like all the people of her age of whom the same request was made, forbore to play truant for some time.

Turning to Bethnal Green and taking the better street first, you had many varieties of rank, poverty, and character. One "housekeeper," a comfortable, distant woman with a curtailed thumb; one lodger a wretched dock-labourer; one a girl of whom the woman knew nothing, and didn't want to know anything but

that the "young lady" paid her rent. She paid her rent, certainly—2s. 3d. a week for a room without a bedstead or fireplace; there she slept on a sackful of shavings; there, aided by a sister (for the loan of whom she gave 2s. a week to her mother), she made match-boxes all day; and there she lived on 2s. 9d. a week, the balance of her earnings: she was twenty years old, and rather pretty. A third lodger was an old "gentleman," that is, "a man who hadn't to work for his living."¹ A second "housekeeper" was an Irish widow, a chandler—mendicant, lying and peevish; and her lodgers were another widow and her daughter, respectable women; who made heavy pilot-coats for cruelly small pay. Then there was a scaleboard-cutter—a lumbering, elderly man, who, whenever I came in, lay on the bed on his face and groaned. Next came a carman—a very good fellow, delicate, but so independent as to be truculent: he had a little girl, whom I vainly tried to make pronounce the word *wine* properly; she sounded her *w*'s like deliciously liquid *v*'s. There were also a clerk and his wife; he discarded from his office for drunkenness, she like him pitifully young. One cannot safely deprecate these early marriages, and yet they cause miserable want and unhappiness and quarrelling, and enfeeble the race. Opposite was a lively, jolly porter, of the Dickensian school, fond of his pipe, of his nap after dinner, of his beautiful, weak, and apathetic wife—a sort of Griselda Grantly. In the house to which I made a point of going last was a French polisher, once a cabinet-maker, whose wife was a bright and ingenious creature, and who had three children—Malcolm (or Charlie or both), Tom, and Bessie: they were very fair, and as rosy as if they had never been in London,

¹ They use the word "gentleman" in three senses—(1) in the strict sense, convertibly with "real gentleman;" (2) in the sense in the text; (3) convertibly with "party" or "gent," as meaning "man" or "boy" generally. So "lady" has two meanings—(1) that of a "real lady;" (2) like "person," a "woman" generally. This affectation is as old in England as Queen Anne; in Spain, as the sixteenth century.

and they had a natural pleasure in showing themselves off, which induced them to sing (or rather to chirrup) and to play on the accordion at slight provocation; the people were not in want, but they liked to be visited, and to hear about the new Middle-Class School to which I urged them to send the boys.

In George Lane, the worse of the two, the inhabitants were on the whole of a lower grade, and hardly any family had more than one room. One, among the nicest of my acquaintance, consisting of a father and mother and a dozen children, had two, the upper so verminous that they had to live in the lower. When they went away, their successor expelled the vermin and painted and papered the room herself, on which the landlord promptly raised the rent. Rent is a sore subject, all the sorer since the abolition by the Representation of the People Act, 1867, of compounding for the payment of rates in parliamentary boroughs, added to it in practice the commission once given to the owner. Nothing can exceed the iron harshness of some of the landlords: the people grimly say of them that they collect their money weekly in coppers, going from house to house with a barrow. One week, I remember, I found a lot of children in a room in a loathsome state of small-pox; the next they had been replaced by another lot, whose mother had never been warned of the danger of infection. In one house lived an osier-cutter with a wife and three children; one a clumsy young woman, one a dwarfish girl, one a boy whom the woman whiningly called her "afflicted son," and whom, though I never saw him, I knew to be ill of some dreadful disease. The father could not read, write, or cipher—I am unjust; he could do all three, and by a method original, and no less easy than mine; he was a foreman, and kept his accounts by symbols of his own invention. Then there were a young cobbler and his wife, blessed with six children, attired each in a sack and very grimy; they couldn't afford water to wash them with. And yet they were merry enough; the man was in the militia, and described with

gusto that notorious march in which they had an accompaniment of thieves, who plundered the civilians before their eyes. They came from Bristol, which, but for the slackness of work there, would have seemed to them a heavenly city. I knew it from a chance visit and from books better than they did, and nothing pleased them more, not even having *The Police News* read to them, than to hear about it. Indeed, talk to a London artisan of the part of the country from which he came or which he knows, and you win his heart. One other friend of mine was from Bristol; he had been a chorister in one of the churches at Bedminster, and had already resolved to retire in his old age to that suburb; he is now, I believe, at sea: when last I saw him he gave me the text "Love not the world" illuminated and glazed; it had cost him 1*d.* in the People's Market, in the Whitechapel Road. There was a typical family, two generations of silk weavers, who had little work: their heavy, well-saved loom, lighted up by the wide windows of their third-floor room, was often idle, and they were always desirous of having books read to them. An old woman, gnarled with pain, and though a pensioner still industrious whenever the charity of her former master gave her a little thread to wind, had the same desire; and tracts which I should have thought utterly inappropriate, sounded, I own, very appropriate as I read them to her. There is no better sign among these people than the care which they take of their daughters, some of whom are very good-looking, and show their French origin in their faces; they seldom go out alone. One more note, and I leave them all, conscious that they interest me more than they will interest others. An old last-maker and his wife entertained me greatly: she was a nice, melancholy woman, who was wasting her eyesight for almost nothing, in making shirts; she was always speaking of a "Mrs. Wales," who I at length discovered was the Princess: he would not believe at first that my visit was disinterested and my services "gratuous," but at

length he came round, and talked the most theatrical Chartism. Not that he believed in Mr. Gladstone, or for that matter in Mr. Disraeli, still less in any "working man's candidate," but simply that he had a traditional belief, utterly aloof from practice, in the tyranny of the first two estates of the realm, from archbishops to deacons, from deans to canons minor, from dukes to barons; nor was he sanguine about squires or merchants or the professions. We all know the story in *The Spectator* of the Spitalfields weaver's wife who had bought (unknown as she thought to her husband) a little share in a lottery ticket, and who, on hoping to delight him with the news that it had won, was told that he had sold it for a glass of gin: I remember that the same fate befel another woman's savings.

If I suggested to any of these people emigration from England, or even immigration into the country, where work was better, and living cheaper, and the air purer, the answer was,—“Oh, but we want *life!*” *Life* of course meant amusement, and we may as well examine their notion of amusement.

Out of doors they divert themselves—unless some joint excursion out of town or some individual fancy¹ takes them into the country—in the parks and streets; to sit, or stroll, or fish, in St. James's Park, Regent's Park, Hyde Park and Victoria Park; to bathe in Victoria Park in the morning, in the Serpentine on summer evenings, and to feed the waterfowl: these are cheap and ready pleasures, and yet they are shared by comparatively few. Many people in Soho never wander in the Green Park, many in Bethnal Green never wander in Victoria Park: there is a picture of it, indeed, and of the fountain in the midst of it, on the drop scene of their favourite music-hall, but a mile divides them from it, and they do not care to go so far.

“Wouldn't it be very nice,” I said to

¹ One young artisan wishes for nothing more than to be able to preserve six miles of the Lea for himself: but he is an enthusiastic angler and swimmer.

a woman, "if you took your children to Victoria Park every Sunday for the day?" And I told her of the grass, and walks, and shrubs, and water, which she had never seen.

"Oh, and wouldn't it be very nice," she replied, "if I vere to bring 'em back 'ungry and 'ave nothink to give 'em?"

Their gardens are hardly out of doors, and yet they find in them so much of the country that I speak of them here. An osier-cutter in Bethnal Green grows in a wretched little back-yard many fuchsias and geraniums; in another house he had perhaps fifty tulips, but his landlord on account of them raised his rent, and he had to leave. "I couldn't transplant 'em, sir," he said, "and I *did* think of rooting 'em up; but I couldn't do that neither, so I left 'em where they vas." In-doors of course almost every one has flowers, sickly enough, but dear to them naturally, and sometimes by tradition from their Huguenot ancestry. So in the west, on the first floor of a house near a little Roman Catholic church, once the dining-room of Carlisle House, and still boasting its classical and pagan decorations, there lived a family, one of the sons of which had "a rock garden." It lay on a wall which ran under the window and at right angles to it. He had strewn a little earth on the top, and surrounded it by a ring of stones, and in that dry and shallow bed he had sown some seeds. It is two years since I saw it, but I cannot forget the pride with which he did the honours of this garden of Adonis, as a Greek would have called it, pointing out how the sun setting over Soho Square (the only one in London, he said, not open at the corners) fell upon the pale blades of cress and mustard. I thought of the Roman window-gardens, and hoped that this might not be robbed at night, as they were.

But the streets are the scene of enjoyment for the poor; they are the world to them, nor does any history interest them more than the history of the streets. It is not that they know much about them, or anything about

those of them (however famous) which are distant, or about the buildings beside them: some of the most intelligent people in Bethnal Green had never heard of, perhaps had never seen, the Cathedral, or the Abbey, or Pall Mall. But to buy, or even to be tempted to buy, by the flare of gas or on Sunday mornings, in Club Row, or Brick Lane, or Bethnal Green, or Hackney, or Whitechapel Road, or Shoreditch, or the Dials, or Newport Market; to lounge along, gently carried down the stream of idlers past penny shows of dogs or giants, past trays of spoiled fruit and fish, and knick-knacks and household furniture and drapery—these pleasures enter largely into "life." Another ingredient in it is the drama. There is in Shoreditch a typical music-hall, consisting of a gallery with boxes at the ends, a pit, an orchestra, and a stage. You get into the boxes for 6*d.*, into the pit for 3*d.* or 2*d.*, into the gallery for 1*d.* "In fact, sir," said an attendant in a burst of confidence to me, "it is a gaff, sir; that's vot it is, though ve don't call it vun." They give the same performances three times a night, clearing the place without ceremony after each. If a fight begins, the lessee and the ginger-beer man go and knock the heads of the combatants together. There are very proper songs by men and women and boys, all on the best of terms with the audience, songs in which it is important to have choruses for the audience to join in; there are dances; and once I saw "The Daughter of the Regiment" with regular scenes and dresses: the aristocratic lover was represented by a hideous dwarf with an eye-glass the size of a soup-plate, and a scarlet coat covered with lace; the spectators, being of Cicero's opinion that bodily deformity is very fair matter for jesting, applauded the horrible sight. We wished him more self-respect, and them less brutality. "Look at him!" cried the old sergeant to the poor but successful lover, "a man has a bad heart and a thick head, but a fine coat; he is a gentleman! A man has a coat like yours, but an heart like yours, and

an head like yours; he is of the *lower orders*!" Down came the house, of course. A reflection of the kind had been made to me before by the old last-maker mentioned above, who, if he had not been on the boards, had at any rate a very histrionic manner. The same thing happens in the theatres. These—I mean the half-dozen to which I have been—are, on the average, as large as those at the West-end, and similarly formed. The prices are about a fourth of the prices at fashionable theatres (gallery 3d., pit 6d., stalls 1s., boxes 1s. or 2s., private boxes 3s.); that is, high, considering the incomes of the audiences. These are made up of tradesmen, clerks, artisans, apprentices, labourers; the criminal class is there also, but at rest from the exercise of its profession, as far as I know. One night at a place in Norton Folgate I had a long conversation with a young man who had come in with an order from the writer of the evening's pantomime, and who told me that sometimes he worked in a printing-office and sometimes he acted.

"And when work's slack?" I said.

"Well, sir," he answered, "sometimes I finds a pocket handkercher."

"I fear that mine will be of no use to you," I replied.

"Sir, I've been a *talkin'* to you," was his rejoinder.

Now and then a star—Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Frank Matthews, Miss Amy Sedgwick, Miss Robertson—appears on these stages, well or ill supported and appreciated. But it is more amusing when the pieces are appropriate. One night we had a farce and two dramas, "powerful" and "romantic" respectively. In the latter the characters were an old usurer, his hungry servant, and his beautiful daughter, her lover—a nobleman disguised, and three thieves, Dutch, Italian, and English. The former would have been more powerful had it been less bewildering:—a wicked husband and father hires a hag to kidnap his daughter, and marries again; the daughter takes to selling water-cress, and after adventures which are shared by "a

very bad specimen of a rascally lawyer," a surgeon, "a mystery," "a poor orphan, a waif upon the world's stream," and "a coster-lad, his rival," "a cove vot suffers sich a deal, half prig, half gipsy," a gang of out-and-out gipsies, and four roughs, Curly, Pineapple Jack, Brassy, and Gaffy, she is triumphantly proved to be her father's child. The succession of scenes was a street in the suburbs of the Capital, Covent Garden Market, the hag's model lodging-house, a den in Seven Dials, a villa at Highgate, London Bridge, and lastly the cool limestone and dark water and beautiful foliage of the Swallow Fall, dear to those who know Bettws-y-Coed. Another place gave us a spectacle and two more dramas; a "powerful" one again and a "spectral." In the first a cream-coloured steed acted, and its master played the parts of a beggar, a friar, a bravo, a soldier, and a prince: in the last, Charles the Second and Nell Gwyn were inextricably mixed up with four "men of crime," a moral highwayman, a gipsy queen, and a skeleton horseman. In the second, of which my reminiscences are a mass of confusion, the chief person is either a "news-boy of the points," or an adopted daughter, or both, and anyhow makes short work of Black Donald, "the colonel of a band of coiners," of which one "Sharp Slave" and one "Demon Dick" are members. Briefly, all the pieces which I have seen were moral as compared with West-end pieces, and bristled with references to the injustice and cruelty and inequality (not of government nor of law, but) of society—references quickly understood and noisily cheered. A baronet marries a blacksmith's daughter, and is ashamed of her father; "Hiss! Hiss!"—you would think that you heard the geese saving the Capitol. But allusions to Bright's being in office, or the Church established in Ireland, fall dead; for though the people have some political instinct, they have next to no political knowledge. Nor are hints of communism taken, at least not by such as have anything to be shared. It is said that they abide by the law: if they abode by it with intelligent patience, it would prove little

for their spirit ; but in truth they shrink from it, because their ignorance about it and its expense (which makes it practically oppressive to them) deter them from appealing to it, and they see none but the most obvious jokes about it. I have before me a piece of evidence of the desire of the London poor to learn and obey the law : it appears to be a reprint, but it is really an abstract of the Metropolitan Streets' Act, 1867. I bought it in Bethnal Green for a penny, in the winter of that year. It lays down the law very roughly and inaccurately as to scavengers, costermongers, shoe-blacks, betting-men, dogs, cattle, the cart, the cab, the 'bus. That well-meant statute worked with great cruelty and with bad effect, for not only is "the street trade" a great convenience to the people, but those who engage in it are said to relapse when it is slack into the criminal class and become burglars. The shoe-blacks, again, felt bitterly the operation of the sections which applied to them. But though I heard many complaints addressed to the clergy and to me, I never heard much applause when the Act was denounced or ridiculed on the stage. One of the theatres differed from the others in having before it a courtyard, open to the sky and floored with wood. There were alcoves and trees round it ; people danced and flirted and had supper, and went backwards and forwards between it and the house, the boxes of which were flush with its floor. A girl there acted the character of "Satan" with much liveliness.

It is hard to take a general view of the trades of the people whom I visited. In Soho, among the men there were a gimp and fringe maker, a picture-frame maker, a "sporting character," a dairy-man, the foreman of a pickle factory : the women mostly were laundresses, or "chared." In one of the streets in Bethnal Green, the majority, men and women, wove silk and velvet, but some in the filthiest houses made ornamental buttons. One pair made shoes, one lasts, one umbrella-frames, one cut osiers. In the other there were 40 families ; 36—or at least the heads of

36—of which never went to any place of worship (the rest were Churchmen), and three of which only were always in work ; six people were dock-labourers, one kept a chandler's shop, one was a fish-smoker, one a scaleboard cutter, one "in the chicory-way," one a carman, one a paper-ruler, one a lime-washer, one a picture-dealer, one a market man, two were sawyers, one made slippers, one braid, one was a japanner, one a porter, one a chair-maker, one horse-keeper at a brewery, one a cabinet-maker, one employed in a granary, one a fish-seller, one a hostler, one a clerk degraded ; the rest were sempstresses, or simply "kept house," and one was a "gentleman," a lazy, unclean, old fellow, who "had money," and accordingly idled about with his pipe and in his shirt-sleeves, to the envy of the whole street, and the pride of his landlady.

The decay of the staple trade, silk and velvet weaving, is due partly to a preference for foreign fabrics which has been a fashionable whim these hundred years ;¹ partly to the arbitrary operation of unions ; and I fear it is hopeless.

Everybody knows how much the working-classes—those of them particularly who are very poor—help one another ; how they add an orphan to the burden of their families on the specious ground that one little mouth more won't matter ; how when a man leaves his widow poor, or "is in trouble," they give her or him "a friendly lead," by devoting the proceeds of some entertainment ; how when a woman's "things" are "put away" (pawned) a stranger lends her others. This is the more odd, because their ignorance of their neighbours' names and their want of inclination, and indeed disinclination, to know their neighbours' business, distinguish them from their equals in the country. I was never in a house where one family knew the others, or anything of them ; still less the people next door. For an instance

¹ Lord Strange, on a Committee of the House of Commons on the subject, was found to be under the impression that the velvet of his coat came from France, whereas it came from Spitalfields.

of this kindness—a friend of mine, an apprentice, was sent to a public-house to change a sovereign; he put it on the counter, and turned round: it was snatched away, and he must have repaid it all out of his small earnings had not his brother apprentices collected among them 17s. for him. He again, when a singer whom he knew arranged a concert in some theatre in Soho for her old father's benefit, sold a large number of tickets for her in his spare hours.

I am often asked by my friends, men of science, and others, What is the religion of these people?—the men of science hoping perhaps to hear that they are secularists; the others hoping to hear that they are inclined or opposed to ceremonialism, as the case may be. Such a question demands a diffident and discriminating answer, and at least I will answer it impartially. Most of them, men, women, and children, seem to live as if they believed that death closed all: and yet I have not found, even among the men, any conscious and positive assertion of secularism. No doubt that assertion is made: for you can read it in the faces of those who hang upon the lips of Mr. Bradlaugh in Hyde Park and elsewhere. But he is as much mistrusted, ignored, unknown, as the other self-styled "men of the people;" and, in my opinion, very few of the poor rise to the conception of atheism. I came across only two men who took the trouble to profess infidelity: one, a cobbler in the Hackney Road, very drunk and combative and diverting, whose one wish was to have an argument political and religious, and who, on being disappointed of that, went to sleep; the other, a basket-maker in Bethnal Green, reduced to dock-labour by his turn for oratory. The Scripture reader,

in the tone which he would have used in warning me that I should find him leprous, warned me that I should find him a free-thinker: and indeed he opened fire on me by saying that "Moses never wrote *The Pentateuch*." One other speculator I knew, a drayman, whom I found reading a Scottish work on Salvation, very metaphysical, very full of Latin and Greek; but since he was reading it only because he had no other books, and since he took kindly to the Waverley novels, I pass him by. Those who actually have any dogmatic religion may be said to be anything which their spiritual director for the time being chooses to make them, and, when his direction ceases, to remain for various periods under its influence. A popular clergyman or minister can give them, especially when young, an appearance of Ritualism or Puritanism, can make them seem Calvinists or Arminians; and the lacquer sometimes lasts, and sometimes is washed off or worn away. My friends affected as a rule to be Evangelical: they repeated the conventional formularies; they groaned over Popery; one of them—a boy of fourteen—used to throw out of his plate cabbage which had been bought on Sunday. When I read tracts or the Bible to those of them who were old, they listened with due attention, and made pious remarks. But I am afraid that their main purpose in going to church or chapel was to get the doles which they persisted in supposing would reward their attendance there. The great majority went for nothing else than the hope of these doles, and had no notions of Christianity. If you suggested any utilitarian motives for church- or chapel-going—the beauty of music and building, the rest, the novelty—you suggested them in vain.

A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER VI.

JOSEPHINE SCANLAN walked home from the Rectory that afternoon, feeling like a woman in a dream.

At first she was so stunned by the tidings she had received that she did not realize her position. How strange!—how very strange!—to be the heiress of a man who in the course of nature could not possibly live many years, and might pass away any day—leaving behind him, for her and hers, at the least a very handsome competence, probably considerable wealth,—wealth enough to make her mind entirely at ease concerning the future of her children. Her bright, bold César, her sensitive Adrienne, and all her other darlings, loved, each as they came, with the infinitely divisible yet undivided love of a mother,—they would never have to suffer as she had suffered. Thank God!

This was her prominent thought. It came upon her gradually, deliciously, on leaving the garden-gate, where, quite overcome, she had stood ever so long under shelter of the great whitethorn tree: for years the sight and smell of the faint pinky blossoms of the fading may reminded her of the emotions of that hour. Slowly her confused mind settled into calmness, and she took in the full extent of all that had happened to her since morning, and the total change that had come to her lot.

Not externally. It was obvious that Mr. Oldham meant to make no public acknowledgment of his intentions with regard to her. Also, he was leaving his property to *herself*; he had said distinctly "my heiress:" never naming her husband. These two facts startled her.

The Rector, with all his reticent politeness, was then an acuter man than she supposed, and had seen further than she thought he had into the secrets of her married life, and the inner mysteries of her household. He had his own reasons—and her unwarped judgment told her they were quite feasible and good ones—for exacting from her this promise, and requiring that the daily existence of the little family at Wren's Nest should go on as heretofore, and that Edward Scanlan should be told nothing whatever of the change that was likely to take place in his fortunes. It was best so. Edward Scanlan's wife knew that, quite as well as Mr. Oldham did.

Some may hold that she erred here in seeing with such clear vision her husband's faults. Can it be that in any relation of life, conjugal or otherwise, it is one's duty to shut one's eyes to facts, and do one's best to believe a lie? I think not. I think all righteous love partakes in this of the love of God—that it can "hate the sin and love the sinner:" that without deceiving itself for a moment as to the weak points of the object beloved, it can love on in spite of them; up to a certain limit, often a very large limit, of endurance: and that when love fails, this endurance still remains. Besides, mercifully, love gets into a habit of loving, not easily broken through. And Josephine had been married thirteen years.

In all those thirteen years she had never carried a lighter heart than that which seemed to leap in her bosom as gradually she recognised the change that those few words of Mr. Oldham's had wrought in her thoughts, hopes, and plans, though all must necessarily be

kept to herself, and not allowed to influence her outside life. Still, this was not so hard as it might once have been : she had been gradually forced into keeping many things to herself : it was useless, worse than useless, to speak of them to her husband. She always intuitively kept from him perplexing and vexatious things ; it would not be much more difficult to keep from him this good thing. Only for the present too : he would one day enjoy it all. And even now she brought back to him the welcome news of an addition to his salary ; large enough, she fondly believed, to make him fully satisfied and content.

She was quite content. Before she had walked half a mile, the morning's events had grown to her an unmixed good, in which she rejoiced without a single drawback. She had no hesitation whatever in accepting the unexpected heirship. Mr. Oldham had no near kindred who could look for anything from him ; and, even if he had, could he not do as he liked with his own ? He was an old bachelor : no one had any claims upon him : he was free to leave his property as he chose. Nor in her maternal vanity did Mrs. Scanlan much wonder at his choice. She herself was of course merely nominal. She might be quite elderly before the fortune came to her, but it would assuredly come to her children ; and who that looked at her César, her Louis, would not be glad to leave a fortune to such boys ? In her heart, the mother considered Mr. Oldham a wise man as well as a generous.

After taking a slight circuit by the river-side, just to compose her mind, she walked through Ditchley town : walked with an erect bearing, afraid of meeting nobody. For was not the cheque in her pocket, and her future safe and sure ? No such humiliation as had happened lately would ever happen to her again. Had not the cheque been made out to her husband, and requiring his endorsement, she would have paid great part of it away on the spot—this “painfully honest” woman, as Mr.

Scanlan sometimes called her. In the meantime, she went into every shop as she passed, and collected all her bills, saying she should go round and pay them early next morning.

Then she walked gaily across the common with her heart full of gratitude to both God and man. She felt kindly towards every creature living. A beggar whom she chanced to meet, she relieved, with silver instead of copper, this time. And every neighbour she met, instead of slipping away from, she stopped to speak to ; gave and accepted several invitations ; and talked and smiled so brightly that more than one person told her how very well she was looking. At which she did not wonder much ; she felt as if henceforward she should always be well ; as if her dark days were gone by for ever. We all have such seasons, and wonder at them when the dark days return again, as return they must : but they are very blessed at the time, and they leave a dim odour of happiness behind them which refreshes us more than we know.

When Mrs. Scanlan came to the door of her house—that small house in which she had lived so long, and might have to live—how much longer ?—the first that ran out to meet her was her little daughter.

“Mamma, you bring good news !” cried the child, who was a wise child, and could already read, plain as a book, every expression of her mother's face.

And then the mother recognised, for a moment like the touch of a thorn on her hand, the burthen which had been laid upon her, or rather which she had deliberately laid upon herself, in accepting Mr. Oldham's secret and its conditions. She did bring good news ; yet, for the first time, she could not tell them, could not ask her family to rejoice with her, except to a very limited extent. For the first time, she was obliged to prevaricate ; to drop her conscious eyes before those of her own child—so clear, so earnest in their sympathy.

“Yes, my darling, I do bring good news. Mr. Oldham has been exceed-

ingly kind. He has done what I wanted. We shall be quite rich now."

For of course Adrienne knew of all the troubles—so did Bridget—so did the whole family. They were troubles of a kind not easily disguised : and, besides, Mr. Scanlan was so incautious and careless in his talk before both servant and children, that to keep things concealed from either was nearly impossible. Mrs. Scanlan had tried to do it as much as she could, especially when César and Adrienne, growing up a big boy and girl, began to enter into their mother's cares with a precocious anxiety painful to witness ; but at last she gave up the attempt in despair, and let matters take their chance. Better they should know everything than take garbled statements or false and foolish notions into their little heads. Were not the children's souls in the mother's hand!—she believed so.

"Yes, Adrienne, my pet, you need not fret any more. Mr. Oldham has increased Papa's salary : we must all be grateful to him, and do as much as ever we can for him to the end of his days."

"Must we? Oh of course we will ! But, Mamma, if, as Papa has just been telling me, the Rector has paid him far too little, why need we be so exceedingly grateful ? It is but fair."

Mrs. Scanlan made no reply. Again the thorn pressed, and another, a much sharper-pricking thorn, which wounded her sometimes. When the father could get no better company, he used to talk to the children, particularly to Adrienne, and often put into the little innocent minds ideas and feelings which took the mother days and weeks to eradicate. She could not say plainly, "Your father has been telling you what is not true," or "Papa takes quite a mistaken idea of the matter, which is in reality so and so:" all she could do was to trust to her own strong influence, and that of time, in silently working things round. That daringly self-reliant, and yet pathetic motto of Philip II, "Time and I against any two," often rung in the

head of this poor, brave, lonely woman—forced into unnatural unwomanliness, until sometimes she almost hated herself, and thought, could she meet herself like any other person, Josephine Scanlan would have been the last person she would have cared to know !

"Adrienne, we will not discuss the question of fairness just now. Enough, that Mr. Oldham is a very good man, whom both Papa and I exceedingly respect and like."

"I don't think Papa likes him ; for he is always laughing at him and his oddities."

"We often laugh at people for whom we feel most kindly," said Mrs. Scanlan, formally, as if enunciating a moral axiom ;—and then, while drawing the little thin arms round her neck, and noticing the prematurely eager and anxious face, the thought that her frail, delicate flower would never be broken by the sharp blasts of poverty, came with such a tide of thankfulness that Josephine felt she could bear any other trouble now. Ay, even the difficult task of meeting her husband, and telling him only half that was in her mind : of having afterwards, for an indefinite time, to go on walking and talking, eating and sleeping beside him, carrying on their ordinary daily life, conscious every instant of the secret so momentous, which she dared not in the smallest degree betray.

Yet she was on the point of betraying it within the first half-hour.

Edward Scanlan had seized upon the cheque with the eagerness of a boy. One of the excuses his wife often made for him was, that in many things he was so very boy-like still : and could not be judged by the laws which regulate duty to a man, now considerably past thirty, a husband and the father of a family,—for he seemed as if he had never been born to carry the weight of these "incumbrances." Delightedly he looked at the sum, which represented to his sanguine mind an income of unlimited capacity. He began reckoning up all he wanted—for himself and the household ; and had spent half the money already

in imagination, while his wife was telling him how she had obtained it.

On this head, however, he was not inquisitive. It was obtained, and that was enough. He never noticed the blanks in her story, her many hesitations, her sad shamefacedness, and her occasional caresses, as if she wished to atone for some unconscious wrong done towards him, which her tender conscience could not help grieving for, even though he himself might neither feel it nor know it.

But when she told him of all she had done in Ditchley as she passed, and of the large sum she was to pay away the following morning, Mr. Scanlan was exceedingly displeased.

"What a ridiculous hurry you are in ! As if those impertinent fellows could not wait a little, after having bothered us so much. I've a great mind not to pay them for ever so long, only that would look so odd in a clergyman."

"Or in any man," said the wife quietly. "Here is the list of what we owe ; we must think twice, you see, before we lay out the remainder."

"What, are you going to pay away all that money at once ? Why, you might as well have brought me home nothing at all ! We shall be none the better for Oldham's 'generosity,' as you call it. Generosity, indeed ! When you were at it, Josephine, and he allowed you *carte blanche*, why in the world didn't you ask him for a little more ?"

Josephine rose in warm indignation. "Ask him for more, when he has already given us so much ? When he is going to give us——"

Everything, she was about to say, but stopped herself just in time. Not, however, before Edward's sharp ears—I have already said, he was at once careless and cunning in money matters—had caught the word.

"Given us what ? More silk gowns, or books for the children, or garden-stuff for the house ? These are his principal sort of gifts—mere rubbish ! He never gives anything to me : never seems to consider the sacrifice I am making every

day I stay on in stupid Ditchley. And yet he must know my value, or he never would have increased my salary as he has done to-day. It is just a conscience twinge, or because he knows he could not get anybody else to do my work for the money."

"You know he could, Edward. He told me plainly that for half your salary he could get twenty curates to-morrow."

"But not a curate like me ?"

Mrs. Scanlan looked silently at her husband. Perhaps she was taking his measure ; perhaps she had taken it long ago ; and accepted the fact that, whatever he was, he was her husband—possessed of certain qualities which he could no more help than he could the colour of his hair ; a rather lofty estimate of the individual called Edward Scanlan was one of them.

"Don't you think, Edward, that instead of arguing about our blessings in this way, we had better accept them, and be thankful for them ? I am, I know."

But no, the mean soul is never thankful. Into its capacious maw endless benefits from heaven and from man—that is, from heaven through man—may be poured, and still the cry is continually, "Give, give !" and the moment the gifts stop, the murmurs begin again.

Before Edward Scanlan had ended his first five minutes of rejoicing over his unexpectedly large cheque, he began to feel annoyed that it was not larger. It was not until his wife, watching him with those clear, righteous eyes of hers, made him feel a little ashamed of himself, that he vouchsafed to own she had "done pretty well" in her mission of the morning.

"A hard day's work, too, it was, my dear ; a long walk and a good deal of talking. You are a very good wife to me, and I owe you much."

Josephine smiled. Yes, it had been a hard day's work to her, and he did owe her much ; rather more than he knew. It is astonishing how often people apologize for errors never com-

mitted and wrongs never perceived; while the real errors, the most cruel wrongs, are not even guessed at by the parties concerned in the infliction of them.

While Mrs. Scanlan busied herself in preparing the tea or in holding baby Catherine while Bridget laid the cloth,—Bridget, who of course had quickly learned everything, and hovered about her mistress with eyes of rapturous congratulation and admiration,—it did occur to her that there must be something a little wrong somewhere; that there was an incongruousness, almost amounting to the ludicrous, in the Rector's future heiress doing all these menial duties. But the idea amused more than perplexed her: and ere many hours had passed the whole thing seemed to grow so unreal, that next morning when she woke up she almost imagined she had dreamt it all.

When, a few days after, Mr. Oldham paid his customary visit to Wren's Nest, she took an opportunity of expressing her gratitude for all his kindness, and slightly reverted to his last words over the garden gate: but he stopped her at once.

"Never refer to that again. Perhaps I was a fool to tell you, but it's done now. Only mind, let all be as if I never had told you."

"I am sorry—if your reasons——"

"My reasons are, that few men like to be reminded of their own death; I don't. I shall keep to my bargain, Mrs. Scanlan; but if you ever name it again, to me or to any other creature, it is cancelled. Remember, a will can be burnt as easily as made."

"Certainly," replied Josephine, though with a sense of humiliation that was almost agony. Mingled with it came a sudden fear, the faint cold fear of the shipwrecked sailor who has seen a speck on the horizon which looks like a sail, and may turn out to be no sail at all, or else drifts away from him—and then? Nevertheless, she had self-control enough to say calmly, "I quite understand you, Mr. Oldham, and I should wish you

always to do exactly what you think right."

"I believe that, Madame, and I am accordingly doing it," said the old man, with a return to his ordinary suave politeness, and calling one of the children in to the conference so that it could not possibly be continued.

It never was either continued or revived. The Rector's silence on the subject was so complete, that oftentimes during the long months and years which followed, Josephine could scarcely force herself to believe there was any truth in what he had told her, or that it was not entirely the product of her own vivid imagination.

But, at first, she accepted her good fortune with fulness of faith, and rejoiced in it unlimitedly. It was such an innocent rejoicing too; it harmed nobody: took away from nobody's blessings. The fortune must come to some one; the good old man could not carry it away with him; he would enjoy it to the full as long as he lived, and by the time death touched him, he would just drop off like the last leaf from the bough, perhaps not sorry to go, and gladdened in his final hour by the feeling that his death would benefit other lives, young and bright, ready to take up the ended hope, and carry it triumphantly on to future generations.

That desire of founding a family, of living again in her posterity, was I think peculiarly strong in Josephine Scanlan. The passionate instinct of motherhood—perhaps the deepest instinct women have—(and God knows they need to have it, to help them along that thorny path which every mother has trod since mother Eve)—in her did not end with her own children. She sometimes sat and dreamed of her future race, the new generations that should be born of her, impressed with her soul and body,—for she rather admired her bodily self, it was so like her father,—dreamed of them as poets dream of fame and conquerors of glory. She often looked at her César,—who, after the law by which nature so often reproduces the

father in the daughter, and again in the daughter's son, was an almost startling likeness of the old Vicomte de Bougainville,—and thought, with a joy she could scarcely repress, of the old race revived, though the name was gone; of her boy inheriting fortune and position enough to maintain the dignity of that race before all the world.

And then César was such a good boy, simple-minded, dutiful; chivalric and honourable in all his feelings; so exactly after the old type of the De Bougainvilles, who had once fought for their country as bravely as at last, for religion's sake, they fled from it; sustaining through all reverses the true nobility, which found its outlet in the old Vicomte's favourite motto, "Noblesse oblige." Josephine watched the lad growing taller and handsomer, bolder and stronger, month by month and year by year, much as Sarah must have watched Isaac; seeing in him not only Isaac her son, but Isaac the child of promise, and the father of unborn millions.

I think Mrs. Scanlan must have been very happy about this time. Her worldly load was temporarily taken off her shoulders. She had enough and to spare. She could pay all her debts, and give her children many comforts that had long been lacking. She had not the sharp sense of angry pain which she used to experience, ever and anon, when, after waiting week after week till she could fairly afford Adrienne a new warm cloak, or César a pair of winter boots, their father would come in quite cheerily, and claim her admiration for a heap of musty volumes; valuable and expensive theological works which he had just purchased: not that he wanted to read them, he was no great reader at any time, but "they looked so well for a clergyman to have in his library." And when she remonstrated, he would argue how much better food for the mind was than clothes for the body; and how a good wife ought always to prefer her husband's tastes to her children's. And it was so easy to talk, and Edward Scan-

lan's arguments were so voluminous, that sometimes he half convinced his wife she was in the wrong; till, left alone, her honest conscience went back with a bound, like a half-strung bow, to the old conviction. She knew not how to say it, but somehow she felt it, and all the eloquence in the world could not convince her that black was white, or perhaps only grey,—very delicately and faintly grey.

But now, the sunshine of hope which had fallen across her path, or still more her future path, seemed to warm Josephine's nature through and through, and make her more lenient towards every one, especially her husband. She felt drawn to him by a reviving tenderness, which he might have a little missed of late had he been a sensitive man: but he was not. His wrongs and unhappinesses were more of the material than spiritual kind—more for himself than for other people. He regretted extremely his children's shabby clothes, but it never struck him to be anxious because their minds were growing up more ill-clad than their bodies. For they had little or no education; and for society scarcely any beyond Bridget's and their mother's. They might have had worse—at any rate.

Mr. Scanlan was exceedingly troubled about the present, because the luxuries of life were so terribly wanting at Wren's Nest: but he rarely perplexed himself about the future of his family. Whatever pleased him at the time, he did, and was satisfied with doing: he never looked ahead, not for a single day. "Take no thought for the morrow" was a favourite text of his whenever his wife expressed any anxiety. What on earth could she find to be anxious about?—she was not the bread-winner of the family. It was he who had to bear all these burthens, and very sincerely he pitied himself; so much so, that at times his wife pitied him too, believing him, not untruly, to be one of those characters whose worst faults are eliminated by adversity. For the fact that

"Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making
poor,"

was not then credited by Josephine Scanlan. She still felt that the man of Uz was supreme in his afflictions; and often she read the Book of Job with a strange sort of sympathy. 'True, she did not understand half Job's trials—"her children were with her in the house;" her "candle" was still "in its place"—that bright light of contentment which illumined all the poverty of Wren's Nest. Health was there too: for the lightly-fed and hardly-worked enjoy oftentimes a wonderful immunity from sickness. But still it seemed to her that these blessings were not so very blessed, or lack of money neutralized them all, at least with regard to her husband.

His complainings, she fondly hoped, would be quieted by prosperity: when they had a larger house, and she could get the children out of his way in some distant nursery; when he had more servants to wait upon him, more luxuries to gratify him, and fewer opportunities of growing discontented by the daily contrast between his neighbours' wealth and his own poverty. For, unfortunately, there were not many "poor" people in Ditchley—society being composed of the county families, the well-off townfolk, and the working classes. And Mr. Scanlan was always more prone to compare himself with those above him than those below him, wondering why Providence had not more equally balanced things, and why those stupid squires and contented shopkeepers should have so much money to do what they liked with, and he so little—he whose likings were of such a refined and superior order, that it seemed a sin and shame they should be denied gratification.

For, as he reasoned, and his wife tried to reason too, his pleasures were all so harmless. He was no drunkard—though he liked a glass of wine well enough; he seldom philandered with young ladies, except in the mildest clerical way; was never long absent from home; and, as

for his extraordinary talent for getting rid of money, he got rid of it certainly in no wicked way; but scattered it about more with the innocent recklessness of a child than the deliberate extravagance of a man. It was hard to stint him: still harder to blame him: much easier to blame "circumstances"—which made all the difference between a harmless amusement and a serious error. When he was a rich man, he would be quite different.

At least so thought his wife, and tried to excuse him, and make the best of him, and believe in all his possible capacities for good; also in the actual good there was in him, which might have satisfied some people, who are content to accept as virtue the mere negation of vice, or to rule their affections by the safe law which I have heard enunciated by mediocre goodness concerning absolute badness: "Why should I dislike the man when he has never harmed me?" But to a woman whose standard of right was distinct from any personal benefit received by her, or personal injury done to her; who loved for love's sake, and hated only where she despised; who had begun life with a high ideal, and a passionate necessity for its realization in all her dear ones, especially the dearest and closest of all—her husband—to such an one, what must this kind of married life have been?

Still, her heart grew tenderer over the father of her children. She saw him, and all he did—or rather all he left undone—in the fairest light. When he grumbled, she took it very patiently, more patiently than usual: thinking with satisfaction of her comfortable secret—how all these annoyances were only temporary; how he would by and by become a rich man, able to indulge himself as he chose. For in her heart she liked to see her husband happy—liked to give him any lawful pleasures; and minister even to his whims and vagaries, when this could be done conscientiously, without her having the pang of knowing that every selfish luxury of the father's was taking the very

bread out of the mouths of the children. Not that he did this intentionally; but he did do it: because the even balance and necessity of things was a matter Edward Scanlan could never be taught to understand.

Still, he was very good, on the whole, for some time after he received this addition to his income. It allowed him more pleasures; it lessened his wife's cares, and made her less obliged to contradict him. She grew softer in her manner to him—and Edward Scanlan was one who thought much about outside manner, without troubling himself to investigate what feelings lay beneath. In their mutual relief of mind, the husband and wife drew nearer together—dangerously so, for the preservation of Mr. Oldham's secret.

Righteous hypocrite as she fully believed she was, Mrs. Scanlan often felt herself to be a terrible hypocrite after all. Twenty times a day she longed to throw her arms round her husband's neck, and whisper that she had a secret—though one which did not injure him, quite the contrary! Whenever he was vexed about little things, she thirsted to tell him that his poverty days would not last for ever—that she would by and by be a rich heiress, able to give him all he wanted, and rejoice in the giving. That keenest joy of wealth—to lavish it upon others—flashed out sometimes from the distant future, with a glow that lightened for her many a present gloom.

Still, things were hard now and then, and she had many a twinge of conscience as to how far she was doing right, and what her husband would think of her when he really knew all, as he necessarily must, some day. More than once she definitively resolved to go and speak to the Rector—whether he liked it or not; unburthen herself of all her doubts, and implore him to free her from her promise, and take away this load from her heart—a load heavier than he, as a bachelor, could comprehend. Little he knew how fatal to happiness is any concealment between married people, whose chief strength and surest consola-

tion lies in being, for good and ill, absolutely and perfectly one.

With this intent Josephine had actually one day put on her bonnet, meaning to go to pay a visit to the Rectory, ostensibly to excuse herself and the children from a tea-party there—a feast on the lawn—the year had again come round to the time of open-air delights—when her husband entered the room, and asked her where she was going.

Her answer was, of course, the truth, though not, alas! the whole truth.

"Excuse yourself from the Rectory feast? What a ridiculous thing! To decline Mr. Oldham's invitation, because the children had an engagement elsewhere—at a common farmhouse too!"

Still, Josephine reasoned, it was a prior engagement; and the people at the farm had been very kind to the children.

"But they are such unimportant people. Annoying them does not matter; now annoying Mr. Oldham does. I never noticed the thing much till lately, when some neighbour or other put it into my head; but Oldham does seem to have taken an extraordinary fancy for our children."

"They are very good children," said the mother, with a slight trembling of the voice.

"Oh yes, of course. And pretty too—some of them. Don't be up in arms on their account, Mamma, as if I were always crying them down. I see their good points just as much as you do. And if the old fellow really has taken a liking to them, I'm sure I don't object to your cultivating him as much as ever you like."

"Cultivating him!—"

"I mean—with an eye to his leaving them something. He can't live for ever; and when he dies, some small sum—even a hundred or two—would be a great help to us."

Josephine stood dumb. Oh if she had had the free, clear conscience of a year ago, how indignantly she would have repudiated such a motive! as she used to do all other similar motives

of self-interest or expediency, which her husband occasionally suggested to her. For this lavish, frank-spoken, open-hearted young Celt had also the true Celtic characteristic of never being blind to his own interests. Careless as he was, he knew quite well on which side his bread was buttered; and under all his reckless generosity lay a stratum of meanness: which indeed is generally found a necessary adjunct to the afore-said qualities.

He noticed his wife's silence: at which his sensitive love of approbation—to call it by a lighter name than vanity—immediately took offence.

"You think that was a wrong thing of me to say? But you always do find fault with any new ideas of mine. You would like everything to originate with yourself?"

Josephine answered only the first half of his sentence. "I think it wrong to 'cultivate' anybody for the sake of what you can get out of him. And you know the proverb, 'It's ill waiting for dead men's shoes.'"

"But how can one help it, when one has to go barefoot?"

"Which is not exactly our case, Edward. We have as much as we require; and we need not be beholden to any man—thank God!"

"You are thankful for small mercies," said Edward Scanlan, bitterly—very bitterly for a clergyman. "But, putting aside the future, don't you think Mr. Oldham might do something for us at present, if he knew we wanted help? For instance, last Sunday, in the vestry, he was preaching to me a little extra sermon about César, noticing what a big boy he was growing, and asking me what I intended to do with him—when he was to go to school, and where? Rather impertinent interference, I thought."

"He meant it well," said Mrs. Scanlan, humbly, and with averted eyes: afraid of betraying in any way the comfort it was to find out that the Rector was not indifferent to a fact which had haunted herself for many cruel weeks—

how her handsome, manly César was growing up in a state of rough ignorance, lamentable in any gentleman's son, and especially to be deplored in one who might have to fill a good position in society, where he would one day bitterly feel every defect in education.

"Meant well? Oh, of course a rector is always supposed to mean well towards a curate, or the poor curate is obliged to take it so, as I shall. But my idea was this: that since he is so anxious that the lad should be well educated—which we cannot possibly afford—perhaps, if the matter were cleverly put before him—and you have such a clever way of doing things, dearest—Mr. Oldham might send César to school himself."

Josephine started. "I do not quite understand you," she said.

No—sometimes she really did not understand her husband. She found herself making egregious mistakes concerning him and his motives. To put a most sad thing in a ludicrous light, (as how often do we not do in this world!) her position was like that of the great cat trying to get through the little cat's hole: her large nature was perpetually at fault in calculating the smallness of his.

"Not understand! Why, Josephine, the thing is as plain as a pikestaff. Don't you see how much we should save if Mr. Oldham could be induced to send César to school at his own expense? It is no uncommon thing. Many a rich man has done it for a poor man's son, who turned out a credit to him afterwards: as César might, and then the obligation would be rather on Mr. Oldham's side, in my having consented to the thing. Indeed," growing warmer as he argued, "it would be a very good thing on both sides. And I could then afford to pay that visit to London which Summerhayes is always bothering me about, and considers would be such an advantage to myself and the family."

Still Josephine was silent; but her face clouded over and hardened into the expression which her husband knew well enough, and was in his secret heart

a little afraid of. He was thus far a good fellow—he respected and loved his good wife very sincerely.

“I see you don’t like either of these notions of mine, my dear, especially about César. You know Mr. Oldham pretty well, perhaps even better than I do. If you think he would take offence at such a hint——”

“I should never dream of hinting anything to Mr. Oldham. If I wanted to ask of him a kindness, I should ask it direct, and I believe he would grant it. But to beg from him indirectly the help which we do not really need——”

“We do need it. César must go to school. I want to go to London. And we can’t do both, you say.”

“No, we cannot. It is impossible. But it is equally impossible for us to accept favours, or beg for any, from Mr. Oldham.”

“So you say, but I entirely differ from you. It is no favour: the labourer is worthy of his hire.”

“And the beggar is worthy of both his kicks and his half-pence. But, Edward, I will take neither. You know my mind. Many a free, honest, honourable kindness may one man have to owe to another, and both be benefited thereby; but to ask from another anything that by any amount of personal sacrifice one could do for oneself, is a meanness I have not been used to. My father never would stoop to it, nor shall my son.”

Quietly as she said them, they were stinging words: such as she could use on occasions. She was not a stupid woman, nor a tame woman; and in her youth, the “soft answer,” which is often woman’s best strength, did not always come. She was fierce against wrong rather than patient with it—outraged and indignant where it might have been wiser to be quietly brave. Though not too thin-skinned, ordinarily, to-day her husband winced as if she had been whipping him with nettles. For he knew what an idol Josephine’s father had been to her, and how well the noble old nobleman

had deserved that worship. Poor Edward Scanlan was a little cowed even before the dim ghost of the dead Vicomte de Bougainville.

“Your father—your son. Then your husband may do anything he chooses? You won’t care. He, of course, is quite an inferior being.”

“Edward, hush! The child!”

For Adrienne had put her tiny pale face in at the bedroom door, outside which she often hovered like an anxious spirit when her father and mother were talking.

“The child may hear it all,” said Mr. Scanlan, glad to escape from a difficulty. “Look here, Adrienne, the difference between your mother and me is this: I want you to go to the Rectory tomorrow—she wishes to take you to the farm—which should you like best?”

The perplexed child looked from one parent to the other. “I thought, Papa, you did not care for Mr. Oldham: you are always finding fault with him, or laughing at him.”

“What a sharp child it is!” said Mr. Scanlan, extremely amused. “Never mind, Adrienne, whether I like Mr. Oldham or not; I wish you to go and see him whenever he asks you: and always be sure to pay him particular attention, for he may be very useful to both me and my family.”

“Yes, Papa,” replied innocent Adrienne, though not without a shy glance at her mother for assent and approval.

The mother stepped forward, pale and firm, but with a fierce light glittering in her eyes:

“Yes, Adrienne, I too wish you to pay Mr. Oldham all proper attention, because he is a good man who has heaped us all with kindnesses; because, though we will never ask any more from him, we cannot show sufficient gratitude for those we have already received. Therefore, since Papa particularly desires it, we will give up the farm and go to the Rectory.”

“Thank you, my dearest, you are very good,” said Edward Scanlan, quite satisfied and mollified; and on leaving

the room he went over to his wife, and kissed her. She received the kiss, but let him depart without a word.

Then, taking off her bonnet, Josephine put it by, mechanically rolling up the strings, a habit she had to make them last the longer—and did various other thing about her drawers in an absent sort of way—never noticing the childish eyes which followed her every motion. But always silently—Adrienne was such a very quiet child. Not until the mother sat down on the bed-side, and put her hands over her dry, hot eyes, with a heavy sigh, did she feel her little Jaughter creeping behind her, to clasp around her neck cool, soft arms.

“Maman, Maman,”—the French version of the word,—with the slight French accentuation of the first syllable, such as her children generally used when they petted her.

Mrs. Scanlan turned round and hid her forehead on the little bosom—leaving a wet place where her eyes had lain, on the coarse blue pinafore.

She said nothing to Adrienne, of course: and henceforth she carefully avoided naming to her husband the subject of César's going to school. But she made up her mind when it should be done, and how, during those ten silent minutes in her bedroom. And from that day the idea of asking Mr. Oldham's permission to tell her husband of their future prospects altogether passed from her mind. No; the Rector was right in his judgment: she herself was the only safe depositary of the secret. She locked it closer than ever in her heart, and returned to her old solitude of spirit—the worst of all solitudes—that which does not appear outside.

To be continued.

THE CRISIS IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY FREDERICK NAPIER BROOME.

NEW ZEALAND affairs are attracting more attention in England than those of any other of our colonies; nor is this to be wondered at when we consider its critical condition, and the near relation in which it stands to ourselves. It is our youngest colony; a native-born generation has hardly yet had time to grow up there, and the home-ties and home-memories of the vast majority of settlers connect them still with the mother-country by feelings warmer than mere allegiance. And this sympathy passes and re-passes, for one can hardly enter a house among us where some friend or relation is not spoken of who has found his or her way out to New Zealand. This of course is a high advantage to the colony, but it tells also the other way, for it leads a great number of persons to consider their opinion, based on letters or hearsay, worth giving and having, and in society and even in the press to speak or write with a confidence and authority which is very imposing to those who know nothing about the matter, but very impertinent and ridiculous to the few who are able and willing to place the colony in a true light.

The present difficulties of New Zealand are so complex that any attempt to explain or resolve them is vain, and worse than useless, unless undertaken with a thorough knowledge of the subject, and in a spirit of impartiality; and these two things are very rarely conjoined, for generally speaking those who know most are partisans, whilst those who are impartial are ill-informed. Colonists themselves are the last people to be trusted; it is very true of the greater part of them that where their treasure is there their heart is also. A Middle islander will be vehement against the whole native policy of the Colonial Government, and against any war loan or Imperial guarantee; he himself is at

no risk or danger: all his desire is to curb the expenditure in the North, of which he has to pay the largest share. The creed of a North islander will depend on his province; if he has lived in the disturbed districts he calls on his fellow-colonists, he calls on the mother-country, to spend money and send soldiers for the safety and well-being of himself and his community. And these principal divisions are split into parties still more local: the political belief of every province is moulded and modified, as is only natural, by its own peculiar circumstances. A flagrant instance of this occurs in the Blue Book recently issued by the Colonial Office. Mr. Graham, a leading Auckland settler, writes endorsing Lord Granville's late refusal on the part of the Home Government to guarantee a fresh colonial loan; he improves the occasion by referring the bulk of the native troubles to the change of the seat of government from his own city to Wellington, and pleads for a separate governor and government for the north part of the North island. This would no doubt benefit his own province just as much as it would benefit any parish to have its church turned into a cathedral with all the endowments and belongings of Bishop, Dean, and Canons; but, taking the general welfare of the two islands into consideration, it is childishly selfish and futile. Thus we see that experience and residence in a country go for worse than nothing when accompanied by merely local and near-sighted perceptions. We shall now attempt to state clearly the condition of New Zealand; and if in our anxiety of explanation any of our readers find us now and then informing them of what they know already, they must remember that all are not as wise as themselves, and that no geographical or political blunder in matters relating

to New Zealand is too gross to harbour in the minds of men who have at their fingers' ends the most accurate and minute historical detail respecting an Ægean island or an Achaian city.

New Zealand, then, to begin at the beginning, consists of two islands, called respectively North and Middle; there is a third, Stewart's Island, to the south, but this is so small and unimportant that it may be considered as merged in the Middle island, which is usually termed "The South." The natives also may be said to be entirely confined to the North; for, although in the Middle island there are a few hundreds, these, besides being of a tribe or caste inferior to their northern brethren, are, as they live in an open country among some hundred thousand white men, docile subjects of Her Majesty, and turn an honest penny by farming their reserved lands, and going out sheep-shearing for the stock-owners. The reader must remember, then, that the Middle island has nothing whatever to do with the native rebellion except to pay for its suppression; it is purely a pastoral and agricultural colony, and has never been garrisoned by soldiers; it is settled throughout its length and breadth, while a great part of the best land of the North island is in the hands of the natives, or *Maories*, which is their generic name, the first syllable being pronounced as rhyming to the word "how." The two islands are divided into nine provinces, each of which is furnished with a complete machinery of local government, consisting of a Superintendent, an Executive, and a Provincial Council; these administer the internal affairs of their respective provinces, and deal with certain funds. Wellington, in the North island, is the seat of the Federal or, as it is called, General Government, which consists of a Governor, a Ministry, a Legislative Council (whose members are styled "honourable," and which is a kind of House of Lords), and a House of Assembly, which represents the whole colony, and answers to our House of Commons. We will now con-

fine ourselves for a while to the Middle island. To give a clear idea of its present condition, it is necessary to go back a few years, before its extraordinary career of prosperity first received a check.

Up to about four years ago, the price of stock throughout the five provinces of the Middle island continued high, stimulated latterly by the discovery of successive gold-fields. Soon after this date, however, the gradual crowding of the pastures began to tell on the market, and prices declined, going down from bad to worse: such is the fall, that at the present time sheep that were once worth thirty shillings a head can be bought for five; land, also, which speculation and prosperity had pushed to a value altogether fictitious, sank to about one-third of its former price; wheat shared in the depression, many of the most reputedly solvent merchants and squatters went through the Bankruptcy Court, and the great majority of the remainder were crippled by heavy losses. The land sales, to which the provinces look chiefly for their revenue, dwindled to a fraction of their former amount, and some of the local governments could hardly find money to pay their officials. In short, what was once prosperity became a struggle for existence. All this while, the export of wool and gold continued, but the price of the former has sunk one-half, and the whole community publicly and privately is so weighted by liabilities, that the mere figures of export and revenue are no criterion of wealth, since so much of government and individual income is consumed in paying interest on loans and mortgages. In addition to its own separate disasters the native expenditure of the general government year by year pressed heavier on the Middle island, which, it must be remembered, has to find seven out of every ten pounds spent for war purposes. Its colonists cried out for separation. "We," they said, "have no natives: why should our uttermost farthing be wasted in the fruitless and interminable attempt of the North to coerce them?" Failing to obtain separation, they sent their representatives to Wellington pledged to

resist and reduce all outlay on native affairs as much as possible; it was in the Middle island that the self-reliant policy originated, and its advocates exerted all their parliamentary strength to get rid of the soldiers, not with any ambition of waging independent warfare, but because they thought that, once let the colony be quit of the troops, there would be an end to the expenditure, or at least a diminution in it corresponding to the difference in cost between several thousand soldiers and the four or five hundred policemen which they considered would be a sufficient force to control the natives. The self-reliant politicians carried the day, for the Middle island is numerically the strongest in the Legislature, and the troops went, all but a single regiment left to do garrison duty.

The Southern or Middle island press hailed the new order of things as the commencement of a golden age in New Zealand affairs. "Now, at last," it said, "Imperial mismanagement has come to an end, soon the colonists will show England how a few hundred efficient constabulary, armed and equipped at the cost of a few thousand pounds, can do more than ten thousand troops and three millions of money. No doubt the Home Government has acted according to its lights, and done its best; but its best has turned out to be of no avail, and it is folly and madness to go on pouring Middle island gold into the sieve of a Northern war carried on independently of those who have to pay for the best part of it." And then the discussion arose as to the number of constabulary necessary; some said fifteen hundred would suffice, others that five hundred would easily keep the natives in hand, and it was no use paying for an extra man. Meanwhile the natives were quiet, some hundreds of police were enrolled and quartered at the out-settlements of the North island, and the Colonial Parliament—sublimely unconscious of their weakness—began surveying and selling the confiscated lands, which had been acquired by the sword, and, as it soon turned out, would

have to be dealt with by strength or hand rather than strokes of the pen.

However, with one or two exceptions, the natives continued tranquil for some time; no serious outbreak occurred till August of last year, so that the Government had ample leisure to complete their arrangements. It must be confessed that the difficulties they had to contend with were great; there were not wanting men in the North island who saw clearly enough that a few hundred constables dispersed in different parts of the country were very well in time of peace, but that they would be altogether unable to cope with a serious outbreak; but the South, as the Middle island is usually termed, would in no way consent to the maintenance of a considerable force, and ever since the present troubles began it has been vigilant and vigorous in repressing expenditure on native affairs. But yet money, and a great deal of money, has had to be spent; and the Southern provinces, compelled to practise the strictest internal economy, witness with growing discontent the enrolling of a costly constabulary, and are dismayed at the evident signs of a protracted war.

Thus the present position of the Middle island in itself, and towards the North and the native difficulty, is as follows. It is suffering from the effects of a great and general depreciation of property, and consequent stagnation of trade; its finances are crippled, it can no longer afford to import emigrants—the one thing needful—or to engage in the public works requisite to open up the country; added to this the mass of private embarrassment is incredible, unencumbered property of any description is hard to be found, and in many instances farms and sheep-stations are in debt to their full value. The consequence of this state of things is that the Southern members of the House of Assembly at Wellington grudge every penny spent on the native war, and with their various projects and panaceas for the settlement of Maori affairs thwart and hamper the Government, often preventing effective action by enforcing a

rigid economy. But we must remember that the Middle island is not hoarding its money; it is only protesting in its poverty against any increase to the debt which is already a millstone round the neck of the colony. And yet the expenditure must go on and the money must be found; the Middle island, as far as we can see, must suffer resignedly; New Zealand must bear its "native difficulty" on both shoulders.

But while we have broadly stated the case as regards the Middle island, our readers must not suppose that political parties in New Zealand are as compact and well defined as they are at home. The ruling desire of the Middle island is, as we have said, to keep its money to itself for its own purposes; but the native question, after all, touches it too nearly to allow it to affect indifference or neutrality: accordingly we find the Southern papers expressing very decided and often very violent and extreme opinions on Maori affairs. Sometimes they are for letting the natives alone, giving up the confiscated lands, prohibiting the settlement of outlying districts, and standing on the defensive. This, the waiting policy, is inexpensive, and has a great deal to recommend it; but there are many difficulties in the way of its adoption. Already land subject to Maori inroads is sold and occupied, and the natives after a massacre or murder cannot be allowed to retire quietly into their own territory. Sometimes we find the South upbraiding the Government for sloth and incompetence, and urging on them active and severe measures. Of course after each fresh disaster opinion of every sort flames up to a white heat, and quiet expression is exchanged for menace or adjuration. We will select an instance of this from a Dunedin (Middle island) newspaper. Dunedin is the chief town of the large province of Otago; and when the news of the massacre at Poverty Bay, a settlement on the east coast of the North island, reached it, a public meeting was convened for the declaration of opinion on the subject. We must admit that

the grotesque and incoherent speech we are about to quote was not endorsed by the journal in which it is inserted; still it was made by a leading colonist, who doubtless had his followers. It is an exquisite specimen of stump oratory. "Mr. Grant, who was received with cheers, said: 'I hope you will give me five minutes' patient hearing. This is a sorrowful subject. It is the Hau Hau question again. We are again pottering in this Maori war, and the youngest native will in all probability descend to the sepulchre, and still the Maori war will be raging. Without any explosive exhalations we should come at once to the kernel. Gentlemen, I have been reading a speech of Mr. Gladstone's, who computes the cost to Great Britain of the release of twenty-seven imprudent but well-fed captives by the late Theodore, at no less a sum than 5,000,000*l*. Do we not find that fifty-four of our sisters and brethren have been cruelly massacred like the poor Highlanders of Glencoe! Their bodies were literally thrown to the dogs, their bones now lie unburied on the naked shores of the North, and Tito Kowaru reigns supreme. Now this is the time, indeed, to sound the tocsin and alarm Great Britain through the mail. Let us tell the people that they must come forward and rescue the country, that they must take the North island under their own control, and send out Sir Robert Napier. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) Let them suspend the mongrel constitution of the North island, let them declare it a military settlement, and abolish the cumbrous General and Provincial Governments, who have been fighting like two Kilkenny cats for some time past. Gentlemen, there is mentioned in natural history a certain animal that exhales deleterious odours that may be smelt a mile off, and, perhaps, if some of our official mongrels were sent to the front, they might stink the Maoris out. I consider that the British Government is under a moral obligation to take the North island

"under its own wing; to exterminate the savage race, and restore order and loyalty within the bounds of the colony. I wish to move the following resolution." Mr. Grant's resolution implored England to come and stamp out the rebellion, exterminate the natives, and confer a rational constitution "on this quack-ridden colony."

To turn to the North island. Eighteen months ago, Sir George Grey, on giving up the government to his successor, congratulated himself in a despatch to the Secretary of State on the tranquillity in which he was able to leave the island. Six months, however, after this was written, the series of outbreaks and massacres commenced which have continued up to the last advices. The Colonial Government soon found that a little war was after all not so easy or so inexpensive to conduct. Their constabulary, raw and untrained, met with serious reverses; and as they had not a sufficient force to guard at once all points, every now and then the natives surprised and murdered some exposed settlers. A few details of the outbreaks will show without any comment the nature of the rebels, and the inability of a limited force of colonial constabulary to cope with them. One of the first occurrences which disturbed the peace of Sir George Bowen's reign was the escape of the native prisoners confined at the Chatham Islands, and their landing on the coast of the North island; these were the ruffians who shortly afterwards perpetrated the Poverty Bay massacre. Some circumstances of this, and the surprise of a post held by the constabulary, will show how ill fitted the colonists were to undertake all at once the management of military affairs, and how readily the natives took advantage of this incapacity.

The escape of native prisoners is an old story in New Zealand. From an island in Auckland harbour and a hulk in Wellington harbour natives had not long before been allowed, through the grossest carelessness, to break loose and escape to the mainland; and this, one would think, ought to have taught the

Government a lesson; however, notwithstanding their former experience, they confined 170 of the fiercest Hau Haus, together with their women and children, at the Chatham Islands, under a guard of not more than a dozen constables. There they appear to have been subject to no restraint whatever, though it is true that the officer in charge of them applied to the Government for more men and was refused. The little township in one of the bays of the Chatham Islands contained 70 or 80 European inhabitants; there were a redoubt and a gaol for its defence and the control of the prisoners; but no military or police system appears to have been enforced, no guards mounted, and no doors locked. On the morning of the 4th of July of last year the port was in a bustle, for the *Riflemen* schooner had just arrived from Wellington with Government stores, and some boats rowed by prisoners were passing backwards and forwards unloading her. The officer in charge was writing in his office, and a number of the prisoners were standing about the redoubt waiting for the boats to return, when Te Kooti, since so notorious, gave a signal, and the natives rushed at the constables, threw them on the ground, and tied their hands and legs with flax. Captain Thomas, the officer, hearing the disturbance, came towards the redoubt—his office appears to have been outside it—and asked, "What does all this mean?" He was answered by being thrown violently on the ground and handcuffed and bound with flax, and finally with the constables and some of the settlers locked up in the gaol. Te Kooti and his fellow-prisoners were now masters of the situation. They took all the firearms and ammunition they could lay hands on, as well as money and other portable property, including 400*l.* out of the Government chest, and boarding the *Riflemen* placed the mate and crew under guard, while they brought from the shore their women and children. They then ordered the mate to make sail for Poverty Bay, promising to spare the lives of the crew and surrender

the ship as soon as they were landed. The voyage occupied a week ; the Maories were in high spirits, constantly laughing, and evidently pluming themselves on having so easily outwitted the too-confiding white man. They were quiet throughout the passage, but an armed guard walked the deck day and night narrowly watching the movements of the crew, and a Maori stood by the helm with carbine and sword, to see that the proper course was steered. On their meeting with a head wind, Te Kooti ordered his father to be thrown overboard as a sacrifice to Atua, the god of the winds ; the old man was accordingly dragged on deck, and pitched like a dog into the sea. Arriving at Poverty Bay they speedily landed, taking with them the cargo of the vessel, and made off to the woods, where they were pursued to no purpose, and from which they returned four months afterwards and slaughtered as they pleased the unprotected settlers. So we see that the New Zealand Government have only themselves to thank for at least half their troubles, if not more ; for the evil done by this band of fanatics cannot be easily over-estimated. Not only have they perpetrated all sorts of atrocities, and inflicted defeats on the colonial forces, but they have been a bad example to the other tribes, showing them how easy it is to escape from the hands of the whites, and lead them a wild-goose chase through the forests and mountains.

We may couple with the above another consequence of carelessness which occurred on the west coast in the Wanganui district, on the very day of the landing at Poverty Bay. A redoubt at Turu-Turu-Mokai, a place about three miles from the main camp of the colonial forces at Waihi, was held by an officer and twenty-five men. An hour before daylight the sergeant of the main guard at Waihi heard firing in the direction of the redoubt, and reported it to the officer in command, who turned out a division of constabulary and proceeded towards Turu-Turu-Mokai. Two miles from camp two men were met in their shirts, who

stated that the redoubt was carried by surprise and most of the garrison killed or wounded : on reaching it this was found to be the case, as only seven effective men were left out of the twenty-five ; eight were killed and six wounded, the other two had fled and turned up afterwards. Captain Ross, the officer in command of the redoubt, was lying dead, with his heart cut out and thrown upon the ground. It is clearly evident, even in the dry official account of the disaster, that it was the consequence of the grossest negligence and want of discipline. Would it be believed that Captain Ross *slept outside the redoubt* ? Hearing the firing he had got up and entered it, but was killed almost immediately by the Maories, who were there before him. How easily the place might have been held, had proper vigilance been exercised, may be gathered from the fact that when such of the garrison as were not killed woke up, three of them were able to prevent the Maories from getting far into the redoubt.

But repeated disasters, the consequence of repeated blunders such as the two narrated above, have taught the colony and the colonial forces that it is not by economizing a guard of prisoners or by lying asleep outside redoubts that the Maories can be subdued. The constabulary have become more careful and better organized, and have been increased in number to between two and three thousand. The result is, they have lately begun to do something. It is stated that Te Kooti is killed and that 200 rebels have surrendered ; and although Tito Kowaru, the ringleader of the West-coast rebels, is still at large, his power has been broken as well as his prestige : he has been hunted into the fastnesses of the interior, and, with his followers, is probably by this time half-starved, and beginning to think of the consequences of rebellion. Although brigandage may not yet be entirely at an end, what was at one time likely to prove a consequence of it has been averted. The outrages of these chiefs were but as a sprinkling rain compared with the storm that threatened from the

horizon, but has now, we think, passed away. The powerful Waikato tribes have been watching the east and west coast disturbances sullen and aloof, and at one time it seemed likely that they would break out into rebellion, but they have thought better of it. Civilization is slowly weaving its net about them, their lands are being confirmed to them by Crown grants, and they are beginning to take advantage of the Native Lands' Court, and to sell and lease their estate to Europeans of their own accord.

Tito Kowaru and his followers represent the savage and untameable element in the native character, which, except in these Hau Hau fanatics, is gradually wearing out. "There are many peaceful and civilizing influences at work," writes Sir George Bowen, "even among the disaffected tribes; many of the Maori chiefs, including some who were hostile to the Government, have begun to understand that subjection pays better than rebellion; they have learned the advantages that accrue to them from procuring legal titles for their lands, and placing them under the protection of the courts of law. This policy has in numerous instances been already adopted, and the fanatical Hau Haus, starving and shivering in sullen seclusion on their hills and morasses, are beginning to feel a salutary desire for the comforts and luxuries enjoyed by numbers of their countrymen, who have sold or leased a portion of their lands to the English settlers, and are now well fed, well clothed, and well lodged, on the regular incomes thus acquired." The Maories have nothing of the simple savage of the hymn-books in their nature; they are keenly alive to their own interests, except when blinded, as in the case of the Hau Haus, by ferocity. Rebel as they may against the Queen, they have the greatest love and respect for Her Majesty's minted portraits—guineas and not bullets will resolve the native difficulty.

The present state of the Maories in the North island may be summed up as follows:—On the east coast the remnants

of Te Kooti's band are still at large, while the west coast is troubled by Tito Kowaru and his followers, whose numbers are not exactly known, but are supposed to amount to not more than three or four hundred at most. These two bands have perpetrated the foulest murders, and must be followed up and exterminated; this, however, will necessitate the maintenance of a large body of men in the field, will take some time, and cost a good deal of money. The rest of the natives are divided into two classes, those who are altogether friendly and those whose attitude is hostile, but who are not in active rebellion. The demeanour of this last class, however, is gradually softening, and we think the influences before alluded to will in time bring them round. The difficulties of New Zealand, like most others, are merely a question of money. Soon after the departure of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Assembly was to have met; and we have no doubt that it will have been found necessary, despite the outcry of the Middle island, to raise the loan of 1,500,000*l.* for which the New Zealand ministry lately desired a guarantee. We think the refusal of this application has been made a great deal too much of. The colony has good credit, its securities command a high price, and the one or two per cent. that would have been saved by a guarantee the colonists themselves will perceive was not worth the infraction of the first principles which govern our relations with our colonies. Those who propose to send out a commissioner, as Sir Henry Storks was sent to Jamaica, to suspend the constitution of the North island, and to take other extreme measures, totally mistake the nature of the case. The colony has its own parliament, and the initiative of any such measure must come from it. It is not for the Home Government to do more than consider any application. If the colonial parliament wish the constitution of the North island suspended or altered, they may be sure that no veto from home will interfere with them. If they apply to us for a competent officer to command their

forces, the best we have will be sent out to them; and if, more than this, they prefer our soldiers at 40*l.* a head to their own constables at 150*l.* they can have them. They are perfectly competent to consider and express their wants, and the great pains our newspapers have lately taken to administer their concerns will only amuse them. The suggestion of one journal that the colony should throw itself into the arms of America, to find there that succour withheld by its unnatural mother, will go the rounds of the New Zealand press as a mild joke.

The settlement of the native difficulty cannot be hurried; time is surely but slowly resolving it: the colonists must make what head they can against brigandage wherever it breaks out, knowing meanwhile that the tide of population is slowly rising, and that every year fresh reinforcements are adding to their strength and occupying the country. There is one way in which we can most effectually aid New Zealand: the present season of poverty and embarrassment which has overtaken it is periodical with young countries, who overdo success till it becomes a sort of dissipation accompanied by intermittent and inevitable reaction. It will, no doubt, recover itself, but not perhaps for some years: meanwhile it is unable to carry on immigration, the quickest provocative of colonial prosperity. Surely we would be warranted in assisting them in this: from our overcrowded towns and our poverty-stricken rural districts we can spare them some of those veritable sinews, which are indeed the sinews of war and peace. But we must send them no refuse, no sweepings of streets and workhouses—all our dirty linen must be washed at home; but of good strong honest labour, male and

female, we have more than we can feed, and plenty to give away. The assisted emigration, which the provinces are not at present able to carry on, might be continued by us without at all coming under the head of a subsidy, for we must remember that the cessation or diminution of emigration is just as great a misfortune to us as it is to New Zealand.

To conclude: the New Zealand crisis is produced by the malignant conjunction of two misfortunes, a native rebellion and a commercial depression. The word "crisis," however, is hardly applicable, as implying a danger which may occur or may pass away, for there is nothing uncertain in either of these maladies of the colony: they cannot at once be remedied, but ultimate recovery from them is sure. The only treatment possible is to watch and alleviate the symptoms as they arise. New Zealand is by no means *in extremis*, as some would have us believe, still she has not that strength and health which she ought to have; but Time will be the good physician of her ailments. Who can doubt that twenty years hence Maori rebellion will be a tradition, or, though commercial reaction is a visitation which can no more be prevented than the cholera, that through the two islands waste lands will by that time have been turned into farms, villages into thriving towns, and towns into populous cities? As for the financial depression, every one of the Australian colonies has passed through as much or more half-a-dozen times; and as for the native rebels, no matter what back-country defeats or frontier atrocities they inflict on the colonists or constabulary, they have no more chance of ultimate success than the Fenians.

THE GOOSE-GIRL. A TALE OF THE YEAR 2099.

THE little goose-girl came singing
 Along the fields, "Sweet May, Oh! the long sweet day."
 That was her song.
 Bringing about her, floating about, in and out through the long
 Fair tresses of her hair,
 Oh! a thousand, thousand idlenesses,
 Spreading away on May's breath everywhere.
 "Idleness, sweet idleness."

But this was a time,
 Two thousand and ninety-nine,
 When singing of idleness even in spring,
 Or drinking wind-wine,
 Or looking up into the blue heaven, was counted a crime.
 A time, harsh, not sublime;
 One terrible sort of school-hour all the year through,
 When every one had to do something, and do it by rule.
 Why, even the babies could calculate
 Two and two at the least, mentally, without a slate,
 Each calling itself an aggregate
 Of molecules.
 It was always school, schools all over
 The world as far as the sky could cover
 It, dry land and sea.

High priests said,
 "Let matter be Z,
 "Thoroughly calculated and tried,
 "To work our problems with, before all eyes;
 "Anything beside that might prove a dangerous guide.
 "Xs or Ys, unknown quantities,
 "We hesitate not at once to designate
 "Fit only now and for ever to be laid aside."
 So you see,
 Everything was made as plain as could be,
 Not the ghost of a doubt even left to roam about free;
 Everybody's concern
 Being just to learn, learn, learn—
 In one way—but only in one way.
 Where then did the little goose-girl come from that day?
 I don't know.

Though, isn't there hard by
 A place tender and sunny,
 We can feel 'slid between
 Our seen and unseen,
 And whose shadows we trace on the earth's face
 Now and then dimly? Well, she
 Was as ignorant as she could ignorant be,
 And the world wasn't school to her
 Who came singing,
 "Idleness, sweet idleness," up to the very feet
 Of the professors' chairs,
 And of the thousand thousand pupils sitting round upon theirs.
 Who up all sprang,
 At the sound of the words she sang,
 With "No, no, no, no ; no,
 "There are no sweets in May,
 "None in the weary day.
 "What foolish thing is this, singing of idleness in spring?"

"Oh ! sunny spring,"
 Still sang the little goose-girl, wondering
 As she was passing.
 But suddenly stayed for a moment, basking
 In the broad light, with wide eyes asking,
 What "nay" could mean to the soft, warm day ?
 And as she stayed,
 There strayed out from her
 May breaths, wandering all the school over.
 But now the hard eyes move her,
 And her lips quiver,
 As the sweet notes shiver
 Between them, and die.
 So her singing ceases: she
 Looking up crying, "Why,
 "Is my May not sweet ?
 "Is the wide sky fair ?
 "Are the free winds fleet ?
 "Are the feet of the spring not rare,
 "That tread flowers out of the soil ?
 "Oh ! long hours not for toil,
 "But for wondering and singing."

"No, no, no, no," these reply,
 "Silly fancies of flowers and skies ;
 "All these things we know,
 "There is nothing to wonder at, sing,
 "Love or fear.
 "Is not everything simple and clear,
 "And common, and near us, and weary ?
 "So, pass by idle dreaming,
 "And you if you would like to know
 "Being from seeming,
 "Come into the schools and study."

“Still to sing sometimes when I have the will,
“And be idle and ponder,”
Said the goose-girl, “and look up to heaven and wonder.”
“What! squander truth’s time
“In dreams of the unknown sublime?
“No.” “Then ignorant always,” said she,
“I must be;” and went on her way,
“Sweet May, sad May.”
Hanging her head,
Till “The mills of the gods grind slowly,” she said,
“But they grind exceeding small;
“Let be, I will sit by the mills of the gods and watch the slow
atoms fall.”
So patient and still, through long, patient hours,
As she laid her heart low in the hearts of the flowers;
Through clouds and through shine,
With smiles and with tears,
Through long hours, through sweet years,
“Oh! years—for a year was only one school-hour in Two thousand
and ninety-nine.

And see,
Who are these that come creeping
Out from the school? Long ago,
“When idlenesses out of her tresses strayed the school over;
Some slept of the learners, some played.
These crept out to wonder and sing,
And look for her yonder,
Away up the hills amongst the gods’ mills—
And now
“Is it this way?” they say,
Bowing low;
“Oh! wise, by the heaven in thine eyes,
“Teach, we will learn of thee.
“Is it No, is it Yes,
“Labour or idleness?”
She, answering meekly, “This—
“Neither No, nor Yes,
“But, come into God and see.”

“Oh! the deeps we can feel; oh! the heights we must climb;
Oh! slow gentle hours of the golden time—
Here, the end of my rhyme.

E. KEARY.

THE NEW TESTAMENT UNDER A NEW ASPECT.¹

BARON TAUCHNITZ has crowned the first thousand volumes of his well-known "Collection" by an edition of the New Testament, containing a feature at once so new and so admirable as to deserve a few words of gratitude from every intelligent Englishman, whether connected or unconnected with the profession of theology.

Every one knows that the English New Testament is a translation from Greek. But every one does not know that the Greek from which the translation was made is a very imperfect, inaccurate, redundant representation of the original Gospels, Acts, Epistles, and Revelation, as they left the hands of their authors. The printers and scholars who, about the year 1550, at the instigation of Erasmus, first put the Greek Testament into type, did the best they could with the materials at their disposal. They collected and compared all the manuscripts within reach, and they formed an edition (a "text," as the technical word is) which did them credit, and the translations of which have furnished comfort and hope to millions of men and women since their day. But time went on, and fresh manuscripts were discovered, older and more carefully written than those which Erasmus and Stephens had employed; and a number of passages appeared in which their edition was contradicted by more trustworthy readings. Still the original edition continued to be printed and used as a standard, and acquired the name of the "Received Text;" and all the corrections as they were discovered day by day were not employed to alter this text, but were added to it as notes, by which at some future time, when all the ancient manuscripts had been found, and all the quo-

tations of the Testament in the early Fathers of the Church had been examined, and every conceivable source explored, and men knew everything that could be known on the subject, a more correct edition might be made, which should then supersede the old "Received Text."

In process of time, as libraries were explored and Oriental monasteries rifled, three manuscripts came to be discovered of earlier date and more exact execution than any others. The first of these, known as the "Vatican MS.," is in the Vatican at Rome; the second, the "Alexandrine MS.," in the British Museum; and the third, the discovery of our own generation, the "Sinaitic MS.," is at St. Petersburg. The date at which the first and third were written is somewhere between the year of our Lord 330 and 350; the second is a century or so later, say 450. These three manuscripts are now admitted by those best qualified to speak on the subject, to contain the nearest approach which we yet possess, or are likely to possess, to the original writings of the Testament. No doubt there is a great difference between even these early copies and the books as they left the hands of their authors. If we could compare the original of Gospel or Epistle with what it had become after only 250 years of copying and recopying, we should find an immense difference. It is inevitable. Even in printing, even in our day, when verbal accuracy has become almost a religion, mistakes occur in reprints; some sentences are added, others omitted, others distorted. But where books were reproduced by handwriting, and where minute accuracy was not understood or valued, and where copyists were either over-zealous or very ignorant, the chances must have been immense, overwhelming, against any copy being exactly like that which it was copied from. (We shall understand

¹ Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition. Vol. 1,000: The New Testament. London: Williams and Norgate.

little better presently. Now what Nauchnitz has done—with the Professor Tischendorf, the most learned of our day in this line—reprinted the New Testament stands in the English text at the bottom of the editions between it and the Greek text just spoken of—English—that is, the “feature” of the opening of the text have long been these things; but until the information has not been within the reach of ordinary men and women; nor has it been published at all at so insignificant a price or in so clear and convenient a form. I shall indicate presently one respect in which I think the book may be still further improved, but meantime I will give a few instances of the nature of the corrections which this new edition discloses, and which are most obviously interesting:—

The first thing that strikes one on looking at the notes at the bottom of these pages is how often the sign “omit” occurs; in other words, how large a proportion of the differences consists of additions to the original. There are many transpositions of words; here and there also words have to be added which have dropped out in the process of copying. But these are not nearly so many in amount as those which are marked as redundant.

These redundances are of two kinds. First and most numerous are those which appear to have had for their object to elucidate or confirm the text. The owner of a copy of the Gospels, say in the 5th or 6th century, observes that a sentence is obscure and liable to be misunderstood for want of a word of explanation; or a text from the Old Testament is quoted, and, as he thinks, quoted wrongly; or a pronoun is given where he conceives that the proper name would be more intelligible; or the name of a place or person appears to want explanation; or a saying or narrative is stated in different words

from the parallel passage in another Gospel. In these and many other cases what so natural as to seize the pen and add the correction or the supplemental words? And thus in each of these cases (and many others which do not fall within my rough general divisions) the explanatory word has been inserted, the quotation has been corrected to agree with the passage quoted from, the proper name has been substituted for the pronoun, the narrative has been altered to suit the parallel passage, and so on. Sometimes this would be done in the margin, sometimes in the body of the work. In process of time, the manuscript with its alterations went into the hands of a copyist, who then, according to his lights or his bias, inserted the whole or part of the alterations, possibly with some further additions of his own, all which from that day forward became in that uncritical age indistinguishable and inseparable from the original work. I will give instances of each kind of addition before proceeding further.

1. Words added to a sentence to complete and strengthen the sense or make it more intelligible: as, for example,—

Matt. xiii. 51, “*Jesus saith unto them, Have ye understood all these things?*”

Mark iii. 5, “*And he stretched it out, and his band was restored whole as the other.*” v. 40, “*He taketh the father and mother . . . and entereth in where the damsel was lying.*”

Luke vii. 10, “*And they that were sent, returning to the house, found the servant whole that had been sick.*”

John xi. 41, “*Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid.*” xii. 1, “*Then Jesus came to Bethany where Lazarus was which had been dead.*”

Acts xxiv. 15, “*That there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust.*” 26, “*He hoped also that money should have been given him of Paul, that he might loose him.*”

Occasionally these additions have a theological motive, as in Luke iv. 41, where “*Christ*” has been inserted—

"Thou art Christ the Son of God;" or John ix. 35, where "Son of God" has been substituted for "Son of Man."¹

But by far the largest number of additions under this head consist of single words put in to remedy halting sentences or obscure construction: "saying," "certain," "yet," "also," "unto them," "unto him," and the like. It is hardly too much to say that one can track the particular editor (as we should say) who made this class of additions almost verse by verse along the pages of the Gospels, and can trace his nervous anxiety lest any of the sacred words he loved so dearly should be misunderstood or perverted for want of his too-careful additions. The pages literally teem with his affectionate touches. In the ninth chapter of Matthew, for instance, there are ten such insertions:—

2 and 5, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." 9, "As Jesus passed forth from thence." 10, "Many publicans and sinners came and sat down." 12, "When Jesus heard that, he said unto them." 14, "Why do we and the Pharisees fast oft?" 24, "He said unto them, Give place." 27, "Two blind men followed him, crying." 31, "Spread abroad his fame in all that country." 32, "Brought to him a dumb man." 35, "Teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel."

The four consecutive verses 47 to 50 of Luke viii. contain four additions of this kind, namely: "She declared unto him before all the people." "He said unto her, Daughter, be of good comfort." "Saying to him, Thy daughter is dead." "He answered him, saying, Fear not."

So also in Mark i. 40, "Beseeching him and kneeling down to him, and saying." 41, "And touched him, and saith unto him, I will." ii. 5, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." 8, "He said unto them, Why reason ye?"

¹ In John xix. 40, the Alexandrine MS. substitutes "God" for "Jesus," so that it is perhaps by a mere accident that we escaped having in our English Bibles the very inconvenient expression, "Then took they the body of God, and wound it in linen clothes."

Luke xx. 24, "They answered and said, Caesar's." 34, "Jesus answering said." xxi. 2, "And he saw also a certain poor widow." 8, "Go ye not therefore after them."

But we need not go to the 5th and 6th centuries for examples of this. The italics in our own Bibles—explanatory words added by the translators with the same pious intention as those just spoken of, and as often unnecessary—furnish instances of the very selfsame things.

2. We now come to words added to complete a quotation, or bring a statement into harmony with a parallel passage. Instances of these are the quotation from Isaiah in Matt. xv. 8, "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips;" and the statement in Mark v. 7, "cried with a loud voice and said, What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God?" which is possibly completed from the parallel passages in Luke and Matthew.

3. Pronouns displaced for the proper name of the person referred to are incessant: as Matt. xv. 30, "Cast them down at Jesus' [his] feet;" Mark i. 41, "And Jesus [he], moved with compassion;" Luke x. 21, "In that hour Jesus [he] rejoiced;" John iii. 2, "The same came to Jesus [him] by night;" Acts xi. 25, "Then departed Barnabas [he] to Tarsus;" Luke xxii. 62, "And Peter [he] went out."

4. Additions to explain a name of place or person are also occasionally found: as John ix. 2, "Go to the pool of Siloam and wash;" xii. 4, "Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, which should betray him;" Luke xi. 29, "the sign of Jonas the prophet."

5. Alterations bearing on the topography of the Holy Land are rare and not very material. The chief one is the substitution of Magdala for Magadan in Matt. xv. 39; Magdala having probably crept into the copies from a desire to connect it with "Mary the Magdalene." In Mark vii. 31 a change of some moment is made by the alteration of "departing through the coasts

of Tyre and Sidon" from "departing from the coasts of Tyre he came through Sidon,"—showing that the road was the same then as now.

The transition is easy from these small additions to such longer and more important ones as Matt. xxvii. 35, or Mark xv. 28, which may have arisen from the anxiety of a commentator to square the facts of the New Testament with the prophecies of the Old; or Mark ix. 44 and 46, which have probably been inserted to correspond with verse 48 and with Isaiah lxvi. 24; or Luke xvii. 36, added from Matt. xxiv. 40; or Matt. xii. 47, added from Luke viii. 20.

In all the cases of which these are types, there is some motive, more or less obvious, at the bottom of the addition. But it is more difficult to explain the presence of other passages, such as Matt. xvi. 2, 3, Luke xxii. 43, 44, or John v. 4, which are not found in either of the most ancient copies, and for which no authority or hint appears in other parts of the Gospels.

Still, more remarkable is the next class of additions, which are in all respects truly startling. I mean those which contain some of the most characteristic and "Christian" sentiments in the whole of the New Testament. There are few who, if asked to name the incident which most clearly embodied the justice, mercy, and tenderness of Christ, and supplied us with the most precious traits of His personal manners, would not quote the story of the woman taken in adultery. And yet there can be little doubt that this story—John vii. 53 to viii. 11—did not exist in the original Gospel; in fact, did not make its appearance in any edition before the middle of the 5th century. And there are several other passages, which, though shorter, are hardly less characteristic than is this story. The beautiful narrative in Luke ix. 54–56 loses not only the reference to the act of Elijah, which has always seemed so appropriate to the locality, but it loses what seems to be the very kernel of its teaching, the whole of the words printed in italics being an interpolation in copies made after the middle of

the 5th century:—"And when his disciples James and John saw this, they said, Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them, *even as Elias did?* But he turned and rebuked them, *and said, Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of, for the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.* And they went to another village."

The precept, so parallel to this in spirit, contained in Mark xi. 26, which has formed the motive of so many a prayer, and the text of so many a sermon—"For if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses,"—is in like manner an interpolation of later date than either the Sinaitic or Vatican MS. Even the utterance of our Lord on the cross—Luke xxiii. 34, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—must pass into the same category, and be erased from the original draft of the record. To the same purport are the words in the Sermon on the Mount, in Matt. v. 44—"Bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you," which, although they lie at the very foundation of Christian morality, must henceforward be swept away.

I take the opportunity to notice a saying attributed to Christ, which though it has escaped being inserted in the received text of the Testament, and is therefore not in our English Bibles,—and rightly, since as it is not found in any of the three manuscripts which form the basis of our examination, it can hardly have been written by the Evangelist—is yet so full of wisdom and goodness, and so appropriate to some of the questions of our day, that we can ill afford to lose it as any of those just quoted. It occurs as an interpolation in Luke vi. 4, and is as follows:—"On the same day he saw a certain man working on the Sabbath, and he said unto him, Man, if indeed thou knowest what thou doest, blessed art thou; but if thou knowest not, thou art cursed, and a transgressor of the law."

What shall we say of such sentences

as these? They cannot surely be the invention of those who inserted them in the later MSS. There is something about them which forbids us to question their authenticity, or to ascribe them to any one but Jesus Himself. On the other hand, the fact of their omission in the oldest copies seems to show that they did not form part of the original Gospels. They must belong to the same category with those "words of the Lord Jesus" which are preserved in the Acts of the Apostles,—“It is more blessed to give than to receive” (Acts xx. 35), and with those countless “things” that might have filled the “world itself,” the recollection of which, so many years after, at the close of a long life, forced St. John to speak of his own Gospel as a mere skeleton sketch of the life of his Master.

Certainly, if in many respects we have lost by the inaccurate and redundant edition of Erasmus and Stephens, in other respects we have gained; for a Testament without the story of the woman taken in adultery, and without the other gracious words just quoted, would be robbed of some of its most precious gems, even though it be the fact that those gems did not form a part of the Gospels as they left the hands of their authors.

The longest of the interpolations in the Gospels, and the only one which remains to be noticed, is the conclusion of St. Mark, in which the verses from verse 9 to the end of the chapter, though a very ancient addition, are not found in the oldest copies, and therefore cannot be accepted as from the hand of the Evangelist. But this passage is of a very different nature from those just noticed, and of secondary interest; and its loss would be of far less moment than theirs—since while in one portion it is a mere *résumé* of the narratives of the other Gospels, in another it breathes a far less Christian spirit than that which distinguishes them.

My examination, which I now bring to a conclusion, has been done only in the roughest and most imperfect manner,

and must be taken as the work of a mere layman, anxious only to excite others to acquaintance with that which he has himself found so attractive and useful. I have confined myself to the Gospels; but the Acts, Epistles, and Revelation, though perhaps less exquisitely interesting, will be found hardly less fruitful than the Gospels. And in the Gospels I have dealt with the redundances only. The questions of the age and authority of the three copies adduced are so fully and authoritatively treated in the clear and interesting preface which Professor Tischendorf has prefixed to the volume, as to render any further remarks on these heads unnecessary.

Any one who will take this Testament of Baron Tauchnitz's, and will mark out with a pencil the passages specified in the notes as omitted in the three MSS. or in two of them, will be astonished at the alterations in the face of those familiar pages. And if at first the phrases often seem halder and the sentences less fluent and abrupt than before, he will find these deficiencies made up for by greater life and greater reality, and will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has come much closer to the original condition of a document which all must desire to possess as nearly as possible in its original form, and has caught a trifle less faintly the echoes of that divine voice, for the tones of which men were never more eagerly listening than they are now.

The only suggestion that occurs to me for the improvement of this pretty little volume is that some means should be taken of showing in the verses themselves the alterations indicated in the notes. Without this it will never produce its full effect. But when so done—as any one may try for himself with a pencil—the effect is most unexpected.

The redundances might be shown without difficulty, and the other kinds of alteration might be indicated, at least where they are of material importance.

G. GROVE.

ESTELLE RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN WHICH THERE IS NO LOVE LOST.

SIR LOUIS had gone to his mother the morning after the dinner-party, as she sat with her book in the drawing-room, and had briefly informed her of his engagement to Miss Julia Maurice. Even as he spoke the words, a pang shot through his heart at the remembrance of the time, so near and yet so infinitely far away, when he had waited, counting the days, till he could tell his mother of his love for Estelle Russell, and ask that she would take her to her heart and give the tenderness and sympathy denied them by Estelle's own mother. But he put that remembrance sternly away from him. Since yesterday a new claim had arisen—strangely enough, unexpectedly enough—a claim that most men, perhaps, would have shaken off more or less rudely; but a claim that, once admitted, brought with it a very clear duty. Sir Louis, ignorant of women's ways—of their little hates, their little loves, their little trickeries—judging them all by that embodiment of his ideal, Estelle, and remembering her maidenly, shrinking delicacy, felt only the profoundest pity for Julia in her self-abandonment.

"How terribly she must have suffered before she could speak as she did!" was his thought, as he recalled the scene in the billiard-room the night before.

This was how Mrs. Vivian had taken the news: "Any one that you love will be welcome to me, my son," she said, after a pause; during which Sir Louis had twice walked the length of the drawing-room, wishing that the silence would break.

"Thank you, mother." He could not say that he loved Julia; not yet. He said, "You may be quite sure that she loves me. I am very sure of that

myself, else——" and then he walked up and down again.

Mrs. Vivian bent her head over her book, and tried to read from where she had left off; a hard matter, poor woman, with the words dancing up and down the page. She could think of nothing except Julia's unsuitability and her son's rashness. He, even he, the wise man, had been led away by a pretty face. "Just as bad as King Solomon, every bit," she thought, sighing bitterly. Well, this was one of the mysterious ways of Providence, and she must bow to it; and only venture to pray that, if it were not the right thing, it might yet be averted.

"I am sorry you don't like it, dear mother," said he, stopping in his walk.

"My dear, it has taken me by surprise, and that is the truth. But as long as your happiness is secured, you know, Louis, that nothing can be wanting to mine. Now you have told me of this—this engagement, I had better say what I always intended to say as soon as I knew you were going to marry. I should like to go back to Dorking to live, and——"

"Mother!" He knelt down before her, and took her hands in his. "Mother! after all that has come and gone, to talk of leaving me! No! May I never enjoy a day in this house if it ceases to shelter you!"

"Dear, I know you mean what you say; but you will find—or your bride will find—me in the way when she comes home. And—who knows?—she may be jealous of our love for each other. Nay, it is best as I said, my son."

"I will not have it!" he exclaimed. "No wife of mine shall turn my mother out. If you don't want to make me utterly miserable, you will never allude to this again."

"I will not," she said, feeling to her

very heart's core that she had the chief place in his yet, in spite of the white and pink beauty at the Hall.

The Duchess Dowager's Christmas receptions were not enlivened by Sir Louis's presence. Mrs. Vivian had hoped much from this visit, and her mortification was extreme when she found that Julia's entreaties had won on her son to stay over Christmas at Vivian Court instead. She took care not to hint to her Grace that he was engaged, but laid great stress on her own disappointment at not seeing Lady Florence. For there was no knowing what might happen yet. She had spied Julia looking daggers at the handsome soldier-cousin who seemed so completely at home at the Hall. She was sure there was an understanding of some sort between them, and she felt incensed at Louis's blindness, while at the same time she wished anything might happen to prevent his marrying Julia.

She had heard of young ladies changing their minds at the last moment; but she was forced to confess—when she examined the magnificent Brussels veil and dress, and the white Cashmere shawl, which, at her son's request, she had ordered as a present from herself to the bride—that it was scarcely probable any woman with eyes in her head would exchange these and their accessories for the modest attire becoming the bride of a poor military man.

Meanwhile, Louis redoubled his usual kindness for her. Scarcely a day passed without his testifying in some silent way that she was not to be put aside to make way for the new-comer. He had said most plainly to Julia that his mother's home would always be at the Court. Julia had acquiesced—very sweetly and gracefully, *she* thought; but not so Mrs. Vivian. Had she had more spirit or more means she might possibly have made herself a home elsewhere; as it was, she only insisted on changing her rooms to a corner of the house where she need not interfere, either in her comings in or goings out, with the new mistress. There was a door of communication, in case Louis wished to

make her a visit; and thus they would be quite independent, and in no danger of giving annoyance on either side. Her son looked gloomy and doubtful when this arrangement was first discussed, and was only reassured by her insisting that she was consulting her own comfort entirely. But not all Julia's self-control could keep her disapprobation from showing itself in her face when the Baronet told her of his mother's intention. Mrs. Vivian had chosen the room Julia liked best in all the house—the little breakfast-room, with the fernery—for her drawing-room, and Sir Louis was going to have it fitted up anew for her.

"Your mother does not like me; she wants to keep out of my way," she exclaimed hastily.

"My dear child!" he returned, taking her hand, very gravely, "I trust you will never say that again. It would give me the deepest pain to think that there were any feeling besides love and respect between you and my mother."

She was subdued for a moment by his gravity. He was really hurt by her speech, and showed it by his look and manner. It would not do, she felt, to repeat the experiment. She must waive a great deal till her one point was gained. Afterwards, let Mrs. Vivian look to it. She did not know which was most galling, the Baronet's absurd devotion to his mother, which he expected her to share and understand, or his demeanour towards herself—respectful, protecting; anything but lover-like. If he had only condescended to talk nonsense once in a way, it would have been bearable. But his conversation was crammed full of common sense in one shape or another; hard, dry, uninteresting facts—philological, geological, or otherwise. His very poetry, if poetry it could be called, was harder of digestion than brickbats. He told her that Byron was only fit for girls and boys, and brought her *little* books, red and green, containing poems by a man of the present day; fragments whose very titles were beyond her understanding, not to speak of the subject-matter, on which there was not

the most distant glimmer of light to her mental vision. A curious way of wooing, truly, and one which made her hate and abjure all books, the books of the Vivian Court library especially; while he, when her attention flagged, would put the volume back in his pocket, saying complacently, "Ah, you will understand by and by."

It was the night before the wedding, and Mrs. Maurice was already in a state of incipient hysterics because she felt sure she should do something wrong, either at church or at the breakfast, and the cold pavement would certainly give her her death of rheumatism. The Admiral observed that Sir Louis had had an extra stove put in, and that carpets and matting had been laid down; but she had taken up the idea of catching cold in church, and could not abandon it easily.

"You're much more likely to suffer from the heat," said her husband. "And, as for that, why, you can stay at home if you like."

Whereupon Mrs. Maurice burst into tears, and demanded what she had said or done to deserve that. She should go if she had to be carried. See the last of her dear daughter she would, if she were laid up till next spring for it. "You seem glad to get rid of her," she whimpered, "and I daresay she will be glad to go, for it has been very dull for her, my being so laid up this winter and not able to take her about so much as usual; but she'll find out by and by that a mother is better than a mother-in-law when all's said and done."

"Humbug!" ejaculated the Admiral.

"Not but what Mrs. Vivian has been most kind, I will say that," she went on, wiping her eyes. "It was a great save to us, you know, her giving the wedding-dress; and it is far handsomer than we could have afforded. And she has been most attentive to me, too, my dear. Only yesterday she sent me down a great bottle of liniment and a new book. It is a very nice book too, only it makes my head ache to look at the title. It is all about beasts and horns

and images, and the slaying of the witnesses."

At this point of his wife's chatter, the Admiral, finding he had had as much as he could stand for the time, abruptly walked off to his study, and sent for Wallis, to worry him with a few more last orders touching the breakfast.

Julia's boxes stood in the hall, corded and labelled; and, having nothing more to think of now, she turned into Henrietta's parlour for a moment's rest, and a few last words. She felt bound to Henrietta; for the latter, on hearing the sum the Admiral had named for the wedding outfit, had said quietly:

"That is as much as dear Papa can afford, no doubt; but I should like to make it a little more. You must take my Christmas quarter's allowance, Julia."

For very shame Julia had hesitated. But Henrietta had insisted. "You are thinking about my poor people, I know. But I have some of my Michaelmas-money left, and dear Jack put five pounds into my poor-box when he came down." And she pressed her gift into her sister's hand.

Julia had taken it, and paid her old dressmaker's bill, vowing to herself never so long as she lived to be in debt again on any pretext whatever.

"I am glad you came in," said Henrietta, "I have got a keepsake for you." She held up a book in antique binding, with clasps. "It is a book that I am fond of, and that I hope you will like too, for my sake. I shall not see you alone to-morrow, so I must say what I wish now. I do hope that you may be a happy, happy wife, and that your home may be a peaceful one. I think Mrs. Vivian will be very fond of you if you will let her. She is a little peculiar, perhaps, but she is a truly pious woman, and she dotes on her son."

"I dare say we shall do well enough," said Julia; "she won't interfere, you know, as she has a suite of rooms to herself." Her private opinion thereon was not for Henrietta.

"So she said. It is best so, doubtless. Dear Ju, it must be a comfort to you to think that Papa consented from

the very first. No regrets, no heart-burnings in your case, as in mine. No wasted youth to mourn over, thank Heaven," said Henrietta, with a sigh.

Julia could have laughed at her sister's taking it so entirely for granted that, because she married this man, she loved him. But it was necessary to be on her guard as much with Henrietta as with Sir Louis or Mrs. Vivian. She turned the conversation adroitly on Dr. Vandeleur, who was coming down to be at the wedding, and would return to London the evening after.

"It will be your turn, by and by, never fear," she said; "so don't be low-spirited, Hen." And then she talked of the wedding-trip, and the presents she intended to bring back from Rome and Naples. By and by, Mrs. Maurice's voice was heard in a distant passage, inquiring querulously for Julia. She rose hastily and bade her sister good-night, saying, "Don't let Mamma come bothering me. I want to keep fresh for to-morrow. I shall slip round by the back stairs, so good-bye."

"Of course I know it's a goody book," she thought, as she stole up to her room in the dark. She stopped at her door, and listened to the sounds of mirth floating upwards from the drawing-room. Miss Brydges was away for her holidays, and all the girls were assembled there, emancipated from the schoolroom for the time being. Lizzy's voice rose highest. There was evidently some passage of words between her and Herbert.

Julia leaned over the balustrade, and strained her ears to catch the purport of what he was saying. She knew it was no good, but she could not help herself; Herbert's voice had a sort of fascination for her. She had refused his love, but she could not bear to see his attentions constantly directed to Lizzy. She would not have minded it so much if she had been already married. But it was a refinement of cruelty on his part to act in such a manner during her engagement. She was not prepared for such cruelty, and had found it impossible to bear it with equanimity. She had expected him to be sad and subdued; thankful, even

as it was, for a kind word or look from her; instead of this ostentatious flirtation with Lizzy. As for Lizzy, when taxed with want of sisterly consideration, she had replied hotly that she was only acting as Julia had suggested when first she was aware of Herbert's being in England. So she had to bear it, and it had been gall and wormwood to her.

She sighed deeply, as she turned into her room, thinking what a sorry contrast Sir Louis's figure would make to Herbert's, at church, on the morrow. Sir Louis, stooping, slow, and absent; Herbert, finely proportioned, lithe, and graceful, with his magnificent blue eyes and lovely hands. The sight of some of the wedding paraphernalia soothed the rankling in some degree. The lace and fur and velvet which went to compose the travelling dress she knew must represent nearly a fourth of Herbert's income. This was certainly a soothing reflection. "I didn't know I had so much sentiment left in me," she muttered, as she folded away the bonnet and mantle into the wardrobe. "What a fool I am! The game is well worth the candle."

Henrietta's present lay on the table. She took it up, yawning, and, sitting down by the fire, began slowly to undress.

"Yes, the game is worth the candle. How nice it will look in the papers, next season, 'Lady Vivian, presented, on her marriage, by the Duchess of So-and-so.' I'll make that old woman do it, whose ugly daughter his mother wanted him to marry. Let's see this goody book."

"Just what one might expect of Hen," she soliloquised. It was a copy of Jeremy Taylor's *Golden Grove*. "Well, she might just as well have got me a card-case, or a box of perfumes, or a jewel stand. However, it's the proper thing to have goody books in one's room, and this will look very pretty on the table." She turned the leaves over and examined the markers, which were heavy with gold embroidery, her sister's handiwork.

She turned to the light, and began at the top of one page which Henrietta had marked with pencil. It was the *Prayer*

for a *Maiden before Marriage*. The absurdity of Henrietta's marking that for her, she thought, as she ran her eye over the page, turning up her lip at the quaint phraseology:—"Bless that dear person whom Thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy, and let me also become a great blessing and comfort unto him; a sharer in all his joys, a refreshment in all his sorrows, a meet helper for him in all accidents and chances of the world. Make me amiable for ever in his eyes, and very dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest union of love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness and charity and compliance."

She rose, and threw the book from her in anger.

"What a fool that Henrietta is! And what a fool I am, to care for such old-fashioned stuff!"

The children and Lizzy were all scampering up the stairs, and Herbert's voice could be heard above their laughter calling upon Lizzy to come down. Not unless he gave her ribbon back, she answered, laughing. Julia ran to her door and bolted it, just as her sister knocked for admittance. She gave no answer, and Lizzy presently went away.

"Oh!" she thought, as she laid her face on the pillow to stifle the sobs that would rise in spite of her resolve, "if it could have been! Oh! if Herbert hadn't been so poor, or if he had but stayed away, I wouldn't mind so much! If I could but sleep away to-morrow!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN WHICH MADAME MAKES A PINCUSHION
OF HER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

RAYMOND managed to see his old father, and to look after the steward and game-keepers and other people employed on the estate, by going down into Languedoc during his mother's yearly visit to Frohsdorf. M. de Montaigu would inquire eagerly after Estelle and the child, and declare his intention of accompanying Raymond back to Paris. But when

the time came, his courage always failed him. The idea of being suddenly taken ill, and being deprived of the spiritual offices of his accustomed director, out-balanced the anticipated pleasure of embracing his daughter-in-law and his grandchild, and consequently Raymond always returned alone.

Four years glided away almost imperceptibly for Estelle,—only her boy's successive birthdays marked the lapse of time. He was a lovely child, with his father's southern complexion, and his mother's liquid grey eyes; a clever, saucy, impetuous darling, adored and spoilt equally by both his parents. Estelle's letters to her mother and to M. de Montaigu were filled with his sayings and doings. Mrs. Russell's only departure from her system of non-intervention consisted in the inquiry—made at the beginning of every winter—as to whether Estelle made him wear lamb's-wool socks. M. de Montaigu used to make the Abbé read him over the passages relating to his grandson's beauty and cleverness, till he had the words almost by heart. Madame, if she happened to enter the room, would stop and listen for a moment, and then give a contemptuous sniff and walk away, saying, "I don't believe a word of it."

The summer was coming on, and Raymond was making arrangements for taking his wife to England, to visit her mother and her brother Harry, who had just returned from the coast of Africa, when they were surprised by an unexpected visit from the Abbé d'Eyrieu, who, to Estelle's still greater surprise, gave her a letter from her mother-in-law, containing an invitation to the château.

Now Madame de Montaigu might just as well have sent this letter by post. But it probably appeared to her that it would make it of more importance—give it the air of being a diplomatic missive. In short—if she confided it to the Abbé.

Estelle read it, and gave it to her husband. He read it in his turn, and, passing it to the Abbé, desired his candid opinion of it.

D'Eyrieu replied that without a doubt M. de Montaigu was becoming much

weaker; that he had often expressed his conviction that he should not see another winter, and that his only wish was to have his family round him before he died. It was in pursuance of this earnest wish that Madame de Montaigu had overcome her own private feelings so far as to write to Madame Raymond.

"She might have done it before," Raymond said, angrily.

"Undoubtedly," was the Abbé's reply.

"But you must be aware, M. Raymond, that your mother is one of those people who cannot confess themselves ever to have been in the wrong. Such people are especially difficult to deal with; the older, the worse. However, that Madame now really wishes for the presence of Madame Raymond my coming here will sufficiently testify. I am especially charged to endorse the wish expressed in her letter."

Estelle looked at her husband. He appeared to hesitate. "We have been very comfortable and happy ever since we have lived here, M. l'Abbé, and I should not like to take my wife back to be annoyed in the way she was formerly. You see my mother's letter is no guarantee whatever that she won't interfere or make mischief. I shouldn't mind taking Estelle down when she was gone to Frohsdorf, but——"

"My impression is, that M. le Comte may not be alive then," said D'Eyrieu.

"In that case," said Raymond, "I, at least, ought to be there now."

He was half inclined to return with the Abbé, and send for his wife and child, if his father's state did not alter. Estelle endeavoured to remain entirely passive; it was not for her to bias him in a matter like this. But D'Eyrieu took advantage of one moment when they were alone, to say:

"Believe me, if you let your husband go down to the château without you, you will repent it."

This was not very encouraging. But D'Eyrieu was a man so incapable of lending himself to anything underhand, that she felt sure he spoke for her advantage, not Madame's. She was too proud to ask an explanation, and it did

not appear from his manner that he expected her to ask any. He and Raymond had a long conversation together before he left them, and the day after his departure they set out themselves, with Lisette, Bébé, and old Jean-Marie in their train.

Madame had made a round of visits beforehand, for the especial purpose of proclaiming to her friends this great event about to take place. She had pardoned her daughter-in-law, she said, shedding tears abundantly. Her mother's heart bled still to think of the cruel manner in which she had been deprived of her son's society, but she was determined to put everything aside, and receive him and Estelle as if they had never been anything but friends. She invited her most intimate neighbours to be present at this grand act of reconciliation. So that when the dusty carriages containing Raymond and his wife and suite drew up before the château, on the third evening after their leaving Paris, he found, to his annoyance, a crowd of people standing at the drawing-room windows and on the terrace, and Madame de Montaigu, with Hortense Dubreuilh, in full dress, standing on the threshold to receive them.

"Ouf!" he exclaimed, when he had extricated himself from the embracings, and had got upstairs away from everybody. "My mother might have delivered us from this mob, at least till to-morrow. One would think she wanted to make it a royal reception, à la Frohsdorf. I call it running the gauntlet."

"I, too, have been embraced and blessed," said his wife, who could not help laughing in spite of her fatigue. "Madame evidently intends us to feel how naughty we have been, and hopes we shall never do so any more."

But nothing had been said of M. de Montaigu, the very person they came to see. When they had rested and made themselves fit for Madame's drawing-room, they went to his room, and found him surrounded by the Abbé, his valet, and old Jean-Marie, who had come to

pay his respects to M. le Comte, and to show off Bébé.

Bébé, who had clung to the old servant till now, rushed to his mother, and hid his face in her dress. The Comte was greatly agitated; he embraced his son and daughter-in-law, weeping and trembling. "It is for joy, for joy, my children," he cried. "I thought I should die without seeing you and your little one." He was enraptured with his grandchild's pretty behaviour. He behaved better than Raymond did at that age.

Raymond laughed. "His mother has brought him up, you see," he said.

"Hey, what?" said the old gentleman. "His mother? Yes, of course. And has brought him up in all the sentiments of filial respect, as well as politeness; as I always maintained, you know," he added, turning to the Abbé. He grumbled when his wife came in and said that excitement was bad for him, and that Estelle and Raymond were wanted in the drawing-room. He would have gone to see Bébé put to bed; it would have been a *fête* for him, he said. Madame begged for Raymond's arm back to the drawing-room, and Estelle could only whisper as she took her leave, that Monsieur should be present at Bébé's going to bed to-morrow instead.

"Yes, yes; only thou must not say a word," he whispered in return, shaking his old head and pointing to the door. Just then, Estelle's old acquaintance, Hortense, came up, with a repetition of Madame's wish. Hortense had completely thrown off her convent breeding, and appeared to aim by her dress and manner at being considered a leader of fashion. M. Adrien was invisible, and she did not seem to miss him. Estelle did not venture to inquire after him, but Hortense herself obligingly supplied all lack of information. M. Adrien had gone to the dogs to some purpose at last, and she had separated from him, and had placed herself under Madame de Montaigu's protection. Madame was tiresome sometimes, she said, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders, but she was able to go more into society when

with her than if she lived alone. "And then, you know, a woman in my position has to be so careful," she said, with another pretty shrug. As far as could be seen, she liked her position very much; so much, that before the evening was over, Estelle thought she had got at the meaning of the Abbé's odd speech. She felt angry with him, for the bare fact of his making it seemed to imply a doubt of Raymond. The absurdity of such a doubt was evident from Raymond's own estimation of Madame Hortense. "I wonder at my mother not keeping that affected little puss in order," he said emphatically, when Estelle spoke of her after the evening was over.

Madame de Montaigu, whose only happiness was in a crowd, had prepared such a round of dissipation for her daughter-in-law, that Estelle's Paris life, sufficiently lively for Raymond's French taste, sunk into tameness by the side of it. At the same time Madame declared that her only object in giving entertainments was to prevent Estelle from feeling dull. She was sensible, she said, that after Paris, the château had indeed few attractions. Estelle in vain declared that she lived comparatively a very quiet life. Madame only opened her eyes, and looked incredulous, and Hortense laughed, and said she should come and see; which was the very last thing Estelle wished. She did not like Hortense. She was always ready to talk to any one about her husband's ill-behaviour, and she made no secret of her contempt for him. Another thing which annoyed Estelle was her want of love for children. "It is as Grandmamma says," she would say, when the young mother would slip away from the drawing-room to visit Bébé's nursery, "you spoil him; and you are so completely wrapped up in him that you don't care how you dress, or how you look. It is all Bébé, Bébé! You would dress him up in silver and gold, and wear sackcloth yourself with pleasure."

Hortense was never remarkable for discretion, Estelle knew, but her speech was none the less disagreeable for its

preface. "It is as Grandmamma says." They had been talking her over, then; and she was found wanting in Madame de Montaigu's balance, as she might have expected. It was useless to show any displeasure; she could only hope to escape storms while under Madame's roof by arming herself with forbearance. She merely said, "My dear Hortense, I always dress well enough to please my husband;" an answer at which the young lady reddened, and then laughed, and said it was quite Arcadian; and thanked heaven she had neither husband nor child to worry her, and make her grey-headed before her time.

If the perpetual round of society could have begun and ended at the château, where she could always slip away and run upstairs to her boy, Estelle would not have cared. But invitations began to pour in from far and near, a few of which her husband wished to accept, and others, a refusal of which would have offended Madame. It was impossible always to take Bébé with her, and when she came back she was sure to hear from Lisette either that his grandpapa had been giving him too many sweetmeats, or that he had got into disgrace with his grandmamma, who made a bone of contention of the pet name, Bébé, and chose to insist on calling him Henri, to which appellation he obstinately refused to answer, because his "pretty Mamma" did not call him by it. Besides this, Madame had taught him to say the *Ave Maria* at night, and had reviled her—so Lisette expressed it, in her anger while telling it,—as worse than a heathen for bringing up the child so. Estelle kept all this to herself. She scarcely saw Raymond alone now. He was much occupied with revising some poems for the press, and when he was not in the drawing-room or with his father, was sure to be in his study, or pacing up and down the avenue in a fit of abstraction which she could not disturb.

Madame Fleury had taken the initiative in calling upon Estelle. She, and the Protestant circle generally, had been as much in the dark as the Catholics as

to the real cause of the separation of the two households of the Montaigus. Some people were of opinion that the Protestants ought to drop her acquaintance. It was well known that she had ceased all communication with French Protestants since she and her husband had left Languedoc for Paris. It was conjectured by some that she had turned Catholic; by others that she was become an atheist like her husband. M. Cazères was of opinion she ought not to be countenanced generally. He should make her a pastoral visit, he said, but he should not allow his wife to go. However, as Estelle came to see Madame Fleury soon after her arrival, and attended the Temple service the Sunday after, there was no help for it but that Madame must return her call. It was Madame's favourable report of Estelle's mode of life that induced the rest to go and see. "I found her," said she to M. Cazères, "sitting with the old gentleman; M. Raymond on his knees, making to laugh the little son. She looked proud and happy, and well she might! Ah, what sweet expression is in that face of young mother! And what adorable child! It was an idyl. I wept with tenderness! And she asked me about my poor people, and about Mathilde, about everybody in fine. I believe she is an angel of goodness; let people talk as they please."

It was in consequence of Madame Fleury's favourable opinion that a letter came to Estelle shortly afterwards from Mathilde, whose husband had just succeeded to a large fortune and was soliciting the place of *Préfet* at Pau. "Thy husband," wrote Madame to her niece, "has literary pretensions; he will do well to cultivate M. Raymond de Montaigu, who, they say, has a pretty house at Paris, and a literary circle of the most distinguished." So, in accordance with her aunt's advice, Madame Mathilde wrote to renew her old acquaintance with Estelle, and to ask her and M. Raymond to pay them a visit at their château in the valley of Argèles. Estelle showed the letter to her husband, saying, "I suppose I may decline!"

He said, "Have you any real objection? I see none."

"But it is for a week. How are you to spare a week, Raymond? As it is, you complain of your work being disturbed."

"I know; but I never expected aught else down here. And a week's run will do me no harm—nor you. You look worried, *mignonne*. What is it?" he asked, drawing her towards him.

"Nothing, nothing!" she replied, with her old smile. It was true, however, that she was worried; but it was useless to worry Raymond in turn, with what he could not stop. It was only that ever-recurring mother-in-law's tongue. Madame had just been reading her the old lecture on her stupid fondness for her child, and her neglect of social duties.

"Yes, yes, you will remember my advice, daughter-in-law, when it is too late. You will repent yourself of your seclusion, when you find your son grown up and tired of the paternal house; when you have daughters to marry, who knows? Ah! then you will think of me! But in your position, with the fortune you have, it is too absurd. People allow themselves to make observations on your dress. Madame de Luzarches asked me whether you had given yourself up to religion——"

"Raymond never says these things to me; and if I please him it is enough," Estelle exclaimed, out of patience. All this was *à propos* of a dinner that Madame de Luzarches wished to give in the middle of August, when the heat was most intense. Estelle had simply said she hoped it would not be a large party, as the De Luzarches' dining-room was only of a moderate size. She wondered how she and her husband had managed to bear the constant interference during the first two years of their married life; and looked forward longingly to the autumn, at the close of which she would have Bébé and Raymond quite to herself again, in the pleasant house at Paris.

"It occurs to me that I might get a shot at an *izard*," said he, looking up

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from his writing. "De Luzarches told me of a man who had bagged two on the Vignemale this season. You could stay with your friend, or go as far as Cauterets."

"How am I to manage it all?" she said. "Madame de Luzarches has engaged us for the 15th; Mathilde wants us on the 16th; she does not say a word about Bébé. Indeed, she writes that I can have her maid, so I know there is but little room for us. Lisette is a good creature, but still—to leave the boy eight whole days——"

She broke down quite. "He will be asking for 'pretty Mamma,' night after night, and I not there: and suppose he were ill—it is not as at Paris, where one can get a doctor in a quarter of an hour. Oh, Raymond!"

"My love, my love," he cried, soothing her gently. He was greatly surprised and disturbed, and felt sure that she must be ill herself to give way to such gloomy fancies. He gave her eau-de-cologne and made her lie down, and darkened the room; and then put away his papers and went to order a physician to be sent for. Jean-Marie was saved a hot gallop into Toulouse, for the doctor's cabriolet was at the door, and the doctor was closeted with M. de Montaigu. Raymond walked up and down the court, waiting to speak to him as soon as he came out. Madame appeared at her bedroom door, and he asked her hastily when the visit would be over.

"What is it now?" she asked, carelessly. She had been trying on a new dress, and was going to seek Hortense for the benefit of her opinion. Raymond explained. His wife was nervous; unaccountably so; and he must have advice for her. It might be the commencement of a fever. She promised to go in and speak to M. Gardère, and Raymond went back to his wife.

Madame presently brought up M. Gardère; not before she had given him her view of the case, though. He felt Madame Raymond's pulse, coughed portentously, and ordered her an infusion of lime-flowers, an occasional glass of sugared water flavoured with orange-

flower water, and—as much amusement as possible.

Estelle laughed. "I don't want amusement," she said. "And I am quite well, only my husband will not think so. And I detest orange-flower water."

"A very good thing, nevertheless, and wonderfully calming for the nerves. I always take a glass before going to sleep, by M. Gardère's directions," said Madame.

M. Gardère bowed. "Precisely so. Madame Raymond's nerves want calming. At the same time she must be amused. Dulness is worse than death."

Raymond and Madame followed him out of the room when he left, after recommending Estelle to sleep, if possible. She laughed to herself when they were gone: it had been such a farce all through; and she felt as sure that Madame had *inspired* M. Gardère as if she had heard her. She would have gone downstairs, or out into the garden, in defiance of the doctor's advice to sleep, only she was afraid of vexing Raymond.

"What was it that took me?" she thought. "I wanted not to worry him, and I went and did it. Gardère must be right about my nerves. But instead of ordering lime-flowers and orange-flower water, he should have ordered a gag for Madame, or thrown her into a mesmeric sleep for a few weeks."

But she forgot all about her nerves and her mother-in-law, when Bébé came beating at the door to be let in. She took him up in her arms and kissed him passionately. "Poor Madame," she said, aloud. "Poor woman! How should she be happy or contented, thrusting away from her that blessed child-and-mother love! Oh, my boy, you will never want to get out of your mother's way as if she were an enemy, will you?" Bébé stroked her cheeks, and kissed her, saying, "Pretty Mamma!"

There was a sound of scraping of chairs on the polished floor in the room below, and an opening and slamming of doors, and presently Raymond came up. M. Gardère, he, and Madame had been sitting in consultation over her.

"My love, do put down that child, I beg," was his exclamation as he entered. He did not wait for her to obey, but took Bébé off her lap himself, with a touch of peremptoriness.

"My dear Raymond!" she said; "I like it. Why may I not have him?"

"You want taking care of," said he. "I had no idea you were in the habit of carrying that boy up and down the terrace. My mother declares you are getting crooked. I don't see that, yet; but she is particularly observant; and—well, at any rate, prevention is better than cure."

"Madame is always saying something unpleasant," Estelle began, feeling very angry.

"—I am uncommonly glad to know of this, at all events. My dearest, she only spoke to me in pure kindness. She is distressed about you. She says you are getting quite hipped, and that you won't rouse yourself. I shall take you to Argélès, most certainly. Gardère recommends change. I have been absorbed in my writing, and never imagined you wanted looking after."

"But I do not care about Argélès," she cried. "Why can't you go and shoot izards, and leave me at home? You know Mathilde will have no room for Boy."

"Boy will do well enough here for a week," said he. "My mother will be at home, and Hortense. Oh, he will be well looked after."

"Hortense! Why, she hates children!"

Raymond pulled his moustache at this. "My dear! Come now; I don't like Hortense, but that seems a little too hard on her. Both she and my mother express themselves most kindly about the child. They will take charge of him entirely, as long as we are away. They would even now, if you would only let them. My mother complains that you are jealous of her loving the child. She says it goes to her heart to see all his caresses kept for you."

A very bitter reply rose to Estelle's lips, but she kept it down. "She is welcome to make him love her all she

can," she said. "Is it not natural he should love me best? Ah, Raymond, if she had loved you as I love him, she would understand; she would not be pained." And, forgetting his prohibition, she caught her boy up in her arms again.

"Incorrigible!" Raymond said, smiling nevertheless. "But to return to my mother. I thought, dear, when she was speaking to-day, that perhaps it was just because she was sorry for her neglect of me in my childhood, that she yearned so for our boy's love now. Dear, my heart is sore, even now, when I think of all the love I might have had, if she had been like you: of all I missed, because she was—what she was. Enough! Let us not visit her mistake on her, now she sees it. Let her have the chance of making herself beloved by an innocent child."

Estelle put out her hand. "Dear," she said, "I will go with you to Argélès; and—and—Grandmamma shall take care of Boy for one week."

Madame was grimly pleased when her son told her of Estelle's concession. Raymond assured her his wife wished Bébé to love her. "I am glad to hear it," she said. One week was a mere nothing, however. If they would stay at Argélès or Cautelets for six, there would be some chance of her attaching the child to herself. Raymond did not choose to commit himself so far; although, as she put it, there was Estelle's health to be benefited by the change, which was no small consideration. One thing, however, Madame resolved to accomplish in the eight days. She would do away with the absurd appellation of Bébé, and make the child answer to his proper name.

Estelle did not venture to give a hint as to the management of her boy while she was away. To do so would have raised Madame's wrath too high. She had to content herself with entreating his grandfather to cease from supplying him with sweetmeats till she came back. M. le Comte promised, but five minutes after his hand was seeking the sweetmeat box in his pocket. "Just one sugar-plum," he begged, patting the

child's head. "Just one. And he likes them so much." Well, M. le Comte's indiscriminate administration of sweets was better than Madame's alternate spoiling and scolding, and Hortense's teasing, of the poor little mortal, whose boisterous mirth was often turned into weeping, followed by summary banishment from the drawing-room, and reflections (not unfrequently uttered in his hearing) on his mother's bad system of bringing up.

"It was but for a week," Estelle thought, as she sat under Lisette's hands in preparation for Madame de Luzarches' dinner-party. They were to sleep that night in Toulouse, and go on to the mountains before daybreak the next day, to avoid the heat. Madame came in and looked her over from head to foot. It was a pleasure, she said, to see her in full dress; and she walked round and round, giving little touches to the lace, and criticising the shade of the silk, while Bébé sat quiet, looking very earnestly and wonderingly, with his mother's diamond bracelets hung on his arms.

"Now," whispered Madame, as Estelle rose in the full splendour of diamonds and Brussels lace, "I must carry the child off, or he will be wanting to go with you, and——" She shook her head impressively.

Bébé heard, and threw himself down at his mother's feet. "I shall go with Mamma," he said sturdily, catching hold of her dress. Lisette screamed, and wrung her hands. "The lace!" she cried, "that I gave myself so much pains to get up. Alas! What terrible infant! Go then, my jewel, go then. Mamma will come back quickly to thee."

Madame tried her harsh voice in blandishments. "Come with me, little darling. Grandmamma has beautiful diamonds, beautiful pictures, in her cabinet." Bébé only shook his curly head. "None so beautiful as Mamma," he said, eyeing his grandmother saucily.

"Behold the carriage!" said Lisette. Madame was out of all patience. There she was, embracing her boy again, and crumpling all the trimming and flowers

in front of her dress. Estelle, poor thing, was almost choking. She had never left him for a week before, and she was thinking, "How he will get scolded and teased, punished perhaps, when I am gone!" If she had dared, she would have taken off her diamonds and her splendid dress and stayed at home. But Raymond came in to tell her the carriage was waiting; and Madame made a dive at Bébé, caught him, and whisked him away. Estelle heard his cries through the closed door. "Oh," she cried, "Madame never let me say good-bye to him!" And she would have gone after her boy. But Raymond, glancing at his watch, said there was no time to lose, she could say good-bye when she came back, and he was hurrying her downstairs when Lisette rushed before her with an exclamation of horror at the crushed state of the trimming down the front of the dress. "Alas," she cried, while her nimble fingers effaced the marks of Bébé's embrace, "but I entreat Madame to make the embraces, another time, before she is dressed."

Raymond laughed, and handed his wife downstairs. "I think Grandmamma is not very far wrong when she says you spoil him," and then he added, looking at his watch again, "I do wish, though, that you would not be late. The horses will be in a lather."

Some married women are so accustomed to be found fault with by their lords, that they pay no more attention to the marital reproof than to the buzzing of a fly. Estelle's case was different. Raymond was almost the only person who never did find fault with her. She dared not trust herself to speak. She lay back in the carriage and put her bouquet up to her face. She longed more than ever to be back in her pretty Paris abode, where she should hear no more speeches prefaced with "*It is as Grandmamma says*," which gave them all their sting.

It must be said, in justice to Raymond, that he was unconscious of a sting being conveyed by those words, or he would not have uttered them, even in the

moment of petulance caused by the fear of being late for the De Luzarches' dinner-party.

Estelle trembled inwardly when M. de Luzarches alluded to their return to the paternal house, during dinner, and congratulated himself on the acquisition to Toulousan society in the persons of M. and Madame Raymond, returned to the fair plains of Languedoc, the cradle of the Montaignus.

"One does not remain in the cradle all one's life," she said.

Raymond was too far off to hear. M. de Luzarches repeated it to him, adding, "But now you are here, we shall keep you."

Raymond said, "Till October."

"Till October!" cried Madame de Luzarches, with ever so many notes of exclamation in her voice. "What new thing is this? Madame de Montaignu said there was every probability of your giving up your house in Paris, and——"

"We should never think of doing that till you had honoured us by a visit," said Raymond gallantly, and turned the conversation to another channel.

"You will not surely stay down here?" Estelle said to her husband afterwards, with a view to find out if Madame de Montaignu had been throwing out hints to him. He scouted the idea. How could they hope to educate their son on right principles among a set of priest-ridden Legitimists? he asked. He wished his boy to grow up with a mind unbiassed, and judgment free from the trammels of time-honoured prejudices. A prejudice might be either true or false; but it was a prejudice, and, as such, an evil, as far as the judgment was concerned. Above all, he wished him not to become an anthropomorphite. Anthropomorphism was an amiable form of idolatry, no doubt, but narrowing to the intellect.

"Ah," she said, with a sigh—for she knew it was no use to argue with her intellectual husband—"I know, dear, that you are wonderfully clever. But this Supreme Being, as you call him, is not, and never could be, my God."

Raymond smiled down on her with

extreme benignity. She was intensely anthropomorphic, he said; it was the only fault he had to find with her. And yet, he thought, he would not have her otherwise.

"This God of yours," she went on, speaking out her thoughts boldly for once, for her boy's sake, "where shall I find Him? I have sat and listened for hours to you and your literary friends. I have understood a little, perhaps. Well, you talk and talk, you analyse, you generalize, and He seems to recede, farther and farther off, like the rainbow the child climbed after. A very grand God—somewhere—but quite unget-at-able. Mystery, uncertainty, no love. I should say, perhaps, a crushing Power——"

"Just so," Raymond began.

"But no World-Father; no Father to me and you. Listen!" Her face lit up with a sudden glow of inspiration. "My Raymond, when much depressed, or much elated, as we foolish women are sometimes—perhaps without great cause for either—He draws wonderfully nigh. He envelopes us with His presence, if I dare so to speak; and our poor souls commune with Him, and are rested and refreshed in some mysterious way, just for a little space."

"Sweet, enthusiastic little wife! If it were but true!" But he dismissed that if. "It would be unphilosophical," he said, "to deny any phenomena because in the actual state of our knowledge they are inexplicable. But you will allow that the influence of imagination in women is proverbial."

That was true, she knew; and again she drooped under the old feeling of incapacity and ignorance. And yet—how could that be a delusion which enabled people to bear pain and grief which else would madden them?

He observed that faith in relics had before now arrested disease: that the will stirred thoroughly into action had been known to transcend the curative power of physic or physician. He added, "At the same time, I admit that there is something awfully grand as well as poetical, in the idea of the direct communion of the human soul with the

Deity, the Soul of the Universe. I cannot say that at some future time, such may not be the normal relation of every soul to its Creator. It will be an order of things infinitely more grand than in the old days, when men went blindly to Him, putting the names of saints and martyrs before them, because they were ashamed to look Him in the face, having utterly lost all true sentiment of their own dignity, or of the true nature of God. If such a sentiment of communion with the Unseen were to come upon me unawares, I am inclined to think that I should do as you do, Estelle; accept it, and give myself up to the pleasure of it."

"Ah, my Raymond, if you could! Such moments are so good and pleasant. So father-and-child-like."

"But on the morrow, very likely I should be as self-dependent, as severely philosophical as ever."

"And what then, Raymond? One cannot have festival days every day, you know. And surely, to feel God near but once in a lifetime, is a grand and glorious thing."

"Yes, *mignonne*, if one could be quite sure that it was God, and not the creature of one's own imagination. But to return to the boy. You know I promised to leave him entirely to you for some time yet; only I don't want to have to undo every particle of your teaching when he does come under my care. Therefore, I must beg you to make his first education as unbiassed as possible; that is, to keep clear of dogmas."

It was not so difficult for her to promise compliance as it would have been when first she married. Anthropomorphic, as Raymond called her, yet her creed, as far as dogma went, was fast becoming assimilated to his—a Great Perhaps. She had remained firmer in her own faith, it may be, had she admired and loved him less. But as he had grown older, and especially since he had been much in the society of grave, sober men, most of whom had grown grey in the pursuit of what they conceived to be the truth, there had mingled gradually with his innate auda-

city, a humility which disarmed his wife's latent antagonism, touched her sympathies, and brought her half round to his side.

For there was greater nobleness, she saw, in his trembling negative, than in other men's bold assent, prompted by the cowardice which strove to stifle the "no" at the heart's core; the cowardice which recoiled from the time and patience and agony of thought required to make the "yes" a true one.

Was there not, she asked herself, greater purity in his soul, which shrank from doing homage by lip or knee to an unknown God, than in the souls of such as bent the knee and muttered the prayer because of the good that was to accrue thereby to themselves, making their prayer a species of spiritual traffic, their praise a species of spiritual gymnastic?

Finally, if innocence of life and humbleness of heart, and a burning love for truth, promised future insight into truth, to whom should that insight be given, if not to him, who, meanwhile, shrank from no depth of doubt? Let that God, who knew his heart better than she did, be judge.

It was this trust in Raymond's future which preserved his wife's serenity unruffled in the midst of the discussions of philosophers of every school. Some she heard descanting on the great Soul of the Universe; others—Comtists these—propounding man's only want, and future worship, to be the glory of woman; others, proclaiming the non-necessity of any God or any worship, yet shuddering, in spite of themselves, at the idea of infinite solitude, which was all they gained thereby: Raymond listening to each in turn, and looking eagerly for the germs of truth; lastly, listening to herself, if she could be induced to speak, which was but seldom, for the feeling of incapacity in clothing her own thoughts in learned language, and her distrust of her own logic, operated as a painful restraint on her; though he not unselfdom assured her he would rather, if it could be so, find the clue to truth from her lips, than watch

for it sitting at the feet of grave philosophers.

It can scarcely be wondered at, if she greatly withdrew herself from communion with those who would have loudly blamed her husband's conduct without entering into his motives; if she ceased from joining in those acts of worship where he, from purely conscientious scruples, could not follow her; and yet where her appearance alone would be to those assembled a tacit reproach to him.

It is impossible to say how long her mind might have maintained its unruffled calm, had circumstances not brought them down to Languedoc, where, as of old, the two religions were brought before her in ceaseless antagonism, and she was forced, as it were, to choose between the two for her little son. Even at the risk of disturbing Raymond and making a new quarrel with Madame, she would have felt it her duty to tell him the efforts made by the latter to bias the child's mind, had not his strong assurance of their return to Paris given her a sufficient reason for keeping silence respecting a trouble which a few weeks, at most, must put an end to.

It was like an English honeymoon, Raymond declared, as they rolled along the road to the mountains. He regretted that they had not had one. They would have one some day; they would go away, hide themselves somewhere for a month, and then emerge and go on in the beaten track again.

"And what should we do with Boy?" said Estelle.

"The little incumbrance!" said Raymond, gleefully; "why, he has two grandmamas. They should cast lots for possession."

It was astonishing how Raymond's spirits rose, she thought, as soon as he was beyond his mother's reach. It was all very fine for people to talk of the necessity of exercising self-control, but there were, or ought to be, limits even to that virtue. She was conscious, herself, of a greater buoyancy, now that she was no longer watched by Madame.

If they only had the boy with them, their existence, for the time being at least, would be perfect. As things were, she said, they would have to postpone their honeymoon until their silver wedding.

"Until we have half a dozen little incumbrances," he cried, "and perhaps no grandmamas left to take care of them? No! Let us rather make use of present opportunities. I call this, honeymoon number one. Next year we will devise number two. Seest thou, it cannot be a honeymoon, unless I have thee all to myself—to myself. Ah! If we two could only go on like this, for ever and for ever! Dear, dearer far than on the day I called thee mine! Kinder far, more beautiful!"

Her hand sought his in the twilight. For they had been travelling all day, with only a rest during the hottest hours; and now they had entered the heart of the mountains. Lourdes, with its donjon keep standing threateningly on top of the bare rock, lay far behind. They were passing the dismantled tower of Bidalos, a relic of feudal times and petty warfare. Far before them, lay the two mountain gorges: that of Canterets to the right, and close to it on the left, the gorges of Ling, with the black mountain of Pierrefitte boldly blocking up the way to its fairyland of snow-peaks. The twilight came down fast, tinging rocks and slopes and vivid pasture lands with quiet grey. Only for one moment a ray of the setting sun lingered on the horn of the Pic de Viscos. It stood like a pink cloud hovering above the peaks; then died away, and the night-wind suddenly rose and swept downwards from the gorges, reviving man and beast with its cooling breath. The maize in the ear shook and the bean-pods flapped to

and fro as it passed; the vines waved their long branches, and the roses lifted up their drooping heads and drank in the subtle moisture. The oxen ceased their lowing; the cry of the driver, the *arré*, that had resounded far and near all day long, ceased, with the last tinkle of the Angelus-bell from the steeple of the highest church on the mountain side. The stars shone out from the depth of the pure sky. The spirit of peace brooded over the valley. They felt it was good to be there; the very silence blessed them.

"If it could only be thus," he murmured, his cheek resting on hers—"if we could only roll on thus, for ever and for ever!"

Without the anti-climax that awaited them at the end of the valley? "A thousand times yes," said she. And then she thought, remembering the last time she had passed through the valley. "How he loves me! How I wish he were my first love; for I do love him dearly, dearly! Only, if he were my first love, perhaps I should not long quite so much—who knows—to have Boy with me. Ah! my Raymond!"

It was almost pain to know how deeply he loved her. She felt as if she never should be able quite to fathom it. He felt no pain, she knew. He never should. And it was only at those rare moments when his heart stood thus open to her, showing the perfect entirety of his love, that she was made conscious of the flaw in her own. Oh, that little, little flaw! Was it worth a heartache? Was it not better that her love should have grown thus, in spite of the flaw, than that it should have cooled from its first glow? Yes. Far better, she told herself; since of two evils one naturally chooses the least.

To be continued.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.

BY MISS YONGE.

PART III.—CLASS LITERATURE OF THE LAST THIRTY YEARS.

JUST as the "Tracts for the Times" were moving the thinking world, there appeared a little book called "The Fairy Bower," ostensibly a mere child's story, but written with a peculiar suggestiveness of portraiture that rendered it a somewhat puzzling study to heads of families. The plot is briefly this: Grace Leslie, the only child of a widowed mother, is, at ten years old, taken to spend a month among a gay family named Ward, who have a large number of exceedingly strict and precise cousins called Duff. Grace chances, in conversation about an intended Christmas party with Mary Anne Duff, to suggest decorating a little ante-room with paper flowers, and calling it a Fairy Bower; and this idea is taken up by Mary Anne, and announced as her own. The plan turns out a success: the grown people admire it extremely, and the inventor is called for and crowned Queen of the Fairy Bower; Grace, in consternation, and half incredulity of her companion's baseness, holding back while Mary Anne, in a sort of dull complacency, accepts the triumph. Suspicion that all is not right arises, but lights upon the innocent Grace, and finally the whole is cleared up by her godfather, a sort of original, who comes out with downright truths in the Johnsonian style. He forces a confession from Mary Anne, and rectifies the injustice. This is the plot, weak chiefly in the unnatural importance which this childish affair obtains in the neighbourhood, but quite enough for the unfolding of much remarkable thought and character, with the more curious cleverness, because, with the exception of a few conversations among the elders, the whole is treated from among the children. The book does not, like most of those for

the young, work out a proposition; it rather states a problem, and then leaves it. And that seems to be, "What are our systems of education making of our children?" So we have them all vividly set before us. The Evangelical governess who never punishes, but only touches the feelings, presents us with four pupils—the callous, self-satisfied Mary Anne, dull of conscience, and impervious to treatment invented for finer natures; the model Constance, sincerely pious, pragmatical, and interfering; the romantic, sentimental Fanny, with her poetical instincts undirected; and quiet, good, undemonstrative, and therefore neglected, Charlotte. Besides these, there is the pretentious young lady from a fashionable boarding-school, and three boys—the merry, clever, unthinking George; Campbell Duff, for whom the real religion of his home has been redeemed from narrowness in the wholesome public-school atmosphere; and one sadly significant likeness of the good-for-nothing son of a pious mother whom he deceives. Then there is Emily, a bright, sweet picture of a well-natured school-girl, far from faultless, but with true instincts; and there is her thoughtful little sister Ellen, soundly brought up by a quiet, old, orthodox grand-mamma in the country; with sparkling, sensitive little Grace, wondering among them all, as each acts and speaks according to his or her nature, and leaves us questioning—Who has found the right way? What will this come to?

Nor does the second part, the "Lost Brooch," fully answer the question. It is quite as clever, and as full of a certain restrained irony, as is its predecessor, but in some measure less sparkling, and it concerns the same parties in the early years of youth instead of childhood.

All are here met at Hastings for a month of holiday, and in a like manner develop their several characters. Mary Anne is, perhaps, the cleverest picture of all, with her outward condemnation of everything fashionable as worldly, and her real worship of money; her caught-up phrases and genuine selfishness, her conceit and power of availing herself of other people's service, and altogether the thin varnish caught from her clever, strong, puritanical, consistent sister Constance, laid over a naturally slow selfish nature; Constance perfect up to her own standard as ever, rigid and tyrannical, and utterly blind to all that does not agree with her preconceived ideas; and Fanny, more and more alienated from her family by their utter want of sympathy for her imaginative nature, which runs further and further into sentiment and folly for want of guidance. While, on the other hand, the cousins Emily and Ellen Ward have grown up, the one into a bright, clever, lively woman, the other into a wise, grave, pensive looker-on; and Grace Leslie, sunny and deep, and ready to love, sympathise with, and admire all, moves about them, as Emily says, as though her motto were, "Prove all things: hold fast that which is good."

The humour of the plot lies in the two great errors into which the Duffs fall. They meet with an adventurer who succeeds in severally persuading Mary Anne and Fanny that he is deeply attached to each, and Constance that he has been converted and made a Christian through her instrumentality, while at the same time Constance's lost brooch becomes the occasion of a vehement persecution of an innocent servant-girl, who is beset with exhortations and threats, all with the beneficent intention of securing an inmate for a new reformatory. Even when the fascinating Osmond Guppy proves to be a thorough scapegrace, about to retrieve his fortunes by marrying a cheese-monger's widow, and the brooch comes to light in Constance's own dressing-box, that consistent lady and Mary Anne

remain of the same opinion still, and contend that, the one being a converted character and the other unconverted, they have not been guilty of the slightest injustice in either instance. The whole sounds exaggerated, but in reality is brought about in such a manner that we believe in almost every step as we go, and are provoked just as we should be by real people.

The conversations, whether deep or gay, are wonderfully interesting, and contain many valuable little bits of thought, and remarks or queries not easily forgotten. There are humorous bits of description, too, such as when Mr. Duff's chief interest in Battle Abbey lies in turning up the cover of the table in the living rooms, and estimating the cost of the mahogany; such too as the Duffs' extremely heavy dinner-party; and the domineering power of Constance over her family and neighbourhood. Altogether these two are memorable books, and though nowhere inculcating any distinctively High Church doctrines, yet there can be no doubt that they did their part towards the Church movement by manifesting the unloveliness and unsatisfactoriness of this particular phase of suburban Evangelicalism. Another work done by them was the creation of the class of literature now termed "books for the young," standing between the child's story and the full-grown novel. We do not mean that there were no such books before, but as a school they seemed to rise up either in imitation of, or almost in rivalry to, the "Fairy Bower" and "Lost Brooch." Most people who had any power of writing felt that though anything so curiously clever and covertly satirical as these was impossible, yet that something more distinctly improving could be produced upon the same field.

The worst of it is, that the multitude of "tales" certainly do prevent the reading of books requiring more attention. Young people grow up from the story-book to the tale period, and while there is undeniably harmless food within their reach, they are interdicted

from the study of that which would stretch their minds lest they should meet with anything objectionable; and thus the mind absolutely becomes cramped, and there is no power of turning for recreation to reading that stretches the faculties.

No one has protested more strongly against this custom than Miss Sewell in her "Principles of Education." The system that keeps girls in the school-room reading simple easy stories, without touching Scott, Shakespeare, or Spenser, and then hands them over to the unexplored recesses of Mudie's boxes, has been shown by her to be the most *frivolizing* that can be devised; and she has set forward the result of her experience that a good novel, especially a romantic one, read at twelve or fourteen, is a really beneficial thing.

We have said that children have no sympathy with the sentiment of love, but they have plenty with the romance, and these are very different things. The tender feelings of the hero and heroine are utterly uninteresting, but the adventures and disasters they undergo, their bravery and constancy, are delightful, and raise the whole tone of the mind. And there is infinitely less danger of putting foolish fancies into a girl's head by letting her enjoy the escapades of Catherine Seyton, or weep for Lucy Ashton, than by letting her turn over the good little book where a child like herself flirts with her brotherly first cousin, and marries him at last. Nay, even "the objectionable" characters that mothers shrink from leaving before girls' eyes are unlikely to do harm in creatures so unlike themselves. Brian de Bois Guilbert or Julian Avenel are as unlikely to taint their minds as Jupiter or Mars, Henry II. or Louis XIV.; and if a girl at eighteen can plunge into a book box, or meet on a drawing-room table with "Beatrice" or "Cometh up as a Flower," surely it is well that at sixteen she should have seen crime treated with loathing and abhorrence.

There is a prodigious amount of what

may be called class literature. Every one writes books *for* some one: books for children, books for servants, books for poor men, poor women, poor boys, and poor girls. It is not enough to say, "Thou shalt not steal," but the merchant must be edified by the tale of a fraudulent banker, the school-boy by hearing how seven cherries were stolen, the servant must be told how the wicked cook hid her mistress' ring in the innocent scullery-maid's box; the poor man has a pig stolen for his benefit, the poor boy a sovereign, the poor girl a silk handkerchief. Why is not one broad, well-taught principle better than so much application in detail?

We must not be misunderstood. It is well to picture any one class or way of life thoroughly; a vivid scene well painted is sure to be worth having, and real likenesses are, generally speaking, useful studies: but it is the endeavour to hold up a mirror to each variety of reader of his or her way of life, as if there were no interest beyond it, and nothing else could be understood or cared for, that we think narrowing and weakening. If it be true that imagination is really needful to give the power of doing as we would be done by, surely it is better to have models set before us not immediately within our own range. A good book is a good book to whosoever can understand it, and there is often a power of grasping a part of the meaning when there is no power of explanation. Moreover, there is a habit now abroad in the world of supposing that *any* writing is good enough for children and for the poor. Never has this fallacy been better exposed than by the author of "My Life, and What shall I do with it?" She points out, that while the clever mechanic can borrow highly-spiced newspapers and pamphlets adverse to all religion, he finds his wife and children supplied with meek, mawkish, ill-argued tracts and story-books, whose dulness and want of point he sets down to their subject instead of to their authors, and he becomes contemptuous when he might have been touched. Nothing ought to be more diligently

selected than books sent forth among the town-poor, and nothing more diligently weeded from among them than the feeble little tales of seraphic children who regularly meet with an accident, or break a blood-vessel,—the whole genus of tales written because the author wanted the money for so good a purpose that no one had the heart to nip her aspirations in the bud.

As a rule, what poor people and servants really like is a story with what more educated persons think rather an over-amount of pathos, going to the verge—if not over it—of sentimentality. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the type of the style they love. *Attendrissement*—to borrow a French word—must be a strong sensation with them. Miss Sewell's "Earl's Daughter," though far from the best of her works, is delightful to the maid-servant and the dressmaker class, who are the chief readers among the grown-up poor, excepting, of course, invalids, and the clever mechanics, of whom, having no knowledge, we say nothing. As to servants, it really is needless to try to select books for them, considering the cheapness of novels, and their easy access to all we have in the house. We believe the best treatment is to keep out of the way whatever we think absolutely deleterious, and to lend freely anything good or interesting, such, for instance, as Mrs. Craik's "Noble Life," which is exceedingly relished.

One or two of Mrs. Gaskell's lesser tales deserve mention, as standing out—as well they may—far above the average of the literature usually supposed appropriate to the Lending Library. They are to be found in a volume of her lesser works, so ingeniously put together by Messrs. Chapman and Hall as to make it impossible to give it to the intended readers of full a third of the stories. "Lizzie Leigh, and other Stories," is the title. The first is a piteous tale of the sin we most carefully keep from children's knowledge, and it is presently followed by a terrible ghost-story from *Household Words*. Then comes "Mr. Harrison's Confessions,"

one of the author's most delicious bits of humour, but such as only *true* lovers of her delicate aroma can appreciate; and after this her unrivalled "Libbie Marsh's Three Eras," a most beautiful and touching Manchester story, fit for any rank, and almost any age; and the "Sexton's Hero," a grand sketch of the tide on the Morecombe Sands. *N.B.*—Whenever any of our readers chances to be pressed into the service of that distressing institution, a "Penny Reading," we recommend him the "Sexton's Hero," if he desires to be pathetic; or its companion, "Christian Storms and Sunshine," if he goes in for the comic. The two last stories, "Hand and Heart," and "Betsy's Troubles at Home," are capital for children, but they are no doubt early productions; they are not the real Mary Gaskell, but a clever pupil of the Edgeworth and Martineau style.

If, however, we were to dwell on the books about or for the poor, or their children, that we have a kindness for or have found successful, we should simply become a catalogue, and we will therefore only repeat our strong conviction that skim milk, innocent fluid as it may seem, is apt to turn sour, and that nobody ought to attempt to write for the poor (any more than for the rich) who cannot do so with sense and spirit, as well as with a good moral. As a pattern of what such a book ought to be, let us mention "Helpful Sam," a tale that first came out in Mozley's *Magazine for the Young* (which, by the by, wonderfully contrives to avoid *flabby* stories). The hero is a lad who makes his first appearance at a Sunday-school in such a gorgeous waistcoat as to distract the attention of his companions, and who turns out to be a workhouse-boy apprenticed to a brutal chimney-sweeper with a good, meek wife. The quaint contrasts and droll sayings of the actors in the story are so thoroughly life-like, that we believe no one could take up the little book without becoming interested; and the writer has been content, not to transgress all possibilities, by bringing in those dreadful long-winded, highly moral fathers and

mothers, who are still extant in the cottages of the venerable S.P.C.K.

We remember our own youthful horror of such excellent mouthpieces of wisdom, though we used to consider them a necessary qualification in a story. "I believe the *horrid old prosiness* is the mother," said a young friend to us, while relating her hasty glimpse of a new story. And yet while we are sure that it is a mistake to put preachments such as no mortal can be supposed to make into the mouths of the *dramatis personæ*, we think that the notion that a book is really better as mere literature and more amusing for not having a moral is an error. Very brief sportive sketches without a purpose may be endurable, but if prolonged they need *pith*. The old fairy-tales were, as we know, remnants of mighty myths, the "Arabian Nights" are the growth of ancient fancies dealing with dreamily-apprehended truths; and the very few modern inventions that can, even while in the forefront of the scene, class with such, have some earnestness and solidity in their mould, and are shadows of something greater. Such are "Undine" and "Sintram;" such are the best of Hans Christian Andersen's, a man who has immensely over-written himself, but whose "Ugly Duckling," "True Princess," "Emperor of China's Clothes," and "Lark," have already acquired a sort of force, like a proverb, by their wonderful terseness of irony and truth. Who recollects more than a queer phrase or two in such of his stories as have not a definite purpose, or are not, like "The Little Mermaid" and the "Seven Swans," graceful versions of old popular legends? Perhaps there have been three really original fairy-tales (we call them so for want of a better name) produced within the last twenty years—we mean the "Water-Babies," "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and the "Light Princess," though we hesitate in naming the latter, because it dwells in the hackneyed world of kings and princesses and fairy god-mothers; while the other two have the mark of originality—they deal with creatures of our own day, and just dip

them into the realms of Dreamland. Of these two, we confess that the latent though not consistent meanings that run through the "Water-Babies" seem to us to render it more attractive than even the exquisite bits of fun in "Alice." The one seems a book to chain the interest, the other one to take up by chance.

To be overdone with moral is a fatal thing. To force events, even imaginary, to illustrate some maxim is ruinous; yet it seems to us that a book so written has really a better chance of getting a permanent hold on the mind than the whipped syllabub of fiction. "Garry, a Holiday Story" is a little modern tale that *boasts* of no moral, and certainly it has none, for the child (a detestable, forward, saucy child) really acts the part of a dog-stealer, carries the creature to the sea-side in defiance of a much-bullied aunt, and finally gets it given to her. There is a good deal of a sort of facetiousness in the book, but we cannot believe it would gain the affections of any child.

And to take its very opposite—"Uncle Peter's Fairy Tale." The idea is not novel: it is the oft-told story of the fulfilment of wishes; but in this case they are the wishes of a party of amiable, beneficent ladies and gentlemen, such as may be met with in any country-house; and the literal accomplishment of them produces the most ludicrous and delicious situations, told with such humour that no one can help being amused, whether young or old. For instance, the amiable head of the family wishes all lawyers in Nova Zembla, and the respectable solicitor is instantly transported thither in shaving costume. The romantic young lady wishes to be borne aloft on a cloud, and finds herself in a dismal bank of fog. She also wishes her friend to be regaled with continual music, whereupon the speech of the whole household becomes song. But there is a strong purpose through the whole; and though the graver conversations, and sometimes the ironical ones, which are interspersed, are too long, and sometimes too heavy, they save the book

from being mere froth and buffoonery, and the underlying earnestness is the real cause of its exceeding drollery. We do not believe that there can be sparkle where there is not depth. A liking for buffoonery is one of the tastes to be especially discouraged. Fun is a very different matter. Fun and playfulness may crop out everywhere, and join with pathos, nobility, and earnestness, just as Shakespeare and Cervantes mingled them; but an exclusive preference for extravagance is most unwholesome, and even perverting. It becomes destructive of reverence, and soon degenerates into coarseness; it permits nothing poetical or imaginative, nothing sweet or pathetic to exist; and there is a certain self-satisfaction and superiority in making game of what others regard with enthusiasm or sentiment, which absolutely bars the way against a higher or softer tone. Perhaps those who remember the published letters of young officers during the Indian and Jamaica mutinies, may perceive why it is well to keep boys from thinking it "the thing" to talk slang-comedy over a terrific real life tragedy. Most works with that prefix "*Comic*"—"Comic History of England," "Comic Latin Grammar," &c.—are mere catch-pennies for boys, and can only teach them the love of burlesque out of place. We do not mean to stigmatize all parody and drollery. Some of the poems we love best will perfectly stand a clever parody, but there must be a certain quality of *gaité de cœur* and light delicacy to make such things charming. Premeditated conventional fun is the unhappy commodity. Who can measure out wit by the yard?

Exaggeration is the great error of the books that are written avowedly for boy-taste, such as the whole Mayne Reid school, which stimulate the appetite for the marvellous by a series of adventures not absolutely impossible individually, but monstrously improbable in rapid succession. The love of sensation is thus fed, so that boys lose their interest in all that is real. In truth, we have little liking for "books

for boys." If boys have healthy, intelligent minds, they would be doing much better if they were reading books for men. Many boys really care not at all for stories, but have a vehement affection for some branch of natural history, for mechanics, or physical science, and will take infinite trouble of their own accord to follow the study, which they have quite the power to do, out of any popular manual. Others are delighted with real travels (*i.e.* if they are not spoilt with false ones), and such books as Franklin, Kane, Livingstone, Erskine, and the Alpine Club give us are full of charms for them; and those who do love a story will not, after eleven or twelve years old, be put off with "Robert and Frederick: a Book for Boys," and the like; but, unless they are wholesomely fed on the real sound romance, will fall upon some trash that their friends have never thought of warning them against. School-boy literature is thus more read by mothers, sisters, and little boys longing to be at school, than by the boys themselves. A very clever one, "*Herbert's Holidays*," a capital portrait of a very fresh Etonian, was evidently regarded as an insult by his congeners, who, like him, had instantly written home for leave to buy a new hat, engaging to "wear out the old one at church in the holidays," or who had made strong endeavours to bring the paternal mansion up to the standard of gentility supposed to be worthy of the bosom friend. "*A Hero: Philip's Book*," by Mrs. Craik, has never seemed to us to be known nearly as well as it deserves. It purports to be the narrative of an English boy who had been sent to spend a half-year in the family of an uncle, a professor at Glasgow, having been told beforehand that one of his cousins was "somewhat of a hero." How he selected as this hero the big, handsome, good-natured bully Hector, worshipped him abjectly, and became gradually undeceived, is told in his own words, and with some delicious descriptions of mountain-climblings, and of boating on the Clyde. Whether boys like it or not we do not know; we are sure that men and women

must do so. "The Crofton Boys," again, by Harriet Martineau, is full of life and cleverness. It was suggested, she tells us, by the story of the good tutor who had the honour of sitting for Dominic Sampson. The generous manner in which he concealed the author of the accident that maimed him is imitated in little Hugh, a truly boyish little hero, drawn with all Miss Martineau's charm of humorous simplicity. Perhaps Mr. Hope's "Stories of School-life" is more a book for masters than for boys. It is clever and amusing, but does not so much attain the creature's own point of view as make a study of him, and of the effects of certain treatment upon him. It just falls short of what the unapproachable "Tom Brown" really does, and is, in fact, too palpably trying to tread in his steps, though at a far less distance than does that morbid dismal tale, "Eric's School-days," which we hope no mother or boy ever reads, since it really can answer no purpose but to make them unhappy and suspicious, besides that it enforces by numerous telling examples that the sure reward of virtue is a fatal accident.

Another and much wider field is the tale for girls; a much more convenient one, inasmuch as those for whom they are written really do read them, and like them. There are so many hours of a girl's life when she must sit still, that a book is her natural resource, and reading becomes to her like breathing. The real difficulty is how to prevent the childish reading of story-books from becoming a preparation for unmitigated novel-reading in after-life; and we confess that this is a serious difficulty when education is so straining the powers that real relaxation of the mind is absolutely needed in play-hours. Our own private theory is that we ought to *teach* girls less, while we should encourage them to *learn* more.

However, this is a branch on which we do not feel competent to enter, and we had better return to our more immediate object of noting the styles we think most or least successful. Some few people have a wonderful art of

writing about children from a child's point of view. It is a rare power. We know some clever little books that are really charming studies for the lovers of childhood, but that somehow do not suit the real children. We mean "Read me a Story," "Little People," and above all "Little Maggie and her Brother." In all three instances the portraits are genuine, and the two last are of extremely clever children. Now the unfailing characteristic of children of any ability is that they are continually growing on unexpected sides of their mind, and saying things extraordinarily queer, either in their acuteness, observation, or simplicity, and utterly unlike the conventional child. At the same time the entire being is childish, and is generally incapable of tolerating the follies or understanding the precociousness of its contemporary. So when the dreamy fancies of its fellow-child in their undeveloped state are set before it without censure, it is bewildered by the book not treating them as either naughty or silly, and feels out of its element. A study such as Dr. John Brown made of Marjorie Fleming is exquisite for parents, but the child cannot understand the point of view. Nor can it (happily) understand the manner in which reflective grown-up people view the faults of childhood. For them things must be always positively good or naughty. Thus "Mrs. Boss's Niece"—which is to us as good as a comedy, so wonderful is the humour of the description of the troubles of two good old aunts of the retired shop-keeper class, with a little harum-scarum Irish niece suddenly left on their hands—fails when given to children. They are entirely unconscious of the admirable drawing of the nervous, anxious, broken-spirited widow, who, though wearing the gayest colours, fidgeting intolerably, and going out to tea on the hottest day of June in a huge fur tippet, had yet the wonderful true judgment of simplicity and humility; and though they are amused for a moment at the Irish girl's wonderful romancings about riding a pig, and shooting an arrow that broke

the leg of the major's macaw, they are shocked and dissatisfied that no condign punishment falls on such monstrous untruths, and they miss the delicate touch that shows how in reality all trust is forfeited. Another remarkable study of character is to be found in a tiny brochure, one of Groombridge's Magnet Stories, by name "Dear Charlotte's Boys." A pair of schoolboys have the audacity to borrow from another couple of brothers a superfluous invitation from some friends of their parents to whom they were personally unknown. The predicaments are very amusing, but the point of the story is the remarkable manner in which a fault, even unconfessed, sometimes becomes the turning-point of the character. It is a matter of experience and consolation, curious as being unlike the conventional moral, and yet in many cases true. It is not an example to children, but it may serve to encourage the "love, hope, and patience," that Coleridge introduces as the sister graces of education.

Some of the tales that strike us as best winning a child's affection by viewing the world really with its own eyes, yet without puerility, are a little square book now some five and twenty years old, called "Little Alice and her Sister;" a pair on the list of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge named "Little Lucy" and "Sally Rainbow's Stories;" and lastly "The Vendale Lost Property Office," where the child grown up relates her experiences on being sent from India to live in an uncle's family with a charming naïve humour and tenderness. It is remarkable how the author has contrived to indicate every character most distinctly while making the narrator herself appear to have only a child's indistinct consciousness of the natures of those around her. The "Copesey Annals," by the same author, have something of the same charm, but they suit elders better than children. Some of the children's stories written by the author of "Janet's Home," such as "Mia and Charlie" and "Blind-man's Holiday," have a great charm of childlikeness. So has her "The Cousins

and their Friends," one of the best things that have been in *Aunt Judy's Magazine*. J. H. G.'s own stories in "Melchior's Home," i.e. the "Viscount's Friend" and "Friedrich's Ballad," are exquisitely felt and told, but not children's. Mrs. Gatty's "Parables of Nature" are exquisite works of thought. Her "Worlds not Realized" we rank still higher; but we regard most of hers as fit for grown people, or for such dreamy, thoughtful children as read full-grown books. They are above the ordinary childish mind, though all the better for that. And we must not pass without mention Gwynfrun's fresh and delightful "Friends in Fur and Feathers," real animal stories, told with a free light-handed touch of frolic and pathos, that is like the soft spring wind breathing lightly over the moorland.

Stories intended to teach history or dramatize travels are generally a failure; the information sits like the Old Man of the Sea upon the poor characters, and strangles them. Yet a few of the late Dr. J. M. Neale's tales were wonderfully vivid and touching. We will just specify among his "Triumphs of the Cross" the story called "Eric's Grave," of the man who leapt down among the wolves to call them off from his master's escape in his carriage, and a shilling book named "The Exiles of the Cevenna," a journal of the adventures of a party of early Christians fleeing from persecution and taking refuge in the hollow of a gigantic tree, whither their persecutors follow them, but are beset by the wolves. One soldier is saved by being dropped in among the Christians, and then ensues a grisly blockade by the wolves, ended at last by a chase coming out from the next village. Miss Martineau's "Feats on the Fjord" — a very different style — is delightful, though only by, we are afraid, a sort of Arcadian treatment of the bonders of Norway, whom she has made very unlike real life.

In general, history and travels stand best on their own merits, without being made into pap, though it is necessary to write some history for children, because education now requires a knowledge of

names and facts to be acquired before the longer history can be grasped. Mythology likewise must be treated expressly for childhood. This has been done playfully by Nathaniel Hawthorne in his "Tanglewood Tales," earnestly by Kingsley in his "Heroes," and scientifically in Cox's various volumes, all of which are delightful to a child, and with which should always be joined (when reprinted, as we trust it will be) "The Heroes of Asgard," by the author of "Janet's Home." This lady's "Letters on Early Egyptian History," with Miss Sewell's histories of Greece and of Rome, supply nearly all that is wanted in Ancient History. Modern History is worse off, but in real truth, after a girl has read a series of abridged histories sufficient to give the chain of events, good biographies, and good selections from standard books, such as parents or teachers *ought* to understand providing, would be infinitely more beneficial than tons of babyish "Stories from Froissart," "Stories of Cavaliers and Roundheads," &c. &c., all for the most part sheer book making, all the raciness taken away, and foolish explanations weakening the point.

After all, our conclusion as to children's literature is a somewhat Irish one, for it is—use it as little as possible; and then only what is really substantially clever and good. Bring children as soon as possible to stretch up to books above them, provided those books are noble and good. Do not give up such books on account of passages on which it would be inconvenient to be questioned on. If the child is in the habit of meeting things beyond comprehension it will pass such matters unheeded with the rest. We believe no child was ever contaminated by "The Fairy Queen," "Don Quixote," "The Vicar of Wakefield," or "The Arabian Nights." The only things to put out of its way are those that *nobody* ought to read, certainly not its mother. And if father or mother will take the pains to lead and sympathise with the child's tastes, encouraging but not overruling, they will find their palate curiously adapting itself to judge for and with the child, and will enjoy a fresh feast of all the old favourites of their lives. It seems like a sacrifice, but it is one worth making, and it proves all pleasure.

NOTE to the ARTICLE on "THE POPE'S POSTURE IN COMMUNION," in *Macmillan's Magazine* for July 1869.

THE following is from Montaigne's description of the Mass at St. Peter's on Christmas Day, 1580.

A. P. S.

"Il lui sembla nouveau, et en cete messe et autres, que le pape et cardinaus et autres prelates y sont assis, et, quasi tout le long de la messe, couverts, devisans, et parlans ensamble."—MONTAIGNE, *Journal du Voyage*, i. 283.

LADY DUFF-GORDON AND HER WORKS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

"If I live till September, I will go up to Esneh, where the air is softest and I cough less."

These words, written so lately as the latest days of our vanished summer, are among the last which friends and relatives can treasure up from the many eloquently simple letters of Lucy, Lady Duff-Gordon.

She did *not* "live till September;" and the month which opens blank for all those who valued the charm of her correspondence and companionship, cannot be better consecrated, in the pages of a Magazine which has so often been enriched by her contributions, than by some notice of her life and literary labours.

The only child of very intellectual parents, Lady Gordon had the advantage not only of hereditary abilities but of educational training. From the earliest dawn of her young days the impression must have been received that some use was to be made of human faculties; some harvest garnered from the rich sheaves of the hours allotted to man, even though his life be counted but as a span in length.

Her father was the celebrated writer and lecturer on Jurisprudence, of which science he was Professor at the London University; and his published lectures (to the second edition of which is prefixed a preface by his talented wife, Sarah Austin) have taken their place as standard authority in legal libraries. Her mother, descended from the Taylors of Norwich, may be said to have left a European reputation for ability. Acquainted with, and welcomed by, most of the distinguished persons of her time, in the chief continental cities as well as in her own country; endowed also with the more fleeting feminine advantage of great personal beauty, Mrs. Austin attracted wherever she

went a circle of friends and admirers; fit associates for her studious and intellectual husband, and fit companions in her own literary pursuits.

Mr. Austin's health, and a certain nervousness of constitution, making the legal profession burdensome to him, he changed that career, and became officially employed in Malta and elsewhere. Indefatigable in her endeavours to share his labours and improve his successes while he lived,—Mrs. Austin, after his decease, edited and published the collected lectures of which we have already made mention; and filled in, from abridged memoranda, portions of the difficult work which he had died without completing.

Such was the parentage of Lucy Austin. She married young, to the husband of her choice, Sir Alexander Duff-Gordon, Bart., of an ancient and distinguished Scottish race. Her childhood was singularly lonely. Days and days passed by without companions of her own age or of any other age. "Alone by herself" she mused and roamed,—unchecked, unquestioned, and unamused by the usual occupations of girlish existence. Once, as she described it, standing in the garden, gazing dreamily at some sunflowers, with vague recollections of mythical stories, such perhaps as her mother has translated for us in the fascinating "Story without an End,"—a friend of her parents accosted her. "My face must have been very sad," she said, "for he asked me *what was the matter?* I answered, Nothing was the matter, only I was wishing the sunflowers could talk to me!"

From this early and intense loneliness probably sprung much of that independence and concentration of thought which marked the progressive stages of her rapidly-maturing intellect. A great

reader, a great thinker, very original in her conclusions, very eager in impressing her opinions, her mind was not like those of many women, filled with echoes of other folk's sayings, and chapters folded down from other folk's commonplace books. The sunflowers may have talked to her at last, for aught we know, for from the aspect of nature, and the study of human nature such as she found it, she drew her unassisted lessons of knowledge. As life advanced, as the field of her experience widened, many of these conclusions became modified; the angles of sharp decision were rounded off; and commerce with her kind taught her the wide indulgence and sympathy she afterwards showed for all who suffered or struggled in the up-hill labour of life. It is not too much to say, of this feature in her character, that from the hours of her lone childhood to the hour of her lonelier death, the idea of not "lending a helping hand" when help of any sort was in her power, never appears even to have crossed her imagination. She died, as she had lived, endeavouring to help. Such endeavour had been her chief pleasure in younger and happier days; it became her one absorbing occupation in days of sickness, suffering, and exile.

Great energy she showed in that, as in all her pursuits. Nothing was left slack or incomplete in work undertaken by her. Her literary tasks were no flighty or hurried strokes of cleverness, but the result of patient and careful study. When the fire was out in the forge of her labours, and the sparks off the anvil were dead, the solid welded work remained; for use, for permanence, and for the behoof of others. In the preparation of one of her books, "The Amber Witch" (a single volume, apparently a mere romance), she read through—in order, as she said, to familiarize her mind with the subject—a mass of narratives relating to that bygone superstition, and such trials as have survived in printed records. One of these especially struck her. A woman aged thirty-six or thereabouts, with a husband and many children, was accused of witch-

craft. It was the law of the time not to execute till after confession. This woman was contumacious; not only she would not confess, but she declared that to the best of her belief there was no such thing as witchcraft. She was remanded again and again to torture and to prison. At length she announced her confession, and was led to die with others under a like sentence. She got leave to speak a few words to the crowd of spectators, and suddenly reiterated to them her utter disbelief in witchcraft and her innocence. "But," said she, "since even my husband and children 'hold me to be a witch, I am content 'to die rather than to live this day.'" Lady Gordon laid down the book and said, "I feel *with* that woman."

The patience necessary for translated work is far greater than that requisite for original composition; in which, to those who really have the gift, there must always be a certain degree of pleasure. Such patience Lady Gordon possessed in a high degree. Her earliest task was the translation from Niebuhr of the "Greek Legends." Ranke's "History of Prussia," in three volumes, was rendered by her into excellent English. She selected and compiled the most remarkable of Feuerbach's "Criminal Trials" with singular ability and judgment; Ranke's "Ferdinand and Maximilian," Moltke's "Russian Campaigns," and "The French in Algiers," were also products of her industry; and among her lighter labours (if lighter they may be called, rendering from a language which has so little analogy with our own) we count a translation from the French of Madame d'Arbouville's "Village Doctor," and the "Stella and Vanessa" of Léon de Wailly. This latter story, which originally appeared as a *feuilleton* in a newspaper, fell still-born from the press, and remained unnoticed till after Lady Gordon's translation had appeared. It was then published in France as a separate volume, with very great success, which the author complimentarily declared he owed in the first instance to his English translator.

In the midst of this busy intellectual life, varied by much mingling with the best and brightest of social circles, and rendered precious by many friendships firmly clung to and warmly reciprocated, Lady Gordon's health suddenly failed. Physicians were consulted. She was to give up all these habitual delights and occupations, and begin that long exile, from which there has been no return beyond brief and perilous visits to her native country, which she had again to forsake more discouraged and invadled than before.

At first, like most English patients whose lungs are affected or threatened, she was advised to try the climate of the Cape of Good Hope, and she set out for that distant colony with something of the spirit of its name brightening her mind. Her invalided condition neither altered the cheerfulness of her temper nor abated her keen interest in all surrounding objects, animate or inanimate. Her "*Letters from the Cape*" obtained a wide and universal popularity. Readers to whom the dry subjects or difficult details of her German historical and political translations were unknown or distasteful, eagerly perused the graphic pages, so full of life, earnestness, quick observation, and playful humour. The letters were *real* letters, written to her mother and husband, and all the more charming for their want of formality, and indulgence in little narrations of personal feeling and every-day adventure. She sailed to the Cape in very varying weather, but, with her, all feminine alarm or distress seems to have been merged in a strong feeling of the picturesque. It is thus she speaks of a storm which would have sent many a woman trembling to her cabin:—

"That glorious South Atlantic in all its majestic fury! The intense blue waves, crowned with fantastic crests of bright emeralds, and with the spray blowing about like wild dishevelled hair, came after us to swallow us up at a mouthful, but took us up on their backs, and hurried us along as if our ship were a cork."—*Letters from the Cape.*

Equally graphic is her account of the people she meets with on her landing;

who does not see the picture as she draws it of the Hottentot driver?—

"As we drive home we see a span of sixteen noble oxen in the market-place, and on the ground squats the Hottentot driver. His face, no words can describe! his cheekbones are up under his hat, and his meagre, pointed chin halfway down to his waist; his eyes have the dull look of a viper's, and his skin is dirty and sallow, but not darker than a dirty European's."

Who does not also feel a certain sympathy going out of the heart—such as often arises during the contemplation of old works of art, in which the grotesque mingles with what is touching and tender—on reading her account of the last of a race which the so-called spread of civilization is sweeping away?

"I asked one of the Herrenhut brethren whether there were any *real* Hottentots, and he said, 'Yes, one!' And next morning as I sat waiting for early prayers under the big oak-trees in the plaet (square), he came up, followed by a tiny little man hobbling along with a long stick to support him. 'Here,' said he, 'is the *last* Hottentot; he is 107 years old, and lives all alone.' I looked on the little wizened, yellow face, and was shocked that he should be dragged up like a wild beast to be stared at. A feeling of pity which felt like remorse fell upon me, and my eyes filled as I rose and stood before him (so tall and like a tyrant and oppressor), while he uncovered his poor little old snow-white head, and peered up in my face. I led him to the seat, and helped him to sit down, and said, in Dutch, 'Father, I hope you are not tired; you are old.' He saw and heard as well as ever, and spoke *good* Dutch in a firm voice, 'Yes, I am above a hundred years old, and alone—quite alone.' I sat beside him, and he put his head on one side, and looked curiously up at me with his faded, but still piercing little wild eyes."

That feeling of sympathy with humanity,—above all, suffering humanity,—which is here evidenced, was a distinctive feature in Lady Gordon's mind. What she felt for the poor Hottentot she afterwards expresses yet more strongly for the Arabs she dwelt amongst in her subsequent change of residence from the Cape to Egypt. She herself spoke of pity becoming a *passion* in the heart at sight of such daily distress; and, no doubt, pity does become a passion in the heart of the best class of women, as the thirst and desire

for justice becomes a passion with the best class of men.

The Cape did not agree with Lady Gordon. Death, who hunts slowly but surely this class of his victims, was once more avoided in vain. She tried the climates of Cairo, of Luxor, and of Thebes ; at which latter place she resided some time in a half-ruined house, formerly occupied by French engineers employed to raise and transport an Egyptian obelisk. She learnt the language and the wants of the people ; associated with the natives, both of the higher and lower ranks ; and became a favourite and a power amongst them.

One thing she mentions, which may surprise those whose habitual ideas of Eastern females are of their languor and stupidity. She says, "The energy of many women here is amazing ;" and narrates how the mother of her servant Omar had once carried *her* old mother in a basket on her head from Damietta to Alexandria ; dragging Omar, then a very little boy, by the hand !

This Omar, who is frequently mentioned in the "Letters from Egypt," and whose true-hearted and simple devotion to his dying mistress well deserved such reward, is now appointed dragoman to the Prince of Wales ; the Prince and Princess having visited Lady Gordon, a short time before her death, in her *dahabeeyeh*, or Nile-boat, on which occasion she says, "My sailors were so proud at having the honour of rowing him in *our own boat*, and of singing to him. I had a very good singer in the boat." She also assures us, on another occasion, of the courtesy practised in the East between different classes. "You see how the 'Thousand and One Nights' are quite true and real ; how great Beys sit with grocers and carpenters have no hesitation in offering a civility to *naas omra* (noble people)."

Sheykh Yussuf was one of her firmest friends from first to last, and her instructor in Arabic. The "Nazir," the "Maohn," "Alim," "Cadi," "Pasha," and all grades and dignities and obscurities, unknown to English discourse, united—however else they may have differed

—in respect and attachment to that strange settler among them ; that dying English lady, who apparently combined the learning of the male sex with the kindness of her own.

Speaking of Yussuf, she says he reminds her of one who, like herself, has been cut off from a life of great promise in the full exercise of intellectual ability—the late Philip Stanhope Worsley, translator of the "Odyssey," and author of many fragmentary poems of singular merit.

She describes her Egyptian friends as "mad to learn languages ;" beseeching her to teach even the children English ; and nothing is more droll or interesting than the account she gives of her little servant Achmet, who runs to her call from the river Nile, "the water 'running 'down his innocent nose,' looking just like a little bronze Triton off a Renaissance fountain, with a blue shirt and a white skull-cap added." As to his accomplishments, "What would an English respectable cook say to seeing 'two dishes and a sweet' cooked over a little old wood on a few bricks, by a baby in a single blue shirt ? and very well cooked too, and followed by incomparable coffee."

Certainly, for general readers, the "Letters from Egypt" are the most interesting of all Lady Gordon's published compositions. They describe a life utterly new to us, and a people very imperfectly known or studied by European travellers ; a people who have hitherto had but slender hold on our sympathies. Is it too much to expect that the popular letters of this gifted woman may do more towards awakening that sympathy and increasing interest than even the visits of a Viceroy who sends his son to be educated in our country ? They may, at least, teach such travellers as are compelled, like herself, to exile for recovery of health, how steadfastly and unselfishly such a destiny may be met ! How willing to look to the suffering of others instead of being absorbed in the fact of failing powers and fading life, a vigorous mind may be ; how the

spirit may look upon the perishing body, in Longfellow's beautiful words, as

"A worn-out fetter, which the soul
Had broken and flung away!"

Small is the thought of self, and cheery and animated as in her first letters from the Cape of Good Hope her account of a return to Cairo.

"The very morning I landed I was seized with violent illness; however, I am now better. I arrived at Cairo on Wednesday night, the 4th of November, slept in the boat, and went ashore next morning. The passage under the railway bridge at Tant (which is only opened once in two days) was most exciting and pretty. Such a scramble and dash of boats,—two or three hundred at least! Old Zeydân the steersman slid under the noses of the big boats with my little cangia, and through the gates before they were well open, and we saw the rush and confusion behind us at our ease, and headed the whole fleet for a few miles. Then we stuck, and Zeydân raged, but we got off in an hour, and again overtook and passed all; and then we saw the spectacle of devastation,—whole villages gone, submerged and melted, mud to mud; and the people, with their beasts, encamped on spits of sand or on the dykes, in long rows of ragged makeshift tents, while we sailed over the places where they had lived; cotton rotting in all directions, and the dry tops crackling under the bows of the boat."

Then, moving from Cairo to Thebes:

"I have sent a request to the French Consul-General, M. Tastu, to let me live in the French house over the temple at Thebes. It is quite empty, and would be the most comfortable, indeed the only comfortable one there. M. Tastu is the son of the charming poetess of that name, whom my mother knew in Paris. . . . I have brought divans, tables, prayer carpets, blankets, a cupboard, a lovely old copper handbasin and ewer, and shall live in Arab style. The tables and four chairs are the only concession to European infirmity."

In the earliest opening of the succeeding year she writes thus hopefully of the apparent result of such a residence in the East:—

"We are now in the full enjoyment of summer weather; there has been no cold for fully a fortnight, and I am getting better every day. If the heat does not overpower me, I feel sure it will be very healing to my lungs. I sit out on my glorious balcony, and drink the air from early morning till noon, when the sun comes upon it and drives me under cover."

A little later:—

"The glory of the climate now is beyond description, and I feel better every day. I go out as early as seven or eight o'clock on my tiny black donkey, come in to breakfast at about ten, and go out again at four. The sun is very hot in the middle of the day, and the people in boats say it is still cold at night. In this large house I feel neither heat nor cold. . . . How I wish I were going, instead of my letter, to see you all; but it is evident that this heat is the thing that does me good, if anything will."

Later yet, still enjoying, still uncomplaining:—

"We sat and drank new milk in a 'lodge in a garden of cucumbers' (the lodge is a neat hut of palm-branches), and saw the moon rise over the mountains and light up everything like a softer sun. Here you see all colours as well by moonlight as by day; hence it does not look so brilliant as the Cape moon, or even as I have seen it in Paris, where it throws sharp black shadows and white light. The night here is a tender, subdued, dreamy sort of enchanted-looking day."

And the praise of these days and nights is continued:—

"The mornings and evenings are delicious. *I am shedding my clothes by degrees; stockings are unbearable.* I feel much stronger, too; the horrible feeling of exhaustion has left me; I suppose I must have salamander blood in my body, to be made lively by such heat."

Some apparent improvement in health took place:—

"The weather is glorious this year, and spite of some fatigue and a good deal of anxiety, I think I am really better. I never have felt the cold so little as this winter since my illness; the chilly mornings and nights don't seem to signify at all now, and the climate seems more delicious than ever."

Then comes the change; the fading away of that hope of recovery: the doubt, and the evident impression that she, too, may die among strangers:—

"Since I wrote last I have been rather poorly—more cough, and most wearing sleeplessness! A poor young Englishman has died here, at the house of the Austrian consular agent. I was too ill to go to him; but a kind, dear young Englishwoman, Mrs. Walker, who was here with her family in a boat, sat up with him three nights and nursed him like a sister. . . . He was buried on the first day of Ramadan, in the place where they bury strangers, on the site of a former Coptic

church. Archdeacon Moore read the service; Omar and I spread my old English flag over the bier, and Copts and Muslims helped to carry the poor stranger. It was a most impressive sight: the party of Europeans, *all strangers to the dead, but all deeply moved*; the group of black-robed and turbaned Copts, the sailors from the boats, the gaily-dressed dragomans, several brown-shirted Felláheen, and the thick crowd of children—all the little Abab'deh stark naked, and all behaving so well; the expression on their little faces touched me most of all. As Muslims, Omar and the boatmen laid him down in the grave; while the English prayer was read the sun went down in a glorious flood of light over the distant bend of the Nile. 'Had he a mother? he was young!' said an Abab'deh woman to me, with tears in her eyes, and pressing my hand in sympathy for that poor far-off mother of such a different race."

Till at length this mournful sentence occurs (April 1868), in one of her letters from Thebes, published in the June number of this Magazine last year:—

"I don't like to think too much about seeing you and M. next winter, for fear I should be disappointed. If I am too sick and wretched I can hardly wish you to come, because I know what a nuisance it is to be with one always coughing and panting, and unable to do like other people. But if I pick up tolerably this summer, I shall be very glad to see you and him once more."

And once again, when the imminent approach of death seemed falling like a visible shadow on her path:—

"Indeed, it would be almost too painful to me to part from you again; and, as it is, I can wait patiently for the end, among people

who are kind and loving enough to be comfortable *without too much feeling of the pain of parting.*"

At that time her son had been with her; her husband had planned to rejoin her; her daughter also thought to meet her in those accustomed scenes. But it was otherwise ordained. The poor Arabs, in whose improvement both of condition and education she had taken so vivid an interest, were to lose her, and those to whom she was nearest and dearest were to see her face no more.

Lady Gordon died alone, after much final suffering, at Cairo. Her patience and goodness were strong to the last; and her thoughts for others survived till she herself was no more. She was followed to the grave by her sailors, by her friend, Hekekyan Bey, and Dr. Mistrovacchi—the faithful Omar and her maid being chief mourners.

She lies among strangers; but it will be long before her memory is forgotten in the land of her birth; where her monument is not of marble, or stone, or brass, but of thought; and where those who read her works, and the brief transcript of her life in exile, will comprehend the long regret that lies like a slant shadow across the scenes once brightened by her presence, and darkens the hearts of friends who heard of her premature death instead of recovery, as "bitter news" from a foreign land.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

BY J. P. MAHAFFY, FELLOW AND TUTOR.

AMONG all Irish institutions, probably the only one ever accused of silence is the University of Dublin. All other bodies in the country, whether religious or political or educational, are for ever clamouring, and annoying the English nation. To use the illustration of Homer, the gods have put into them the courage of a fly, which returns to the attack, however often it may be driven away, so eager is it to taste blood. Poor John Bull cannot browse in idleness, and in vacancy of mind, upon the luxuries around him, without constantly flapping his ears, and whisking about his tail, and at times even starting up with annoyance, at the attacks of these ceaseless tormentors. So persistently have they been vexing him, that he is now anxiously providing them with a carcase in their own country, if perchance they will feed upon it, even though he ought to be perfectly assured that this carcase, when sufficiently decomposed, will become the nurse and support of new myriads of persecutors.

It might fairly be supposed, then, that silence in any Celtic institution, instead of being a reproach, would be a quality respected and admired by the Saxon. While it saves him trouble and obloquy, it is surely one of the best tests of prosperity. The only people who mind their own business are those who have a good business to mind, and the quality of silence is so rare in the country, that it should invite particular notice and commendation. Yet the English people seem so accustomed to Irish agitation, that none get a hearing except those who clamour and complain. Other universities in Ireland, which come before the public with annual self-congratulations, laudations, and demands, are twice as well known in England as the ancient University of Dublin; for while their children have

as yet been almost completely silent, the universities themselves have been perpetually displaying their merits before the eyes of men. All this is excusable, and perhaps even necessary, with new and struggling institutions, but should not tell against the more dignified silence of their elder sister. Trinity College, Dublin, can afford to be silent herself, and to speak to the world through her children. When she was contemptuously called the Silent Sister, this was the fact questioned. It was implied that the education she provided had not developed genius, and that her sons had neither extended the bounds of science, nor adorned the fields of literature. With the names of William Archer Butler, of Todd and of Reeves, of Lloyd and of Magee, of Salmon, of Rosse, and of Hamilton, of Cairns and of Lecky—with these names, among a host of others, *within one generation of men*, before our eyes, the charge must be abandoned as totally unfounded.

But the day has come when the University can no longer be content to address the world indirectly through her children. She must tell her system and her experience to the English people. For two great questions are occupying the minds of cultivated men in this country—perhaps we should say, two branches of the one great problem in our present civilization, that of Education—the first is the Reform of the great English Universities, the second the Reform of University Education in Ireland. On both these questions the voice of Trinity College, Dublin, should be heard. Her evidence as to the first will be stated in the present paper.

The problem now occupying the minds of Oxford and Cambridge men, how best to extend the benefits of university education—this problem has been completely solved under their very eyes

by the University of Dublin. They have been speculating on mediæval universities, on the systems of France and of Prussia, of Italy and of Switzerland; they have taken the trouble to inspect these institutions (during their long vacation!), they have talked about taking leaps in the dark, and of trying untried experiments, while a part of the question has been long since solved in a dependency of their own Empire, and the remainder is in process of solution. But unfortunately this dependency is both remote and despicable, only to be reached by crossing the Irish Sea,—a dependency remarkable for stupidity and ignorance, and for mismanaging its affairs. This is what the English university man thinks, even though he may be too polite to put it into words. To this can-any-good-thing-come-out-of-Nazareth expression of face visible in the Oxford or Cambridge reader, only one reply is possible, "Come and see." But we must spoil the terseness of the answer by adding: "Not in our long vacation, if you please, as we observe this to be an English way of investigating foreign colleges, from the very candid confessions of one of your educational reformers."¹ But pending your very welcome visit, we propose to state here a few facts and statistics about Trinity College, Dublin, which will appear ridiculously obvious to the Irish, but which will be extremely novel to the Saxon reader, seeing that the most thoughtful Oxford book on Academical Organization contains only one allusion to the Irish University, and that per-

fectly inconsistent with the facts of the case.

The College was founded by Queen Elizabeth, in 1591, as a "Mater Universitatis;" and though some attempts were made, two centuries ago, to establish separate halls, these attempts failed, and we have now the University and its single College co-existing, and in many respects in a state of fusion. The Provost and seven senior fellows, who are the heads of the College, also legislate for the University, with the approval of the congregation of Doctors and Masters, who may veto everything, but can originate nothing. In the affairs of the College, the decisions of this board of senior fellows can only be reversed by an appeal to the Visitors. Most of these details were originally copied from the statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge, and, therefore, require but little explanation to be understood in England. The Board attain their position by seniority among the fellows, and the fellows are elected by a severe competitive examination. In former days, though classics, philosophy, and natural science always formed part of the course, so much stress was laid upon pure and mixed mathematics, that almost all the fellows were mathematical in their tastes. This accounts for the small number of classical works produced by them, in proportion to their important contributions to mathematical discovery. About ten years ago, a partial separation was effected in the subjects, so that classical and mathematical scholars have about equal chances, and so a classical school of a higher kind was rapidly forming. Unfortunately, the Board seem unwilling to encourage this very promising school, for by a late decree they have again placed humane studies at a great disadvantage.

On an average, it requires more than three years of intense application, after taking a scientific or literary degree, to obtain a fellowship. No candidate can hope to succeed without answering in at least two courses, adding either philosophy or natural science to his prin-

¹ A few years ago, a census of our resident students was taken during the Easter vacation. The numbers there stated have been since several times quoted as proving our inefficiency, and the scanty number of our resident students. Again an "Ulster man," writing a book about Ireland, considers all the students residing in Dublin as non-resident, and contrasts them with the students of the Queen's Colleges who reside in the towns where these Colleges are situated. These he calls resident students! He then proceeds to argue from a return of students attending lectures on the 17th of April in Dublin, a season when there are examinations, but no lectures in the University! *Sic cætera.*

cial subject. The yearly value of a fellowship so attained is 40*l.* Irish, or 36*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.* of the present currency, charged on the College estates. It is tenable for life, and the holder of it is at liberty to marry if he pleases. Should a fellow of Trinity College be dissatisfied with this splendid endowment, he must do additional work. He must either adopt one of the recognised professions (which is sometimes done) or he must take a tutorship. There are twenty tutorships, to which he may succeed by seniority. To them is entrusted the teaching of the undergraduates, a part of whose fees are divided among the tutors. The income of the tutors depends accordingly upon the number of students on the books; in other words, upon the efficiency of their own teaching, and at present may be stated roughly as commencing with 300*l.* and rising to 700*l.* per annum. There are also professorships tenable by fellows who are not tutors, some of them paid from the tutorial funds, which vary in tenure, and in value from 100*l.* to 700*l.* per annum. The Professor of Divinity alone receives a salary of 1,200*l.* and cannot hold a fellowship. As there are nearly 1,300 students on the books, a large number of whom attend lectures, the tutors must lecture from two to three hours daily, and are not allowed to absent themselves during term under any plea whatsoever, without supplying and paying a deputy. Honor examiners and lecturers are also selected from among them, and receive trifling salaries, to assist the professors in the various faculties. After about thirty years of weary waiting, a man may succeed in his turn to a senior fellowship. His duties are then to attend the meetings of the governing board, and to undertake the control of some special department, as well as a share in the examinations for Fellowships and Scholarships. He resigns all tutorial functions. His income averages 1,300*l.*, which is equal to one of the second class prizes at the Bar, such as a county Judgeship. The Provostship is the only office in the

University or College in the gift of the Government, and has been enriched by large grants of land specially presented by the Crown. It is probably worth 3,500*l.* per annum.

In this system of fellowships, with some patent defects, three important advantages are obvious. In the first place, they are obtained by perfectly fair competition. As soon as these valuable prizes are opened, as all the other prizes in Trinity College now are, to Roman Catholics and Dissenters, it will be possible for any man in the world to obtain them by the force of pure intellect. But in Ireland, promotion by fair competition must, alas! be noted as a singular exception. Hence it has happened that the English Government has been unable to degrade our teachers, as it has done all the other professions in the country, by making political jobbery the only safe road of advancement. While the highest posts at the Bar and in the Church, the scanty honors of the medical profession,¹ and the most important chairs in the Queen's University, have been frequently, I might almost say constantly, given away on this vile principle, so that all the youthful ambition of Ireland is becoming infected by it, as with a plague,—the governing body of the University of Dublin have, silently and persistently, adhered to the exceptional course of electing as fellows, and as professors, rabid Radicals as well as rigid Tories,—when possible, Catholics and Dissenters, as well as Churchmen,—simply on account of intellectual merit. Should the English Government ever wrest from us this power of honest self-government, the ruin of our ancient University may be confidently predicted.

Secondly, the University has declared against supporting a large number of idle

¹ The English reader should not be misled into believing that the most trivial posts in the profession, such as village dispensaries, are not given away by the Imperial Government on the same *purely* religious and political principles. There is no finer example of that great and rare virtue, "consistency," to be found anywhere.

pensioners, merely because they have once been distinguished in examinations. The perpetual clamour of Radicals and Ultramontanes, and their bitter jealousy at our success, would make such a system impossible in Ireland. But we have been obliged to sacrifice a great deal of that affection from our sons which is so touching, and a source of such strength to Oxford and Cambridge. The quarterly diffusion of a fresh glow of filial piety from the pocket of the English fellow through his whole system—this pure affection we are unable to maintain, in a large body of our most distinguished graduates, towards their *Alma Mater*. She cannot afford to support them in idleness.

Thirdly, by keeping up the value of the fellowships, the University secures her very ablest sons for the work of education. With so few hands to teach, and so much and many to be taught, these men are to a great extent precluded from a *literary* career. It is only with the aid of a very strong constitution, and uncommon energy, that a man can sit down to write, after he has laboured five or six hours a day in lecturing, examining, and other tutorial work. But surely the first object of an university is not to secure men of literary eminence, but good teachers to do her work. The profession of teaching is not, indeed, a brilliant one, nor does it by any means stand in that public estimation to which it must rise, when our civilization improves in breadth and in earnestness. It would probably exalt the character of Trinity College, Dublin, among Englishmen, if our tutors neglected their classes, and devoted themselves entirely to writing books. But such a change would seriously impair the real usefulness of the institution. When we see the ordinary lectures of some of the tutors crowded by voluntary students, and often preferred to the assistance of a private *coach*; when we hear of the examiners for the Civil Service Competitions noticing the care and accuracy with which the Dublin candidates have been taught, and awarding them the highest places; we regard these

things as sounder and better proofs of usefulness, than the applause which greets the vehement logic of Dr. Magee, or the brilliant periods of Mr. Lecky. No doubt both objects might be more perfectly attained than they now are, if there were more fellowships. Instead of having about half our fellows authors, they might almost all find time to write something. But this article is not on University Reform; it is merely intended to describe the present state of the Irish University.

Passing from the teachers to the pupils, we come to the really important features in Trinity College, as regards the proposed reforms in the English Universities. The statutes of the Irish College were indeed borrowed, as was its title, from its illustrious namesake at Cambridge. But not content with this great piece of audacity, the authorities proceeded in time to introduce important modifications into their laws. First, they opened the benefits of university education, and of college lectures, to non-residents. Strange to say, the date of this relaxation is unknown. It was allowed in practice a long time before the rules of the College sanctioned it. Down to the present century, the statutes forbade any student to pass the gates without a written order from his tutor. This rule was systematically violated by men residing in the town more than a century ago. But the innovation seems to have been gradual, and its exact date forgotten. Secondly, they admitted Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters to all their degrees (except Divinity) as early as the year 1793. The reasons which actuated them are obvious enough. The poverty of the country prevented many deserving youths from living within the College; and if their parents resided in Dublin, they might attend lectures daily, and receive the other advantages of a higher education. The great number of Non-conformists made it unreasonable to confine the advantages of Trinity College to a minority, at least in numbers. But while the modifications as to religious liberty are still incomplete, and

want another step to render them satisfactory, the question of non-residence has been completely solved, and no longer occupies our attention. The University of Dublin had worked out the problem after her own fashion, a century, at least, before Oxford and Cambridge.

The students are now divided into three great classes: first, those (nearly 200) who reside within the walls, and submit to all the discipline of college life; secondly, those (about 400) who reside in the city of Dublin and its suburbs, and who attend lectures daily, as well as chapels, within the walls; thirdly, those (about 500) who reside at a distance, and who come up periodically to pass their terms by examination—perhaps the least important class of our students.¹ They are, to a great extent, excluded from the higher honors, by not attending the Professors' lectures, and, altogether, from obtaining professional certificates, for the same reason. But a bare B.A. degree they can obtain by paying eight visits to Dublin, and undergoing eight term examinations, extending over less than three years; and a good many poor ushers in schools, literates employed in the Church of England, Dissenting ministers, and other such deserving persons, do take advantage of this privilege. The total expense of the College course including the B.A. degree is about 84*l*. So far our system resembles that of the London University.

The second class is a very large one, owing to the accident of our being situated in the middle of a city where living is cheap, and where there is a numerous resident gentry. A great many of the students live in Dublin, subject only to attending the College chapel, if they belong to the Church of England, but attending lectures daily, spending most of their time in College

rooms, dining in the Hall, joining in all the sports, the debating societies, the conversations, the interests of the resident students. This great benefit, which they receive from the residents, they repay by asking them in turn to their parents' houses, where the society of ladies supplements in no unimportant manner the defects of a college life. Indeed, the influence of abundant ladies' society upon the morals of the students is, as might be expected, most salutary. Though lodgings in Dublin are beyond the control of the Junior Dean, they are not popular among the students, who greatly prefer residing within the walls. Even those whose parents live in Dublin often come into residence, and the chambers are always full to overflowing. Young men are sometimes waiting for weeks before they can obtain them. The number of residents is nearly 200. But this number by no means represents the amount of students who get the benefit of at least a temporary residence. They are so constantly going down for a year, and coming up,—so constantly going out into the town to live with their parents, who come up for the season,—there is so constant an ebb and flow, that I believe one-third of our undergraduates participate more or less in real college life; another third, at the least, sleep out of the college, but live constantly within its walls.¹

Many men do not think of residing till they begin their professional course, and then stay one or two years after their degree. The largest and most

¹ The practical English reader may wish to have some figures to guide him. A return was ordered by the House of Commons in June 1867, of the number of undergraduates who had *kept their term* by attendance at lectures, which was considered equivalent to residence. It must be observed, that a large number of students go off the books in the June of every year, also that a large number of men who reside in Dublin, and in the College, during the other terms, go down in May for the summer. The return gave as residents 568, as non-residents 488. If temporary absentees, and irregular residents who lost their terms, were considered, they would transfer 150 to the former from the latter number.

¹ Of 354 men who began their course in 1867-8, I find that 174 attended lectures in Arts during some part of the year, showing that about 50 per cent. must be residing in the College, or in Dublin. But of this again.

remarkable of our professional schools is now the Medical School. By the constant exertions of the great leaders of the professions, they have persuaded the Irish public that general education is no less important than special, if the care of the souls, the bodies, and the rights of men are to be entrusted to gentlemen, and not to mere handicraftsmen. Hitherto, more than seventy students have annually joined the Divinity School. The Law School is now thriving, and was increased by more than sixty this year. But in the Medical School we have over eighty entrances, and there are 239 students pursuing the Arts course, as well as their hospital and dissecting-room attendance. The University degree is becoming essential to a respectable physician in Ireland. This great result would not have been possible, had residence within the College been compulsory. It was even necessary to make some relaxations in the Arts course required from all professional students. But we can confidently point to the social position of the Bar, the Church, and the Medical profession in Ireland, as a justification for the course adopted by the Irish University.

A constant intercourse between the students of the various professional schools, and between these and the students in Arts, is surely of great importance in giving breadth and fairness to their respective views, and also in imparting to each some knowledge of the requirements of other professions than their own. Our Divinity School, for example, is worked on a principle exactly the reverse of that followed at Maynooth, *where Divinity students are supported*, and from which all lay students are rigidly excluded. The clergy are even now too full of *idola specus* for us to desire them to be trained as a separate caste, apart from those who have to learn from them, and to criticise them. And when our University is secularised completely, by opening the fellowships to Nonconformists, the most difficult problem will be to prevent the Divinity School, if separated from the

rest of the College, and not worked by the clerical tutors as part of their official duties, from degenerating into a hotbed of bigotry, like its Roman Catholic sister.

To any one who considers calmly the past history of the Irish University, the opening of the fellowships, to which I have alluded, must appear a necessary consequence. In 1793 the advantages of obtaining degrees were extended to Nonconformists. Every prize established since then has been left open to them. They are now eligible to all the professorships, except three or four which are confined to the fellows, and are paid from the tutorial funds chiefly. As the terms of the Charter excluded them expressly from the foundation, non-foundation scholarships, indefinite in number, were created for all who might deserve them, with the same emoluments, but without votes in the constituency, on account of the charter. These votes, however, they can and do obtain through a Master's degree. There is no money prize, except those in the Divinity School, and the fellowships, withheld from them. In consequence of these liberal terms, a large and constantly increasing number of Protestant Dissenters and Roman Catholics enter the University, and are among its most distinguished students. They are, I think, more anxious to reside within the College than the rest of our students. If the percentage (now more than eleven) of Roman Catholics seems very small, the reader must remember: first, that the Catholic priesthood has always used its great influence against Trinity College; secondly, that almost the whole gentry of Ireland are Churchmen, and that the number of Roman Catholics who seek now for lay University education must be very limited: it is essentially the religion of the lower classes, just as Protestant Dissent is essentially the religion of the mercantile classes, in Ireland. Even if the fellowships were thrown open, they must be greatly increased in number to produce any considerable increase of students from the shrewd

Northern Dissenters,¹ and in no case would the Roman Catholics for generations become a real majority in the University. This will, perhaps, be an encouragement to Irish Protestants when the question of removing religious disabilities comes to be discussed.

A most important step in that direction has already taken place within the body of the fellows. Originally they were all compelled to be clerics, save three, and this rule was rigidly enforced; within the last generation, a habit gradually crept in of obtaining the leave of the Board to dispense with Holy Orders, by means of a Queen's letter. This privilege, though always granted with reluctance, has been repeatedly extorted by men who felt indisposed to the restraint of the clerical profession; and since the agitation on the Irish Church question, all the fellows elected have remained laymen. There are at present eleven lay fellows among thirty-five. These men take no part in religious instruction whatever. They might be Calvinists or Atheists, as far as their college duties are concerned. The transition from a lay Churchman occupied in purely secular teaching, to a Disenting or Catholic layman doing the same thing, is not surely very great or revolutionary. Other important consequences will follow from the change, but these it is not our present object to discuss.

It remains for us to give an account of the revenues of the Irish University. While on other points her work, her merits, and her defects are passed over in silent contempt, on this her enemies in Ireland have studiously disseminated falsehoods, for the purpose of exciting prejudice against her. But what prejudice is there in being rich? The reader will probably wish for himself nothing better than to be assailed by such a prejudice. Yet surely it is unsatis-

factory, and often very costly, even for individuals, to be considered much richer than they really are. For a public institution, and more especially a public institution in Ireland, to be considered richer than is the case, is not only unsatisfactory, but a grave danger; for the Ultramontane party have not hesitated to declare that the fact of a Protestant institution being richly endowed is an offence to the Irish people; they think such institutions should be despoiled, while they disclaim any wish to share in the spoils, so that poverty, after all, has some advantages:—

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.

In order to afford themselves premises for this very outrageous argument, a certain party in Ireland have been suborning false witnesses in Parliament to state the income of Trinity College at 100,000*l.*, its State endowments at 60,000*l.* a year, and so forth. The Board were even said to divide the surplus yearly, like a joint-stock company. This statement came from a graduate and a sometime scholar of the College! The philosopher who desires to investigate the important question: how often a lie has to be told to become true,—will find important materials in the history of these repeated assertions. The Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, are now believed to be rusting in complete idleness, and wallowing in untold riches. A correspondent of a leading English paper, some months ago, ventured to name a definite sum, which might afford the imagination of his countrymen some idea of the treasures over which these bloated sinecurists kept their silent and listless watch. The value of a tutorship was approximately guessed at 7,000*l.* per annum! and this income did not include special fees and other unexplained salaries! Is this the preliminary knowledge upon which the English people mean to legislate next year about the University education of Ireland?

What are the real facts of the case? The land-grants from the State to Trinity College amount to about 31,000*l.* a year, in other words, to a little more than

¹ These practical people turn their brains to some better account, at least from a commercial point of view, than "sitting for fellowships," as it is called, like the poor cripple at the Pool of Bethesda, who had to wait for the angel to move the waters, and then saw some one else step in before him. Many candidates have been kept eight or ten years in this agony.

the yearly State grant to the theological College of Maynooth. We have about 6,000*l.* yearly in private bequests.¹ *This is the whole endowment.* The College earns by the fees of students, by chamber-rents, and by the fees for degrees,—that is to say, *by its own efficiency*,—about 27,000*l.* more. Of course this latter sum is carefully added to the endowments by its opponents. Probably the Government will expect Trinity College to pay it back to them, if they succeed in appropriating the State grants, and cannot find it. Such a result is not impossible, if the English people do not choose to inform themselves on the subject.

Starting, then, from a State grant, amounting to 31,000*l.* a year, the University of Dublin keeps up a full staff of thirty-five fellows, including tutors and professors in various branches of science; one hundred studentships and scholarships, and numerous lesser prizes; a Divinity School with four professors, a Medical School with fifteen, a Law School with two, an Engineering School with four; she keeps up the necessary lecture-rooms, dissecting-rooms, laboratories, museums, libraries, and botanical gardens. The University library and the Observatory alone cost 1,500*l.* a year. She educates nearly 1,300 students in all these departments, and among them she educates hundreds of Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters. It may be well to give some statistics, as very false opinions are current on the subject. In the first place, the Episcopalian students are both theological and lay, as their only Divinity School is attached to Trinity College. Of course theological students among Roman Catholics and Dissenters must, under any circumstances, go to their own colleges, and could not *ex hypothesi* be educated by us. It is then the percentage of Nonconformists among our *lay students* which is the important question. According to a return made

in April 1868 to the House of Commons, there were in all 1,392 names on the College books, including a good many professional students, who were graduates. We must subtract from this number 100 actual theological students, and at least 120 intended for the Church in the junior classes. Of the remaining 1,172 lay students, 159 are Nonconformists, viz. more than 13½ per cent. Of these, 76 were Roman Catholics, and 83 of various Protestant sects. To show how rapidly this proportion is changing, let us notice the youngest of the classes, the Junior Freshmen of 1869. Of the present number, 302, about 60 may be considered as having entered for theological purposes. Of the rest, 27 were returned as Roman Catholics, and 23 as Dissenters; in other words, nearly 21 per cent. were Nonconformists!¹ Great stress should be laid on this elimination of theological students from the calculation. It is the only way of obtaining a true conception of the amount of support which the University now receives from those whom she was asserted to have excluded.

This is the institution which members of Parliament have the audacity to compare with the theological College of Maynooth. They are indeed similar in one respect; the amount of State money granted to each is nearly the same. But while Maynooth has not been able even to lay up her master's talent in a napkin, and say, "There thou hast that is thine,"—while she has come before the public with a building debt to be remitted,—of the University of Dublin it may well be said, "Thy talent hath gained five." It is perhaps the only English institution which ever really succeeded in Ireland. If the growth of English plantations in Ireland is so precarious and delicate, it would seem very absurd to interfere with the only flourishing specimen. This it is which makes the problem of University reform in Ireland both easy and difficult. It is likely that no

¹ As antiquity of possession is becoming a very bad title to property in Ireland, it may be consoling to think that these bequests are posterior to that notable limit of proposed robbery, the year 1660.

¹ It should be added that a good many Presbyterians return themselves as Churchmen, and voluntarily attend religious duties in the College.

remodelled Irish University will be at all successful, except it be brought under the name and the *prestige* of Trinity College, Dublin. But it is also evident that any change which would shake public confidence in that institution, would do more harm than the benefits of the most liberal reform could counter-balance. When the right time comes, the problem must be discussed from this point of view.

It is enough, for the present, to have shown that the work done by the Irish University is fully in proportion to her wealth. The total income of the University and Colleges at Oxford has been stated at 600,000*l*. If this be true (and experience has taught us to receive all such statements with great caution), her Irish sister does her work with one-tenth of that income; and the work she does is certainly a great deal more than one-tenth that done by Oxford. We repeat, almost half her income is earned by her own efficiency. But for this fact, her endowments would be quite insufficient to support even her present very scanty staff of teachers. This is as it should be. No college intended for the benefit of the public should be allowed to exist without accomplishing its object. There is, however, another supposed use of universities, which can hardly be classed under so commercial a title as benefiting the public. At least the ordinary public are very slow, both in receiving and appreciating the benefit. It is thought desirable to have retirement and leisure afforded to men of intellect, in order that they may devote themselves to the promotion of science and literature. There seems a great difficulty in securing this latter point. Suppose you find your genius, and appoint him to his modest competency, what is to be done if he turns idle? You cannot compel him to produce intellectual work by contract within fixed periods.

The University of Dublin has an answer to give on this matter also. But in the present article the main design has been merely to convey information to the English reader. All controverted points have been either

omitted, or touched upon but lightly. A great number of minor facts, and all the statistics easily to be ascertained by consulting the Dublin University Calendar, have been passed over. But there is a certain aspect of things which college calendars cannot possibly supply. In any case it requires an intimacy of years, or else a residence within the atmosphere of Colleges, to unravel their mysteries and comprehend their innumerable details. The interpretation of the Dublin University Calendar is considered one of the most important attainments of an experienced College tutor. To the English stranger, then, the foregoing sketch was intended to convey the facts: that there is a certain University in Dublin, consisting of one College, and hence popularly called Trinity College, Dublin; that this University embraces all the Faculties, and instructs students in Arts, in Law, in Philosophy, in Medicine, and in Engineering, besides her special Theological School; that this University has been solving the question of Religious Tests, by opening all the prizes which the governing body were competent to open to all sects and creeds, and that, in consequence, the so-called Protestant University of Ireland has been educating and rewarding a large number of Non-conformists. This great contrast with Maynooth has been deliberately ignored in the House of Commons. But if the charter of the University of Dublin has prevented us from working out fully the question of religious tests, the question of University extension has been completely solved, by the wisest of methods, *that of gradual and insensible relaxation*. Paying sixteen guineas per annum as his College fees, a young man may live where and how he likes, and at the same time pass the examinations, and obtain the distinction of a degree in arts. Without increasing this very moderate fee, he may (by residing in Dublin) attend all the ordinary and honor lectures in Arts, and all the special lectures in Law and Divinity. But it is a matter of experience, which almost any tutor can verify, that whatever a country lad's original intentions

may have been, as soon as he enters the University his feelings begin to gravitate towards Dublin; when in Dublin, they gravitate towards living within the College.¹

If English University reformers wish to study the question honestly, and if the Imperial Government really desires to do justice to Ireland, it is incumbent on them to weigh carefully all these things, and not to legislate without a much more intimate knowledge of them than they now possess, or pretend to possess. The very fact that Ireland is a disturbed and unhappy country has caused the University to develop and reform its constitution much more rapidly than Oxford and Cambridge have done. The great difficulties of contending with poverty, with an adverse religion, and with the neglect and ignorance of a denationalized and absentee aristocracy² — all these have roused the successive Boards of Trinity College from at least some of that listlessness and that apathy which characterise the comfortable dons of secure universities in secure countries.

That Trinity College, Dublin, should have succeeded at all in the face of these adverse circumstances, and against the analogy of all the other English institutions in the country, is itself a

phenomenon worthy of attention and of respect.

While these words were being written, another step in our development has been reached. The Board, yielding to the stress of public opinion *within our walls*, have announced that they are willing to concede all remaining privileges to Nonconformists. This wise decision called forth the strong approbation of the Liberal press in England, as well as of the enlightened Roman Catholics in Ireland. Did the so-called Liberal Government express the same satisfaction? Far from it. The Chief Secretary for Ireland has a very different policy. It is originated by the old gentleman who can oust him and his Irish colleagues from their seats. It is echoed by the Dublin priest who writes to the *Times*. Their objection is speciously worded. The change proposed will not satisfy *the people of Ireland*. What people? Is it the ignorant masses who have no voice or utterance save through Cardinal Cullen and his priests? They neither ought to have, nor have they, any opinion whatever on the matter. Is it the educated Catholics? They have declared themselves (so far as they dare) perfectly satisfied. Who, then, is this people of Ireland? The priests and the Ultramontane press. What do they want? It is cloaked in the House and in the *Times* under the specious phrases of "perfect equality" and of "religious education." It is expressed plainly, and with unblushing effrontery, by the Ultramontane press of Dublin. They want to pull down the University of Dublin, and strip it of its revenues: first, simply because they think it rich and respectable; secondly, because they can never hope to control the education within its walls. Will not the great Liberal party in England help us to fight our battle, and support us in the hour of danger? For the danger is near and great. If the reader doubts it, let him remember that the great body of the Irish members owe their seats not to Liberal constituents, but to the priests of the Church of Rome.

¹ The following statistics are worth knowing. We have seen that of the class entering in 1867-8, fifty per cent. lived (partly at least) in Dublin. In the class keeping its third year at the same time, I find that 171 kept terms. Of these, 102 attended lectures of some sort; in other words, sixty per cent., and this class had not arrived at the time for attending Divinity lectures.

² The habit of sending boys to English schools, and afterwards to the English universities, not for the sake of a better education (a plea never attempted), but that they may graft an English accent upon their brogue, and gain fashionable acquaintances among the English aristocracy — this habit is justly made a subject of bitter complaint by the national party in Ireland. Young men educated in such a way not only injure the country by the extravagant habits which they import, but by returning as strangers, and by becoming permanent absentees, as soon as they obtain their estates. The Conservative gentry will yet repent them bitterly for having put such a weapon into the hands of their opponents.

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ROMAN IMPERIALISM.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

III.—THE FIRST AND LAST PERIODS OF ROMAN IMPERIALISM COMPARED.

I HAVE already said that there are two very distinct periods in the imperial history, and that these are divided by a long revolutionary period of transition. The end of the first period I placed at Marcus Aurelius; we may be more precise if we choose and place it at the breaking out of the Marcomannic war. The beginning of the other period may be placed at the accession of Diocletian, when the unity and tranquillity of the Empire were restored and the outlines of the new system of government were sketched. The transition period which intervened is, perhaps, the most melancholy in European history. It presents some of the worst tyrannies, some of the bloodiest revolutions, and some of the most enormous calamities in history. It presents Europe suffering from two plagues at once; the one the plague properly so called; the other, a mutinous, omnipotent, and half-barbaric soldiery.

To this middle period I shall not again call your attention. I propose now to place the first and third periods before you in contrast, in order to make more clear the radical and universal change which had taken place in the interval. In other words, I propose to

institute a detailed comparison between the Empire under Hadrian or the Antonines, and the Empire under Constantine or Theodosius.

First, then, in the early period the Roman world was clearly and broadly separated from the barbaric, but in the latter period the separation has disappeared. In the earlier period certain nations belonged to the one and certain other nations to the other; the nations beyond the frontier were of a different stock from the nations within it. There was a distinction of blood, as well as of place and of institutions. In the latter period the physical boundary remains, and also the distinction of institutions; but the German blood is to be found in the Roman population as much as out of it. Germans are within the Empire, and not only so, but more diffused through the Empire than any other nationality. The Empire had before been a specific substance with a distinct form. It is still a distinct form, but the substance or stuff is no longer distinguishable from that of barbarism. The word Roman has ceased to be a national designation, and has become a legal or technical term. There are Roman citizens still in the

eyes of the law, but they are as likely to have the features and habits of barbarians as of those who are not Roman citizens. There is still a Roman army; there are still legions officered still by centurions and tribunes; but the soldiers are now very commonly Goths, Vandals, and Sarmatians. There are still famous Roman generals, as in the days of Scipio and Marius; and famous victories are won, as in old days, over barbarous hordes; but Stilicho was a Vandal and Aëtius a Sarmatian, and their victories were won perhaps with Roman science, but certainly by barbarian hands. Even the forms are in some cases barbarous. Roman soldiers now rushed to the charge with the old German war-cry, called the *barritus*; when Julian became Emperor, he was lifted on a shield like a Frankish chief.

Even in the earlier period the word Roman had been stretched considerably beyond its original meaning. There were already multitudes of Roman citizens who had never set foot in Rome. But it was still a name denoting certain nations and excluding others, and it was still justified by the fact that Rome remained the seat of government and the centre of the Empire. It was considered the strangest instance of eccentricity in Tiberius that he retired without necessity from Rome, and deliberately preferred to live elsewhere; a hundred years later the first Antonine lived exclusively, and the second usually, at Rome. But now, not only had the word Roman ceased to be exclusive of any nationality, but it was used to describe an empire of which Rome was not the centre. Diocletian took the government away from Rome, and Constantine provided a worthy seat for it on the Bosphorus. Nor by this change did Rome merely cease to be the sole seat of government; it lost its metropolitan character altogether. The Emperors of the West abandoned it as well as those of the East. They preferred to it first Milan and then Ravenna. There are still other claims to the title of Roman, which the earlier Empire had possessed and which the later Empire

wanted. In the time of the Antonines the fact that the Empire had been founded by a conquering nation issuing from Rome, was still conspicuously seen in the distinction between those subjects of the Empire who had the Roman citizenship and those who had not. The distinction was becoming faint, but so long as it was recognised by the law, so long as in the army the legions consisting of Roman citizens were distinct from the allied cohorts and squadrons consisting of those who wanted the citizenship, so long the Empire might still be said, in a sense, to be Roman. But during the transition period this distinction also was effaced. When all the freemen of the Empire were placed on an equal footing, and the distinction between legions and allies disappeared in the army, the last visible record of Rome's conquest was obliterated.

We are accustomed to think of that Holy Roman Empire which disappeared from the world within living memory, as having been Roman only in name. The misnomer in that case was certainly more glaring, but it was hardly more real than in the case of the Empire of Constantine. It is true that the Empire of Constantine had arisen out of that of the Antonines without breach of continuity, and that the change had been gradual. Still it had been a very complete change; one by one most of the Roman characteristics had disappeared. The appropriateness of the title could only be discovered from history. The Empire might be called Roman, as Constantine might be called Caesar. But Constantine was as much connected by blood with the old Julian gens of Alba Longa as the vast political system half Oriental, half barbaric, in which so many nations were united, was connected with the drowsy old provincial town on the banks of the Tiber, which Ammianus has described for us.

If the Empire was no longer Roman either by nationality or in the sense of being connected as an appurtenance or dependency with the city of Rome, neither was it Roman in the sense of possessing the political institutions

which had originally belonged to Rome. Here the contrast between the age of Constantine and that of the Antonines is particularly marked. Under the Antonines the Empire retained much of the political character of the old Republic. It was in fact nearer to the Republic than it had been under the first Cæsars. Just at that exceptional period the State was guided by a President for life, nominated by his predecessor from among the most promising men of the age, possessing indeed power limited by nothing but his will, but choosing for the most part to regard his Senate with deference. This Senate was a chosen body of distinguished men selected by the Emperor from the whole Empire, and required to take up their residence in Italy. They formed a dignified club at Rome, and gave a powerful expression to the feelings of the upper classes. The old Republic had often witnessed a similar government, when a Dictator had managed the State with the confidence of the aristocratic Senate. The monarchical element was there but in the form least repugnant to Republicanism, for the monarch was not hereditary nor separated by any clear demarcation from his subjects.

In the time of Constantine the government is essentially different, for the Senate as an organ of general aristocratic opinion has practically disappeared, and the Life-President has become a Sultan. Both these changes were natural, and omens of them had appeared even before the Antonines. The Senate of Nero was almost as insignificant as that of Constantine, and no Sultan could trample on human beings more contemptuously than Caligula. When the earlier Emperors were restrained, it was by their own good sense or virtue; the system was entirely without checks. But what before only the bad Emperors had been, every Emperor was now, and the Senate was now habitually as insignificant as before a bad Emperor had occasionally made it. An Augustus, a Trajan, an Antoninus, had found it politic, and perhaps judged it right, to treat the Senate with great

respect, and to secure its co-operation in government. But the Emperors of the later series who answer best to these, and who were the wisest rulers—Diocletian, Constantine, Valentinian, Theodosius—steadily disregarded and trampled on the Senate; only a weak Gratian flatters it. Nor has it only lost favour with the Emperors; it has suffered a great change of character. In the first place there is now no longer a single Senate, but two, one at Rome and another at Constantinople; and next, there are now a multitude of senators scattered through the provinces who do not practically attend the meetings of the body at either of the two capitals. These changes were calculated to destroy the influence of the Senate as an organ of public opinion. Its judgment was no longer the solemn decision of a picked body of distinguished men assembled at the centre of government. It was assembled partly at Rome, which was not the seat of government, but a venerated ancient city possessing a circle of very distinguished and extremely indolent, noble families; and partly at Constantinople, which was sometimes nominally the seat of empire, but often only the seat of the Eastern Government. The decisions of these two bodies might be contradictory, nor did they necessarily represent the opinion of the senatorian order which was scattered through the Empire. Thus changed in character, and steadily discouraged by the Emperor, the Senate loses almost all its influence. It is preserved as a convenient *nucleus of wealth* for the operations of the tax-gatherer. As a political organ it becomes only once again conspicuous, and that is when the Roman Senate makes its fruitless protest in favour of the ancient gods, and once more sits, as in the old Gallic invasion, to represent a lost cause and to be bearded by victorious invaders. When I say that the Emperor has become a Sultan, I mean, not only that he has assumed Oriental state, and a kind of sacred character as head of the Christian Church, but also that his immeasurable superiority to his subjects is admitted

by them in their hearts, that the very conception of liberty has disappeared, and that that period has already begun which only ended with the French Revolution, the period during which government had a supernatural character and exercised a dazzling or enchanting power over the minds of men. This spell, which the whole seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were uneasily labouring to shake off, was first thrown upon men's minds by Diocletian and Constantine. By these men the deep distinction that had so long existed between the Greeks and Romans on the one hand, and the Orientals on the other, was effaced. They destroyed what we may call the classical view of life, which asserts human free will, and regards government merely as a useful and respectable machinery for economising power, and introducing order, beauty, and virtue into human affairs. In place of it they introduced the Asiatic view, which rests upon unalterable necessity, and elevates government into a divinity, teaching the subject to endure whatever it may inflict, not only without resistance, but without even an inward murmur; and, in short, to say to government what religion commands us to say to Providence, "Thy will be done."

With the Oriental theory of government was introduced Oriental cruelty and wastefulness of human life. In the earlier Empire there had been seen cruel Emperors, but now cruelty has become part of the system. The history of this time might be written in letters of blood. Executions, tortures, massacres, make the staple of the narrative even in the reigns of good Emperors. The great Theodosius massacres thousands of innocent people in a transient fit of passion. Constantine puts to death his wife and son. Valentinian, a brave and able Emperor, sheds as much blood as Caracalla, apparently from no bad motive, but only from a kind of mania for severity which has infected government. When the Emperor is of weak character, this uniform cruelty is intensified by his fears. Constantius does not appear to have been a monster

like Caligula or Nero; he was simply a weak man; yet his tyranny, as described by Ammianus, appears far more tremendous than theirs. Theirs at the utmost is European, his is Asiatic.

It is the redeeming feature of this despotism that the rule of hereditary succession is not habitually practised in it. The ablest generals are still frequently invested with the purple, and there appeared during this period rulers who, in their merciless energy and the vastness of their views, resembled the Czar Peter. But the hereditary principle would occasionally creep in, and when it did so it always inflicted irreparable injury. The evils of hereditary succession can be guarded against when they can be calculated upon. The real burden of government can then be devolved upon ministers. But when the law of birth intrudes itself into an elective monarchy, when a weak man or a child is placed upon a throne which is commonly filled by merit, he is expected to govern personally; no adequate ministerial organization is at hand to screen his deficiencies; and his incompetence tells to its full extent upon his empire. The hereditary principle should be excluded altogether if it is not exclusively adopted. The right of nominating his successor, which was given in the Roman Empire to the Emperor, gave him the power of ruining everything by a single act. One corrupt or partial appointment was fatal. The nepotism of Aurelius brought on the dismal revolutionary period; the nepotism of Theodosius brought in the barbarians.

The worst kind of government is that which is regarded by its subjects as divine, and at the same time is really weak. Such was the government of Constantius, of Honorius, of Valentinian III.; imbecile, and at the same time despotic, plaguing the world like an angry deity, and misgoverning it like an ignorant child. But these were exceptional cases. Government during this period was commonly at a higher level. It was Asiatic, but it was commonly able. Compared with Asiatic

governments, it was good. If the Emperor was regarded as a divinity, at least he earned his deification for the most part by merit. He was not such a deity as those which Egypt worshipped, a sacred ape or cat, but rather a Hercules or Quirinus who had risen by superhuman labours to divine honours. But compared with the government of the Antonines, it was barbaric. The Empire has fallen into a lower class of states. Reason and simplicity have disappeared from it. Subjects have lost all rights, and government all responsibility. The reign of political superstition has set in. Abject fear paralyses the people, and those that rule are intoxicated with insolence and cruelty. It is an Iron Age.

Government having assumed godhead, assumes at the same time the appurtenances of it. It is surrounded with "thousands of angels." A principal feature of this age as contrasted with that of the Antonines is the enormous multiplication of offices and officials. In this respect the Empire had from the beginning advanced upon the Republic. I have already shown that the most conspicuous change introduced by the imperial system was the creation of a number of great offices principally of a military character. A kind of martial regularity and strictness of discipline had been given to the State. By the side of the old civic and free organization had been placed a military organization which was despotic. Under the Antonines the two had subsisted together in harmony, and despotism had worn an almost republican dress. But the civic organization had now disappeared entirely, and had been superseded by a bureaucracy framed after the military model. The holders of function, who were originally elected by the people to rule over the people, have now become soldiers, bearing the commission and under the orders of the commander-in-chief. All officials alike bear the name of *milites*, and their service is called *militia*; even when their functions are purely civil they bear military titles, such as *centurio*, *principilarius*. It

seemed at the beginning of this period as if the very conception of any power not military had disappeared from the world. Where is now the toga of Cicero? The Empire had become a camp. But this state of things was not to last. It was indeed destined that all power should assume the military type; civil life was to be re-organized on the model of military life. But the distinction between the civil and the military power was brought back by Constantine soon after it had seemed to be lost. Civil life is merged for a moment in military, and is then again differentiated; but when it reappears, the military stamp is on it. The military title of praetorian prefect is given to four men whose functions are purely civil, and who exercise supreme jurisdiction each over a quarter of the Empire. Meanwhile the military functions are committed to new officers called *Duces*, the originals of our modern dukes; a distinctive war-office is created; there is a commander-in-chief of the infantry and a commander of the cavalry. The old *legatus*, such as he is described in the life of Agricola—a despotic sovereign within his own province, a general and a judge at the same time—has disappeared. The civil and military professions have been created, and each is elaborately organized; but the civil profession is an offshoot from the military. The Army, as it were, destroyed the State, and then created a new State out of itself.

Upon the system of the Antonines this is, in one sense, a great improvement. Such a vast empire evidently could not be satisfactorily governed without a complicated organization, nor could it be safe from disturbances without a separation of the civil and military governments. The distribution of the Empire into praefectures, vicariates, dioceses; the creation of an army, of public servants embodied and drilled with all the formality of an army; these were administrative reforms of the first magnitude, and they make the government of Constantine seem a far more finished machine than that of the

Antonines. But the well-being of a State does not always increase with the administrative efficiency of its government. An all-powerful government was created: since liberty in that age was out of the question, such a government, had it been wise, might have been the best thing for the State. But it was all-powerful for evil as well as for good, and in the end, after saving the Empire, it ruined it.

I showed in my last lecture that the Empire was essentially weak for want of the first conditions of vigour in a society,—population and industry. It was too weak to bear the ponderous weight of such a government. For, besides the cruelty, this government had all the wastefulness of Oriental rule. The army of officials might be necessary to carry on government, but they ruined the people. Their enormous number of itself entailed ruinous expenses. Moreover, in making ostentation a principle, the government had, as it were, committed itself to extravagance. Extravagance involved oppressive taxation, and the agents of this taxation, the official class, inevitably formed the habit of rapacity. Thus for the tyranny of an Emperor, to which in earlier times the people were sometimes exposed, was now substituted the uniform, universal, crushing tyranny of an official class.

Evils seldom come in this world without their compensations. I have been enumerating the symptoms of a long decay, the decay of a world. Steadily downward to a lower level of civilization and of happiness sank the Roman Empire. Its population barbarized by immigrations from beyond the frontier; its old civic freedom disappearing even from memory; its organ of opinion, the Senate, sinking into an insignificant committee of placemen; its Emperor putting off the sense of responsibility, and along with it all restraints of human feeling; its administration assuming a military ruthlessness and peremptoriness; its government generally becoming its own triumphant and insolent enemy,—Rome, the representative of European civilization, the

inventor of civilized jurisprudence and the inheritor of Greek philosophy, descends to the level of an Asiatic State. She passes through the fire to that military Moloch whose minister she had made herself. With genius dead, and the intellect fallen into such rudeness that she can scarcely tell us articulately the story of her woes, we see her more than once prostrate before one of those monstrous human idols that are worshipped in Asia, a silly creature educated in insolence and wearing a diadem, cruel and irresistible, deriving all his strength from human weakness, yet exacting copious libations of human blood and the utmost farthing of treasure. But to all these losses there were compensations, and these I proceed to consider. The Asiatic despotism had some points of advantage over the classic. Liberty, which in its old forms had disappeared, began to spring up in new ones. In the first place, at the moment when freemen sank to be slaves, slaves began to turn into freemen. We do not know distinctly the steps of the transformation, but, like all the other changes to which I have called attention, it took place between the age of the Antonines and that of Constantine. A class of agricultural serfs came into existence, attached to the soil and irremovable from the spot on which they lived. They are sometimes called slaves, but they appear to have had property, and they had rights against their masters and duties to the State. In the decay of population human beings had risen in value. The government wanted recruits for its legions, and began to lay claim to the services of those who before had been the chattels of private citizens. In the decay of industry it was necessary to provide for the cultivation of the soil. One of the peculiarities of this government, in which human free-will was almost suppressed, was its principle of assigning vocations by arbitrary compulsion to whole classes of men. Many governments have assumed the right of pressing people against their will into some vocations, particularly into military service. But in the

age of Constantine a principle of forced enlistment is applied to almost all functions. Men are forced into municipal offices against their will, in some cases they are pressed into trade. It was by another application of the same principle that one class of the population is bound to agricultural labour. The government, as it were, enlists an army of cultivators, whom it controls with as much rigour as its army, properly so called. These cultivators are in the strictest sense servants of the soil. They have a definite function in the community, and for the fulfilment of it they are responsible to the State. The State was no merciful master, but so far as it assumed authority over the serf it rescued him from the authority of his master. As the harshest system is better than individual caprice, we may believe that the lot of the *coloni* was better than that of the agricultural slaves of the earlier time. If so, an improvement is caused by the very principle of decay and dissolution, and the very rottenness of the carcase breeds new life.

At the same time there was spread through society a new principle, which, if it cannot properly be called Liberty, was a most powerful substitute for it. I have said that government had been erected into a divinity, and that the very tradition of liberty was lost. This is true, and yet a certain kind of resistance to government was carried on upon a vast scale, with unalterable resolution and with success. The edict of Diocletian commanding the Christians to sacrifice was resisted throughout the Empire; the resistance was maintained for seven years, until Diocletian's successor succumbed to it. Athanasius resisted Constantine and Constantius successfully. Ambrose not merely resisted, but rebuked and humbled Theodosius. This new spirit had indeed appeared in the Empire before the age of the Antonines. Aurelius had remarked what he called the "obstinacy" of a class of his subjects, but in his time the phenomenon, though striking, was not yet formidable. It became formidable early in the revolutionary period; and at the accession of Diocletian

this obstinacy had spread so widely, organized itself so well, and rehearsed its part so carefully, that it proved irresistible.

This obstinacy in the Empire achieved deeds as memorable as had been achieved by liberty in the Republic. Yet it was not liberty. Liberty is a proud spirit; it regards government as a mere instrument of human happiness, and resists it when it becomes evidently prejudicial to happiness. Liberty flashes out against the government that murders innocent men and dishonours women. Liberty is force of character roused by the sense of wrong. It is consistent, indeed, with a sense of duty and a willingness to bear just restraint; uncombined with these it achieves nothing lasting; but it is more often allied with turbulence and impatience of discipline. Such had been liberty in the old Republic, the rebellion of strong spirits against laws strained too far, self-assertion, sturdiness, combativeness. Such was not the Christian obstinacy. In this when it was genuine there was no rebellion, there was no assertion of right. Those who practised it were not less obedient, but more obedient than others. They had no turn for liberty; they had no quarrel with the despotism of the Cæsars; this they met, not in the spirit of Brutus or Virginius, but with religious resignation. The truth was, they were under two despotisms while others were under only one. They were not satisfied with submitting to the Cæsar who assuredly did not "bear the sword in vain;" they endeavoured to obey the law of Christ also. They bore the double burden with all patience. Those were not the times for free spirits to flourish in. In the soldier-ridden Empire there was no atmosphere of hope in which a spark of spirit could live or a breath of free heroism be drawn. To this class of simple feelings the Christian obstinacy does not belong. It arose from no impatience of restraint, but from a conflict of laws. The law of Christ carried it over the law of Cæsar. The spiritual sovereign prevailed over the temporal. They resisted one master in the interest

of another. Their resistance was without the feeling of independence, their rebellion without the wish for freedom; no movement of defiance in their mind, obedience was driven out by obedience and loyalty by loyalty. Therefore, saving the law of Christ, the Christians were the most loyal of the Emperor's subjects, and Christianity confirmed as much as controlled despotism. It produced a complete change in the attitude of the people to the Emperor. It made their loyalty more intense, but confined it within definite limits. It strengthened in them the feeling of submissive reverence for government as such; it encouraged the disposition of the time to political passiveness. It was intensely conservative, and gave to power with one hand as much as it took away with the other. Constantine, if he was influenced by policy, was influenced by a wise policy when he extended his patronage to the Church. By doing so he may be said to have purchased an indefeasible title by a charter. He gave certain liberties, and he received in return passive obedience. He gained a sanction for the Oriental theory of government; in return he accepted the law of the Church. He became irresponsible with respect to his subjects on condition of becoming responsible to Christ.

The difference, then, between the later series of Emperors and the earlier is this. The earlier Emperors were nominally Republican magistrates, but practically their power was unlimited. The later Emperors were avowedly Oriental despots, but their power had one important and definite limitation. On the other hand, the later Emperors had not so much active resistance to fear as the earlier. The spirit of liberty which prompts to active resistance was in the earlier period not quite dead; the spirit of religion and morality which was vigorous in the later period prompted only to passive resistance. The practical result was that the earlier Emperors could not venture upon so much cruelty as the later, and the later Emperors could not indulge so much caprice

as the earlier. In the first century the Romans submitted for years to all the frenzied whims of a lunatic; at last they killed him for his cruelty. The later Romans submitted frequently to much more cruel governments, but they firmly resisted the virtuous Julian when he tried to change their institutions.¹

The position assumed by the Church at this time towards government has determined its attitude throughout modern history. It has often controlled and defied kings, as Ambrose did; but it has always remained cold towards the spirit of liberty. Not that there is anything in Christianity incompatible with liberty, not that zealous champions of liberty may not be, or have not often been, zealous Christians. But Christianity sprang up and shaped its institutions at a time when liberty was impossible, and when the wisest course for men in existing circumstances was to abandon the dream of it. Therefore, the earliest documents of Christianity, the biographies of its Founder, and the early history of the Church, bear the stamp of political quietism. In all disputes between authority and liberty the traditions of Christianity are on the side of authority. Passive obedience was plausibly preached by the Anglican clergy out of the New Testament; when the opposite party sought Scriptural sanction for the principles of freedom, they were swayed irresistibly back upon the Old Testament, where rebellions and tyrannicides may be found similar to those which fill classical history. The whole modern struggle for liberty has been conducted without help from the authoritative documents of Christianity. Liberty has had to make its appeal to those classical examples and that literature which were superseded by Christianity. In the French Revolution men turned from the New Testament to Plutarch. The former they connected with tyranny; the latter was their text-book of liberty. Plutarch furnished them with the teaching they

¹ At the beginning of the third century the aristocracy of Rome looked on with an enormous patience while a shameless Syrian priest insulted its gods and its religion.

required for their special purpose, but the New Testament met all their new-born political ardour with a silence broken only here and there by exhortations to submission.

But this, which has been the weakness of Christianity in recent times, was its strength in the first ages of its existence. The spirit of Liberty and the spirit of Nationality were once for all dead; to sit weeping by their grave might for a time be a pious duty, but it could not continue always expedient or profitable. Yet this is the attitude of the age of Trajan. Tacitus makes it his object to nurse the ancient spirit as much as possible. He canonizes the martyrs of the Senate—Pætus, Rusticus, Helvidius. He studies to feel like a senator, though conscious that the dignity of that name is only traditional. He studies to feel like a Roman, though alien blood is everywhere corrupting the purity of race; but he cannot prevent the corruption of Roman blood, nor check the inundating flood of foreign manners. Plutarch buries himself in the past, and by the power of imagination re-peoples with its ancient heroes the depopulated and demoralized Greece into which he was born. In the age of the Antonines, to read of Epaminondas, Dion, Timoleon, might be entertaining and elevating, but it could not be practically useful, for it was neither possible nor desirable to imitate such examples. A literary man, like Plutarch, might not keenly feel the hopeless contrast between the reality and his ideal, but Tacitus, in the Roman senate, feels it, and hence the cynical despair that pervades his works. It was, therefore, the strength of Christianity that it renounced this unprofitable ideal. When it came forward, in the age of Constantine, to lead the thought of the Empire, it presented a programme in which Liberty and Nationality were omitted. A noble life had before been necessarily a free and public life, but the New Testament shows how virtue may live under the yoke of an absolute government, and in a complete retirement from politics. Patriotism had been the great nurse of morality; the

πόλις had been the centre by which human beings had been held together. Christianity arose from the destruction of a nationality, and showed its power principally in effacing national distinctions, and in uniting first Jew and Gentile, and afterwards Roman and Barbarian. Who can wonder at its success? To a universal empire it offered a universal morality; by limiting despotism it relieved the people, and by sanctioning despotism it compensated the despot.

Thus the age was made somewhat happier by receding further from liberty. Under the Antonines it was fully conscious of its loss, and looked back with regret; but now it had forgotten its loss, had found for itself new objects, and was again looking forward. Tyranny was more cruel, and misery was more wide-spread, than in the days of the Antonines; but it was less felt, because the age had occupations which absorbed it, and was possessed with thoughts which, in a measure, numbed the sense of pain. The political languor of the age of the Antonines was not compensated by any intellectual or speculative activity. The old ideas were still before men's minds, but constantly becoming more obsolete; the old creeds were still officially accepted, but with less and less belief; the old sacrifices were still performed, but with less and less devotion. Seldom, perhaps, has there been a time when ideas had so little power over a highly civilized community. Roman literature was asleep; a movement was taking place in Greek literature, but it was of a popular and superficial kind. The itinerant Sophists, who travelled over the Greek world at this time delivering lectures or discourses, created perhaps something nearer to the popular literature of our own day than was known at any other period of antiquity. But they aim only at amusement, or very moderate edification; and the only one of them who has attained permanent fame, Lucian, exhibits most vividly the spiritual emptiness of the time. His dialogues are a universal satire—a satire upon what men do, but still more upon what they think, upon

what they profess to believe and to venerate. They give a low impression of the philosophy of the age; religious belief, except in the lowest forms of superstition, they represent as absolutely dead. Lucian writes for and of the people; a very different writer, a writer much too noble to be a fair representative of his age, the Emperor Aurelius, still shows us what was going on at the same time in the minds of the most cultivated. The ancient gods have disappeared from his creed, and no new objects of worship have taken their place. Piety remains, and serves to him as a kind of proof of the existence of its objects, but sometimes he feels the proof insufficient. Why should I care to live, he says, in a world void of gods and void of a Providence?

Pass over the revolutionary period, and what a contrast! We find ourselves in an age when ideas, good and bad, have an overmastering influence, and when, in particular, the sense of religion is more universal and more profound than it had ever been in the world before. Thoughts, reasonings, controversies, which in the age of the Antonines had been but languid in the schools, had now made their way into the world, and lived with an intense life. The populace, which in the age of the Antonines lies, as it were, outside the province of history, having neither opinions nor purposes, which counts in politics only as something to be fed and to be amused, as a reason for bringing corn-fleets from Egypt and Africa, and for building amphitheatres—this populace, now in still greater poverty, and falling into a misery from which no government could any longer relieve it, is filled with vehement opinions, ardent beliefs, disinterested enthusiasm. Under the iron military rule human will and character begins to live again. Violent passions surge again, party divisions reappear, acts of free choice are done, men fight once more for a cause, once more choose leaders and follow them faithfully, and reward them with immortal fame. The trance of human nature is over, men are again busy and at work, in spite of tyranny and misery. The

sense of a common interest thrills again through a vast mass, as it had thrilled through the citizens of Rome in old republican days; but the mass is now composed, not of the citizens of a single city, but of the population of a world-wide empire. Representatives of many nations appear in the great parliament at Nicæa; the leaders in the party conflict which raged there had their enthusiastic followers in every country in which Roman camps had ever been pitched. For the first time it might be said that the Empire was alive. Up to this time the nations of which it was composed had been held together but by military force. Now for the first time they thought and felt in unison; now they had an organization not imposed from without but developing from within; now they had a common imperial culture and system of philosophy.

Yet all this vivid activity, which contrasts so strongly with the languor of the age of the Antonines, was compatible with a despotism infinitely more absolute than that of the Antonines. Under the paternal rule of Aurelius the people had remained inert and lifeless; under the afflicting tyranny of Valentinian they lived, willed, and acted with spirit and energy. The explanation of this is that, as I have said, the later despotism was one which secured itself by accepting limitations. Its subjects surrendered finally one-half of their liberties on condition of enjoying securely the other half. For a nominal freedom, which was in fact an unlimited slavery, they accepted an undisguised but limited slavery. Human free-will made terms with the victorious power of government, and accepted a fraction, but a secure fraction, of its original possessions. The corporate life of man, which hitherto had been one and undivided, began now to be regarded as twofold. A distinction was introduced like that which we now recognise between political life and social life. In political life despotism reigned with more undisputed title than ever, and was more remorselessly cruel. But from social life despotism was almost expelled; within this not narrow domain a govern-

ment was set up which, whatever its faults, had influential parliaments and popular magistrates. The distinction was drawn roughly enough, and between the two authorities there was frequent border war; but the distinction was maintained, and was no small compensation to those unfortunate generations, the hard-pressed garrison of the beleaguered citadel of civilization.

It was in this way that a considerable share of liberty was reconquered in the Roman Empire, that the distinction between political and social life was first established, and that human free-will, expelled from the channels in which it had been accustomed to flow, found for itself a new channel. But what was the force by which this change was effected? It was a force which had seemed almost dead—the force of Theology. During the revolutionary period the sceptical philosophies lost their influence, and so did that system of moral philosophy which threw man back upon himself. An age of faith set in, an age in which a large class had found a view of the universe which was satisfying and inspiring to them; and in which even those who had not, acknowledged the necessity of finding such a view, and endeavoured in various ways to do so. A Theology was the necessity of this age: those who had not got one wished for one; those who rejected the most powerful and satisfying theology had recourse to less satisfying systems, and to spasmodic revivals of systems that were extinct. Outside the Christian Church, as well as within it, Theology was everywhere. In the time of the Antonines the most conspicuous fact, as I have said, is the decline of old beliefs. Doubtless the routine of rustic superstition went on as in earlier times; nor did philosophers speak generally with Lucian's contempt of the ancient gods. Plutarch has an explanation of them which warrants a sort of belief, but this explanation is evidently a concession to conservative feeling. The Gods are venerated in the same way as the Senate, that is, for the sake of the past and on the condition of doing nothing. The exceptions to this, such as Apollonius,

who had a more positive religious feeling, were in the earlier age only numerous enough to show the possibility of a Pagan revival. During the revolutionary period this revival took place. The philosophers passed to theology over the bridge of Platonism. The close juxtaposition into which the different systems of religion prevailing in the different parts of the Empire had been brought, revealed certain features common to all. The revivalists fastened upon these common features, and Paganism in its last age returned to what was perhaps its earliest form, and became Sun-worship.

This movement was spasmodic. The zeal of Julian, Porphyry, and others of that school, was not inspired by a belief, but by the wish for a belief. The influence moves in the wrong direction; it passes not from the belief to the men, but from the men to the belief. Their religion does not reanimate them, but they reanimate their religion. As a proof, however, of the need felt in that age for a religion, it is all the more striking. It was not by these Neo-Platonists and Neo-Pagans that that revival of human freedom and human activity of which I have spoken was produced, but the revival of Paganism shows more clearly than the introduction of Christianity the steady set of men's minds and feelings in that age towards religion. The picture I have given of the late Empire may suggest to us two among the many causes of this phenomenon.

First, then, the age was religious, because it was an age of servitude. Religious feeling is generally strong in proportion to the sense of weakness and helplessness. It is when man's own resources fail that he looks most anxiously to find a friend in the universe. Religion is man's consolation in the presence of a necessity which he cannot resist, his refuge when he is deserted by his own power, or energy, or ingenuity. Negroes are religious, the primitive races in the presence of natural phenomena which they could not calculate or resist were intensely religious; women, in their dependence, are more religious

than men; Orientals under despotic governments are more religious than the nations of the West. On the other hand, a time of great advance in power, whether scientific power over Nature, or the power to avert evils, given by wealth and prosperity, is commonly a time of decline in religious feeling, until man's wants, ever growing with his acquisitions, strike again against the impassable boundary. The age when Europeans became as subject and as helpless as Orientals naturally made them also as religious as Orientals.

Secondly, the Empire was made religious by vast calamities and miseries. It was during the revolutionary period that it took the religious stamp, and that, as I have pointed out, was the age of the Plague and also of unparalleled political disasters. In the presence of such evils, there was no choice but between religion and stoical apathy. The effect of the Plague is visible in the traces at this time of a revival of the worship of *Æsculapius*. Men cried to any deity that might be able to aid, and renounced the scepticism that left them helpless in their utmost need. And as the weather did not clear, as plague followed plague through nearly a century, and when this evil was removed the *fæcus* and the barbarian afflicted society almost as heavily, men must have come to consider existence itself an evil, had not religion held before their eyes a future state. Those whose whole lives were spent in watching decay and dissolution, who were borne upon a steadfast backward current, who were familiar with the dwindling of population, the disappearance of wealth, the fall of noble institutions, the degradation of manners and culture, could not have been reconciled to life by any plain view of things, by any sober calculations. They could only repair such losses and relieve such beggary out of the inexhaustible treasury of hope and faith. It was well that, in their painful search after objects of worship and after supernatural protection, men were not finally driven back upon the outworn imaginations of mythology. Those imaginations had been lovely in their spring-time, in the

days of Homer or *Æschylus*, but it was late autumn with them now; they were wholesome no longer. There is nothing more pestilential in the social atmosphere than the exhalations of stale poetry. It was also well that they found in the end something better than that Sun-worship which was gradually evolved out of the comparison of religions. This worship, indeed, was far from being utterly hollow or spasmodic, but men could no longer be content with the most dazzling material glory. "Two things fill me with wonder," said Kant, "the starry heaven without, and the moral principle within." It was these two awful things that contended for empire over the hearts of men in the fourth century. The invisible Deity vanquished the visible one. There was superstition on both sides, and a Claudian might fancy that to worship beauty in *Proserpina* was as ennobling as to worship corruption in the ashes of *Peter* and *Paul*. But it was not corruption that was worshipped at the shrines of the martyrs, but a higher thing than beauty—moral goodness.

It was because in that revolutionary period, that great chasm between the Old World and the New, the depth and breadth of which I hope I have now made clear to you, the Roman Empire, searching eagerly to find a religion, discovered in its bosom a worship which had the two things which the age demanded—a supernatural character, and an ideal of moral goodness; and it was in a secondary degree because that ideal was of a type suiting the age, presenting virtue in the social sphere which was still open to it, and not in the political from which it was now excluded: it was for these reasons that when in the later period all the liberty which had still lingered in the age of the Antonines disappeared, when Asiatic sultanism was set up and all public functions fell into the hands of military officials, when tyranny was most oppressive and searching, when human life was cramped and stunted to the utmost, the spirit of freedom was able to assert itself in a form hitherto undreamed of, and when expelled from the State to reappear in the Church.

A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER VII.

MR. SCANLAN went to London. How he went is by no means clear; but I rather suspect it was through a pearl brooch, which a rich and warm-hearted bride, just going out to India—a neighbour's daughter—greatly desiderated, and purchased. At any rate, it came about somehow that Josephine's purse was full, her jewel-case rather empty, and that her husband took his jaunt to the metropolis—a pleasure which he had longed for ever since Mr. Summerhayes began his yearly visits to Ditchley and the neighbourhood.

I do not want to depict this Mr. Summerhayes in villanous colours, with horns and a tail. I believe the very personage who owns those appendages may be not quite as black as he is painted, still I do not agree with those novel writers who will not call a spade a spade—who make us interested in murder, lenient towards bigamy, and amused with swindling, provided only it be picturesque. There does not seem to me such a wide distinction between the vulgar man who steals a leg of mutton or a loaf of bread, and the "genteel" man—let me not profane the word "gentleman"—who dines luxuriously, but never thinks of paying his butcher or baker; who, however deficient his income, lives always at ease, upon money borrowed from friends or kindred, with promise of speedy return. But it never is returned—was never meant to be; and the man, however charming he may be, is neither more nor less than a thief and a liar, and ought to be scouted by society as such. And till society has the courage to do it—to strip the fine feathers from these fine birds, and show them in their ugly bare-

ness, mean as any crop-headed convict in Pentonville Prison—so long will the world be cumbered with them, and the miseries they cause. Not to themselves: *they* never suffer, often flourishing on like green bay-trees to the end, or almost the end; but to other and most innocent people, who unhappily belong to them, and perhaps even love them.

Mr. Summerhayes was one of these, and he became the evil genius of Mr. Scanlan's life. Though younger than the Curate, he was a great deal older in many things from his superior knowledge of the world. They sympathised in their tastes, and each found the other very convenient and amusing company, when, year by year, Summerhayes made his sketching tour round the beautiful neighbourhood of Ditchley. There were great differences between them—for instance, the elder man was weak and pliable, the younger cool-headed and determined; the Irishman possessed a fragment of a heart and the ghost of a conscience—the Englishman had neither. On many points, however, they were much alike—with enough dissimilarity to make their companionship mutually agreeable and amusing. And as in both the grand aim of life was to be amused, they got on together remarkably well. Nay, in his own way Edward Scanlan was really quite fond of "my friend Summerhayes."

So was César, for a while; so was Adrienne—with the intense admiration that an imaginative child sometimes conceives for a young man, clever, brilliant, beautiful, godlike; insomuch that the mother was rather sorry to see it, and stopped as soon as she could without observation the constant petting which the artist bestowed, summer after summer, upon his little girl-slave, who followed him about with eyes as loving as a spaniel dog. This year, when he suc-

ceeded in carrying off their father, the two children envied Papa exceedingly, scarcely so much for the pleasures of London as for the permanent society of Mr. Summerhayes.

This, however, he did not get, as he soon found himself obliged to "cut" his friend, and the set the artist belonged to—which, in spite of their irreligious Bohemianism, the Curate liked extremely—for the sake of reviving his own former acquaintances, who had come up to attend the May meetings in Exeter Hall, and who were of a class, aristocratic and clerical, who looked down upon painters, poets, and such like, as devotees to the world, the flesh, and the devil,—and, besides, not exactly "respectable." Mr. Scanlan had to choose between them, and he did so—externally; but he nevertheless contrived to serve two masters, in a way that excited the amusement and loudly-expressed admiration of Mr. Summerhayes.

Often, after being late up overnight, in places which Exeter Hall could never have even heard of, and which, to do him justice, the innocent Curate of Ditchley knew as little about as any young lamb of his fold—only Summerhayes asked him to go, and he went—after this he would appear at religious breakfasts, given by evangelical Earls, and pious Duchesses dowager; where he would hold forth for hours, delighted to see reviving his former popularity. This did not happen immediately. At first he found the memories of even the best friends grew dulled after seven years' absence; but many were kind to him still. The exceeding sincerity and single-heartedness often found, then as now, among the Evangelical party—making them associate alike with rich and poor, patrician and plebeian—any one who, like themselves, holds what they believe to be "the Gospel"—stood Edward Scanlan in good stead.

After he had succeeded in making a platform speech—full of the Beast with seven heads and ten horns, the Woman in scarlet, and other favourite allegories by which, in that era of Catholic Eman-

cipation struggles, the Orange party always designated the Romish Church—many of his old admirers rallied round the once popular preacher. But he was in London—not Dublin—and had to deal with cool-headed Englishmen, not impulsive Hibernians. Though his former friends had not forgotten him, and were very glad to see him, still he was no longer "the rage," as he once had been. His blossoming season had a little gone by. He hung his head "like a lily drooping," before those full-blown orators who now mounted the rostrum, and discoursed on the topics of the day with an energy and a power which carried all before them, because they had a quality which the brilliant Irishman somewhat lacked—earnestness.

Of all places, London is the one where people find their level; where only under peculiar circumstances, and never for very long, is gilding mistaken for gold. The Church of England was beginning to pass out of that stage which the present generation may still remember—when the humdrum sermons of the last century were, by a natural reaction, replaced by the "flowery" style of preaching; now, in its turn, also on the decline. Names, Irish and English—which it would be invidious here to record, but which were fondly familiar to the religious world of that date—were a little losing their charm, and their owners their popularity. Mere "words, words, words," however eloquently arranged and passionately delivered, were felt not to be enough. Something more real, more substantial, was craved for by the hungry seekers after truth—who had brains to understand, as well as hearts to love—besides the usual cant requirement of "souls to be saved."

For such vital necessities the provender given by Mr. Scanlan and similar preachers was but poor diet. Vivid pictures of death and the grave, painted with such ghastly accuracy that it was no uncommon circumstance for poor women in fresh mourning weeds to be carried out fainting into the vestry; glowing descriptions of heaven, and horrible ones

of hell, as minute and decisive as if the reverend gentleman had lately visited both regions, and come back to speak of them from personal observation—sermons of this sort did not quite satisfy the church-goers of the metropolis, even in the month of May, and amidst all the ardours of Exeter Hall. No—not though backed by the still handsome appearance and Irish fluency—which so often passed current for eloquence—of the Curate of Ditchley. Many people asked who Mr. Scanlan was, and lamented, especially to his face, that he should be “thrown away” in such a far-distant pariah; but nobody offered him a living, a proprietary chapel, or even a common curacy. And he found out that the inducements and advices held out by Mr. Summerhayes on the subject, were mere random talk, upon a matter concerning which the artist knew nothing. He had urged Scanlan’s coming up to London with the careless good-nature which they both possessed, but now that he was there he found his guest rather a bore, and, in degree, turned the cold shoulder upon him. Between his two sets of friends, artistic and religious, it sometimes happened that the poor Curate had nowhere to resort to, and spent more than one lonely evening in crowded, busy London; which caused him to write home doleful letters to his wife, saying how he missed her, and how glad he should be to return to her. These letters filled her heart with rejoicing.

And when he did come back, a little crestfallen, and for the first day or so not talking much about his journey, she received him gladly and tenderly. But she rejoiced nevertheless. It was one of the sad things in Josephine’s life that her husband’s discomfiture was, necessarily, oftentimes to her a source of actual thankfulness. Not that she did not feel for his disappointment, and grieve over it in her heart, but she was glad he had found out his mistake. Her conscience was never deluded by her affections. She would as soon have led her boy César over ice an eighth of an inch thick, as have aided her

husband in anything where she knew the attainment of his wish would be to his own injury.

Nevertheless, when he came home,—worn and irritable, fatigued with London excitements, which were such a contrast to his ordinary quiet life, and none the better for various dissipations to which he had not the power to say No—Mrs. Scanlan was very sorry for him, and tried to make Wren’s Nest as pleasant as possible to him, supplying him, so far as she could, with all his pet luxuries, listening to his endless egotistical talk about the sensation he had created in London, and above all, accepting patiently a heap of presents, more ornamental than useful, which she afterwards discovered he had purchased with money borrowed from Mr. Summerhayes, and which, with other extraneous expenses, caused this London journey to amount to much more than the pearl brooch would cover. And César had already gone to school; Louis too—for the brothers pined so at being separated. At school they must be kept, poor boys! cost what it would.

Many a night did their mother lie awake, planning ways and means which it was useless to talk of to her Edward. In fact she had very much given up speaking of late: she found it did no good, and only irritated her temper, and confused her sense of right and wrong. She generally thought out things by herself, and mentioned nothing aloud until it was fully matured in her own mind. One plan, which had occurred to her several times since the day when Mr. Scanlan satirically suggested that she should apply for a clerk’s situation, and she had replied bitterly, “I wish I could!” finally settled itself into a fixed scheme—that of earning money herself, independent of her husband. For that more money must be earned, somehow and by somebody, was now quite plain.

To the last generation, the idea of women working for their daily bread was new, and somewhat repellent. First, because it was a much rarer necessity then than now. Society was

on a simpler footing. Women did work—in a sense—but it was within, not without the house: keeping fewer servants, dressing less extravagantly, and lightening the load of husbands and fathers by helping to save rather than to spend. There were more girls married, because men were not afraid to marry them; young fellows chose their wives as helpmates, instead of ornamental excrescences or appendages—expensive luxuries which should be avoided as long as possible. Consequently there were fewer families cast adrift on the world—helpless mothers and idle thriftless sisters thrown on the charity of kindred, who have their own household to work for, and naturally think it hard to be burthened with more.

But, on the other hand, the feeling, begun in chivalrous tenderness, though degenerating to a mere superstition, that it is not "respectable" for a woman to maintain herself, was much more general than now. And the passionate "I wish I could!" of poor Josephine Scanlan had been a mere outcry of pain, neither caused by, nor resulting in, any definite purpose. Gradually, however, the purpose came, and from a mere nebulous desire resolved itself into a definite plan.

She saw clearly that if, during the years that might elapse before her wealth came—years, the end of which she dared not look for, it seemed like wishing for Mr. Oldham's death—the family was to be maintained in any comfort, she must work as well as her husband. At first this was a blow to her. It ran counter to all the prejudices in which she had been reared; it smote her with a nameless pain. What would her father have said?—the proud old nobleman, who thought his nobility not disgraced by becoming a teacher of languages, and even of dancing,—anything that could earn for him an honest livelihood; who would have worked unceasingly himself, but never have allowed his daughter to work. Poor as they were, until her marriage Josephine had been the closely shut-up

and tenderly guarded *Mademoiselle de Bougainville*. But Mrs. Scanlan was, and long had been, quite another person. Nobody guarded her! Remembering her own old self, sometimes she could have laughed, sometimes rather wept.

But of that, and of a few other sad facts, her father had died in happy ignorance, and she was free. She must work—and she would do it.

But how? There lay the difficulty, greater then than even in our day. A generation ago, no one supposed a woman in the rank of a lady could do anything but teach children. Teaching, therefore, was the first thing Mrs. Scanlan thought of, but the scheme had many objections. For one reason, she was far from well-educated, and, marrying at sixteen, the little education she ever had would have soon slipped away, save for the necessity of being her children's instructress. She learned in order to teach; sometimes keeping only a short distance ahead of the little flock, who, however, being fortunately impressed with the firm belief that Mamma knew everything, followed her implicitly, step by step, especially the little girls. But even the boys, fragmentary as their education was, had been found at school not half so ignorant as she had expected; everything they knew they knew thoroughly. So the master said, and this comforted their mother, and emboldened her to try if she could not find other little boys and girls about Ditchley, to teach with Adrienne, Gabrielle, and Martin. Very little children, of course, for she was too honest to take them without telling their parents the whole truth, that she had never been brought up as a governess, and could only teach them as she had taught her own.

Gradually, in a quiet way, she found out who among the rising generation of Ditchley would be likely to come to her, as the mistress of a little day school, to be held in the parlour at Wren's Nest, or in any other parlour that might be offered to her; and then, all her information gained, and her plans laid, she prepared herself for what she con-

sidered a mere form, the broaching of the subject to her husband.

To her surprise it met with violent opposition.

"Keep a school! My wife keep a school!"—Edward Scanlan was horrified.

"Why should I not keep a school? Am I not clever enough?" said she, smiling. "Nevertheless, I managed to get some credit for teaching my boys, and now that they are away my time is free, and I should like to use it; besides," added she seriously, "it will be better for us that I should use it. We want more money."

"You are growing perfectly insane, I think, on the subject of money," cried the Curate in much irritation. "If we are running short, why not go again to Mr. Oldham and ask him for more, as I have so often suggested you doing?"

Ay, he had, till by force of repetition she had ceased to feel shame or indignation. But the suggestion was never carried out, for she set herself against it with a dull persistence, hard and silent as a rock, and equally invincible.

Taking no notice of her husband's last remark,—for where was the good of wasting words?—she began quietly to reason with him about his dislike to her setting up a school.

"Where can be the harm of it? Why should I not help to earn the family bread? You work hard, Edward." ("That I do," he cried eagerly.) "Why should not I work too? It would make me happier, and there is no disgrace in it."

"There is. What lady ever works? Shopkeepers' wives may help their husbands, but in our rank of life the husband labours only; the wife sits at home and enjoys herself, as you do."

"Do I?" said Josephine, with a queer sort of smile. But she attempted not to retouch this very imaginative picture. Her husband would never have understood it. "But I do not wish to enjoy myself, I had rather help you and the children. Nor can I see any real reason why I should not do it."

"Possibly not; you have such odd ideas sometimes. If I were a tradesman, you could carry them out; stand behind the counter selling a pound of tea and a yard of tape, calculating every halfpenny, and putting it all by,—which I daresay you would much enjoy, and be quite in your element. But my wife—a clergyman's wife—could not possibly so degrade herself."

"Why, Edward, what nonsense! Many a clergyman's widow has turned schoolmistress."

"As my widow, you may; as my wife, never! I would not endure it. To come home and find you overrun by a troop of horrid brats, never having a minute to spare for me; it would be intolerable. Besides, what would Ditchley say?"

"I do not know, and—excuse me, Edward—I do not very much care."

"But you ought to care. It is most important that I keep up my position, and that Ditchley should not know my exact circumstances. Why, the other day, when somebody was talking about how well we managed with our large family, I heard it said—'Of course Mr. Scanlan must have, beside his curacy, a private fortune.'"

"And you let that pass? You allowed our neighbours to believe it?"

"Why should I not? It made them think all the better of me. But I fear I never shall get you to understand the necessity of keeping up appearances."

"I am afraid not," said Josephine, slowly. "Perhaps we had better quit the subject. Once again, Edward, will you give me your consent, the only thing I need, and without which I cannot carry out my plans? They are so very simple, so harmless, so entirely for your own benefit and that of the family."

And in her desperation she did what of late she had rather given up doing; she began to reason and even to plead with her husband. But once again, for the hundredth time, she found herself at fault concerning him. She had not calculated on the excessive obstinacy which often co-exists with weakness. A strong

man can afford to change his mind, to see the force of arguments and yield to them, but a weak person is afraid to give in. "I've said it, and I'll stick to it," is his only castle of defence, in which he entrenches himself against all assaults; unless indeed his opponent is cunning enough to take and lead him by the nose with the invisible halter of his own vanity and selfishness. But such a course this woman—all honest-minded women—would have scorned.

Mrs. Scanlan found her husband, in his own mild and good-natured way, quite impracticable. He had taken it into his head that it was not "genteel" for a woman to work, especially a married woman; so work his wife should not, whatever happened.

"Not in any way, visible or invisible?" said she with a slight touch of satire in her tone. "And is this charming idleness to be for my own sake or yours?"

"For both, my dear; I am sure I am right. Think how odd it would look, Mrs. Scanlan keeping a school! If you had proposed to earn money in some quiet way, which our neighbours would never find out——"

"You would not have objected to that?" said Josephine eagerly.

"Very likely I might; but still not so much. However, I am quite tired of discussing this matter. For once, Josephine, you must give in. As I have so often to remind you, the husband is the head of the wife, and when I do choose to assert my authority—However we will not enter upon that question. Just leave me to earn the money, and you stay quietly at home and enjoy yourself, like other wives, and be very thankful that you have a husband to provide for you. Depend upon it this is the ordinance of Scripture, which says that marriage is a great mystery."

"Yes," muttered Josephine, turning away with that flash of the eye that showed she was not exactly a tame creature to be led or driven, but a wild creature, tied and bound, that felt keenly, perhaps dangerously, the careless hand dragging at her chain.

Most truly, marriage was a mystery—to her. Why had Heaven mocked her with the sham of a husband, ordered her to obey him, who was too weak to rule; to honour him, whom had he been a stranger she would in many things have actually despised; to love him!—ah! there was the sharpest torture of her bonds. She had loved him once, and in a sort of way she loved him still. That wonderful, piteous habit of loving—the affection which lingers long after all passion has died, and respect been worn out—which one sees in the beggared peeress who will not accept the remedy the law gives her, and part for ever from her faithless, spendthrift, brutal lord: in the costermonger's wife, who comes bleeding and maimed to the police-office, yet will not swear the peace against the savage she calls husband,—nay, will rather perjure herself than have him punished—God knows there must be something divine in this feeling which He has implanted in women's breasts, and which they never fully understand until they are married.

I did not, and I have often marvelled at, sometimes even blamed, this Josephine Scanlan, whose little finger was worth more than her husband's whole body,—that to the end of his days, and her days, she cherished a strange tenderness for the man to whom she had been bound by the closest tie that human nature can know.

Some chance interrupted their conversation at this critical point, and before she could get an opportunity of reviving it,—for Mr. Scanlan shirked the subject in every possible way,—she thought over the question, and arranged it in her own mind in a different form.

To go directly counter to her husband was impossible, and to yield to him equally so. That charming picture of domestic life with which he deluded himself, would result in leaving their children without bread. Certainly, the father earned money, but he spent it as fast as he earned it, in that easy, Irish fashion he had, which his poor old mother knew so well! As to how it was spent, nobody quite knew; but nobody seemed

any the better for it. That creed, fortunately not a true one, which I once heard nobly enunciated by a stout father of a family, "that a married man must always sacrifice himself to either wife or children," did not number among its votaries the Rev. Edward Scanlan.

His wife must earn money; she knew that, but she thought she would take him at his word, and try to do it, as he said—"in some quiet way." And suddenly a way suggested itself, after the curious fashion in which the bread we cast upon the waters is taken up again after many days.

The woman who had been nurse to unhappy Mrs. Waters, overwhelmed by the fatal termination of her duties in this case, gave up her vocation as attendant on the insane; and, being a clever and sensible person, started a little shop for ladies' and children's clothes, lace-cleaning and mending, and other things for which the wealthy families hereabout had hitherto required to send to London. She prospered well—not unhelped by advice from her good friend Mrs. Scanlan, whose exquisite French taste, and French skill in lace and embroidery-work, had never quite deserted her. In her need, Josephine thought whether she could not do for money what she used to do for pleasure. Priscilla Nunn always wanted "hands," which were most difficult to find. Why should not the Curate's wife offer herself as "first hand," doing the work at her own home, and if possible "under the rose"—that flower which must have been chosen as the emblem of secrecy because it has so many thorns?

So had begun Mrs. Scanlan's scheme: but once again, as in that well-remembered mission to the Rectory, she took her courage *dans ses deux mains*, as her father would have said, and went to speak to Priscilla.

It was not so very hard after all. She was asking no favour; she knew she could give fair work for honest pay, and she did not feel degraded; not half so degraded as when—owing money to six shops in High Street—she had walked down Mr. Oldham's garden on

that summer day which now seemed half a lifetime ago.

Priscilla was, of course, much astonished, but the quickness and delicacy of perception essential to one who had followed her melancholy *métier* for so many years, prevented her betraying this to the lady who wanted to work like a shop girl. She readily accepted the offer, and promised not to make the facts public if Mrs. Scanlan wished them concealed.

"You kept my secret once, ma'am," she said, "and I'll keep yours now. Not a soul in Ditchley shall find it out. I'll tell all my ladies I send my work to be done in London."

"Don't do that, pray! Never tell a falsehood on my account, it would make me miserable. And besides, for myself I don't care who knows; only my husband."

"I see, ma'am. Well, then, I'll tell no stories; only just keep the matter to myself, which I can easily do. I am accustomed to hold my tongue; and, besides, I've nobody to speak to. Thank goodness!" she added, with a shrewd acerbity, that half amazed, half pained Mrs. Scanlan—"thank goodness, ma'am, I've got no husband."

So the matter was decided, and the Curate's wife took home with her a packet of valuable lace, which occupied her for many weeks, and brought her in quite a handful of money. Often it amused her extremely to see her handiwork upon her various neighbours, and to hear it admired, and herself congratulated as being the means of inducing Priscilla Nunn to settle at Ditchley,—such an advantage to the ladies of the neighbourhood.

Her faithful Bridget, and her fond little daughter Adrienne, of course soon found out her innocent mystery, but it was a good while before her husband guessed it. He was so accustomed to see her always at work that he never thought of asking questions. When at last he did, and she told him what she was doing, and why, he was a little vexed at first; but he soon got over it.

"A very lady-like employment," said he, touching the delicate fabric over which her eyes were straining themselves many hours a day. "And it keeps you a good deal within doors, which is much more proper than trailing everywhere with the children, as you used to do. And you are certain nobody has the slightest idea of your earning money?"

"Quite certain."

"Well, then, do as you like, my dear. You are a very clever woman, the cleverest woman I ever knew, and the most fitted to be my wife."

It did not occur to him, was he most fitted to be her husband? He took this side of the question with a satisfied complaisance, beautiful to behold.

But to her it mattered little. She did not weigh minutely the balance of things. She was doing her duty, both to him and the children, and that was enough for her. Especially when, after a time, she found her prevision more needful than she had expected; since there would ere long be seven little mouths to feed instead of six. She was not exactly a young woman now, and the cry "My strength faileth me!" was often on her lips. Never audibly, however; or nobody heard it but Bridget. But still ever and anon came the terror which had once before beset her—of dying, and leaving her children to the sole charge of their father. And the restlessness which ever since his journey to London had come upon Edward Scanlan at times, the murmurs that he was "not appreciated at Ditchley," that he was "wasting his life," "rusting his talents," and so on, tried her more than any sufferings of her own.

Another sketch which just at this time Mr. Summerhayes took of her—Mr. Summerhayes, who still found it convenient and agreeable to come to Ditchley every summer, making his headquarters within a walk of Wren's Nest, the hospitable doors of which were never shut against him by his good friend the Curate, who would forgive any shortcomings for the sake of enjoying "intellectual" society,—this portrait has,

stronger than ever, the anxious look which, idealized, only added to the charm of Josephine's beauty; but in real life must have been rather painful to behold. She sat for it, I believe, under the impression that it might possibly be the last remembrance of her left to her children,—but Providence willed otherwise.

She laboured as long and as hard as she could to provide for the reception of this youngest child, welcome still, though, as Mr. Scanlan once said, "rather inconvenient;" and then, quite suddenly, her trial came upon her: she laid herself down, uncertain whether she should ever rise up more. When she did, it was alone. That corner of Ditchley churchyard which she called *her* grave,—for two of her infants lay there—had to be opened in the moonlight to receive a third tiny coffin, buried at night, without any funeral rites, as unchristened babies are: babies that have only breathed for a minute this world's sharp air, and whom nobody thinks much of, except their mothers, who often grieve over them as if they had been living children.

But this mother, strange to say, did not grieve. When Bridget told her all about the poor little thing—for she had been unconscious at the time of its birth, and her head "wandered" for several days afterwards—in consequence, her servant angrily believed, of some "botherations" of Mr. Scanlan's which he talked to his wife about, when any husband of common sense would have held his tongue—Josephine looked in Bridget's face with a strange, wistful smile.

"Don't cry, don't cry; it is better as it is. My poor little girl! It was a girl! And she was very like me, you say! Did her father see her at all?"

"Can't tell," replied Bridget, abruptly.

"Never mind; we'll not fret. My little lamb! she is safer away. There is one woman less in the world to suffer. I am content she died."

And when Mrs. Scanlan was seen again in her customary household place,

and going about her usual duties, there was indeed a solemn content, even thankfulness, in her face. She never had another child.

CHAPTER VIII.

DURING the sad domestic interregnum, when she had the law entirely in her own hands, Bridget Halloran, with her usual acuteness, stimulated by her passionate fidelity, did not fail to discover the whole length and breadth of the "botheration" which, she firmly believed, had been the cause of the all but fatal termination of her dear mistress's illness. And the root of it was that root of all bitterness in Wren's Nest,—Mr. Summerhayes.

Mrs. Scanlan disapproved of him in a passive, though reticent and unobnoxious way, but Bridget cordially hated Mr. Summerhayes. Perhaps he had betrayed himself more carelessly to the servant than he did before the lady, unto whom he was always exceedingly courteous: perhaps, human nature being weak, Bridget had taken umbrage at things the children let out concerning his ridicule of her ugliness and her rough odd ways; or, more likely, he had rivalled her awhile in the affections of that little flock, who were the idols of her fond and jealous heart. At any rate there was secretly war to the knife between the servant and her master's friend; whom Bridget believed, and not without reason, to be anything but the friend of her mistress and the family. Possibly, though she never said it, the mistress thought the same.

It may be urged that a true and loving wife has no cause to dread any other influence—certainly not any male influence—over her husband: none can possibly be so strong as her own. But this must depend greatly upon what sort of man the husband may be. If he is a mere weathercock, blown about by every wind, she has much reason to be careful from which quarter the wind blows. The influence which Mr. Summerhayes gained over Mr. Scanlan was exactly that which a strong bad man

can always exercise over an amiable weak one—taking him on his weakest side, and leading him by means of his tastes, his follies, or his prejudices. This was apparent even to the inexperienced eyes of Bridget Halloran. She—good ignorant woman!—had never seen that wonderful engraving of Satan playing with the young man for his soul, or she would have likened her master to one of the players, and his friend to the other: while in the sorrowful angel who stands behind, striving to the last for the possession of that poor fool who is perhaps hardly worth striving for, she would at once have seen another likeness, another good angel, such an one as few men have, or similar struggles might not end as they so often do—in blank defeat.

The contest must have been sore on the day before Mrs. Scanlan was taken ill. It seemed Mr. Summerhayes had "got into difficulties"—to use the mild term in which society puts such things; in fact, he was flying from his creditors, who had at last risen up indignant against the fascinating gentleman who for years had played a deep game of deception with them all. There are some people who, more than even being wronged, abhor being made a fool of, and two or three of these pursued relentlessly the man of fashion who, after cheating them in every possible way, had tried to free himself from them by calling his art a trade, and by some legal chicanery making himself a bankrupt instead of an insolvent. He had been some days in hiding, and then, driven to the last extremity, implored to be hidden at Wren's Nest.

This Mrs. Scanlan steadfastly withstood. Perhaps she might have sheltered a noble traitor, but a "thief"—as she very plainly put it—had no interest in her eyes. She was deaf to all her husband's arguments, entreaties, threats; she declared positively the swindler should not enter her doors; but the resistance nearly cost her her life.

These facts Bridget ingeniously discovered, and the consequence was that one day when, taking advantage of

the forlorn state of the garrison, Mr. Summerhayes appeared, he had the door shut in his face, and was summarily taken possession of by the enemy—a wolf in sheep's clothing who had tracked him safely to Ditchley. The law caught hold of him, and consigned him to the jail which, in Bridget's opinion, he richly deserved. Possibly, had he been an Irishman and her friend, she might have thought differently, and have resisted rather than abetted "the powers that be"—for poor Bridget's heart always had clearer vision than her head; but being what he was, and she what she was, he found with her no mercy, only stern justice. Bridget triumphed over her victim like Jael over Sisera, with a righteous triumph, which she did not fail to betray to the only one to whom she could betray it—poor little Miss Adrienne, who listened, and wept! For the child was growing up into a maiden of fourteen, and the only hero in her life had been this young man, so clever, so handsome, viewed with reverence as well as admiration, being so many years older than herself. Hapless Adrienne! already she could not bear to have a word said to the disparagement of Mr. Summerhayes.

Bridget shut the door upon him; and her master, when he found it out, was furious. Even her mistress thought the thing might have been done more gently, and was rather glad when by some loophole of justice the artist crept out of his durance vile, and escaped abroad, where by nothing worse than letters could he attack her husband. And when gradually, on her complaining a little of them and their constant hints for assistance, the letters ceased, her spirits revived. She thought, if this baleful influence were once removed from Edward Scanlan's life, her own life might become brighter. For she loved brightness, this sorely-tried woman. She never lingered a moment longer than she could help under the fringe of the cloud.

One small shadow, however, that had left behind for long. Mr. Scan-

lan's dislike to Bridget increased every day. Her ugliness and roughness had always been an annoyance to him, but the worst thing was, that she, with her sharp eyes, had long ago seen through "the mather," and no man likes to be seen through, especially by his servants.

Besides, Bridget's passionate devotion to "the mistress" caused her to make perpetual and not always silent protest against things which Mrs. Scanlan herself bore with perfect equanimity, for long habit scarcely even notices them—small daily sacrifices which an unselfish nature is perpetually offering to a selfish one, and a woman to a man—whether for his good is not always clear. And Bridget, being an inveterate man-hater, resented this.

Unquestionably, Bridget could not have been always a pleasant person to have in the house. She was a special bugbear to Edward Scanlan, with whom her warm Irish heart counted as nothing against her sharp Irish tongue, edged with shrewd mother-wit, and weighted by the sterling honesty which detects at once anything like a sham. He not merely disliked her, he actually dreaded her, and tried every means, not open, but underhand, to get rid of her. They all failed, however. When she left Ireland Bridget had declared she would live and die with her dear mistress, and she kept her word. She stuck like a burr to the struggling household at Wren's Nest, blind to all hints, deaf to all scoldings—totally indifferent on the subject of wages, or of "bettering herself," as her master sometimes urged. She would not go; and both she and her mistress knew perfectly well that she could not go. For what new servant would have been content with Bridget's wages—have lived upon Bridget's scanty fare—have put up with every sort of inconvenience, and still gone working on "like a horse," as Bridget did? Above all, who would have loved them—one and all—as Bridget loved them?

And in this story, where I am conscious of shooting many a sharp arrow against the Irish nation—casting dust—

ah, well!—on the graves of my children's forefathers—let me confess with tears over another grave, where I myself lately laid Bridget Halloran's dear old head, that I believe she is not an untrue type of many Irishwomen: women carrying under their light, lively manners hearts as true as steel, and as pure and fresh as their own green meadows and blue skies—cheerful themselves and cheering others, to the last limit of a blessed old age. I have known such; and I wish—oh! my dear, sincere, formal, gentle Englishwomen; my brave, true, narrow-minded, large-hearted Scotchwomen—I wish I knew a few more!

The whole course of Bridget's relations with the family of which she considered herself a member, was a queer mixture of tragedy and comedy; which climaxed to a point when there appeared unexpectedly a quite legitimate mode of getting rid of her. The Rectory gardener—an elderly widower, with a large family—who had long noted Bridget's good qualities, balanced them against her defects; and having very deaf ears and no eye for beauty, considered that she would make him a capital wife. Accordingly he asked her formally in marriage, and of Mr. Scanlan, who, with great amazement and ill-concealed satisfaction, forwarded the old fellow's suit by every means in his power.

But Bridget refused to smile upon her ancient lover—not that his antiquity was against him: she said, "Old men were much better than young ones; she'd rather marry the Rector than any curate in the neighbourhood, if she was a lady. But," she added severely, "not a man in the world was to be depended on; she'd seen too much of matrimony to wish to try it herself." Which remark, being repeated to him unconsciously by one of his "little pitchers," who have always such proverbially "long ears," did not greatly gratify Mr. Scanlan.

I fear he may be considered, after all, an ill-used man, playing a rather subordinate part in his own household.

But people get what they can; and there is one thing which no sham reverence will impart to its object—dignity. It is no easy thing to set up as the household deity an idol, not of gold but clay, from whom the gilding is perpetually rubbing off, and the baser material appearing in the eyes even of children and servants; so that nothing but the assertion of an absolute falsehood can maintain the head of the family as a "head" at all. Oh, how thankful ought those families to be who really have a head to worship—with the real devotion which is his rightful due who, as husband, father, and master, righteously fulfils his duties, and is in truth God's vicegerent upon earth unto those who with all their hearts love, honour, and obey him. Knowing what such loyalty is, it is with tears rather than wrath or ridicule that I draw this inevitable picture of Edward Scanlan.

He was a very unfortunate man, and thought himself so, though for other causes than the true ones. He counted as nothing his bright, clever, handsome wife, his healthy children, his settled income, but was always wearying for some blessing he had not got—to be a popular preacher, a great author, a man of wealth and fashion. He envied his rich neighbours every luxury they had, and would have aped their splendour constantly with his own pinchbeck imitations of the same, had not his wife withstood him steadily. She tried all possible arguments to make him live simply, modestly; resting upon his sure dignity as a minister of God, who has no need to pay court to any man; whose mere presence is an honour, and who may receive the best society without deviating in the least from his own natural household ways.

For instance, that small snobbishness of a poor man asking rich men to dinner, and giving them dinners like their own, seemed contemptible to the "blue blood" of Josephine Scanlan. When Lady Emma Lascelles came to the Rectory, and walked over, as she

always did, to the children's tea at Wren's Nest, Mrs. Scanlan gave her a cordial welcome, the best she had of food and drink, and nothing more. But Mr. Scanlan would have feasted her on silver and gold, and let the family fast for a week to come.

Small differences such as these—springing from the fact that the husband has one standard of right and the wife another, and that they look at things from totally opposite points of view—caused the wheels of life to move not always smoothly in the Scanlan household. How *can* two walk together, unless they be agreed? especially when they have children, and every year the young eyes grow sharper, and the little minds wider and clearer. Alas! often when the wife's agony has grown dulled by time, the mother's but begins. Many a day, had she been alone, Mrs. Scanlan, in very weariness of warfare, would have laid down her arms, indifferent, not merely to prudence and imprudence, but almost to right and wrong. Now she dared not do it, for the sake of her children. To bring them up honestly, simply; in the fear of God and total fearlessness of man, was her one aim and one desire: and to do this, she again and again buckled on her armour for this pitiable domestic skirmishing, this guerilla warfare; having to fight inch by inch of her way, not in an open country, but behind bushes and rocks. For, as I before said, Edward Scanlan was at heart a coward; and his wife was not. In most contests between them, he ended by precipitately quitting the ground; leaving his melancholy victress to gaze, more humiliated than victorious, round upon her desolate battle-field.

She did this the day after Bridget had given the final *congé* to her lover, and declared her determination not to be "druv out o' the house," but remain a fixture there as long as she lived; which Mrs. Scanlan honestly said she thought was the best thing possible for the family. So Mr. Scanlan had to yield; but the domestic atmosphere was not sunny for a week or

more; the mistress had a sad worn face, and the master allowed himself to be irritable over trifles, in a way patent even to chance visitors—to the Rector, for instance.

"I'll tell you what, Scanlan," said he, one afternoon, when he had spent an hour or two, after his wont, with the family; "you are a good fellow, and a very amusing fellow, but you ought to have been a bachelor."

"I wish I had. It would have saved me a world of trouble," replied the Curate, laughing. But he seemed a little vexed for all that. He liked always to appear the amiable pater-familias. It looked so very much better in a clergyman. And many a time, when visitors were by, he would put his arm round his girls' waists, and pat his boys on the shoulder,—caresses which these young people received at first with awe and pleasure, then with hesitation, at last with a curious sort of smile. Little folks are so sharp! sharper than big folks have any idea of.

I will not say these children did not love their father, for he was good-natured to them; and they clung to him with the instinct of life-long habit; but they did not respect him, they did not rely upon him. "Oh, Papa says so," which meant that secondary evidence was necessary; or, "Papa intends it," which implied that the thing would never be done,—grew to be familiar phrases in the household. The mother had simply to shut her ears to them; for to explain them, to argue against them, above all to reprove them, was impossible.

And thus time went on, and it was years since the day she had heard Mr. Oldham's intentions with regard to her; which at first seemed to make such a momentous difference in her life, but at last sunk into a mere visionary fancy, scarcely believed in at all.

Besides, sad to say, but not wonderful, the secret which she thought would have been a permanent bond of union between herself and her good old friend turned out quite the contrary; rather a bar of separation between them. Her

sensitive pride took alarm lest, silent as she was by his command, any filial attentions she might show to him might be misinterpreted; supposed by him to be meant to remind him of his promise. For the same reason all her difficulties and anxieties, yearly accumulating, she hid from him with the utmost care; complainings might have been construed into an entreaty for help, or for some change in the difficult and anomalous position in which he had placed her, and allowed her to remain.

It was indeed most difficult; especially with regard to the children, of whom, as he grew feebler, Mr. Oldham's notice gradually lessened. They obviously wearied him, as the young do weary the old. And their mother could not bear to intrude them upon him; would scarcely ever send them to the Rectory, where they used to be such constant guests, lest, as he once said, they might "remind him of his death," and of their own future heirship; also, lest their somewhat provincial manners and shabby dress should be a tacit reproach to him for his half-and-half kindness towards them. For their mother acutely felt that a hundred pounds spent upon them now would be worth more than a thousand ten years hence, if Mr. Oldham lived so long. She would sit calculating how late César might go to college, with any hope of succeeding there; and whether Adrienne and the younger ones could acquire enough accomplishments to make them fit for their probable position. And then she caught herself reckoning—horrible idea!—how long the term of mortal life usually extends, and how long it was likely to extend in Mr. Oldham's case, until she started up, loathing her own imagination, feeling as guilty as if she were compassing the old man's death, and wondering whether the promised fortune was a blessing or an actual curse; for it seemed both alternately.

Sometimes the hope of the future was the only thing that made her present life endurable; again, it haunted her like an evil spirit, until she felt her very nature slowly corrupting under

its influence. She was conscious of having at once a bitter scorn for money, and yet an exaggerated appreciation of its value, and an unutterable craving to possess it. Then oftentimes she felt herself such an arrant hypocrite. Luckily, her husband never talked of the future, it was not his way; he took things easily, would have eaten calmly his last loaf, and then been quite surprised that the cupboard was empty. But Bridget often let out her own humble fears about "them poor dear children," and the way they were growing up; and one or two of her neighbours came and advised with her on the subject: wondering what she meant to do with César, and whether, presently, he would not be able to leave the grammar-school and get a small clerkship, or be apprenticed to some respectable—very respectable—trade. To all of which remarks and not unkindly anxieties she had but one answer, given with a desperate bluntness which made people comment rather harshly upon how very peculiar Mrs. Scanlan was growing, that "she did not know."

It was the truth: she really did not know. Mr. Oldham's total silence on the subject often made her fancy she must have mistaken him in some strange way, or that he had changed his mind altogether concerning her. The more so, as there gradually grew up a slight coolness between him and her husband. Whether it was that the Rector had offended the huge self-esteem of his curate—and of all enmity, the bitterest is that of a vain man whose vanity has been wounded;—or else the Curate had been seen through—clearer than ever—by the astute and acute old Rector; but certainly they never got on well when they did meet, and they gradually met as seldom as possible. Mr. Oldham generally called at Wren's Nest when Mr. Scanlan was absent; and Mr. Scanlan always found an excuse ready for sending his wife alone, when invitations came from the Rectory.

Yet still he every now and then harped upon his stock grievance—the

great injustice with which he was treated in being so underpaid, and compelled, for the sake of wife and family, to hide his light under a bushel at Ditchley, when he might be acquiring fame and fortune in London. And still he at times suggested going there, or threatening to go, that, to detain him, Mr. Oldham might still further increase his salary. To all of which notions and projects his wife opposed a firm, resolute negative—that of silence. She let him talk as much as he liked—and he dearly enjoyed talking—but she herself spoke no more.

At length a thing happened which broke this spell of sullen dumbness—broke it perhaps for her good, for she felt herself slowly freezing up into a hard and bitter woman. Still the way the blow fell was sharp and unexpected.

Her husband came home one night, irritable exceedingly. Now, many a wife knows well enough what that means, and her heart yearns over the much-tried man, who has been knocked about in the world all day and comes to her for rest, and shame if he cannot find it! even though he may task her patience and forbearance a little sometimes. But irritability was not Edward's failing; he rather failed in the opposite direction—in that imperturbable indifference to all cares and all troubles which did not personally annoy himself, which often passes muster as "the best temper in the world." Though, undoubtedly, he was by nature a better temper than his wife, in whom circumstances were gradually increasing certain acerbities, not uncommon in strong and high-spirited women, but yet far from beautiful. And Mr. Scanlan's easy *laissez aller* tried Mrs. Scanlan to the last limit of feminine endurance.

To-day, however, they seemed to have changed characters. She was calm, and he was sorely out of humour. He found fault with Bridget, the children, the house, everything,—nay, even with herself, which he did not often do. And he looked so ill and wretched, lying on the sofa all the evening, and scarcely saying a word to any one, that she grew alarmed.

When the children had gone to bed, the secret came out: not naturally, but dragged out of him, like a worm out of its hole, and then pieced together little by little, until, in spite of numerous concealments and contradictions, Mrs. Scanlan arrived at a tolerable idea of what was wrong.

Her husband had gone and done what most men of his temperament and character are very prone to do—it looks so generous to oblige a friend, and flatters one's vanity to be able to do it—he put his name to a bill of accommodation. The "friend" turned out, as such persons usually do, a mere scoundrel, and had just vanished, to Greece, or Turkey, or Timbuctoo, little matter where; but he could not be found, and the acceptor of the bill had to pay it all.

"I declare, Josephine, I had no idea of such a thing," pleaded he eagerly; "I thought it was a mere form: and after it was done I quite forgot all about it. I did indeed, my dear wife."

"I fully believe you," Josephine said bitterly. Hitherto she had opposed not a word to his stream of talk, explanations, regrets, apologies. He never looked at her, or he would have seen her slowly whitening face, her rigid mouth, and knotted hands.

"But isn't it unlucky? so very unlucky for me?"

"For us, you mean," said Mrs. Scanlan slowly. "But do you think you can tax your memory enough to tell me just two facts? How much have you to pay? and how soon must you pay it?"

Facts were not the prominent peculiarity of Edward Scanlan; but at last she elicited from him that the bill was over due, and that it amounted to two hundred pounds.

"Two hundred pounds! And when did you sign it?"

"A year ago—six months—I really forget."

She looked at him with her indignant eyes: "Edward, why did you not tell me at the time?"

"Oh, my dear, you would have made such a fuss about it. And, besides, it

was merely signing my name. I never expected to be called upon to pay a farthing. I never should have been but that my friend——"

"You have never said yet who is your friend."

"Ah, that was your fault. You always disliked him, so that I could not mention him. Otherwise I should never have thought of not telling you. It was your doing, you see: you were always so unjust to poor Summerhayes."

"So—it was Mr. Summerhayes for whom you accepted the bill?"

"I could not help it, Josephine, I assure you. He kept writing to me letter after letter."

"What letters? I never saw them."

Edward Scanlan blushed; yes, he had the grace to blush. "No, they never came here: I knew they would only make you angry, so I had them directed to the Post-office. In fact, my darling, I was really afraid of you."

"Afraid of me!" said Josephine, turning away. And as she did so there crept into her heart a feeling worse than indignation, jealousy, or wounded love—the most fatal feeling any wife can have—not anger, but contempt for her husband.

Edward Scanlan was mistaken; she made "no fuss" about this. Women like her seldom waste their strength in idle struggles against the inevitable. She bore the disastrous revelation so quietly that he soon began to think it had not affected her at all, and recovered his spirits accordingly. If Josephine did not mind it, of course the thing could be of no consequence: she would find a way out of it; she was so very sensible a woman. For among the pathetic bits of good in him which accounted for his wife's lingering love, was this unfailing belief in her, and unlimited reliance upon her. Surely, with the aid and counsel of his good Josephine he would be able to swim through that unpleasant affair. "Unpleasant" was the only light in which it occurred to him. The actual sin of the thing, and the weakness, almost amounting to wickedness, of a man who, rather than say No to another

man, will compromise the interests of his own nearest and dearest, did not strike in any way the curate of Ditchley. He became quite cheerful.

"I am so glad to see how well you take it. Truly, my dear, you are the best wife in England, and I always say so to everybody. And since you agree with me that I could not avoid this difficulty, I hope you will help me in trying to get out of it."

"How?"

"By going to Mr. Oldham, and asking him to lend us the money. He has lots of capital lying idle, I know that—and two hundred pounds is nothing to him, even if he gave it instead of lending it. But I don't ask him to give it, only to lend it, and on ample security."

"On what security?"

"My own; my IOU—my 'promise to pay,' which perhaps you don't understand; women are so ignorant about business. Personal security is of course all I can offer, unless I had a fortune. Heigho! I wish somebody—some wealthy old spinster, or miserly old bachelor like Oldham,—would leave me one!"

Josephine's breath almost failed her. Though her husband had spoken in the most random, careless way, she looked at him in terror, as if he knew the truth. But no: her own timorous conscience had been alone to blame.

"Why, Josephine, how red you have turned! Have I said such a dreadful thing, or are you getting furious, as usual, because I suggest applying to Mr. Oldham for money? Not in the old way, you will observe; this way is quite legal and unobjectionable—a transaction between gentleman and gentleman; and he ought to feel rather flattered that I do apply to him. But you—you seem as frightened of that poor old fellow—who is fast breaking down, I see—as if he were the Great Mogul himself."

Josephine paused a little. In her answer it was necessary to weigh every word.

"Edward," she said at last, "if you do this you must do it yourself. I can-

not and will not beg from Mr. Oldham in any shape or under any pretext. He pays us sufficiently, and more than sufficiently, and I wish to keep free from all obligations to him."

"You are perfectly silly! Why should we not get as much out of him as we can? He has no children, as we have, and goodness only knows who is his heir, if he has any. He may leave all his money to a college or a foundation hospital. Let him! Who cares?"

"No one ought to care. It is his own, to do what he likes with."

"Bless me! If I thought I had the slightest chance, wouldn't I have a try for it! If the Rector would only leave his property to his poor curate—not the most unnatural thing either!—Why, we might almost live upon *post obits*."

"Will you tell me what is a *post obit*?"

"You innocent dear woman! Only a bond, given as security for money advanced, to be paid after the death of one's father, or uncle, or any one to whom one is lawful heir. Many a young fellow supports himself for years upon *post obits*. I only wish I had a chance of trying the system."

"Fortunately, you have none," said his wife, in her hard unwifely tone. And yet, had she been married to a hero, nay, to an ordinarily upright and high-minded man, Josephine Scanlan would any day have died for her husband! Harder still, she would have helped him to die. She was the sort of woman to have gone with him to the very foot of the scaffold, clung around his haltered neck, or laid his disgraced head upon her bosom, heeding nothing for worldly shame, so that she herself could reverence him still. But now? Well, the man was—what he was; and alas! he was her husband.

She might have been too hard upon him, exacting from him a nobility of thought and action of which few are capable,—striving for ever to pull out the mote from his eyes, and forgetting the beam in her own. And yet—and yet—

I cannot judge—I dare not. When I—Winifred (not Winifred Weston now)—look at the dear face opposite to me, on my own hearth, I know that such a marriage would have maddened me.

Ignorant as she was in many worldly things, Mrs. Scanlan knew enough to see that, though her husband had brought himself into it foolishly rather than guiltily, his position was very critical. Unless he could meet the bill, he would have to give up everything he had—and that was not worth two hundred pounds. No wonder that, as she drew him back again to the subject in hand, and they began to discuss every possible way in which he could avoid the consequences of his imprudence, Edward Scanlan gradually became so terrified that, even with the demon of contempt lurking at the bottom of her heart, his wife felt almost sorry for him.

"Help me! do help me!" he cried. "I have nobody in the wide world to help me but you."

That was true; truer far than he meant it to be. For the once charming Curate had a little worn out the admiration of his flock. He got fewer invitations than he used to have, and those among the new rather than the old inhabitants of Ditchley. Of these latter, the younger folks began to look upon him as a middle-aged father of a family; and the seniors found, both in his conversation and character, a certain lack of that stability and wisdom which replace so nobly, in many men, the attractiveness of youth. Perhaps, too, others besides Bridget and Mr. Oldham, when thrown in nearer relations with him, had in course of years "seen through" Mr. Scanlan. At any rate, his popularity was a little waning in the neighbourhood; and if he did not guess the fact, his wife did—pretty plainly.

As to how it affected her—well! a man might not easily understand, but I think most women would. When he said—with what he did not know was truth, only pitiful appeal—"I have nobody to help me but you,"—and leant

his head on her shoulder, his wife did not thrust him away: she drew him closer, with a sad tenderness.

"Poor Edward!" said she softly. Yes; I will help you if I can."

And she sat a long time, thinking; while Mr. Scanlan went on talking, arguing with her in every possible form the duty and necessity of her making application to Mr. Oldham. She returned no answer, for another scheme had darted into her mind. Alas! she was growing into a painfully quick-witted woman—as alive to the main chance, she often thought, as any man could be.

Those jewels of hers—long put by and never used—they were worth fully two hundred pounds. She knew that by the brooch she had once sold. She had never tried to sell any more; she thought she would keep them, these relics of her youth and her early married life, until the day when her prosperous condition would make them suitable for her wearing. But now, if she could dispose of them, temporarily, to some friend who would generously allow her to redeem them! And then she thought of Lady Emma Lascelles, between whom and herself had sprung up something as like friendship as could well exist between a curate's wife and an earl's daughter married to a millionaire.

"I will get Lady Emma's address from the Rectory, and write to her." And then she explained to Mr. Scanlan the reason why.

He did not object, having fallen into that dejected condition in which he never objected to anything, but let his wife do just as she liked. Nor did he now take a sentimental view of her parting with her marriage pearls; the practicalities of life had long since knocked all sentiment out of him. He only implored her to conduct the transaction with the utmost care, and let nobody know, especially the Rector.

"For I think—indeed, I am sure—that somebody has given him a hint about the matter. He sent me a rather curt note requesting me to come and speak to him at ten o'clock to-morrow

morning, on my way to the vestry-meeting. It may be only about vestry business; but I wish I was well out of it, or I wish you could go instead of me, my dearest Josephine."

"I wish I could," she said with a mixture of pity and bitterness; and then stopped herself from saying any more.

They took the pearls out of her jewel-case, a beautiful set—the bridegroom's present on her wedding-day. But neither referred to that; possibly neither remembered the fact; these memories wear out so strangely fast amid all the turmoil and confusion of life; and the crisis of the present was too imminent, the suspense too great.

"Lady Emma is at Paris now, I think; but I can easily get her exact address. I will go up to the Rectory for it to-morrow morning; or you could ask yourself, Edward."

"Not I. I will have nothing to do with it. Manage your own affairs."

"My own affairs!" Well, they were her own now—her children's whole future might be at stake on the chance of Lady Emma's acting promptly and kindly. But there was little fear, she had so good a heart. "I feel sure she will buy them," said Mrs. Scanlan, locking up the case again. "And I shall beg her to let me buy them back if ever we are rich enough for me to wear them."

"You never will wear them," said the Curate, drearily. "Depend upon it, Josephine, we are slowly sinking—sinking into abject poverty. You would not let me get a chance of rising in the world, and now you must reap the results. Mark my words, your sons will end in being mere tradesmen,—wretched petty tradesmen." For Mr. Scanlan, being only a generation removed from that class, had a great contempt for it, and a great dread of being in any way identified or mixed up with it.

"My sons!" cried the poor mother, suddenly remembering them and what they might come to, if at this crisis things went ill, if no money were attainable to meet the bill, and it were put

into a lawyer's hands; when, supposing he were unable to pay it, he would assuredly be sent to prison. After such a dire disgrace it would be all over with him and them all, for Mr. Oldham would never receive him again as curate, and Ditchley, which, with all its narrowness, was quite old-fashioned in its innocent honesty, certainly never would.

"My poor boys!" Mrs. Scanlan repeated piteously; then started up erect, her black eyes flashing and her whole figure dilated. "I do not care," she said; "whatever happens, I do not care. Edward, I had rather see my César, my Louis, an honest butcher or baker than a thief of a 'gentleman'—like your friend Mr. Summerhayes."

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER his wife's fierce ebullition about "a thief of a gentleman," Mr. Scanlan did the only wise thing a husband could do under the circumstances—he held his tongue. Next morning, even, he took every opportunity, not of renewing, but of eluding the subject. Fortunately he had to leave early; and after he had started for a long day of what he called "parish duties,"—which meant a brief vestry-meeting and a long series of pastoral visits afterwards to luncheon, dinner, and so on, at various hospitable houses—Josephine sat down to collect her thoughts before she paid her call to the Rectory.

Though she saw Mr. Oldham less often than of yore, and there had grown up between them a vague reserve, still she knew he liked her still, and she liked him very sincerely. Both the old man and the young woman had instinctively felt from the first that theirs were sympathetic and faithful natures, and no drawbacks of circumstances could alienate the firm friendship between them, though it was one of those dormant friendships which sometimes never thoroughly awaken in this world, and, ceasing out of it, leave us with the feeling, less of what they were, than what they might have been. Nevertheless, the tie between Mrs. Scanlan

and the old Rector was strong enough to make it difficult for her to disguise from him her present heavy anxiety, especially if, as her husband suspected, he had some inkling of it already. What if he questioned her why she wanted Lady Emma's address? Some simple feminine reason might easily be assigned, but that Josephine scorned. No small womanish arts were at all in her line; she must always go straight to her point. If Mr. Oldham asked her, she must, of course, tell him the exact state of the case; but, for her husband's sake, she determined to keep it back as long as possible.

These anxious thoughts showed so plainly in her face, that Bridget, coming into the parlour to find out the cause of her mistress's unusual state of quiescence, read them at once.

"You've got another botheration, ma'am, I see. Tell it me, do. The children are safe out of doors; look at 'em all playing in the garden, so full o' fun! It'll do your heart good, ma'am dear."

Poor Bridget had touched the right chord; the hard, stony look passed from Mrs. Scanlan's face; she began to weep, and once beginning she could not stop. By degrees her faithful servant had coaxed her out of half her trouble, and guessed the rest.

Bridget drew a long breath, and, being behind her mistress's back, clenched her sturdy fist and pulled her good, ugly face into a succession of villanous frowns, which might be meant for anybody or nobody,—but she said nothing. And there, I think, the poor servant deserves some credit, and some pity too. Her life was a long series of self-suppression. What she felt towards her mistress and the children was patent enough; her feelings towards her master nobody knew. It is hard to disguise love; but it is still harder to hide its opposite; and, perhaps, the hardest thing of all is to see the object of one's love a willing deluded victim to the object of one's—not hatred, perhaps—but intense aversion and contempt. Bridget despised her master; there was no doubt

about that ; yet I feel sure that throughout her life she never let her mistress know it. Which fact, I think, may fairly place the poor unlettered Irish-woman in the rank of heroines.

Bridget had no question that Lady Emma would buy the jewels, and hold her tongue on the matter too. "She was a rare lady, and could keep a secret." Logic, at which Mrs. Scanlan smiled faintly. But still in many ways the devotedness of the woman comforted her heart—not for the first time.

It may seem strange, and some people may be much scandalized at it, that this poor lady should be so confidential with her servant, more so than with her husband. But it must be remembered that in both Irish and French households the relation between superiors and inferiors is both freer and closer than it is in England generally ; and, besides, she could trust Bridget. No shams with her ! no mean, double-minded, worldly ways ; no half-truths, or prevarications arranged so cleverly as, without telling an actual lie, to give the appearance of one. Irish though she was—(I confess with sorrow an all but universal Celtic fault !)—Bridget had learnt, difficultly and painfully, to "tell truth and shame the devil," and her mistress loved her accordingly.

"Wish me good speed," said she, as the loving servant threw something after her from the door "for luck." "I trust I may come back with a lighter heart than I go."

And slipping away out of sight of her little folks, who would have overwhelmed her with questions about her unusual errand to Ditchley alone, Mrs. Scanlan walked quickly across the common, even as she had done the day she had first heard Mr. Oldham's secret, years ago.

How many they seemed ! And how many more appeared to have slipped by since she was married ! Married—on just such a morning as this, a soft February morning, with the sap just stirring in the leafless trees, the buds forming on the bare hedges, the sky growing blue, and the sunshine warm, and the thrushes

beginning to sing : all the world full of youth and hope, and half-awakened spring, as her life was then. For she had loved him ; with a foolish, girlish, half-fledged love ; still, undoubtedly, she had loved him, this Edward Scanlan, whom now she could hardly believe sometimes was the Edward she had married.

A frantic vision crossed her of what she had thought then their married life would be ; what it might have been, ay, and what even after they had settled at Ditchley she had tried hard to make it. For how little their loss of fortune would have harmed them, had Mr. Scanlan only been content with such things as he had—had they rejoiced over their daily blessings, and been patient with their inevitable cares ! How much wiser if, instead of pestering Providence like angry creditors for what they fancied their due, they had accepted His gifts like dear children, believing in the Father who loved even while He denied.

This faith, which I conclude Mr. Scanlan taught, like most clergymen, in the letter of his sermons, was now the only rag of religion left in Josephine. Doctrines which her husband with his other Evangelical brethren was very strong in, she did not believe in one whit ; or rather she never considered whether they were true or false. They had been dinned into her with such weary iteration, preached at her on all occasions,—only preached, not practised—that now she let them alone ; they went in at one ear and out at the other. She did not actually loathe them ; mercifully, Christianity is so divine, that all pure souls instinctively accept it and cling to it, in spite of the corruptions of its followers ; but she ignored them as much as she could, and taught as little as possible of them to her children. But at every step she was stopped ; even at the Lord's Prayer, when her youngest child, to whom she tried to explain why he was to call God "Our Father," and what a father was, horrified her by the simple question, "Is God anything like Papa ?"

Poor mother! Poor children! And they had all "souls to be saved," as Mr. Scanlan would have put it. But happily he did not perplex himself much about the souls of his own family; he took it for granted that, being his family, they were all right; when in truth they were in a spirit of sceptical contempt worse than the blackest heathenism. It required many years and many sorrows to bring Josephine Scanlan to the light; and her children, save perhaps Adrienne, died without seeing it, or recognising in "the Gospel" anything beyond a cant phrase, which meant nothing, or worse than nothing. "No wonder!" said Bridget one day to me, unconscious of the bitter satire of her words. "You see, Miss, their papa was a clergyman."

Fiercely and fast, thinking as little as possible of how she should word her errand, and nerving herself for disappointment, as if it were her usual lot, Mrs. Scanlan walked through the Rectory garden to the front door. It stood wide open, though the day was cold, and up and down the usually silent house were sounds of many feet. Nevertheless, she rang several times before the bell was answered. Then appeared some under-servant, with a frightened face, by which Josephine perceived that something was terribly wrong.

"What has happened—your master?" and a sudden constriction of the heart made her stop. She felt almost as if her thoughts had murdered him.

No, Mr. Oldham was not dead. Worse than dead, almost, for his own sake and others. He had gone to his study, desiring he might not be disturbed till lunch-time, as he had "business." At one o'clock the butler went in and found him lying on the floor, alive and sensible, but speechless and motionless. How long he had lain there, or what had brought on the fit, no one knew, or was ever likely to know. For Dr. Waters, who had been fetched at once, said it was very unlikely he would ever speak again. The paralysis which had struck him was of that saddest kind which affects the body, not the mind;

at least not at first. Poor Mr. Oldham would be, for the rest of his days, whether few or many, little better than a living corpse, retaining still the imprisoned but conscious soul.

"Oh, doctor, this is terrible! Is there no hope?"

Dr. Waters, coming down the staircase, wrung Mrs. Scanlan's hands, but replied nothing. He was much affected himself, and so was Mr. Langhorne, the Rector's man of business, who followed him. The two old gentlemen—old, though still much younger than Mr. Oldham—were noted as very great "chums," and the two honestest and best men in all Ditchley, even though, as satirical people sometimes said, one was a doctor and the other a lawyer. They stood talking together mournfully, evidently consulting over this sad conjuncture of affairs.

"Yes, I have been putting seals upon all his papers," said Mr. Langhorne. "It is the only thing to be done until—until further change. There is nobody to take any authority here: he has no relations."

"Except Lady Emma, and she is abroad: I do not know where. Perhaps Mrs. Scanlan does."

Dr. Waters turned to her, as she stood aloof, feeling herself one too many in this house of grief, and as if she had no right there. And yet she felt the grief as deeply as any one; more so perhaps, because it was not unmixed with remorse. Kind, good Mr. Oldham!—why had she neglected him of late—why suffered her foolish pride, her ridiculous sensitiveness, to come between her and him? How she wished she had put both aside, and shown fearlessly to the lonely old man what a tender and truly filial heart she bore towards him!

"I know nothing about Lady Emma," said she, forgetting how she had come to ask that very question, and how serious it was for herself that it could not be answered. Her own affairs had drifted away from her mind. "Only tell me, will he ever recover, ever speak again?"

"I fear not; though he may lie in his present state for months, and even years; I have known such cases. Why do you ask? Did you come to speak to him about business? I hope all is right between your husband and him?"

Mrs. Scanlan bent her head assentingly.

"That is well. I was half afraid they had had some little difficulties of late. And now Mr. Scanlan will have the whole duty on his hands, and Langhorne and I, as churchwardens, ought to make our arrangements accordingly."

So they both fell into business talk, as men do fall, even after such a catastrophe as this, though it seemed shocking enough to the woman who, with her woman's heart full, stood and listened. No one interfered with her. As the Curate's wife, she had a certain right to be in the house. No other right did she for a moment venture to urge. She only sat and listened.

Shortly, she caught a sentence which startled her.

"He will never be capable of business again, that is quite certain," said the doctor. "I do hope he has made his will."

"Hem—I believe, I have some reason to suppose he has," replied the cautious lawyer. "But these things are of course strictly private."

"Certainly, certainly; I only asked, because he once said he intended to make me his executor. But he might do that without telling me; and I shall find it out soon enough when all is over."

"All over," that strange periphrasis out of the many by which people like to escape the blank plain word—death! Mrs. Scanlan listened—she could not keep herself from listening—with an eagerness that, when she caught the eyes of the two old men, made her blush crimson, like a guilty person.

But the doctor's mind was pre-occupied, and the lawyer apparently either knew nothing, or else—and this thought smote Josephine with a cold fear—there was nothing to be known. Mr. Oldham might long ago have burnt

his will, and made another. Her future, and that of her children, hung on a mere thread.

The suspense was so dreadful, the conflict in her conscience so severe, that she could not stand it.

"I think," she said, "since I can do no good here, I had better go home. Shall I write to Lady Emma? But in any case I want her address for myself; will Mr. Langhorne look in Mr. Oldham's address-book for it?"

This was easily done, the old Rector being so accurate and methodical in all his habits. But the result of the search stopped any hope of applying to Lady Emma, even if, under the circumstances, Mrs. Scanlan could have made up her mind to apply. The address was "Poste restante, Vienna."

But Josephine scarcely felt that last shock. All she said was, "Very well; she is too far off for me to write to her. I will go home."

But she had hardly got through the Rectory garden when Mr. Langhorne overtook her.

The good lawyer was a very shy man. He had raised himself from the ranks, and still found his humble origin, his *gauche* manners, and a most painful stammer he had, stood a good deal in his way. But he was a very honest and upright fellow; and though she had seldom met him in society, Mrs. Scanlan was well aware how highly Mr. Oldham and all his other neighbours respected him, and how in that cobwebby little office of his lay hidden half the secrets of half the families within ten miles round Ditchley.

He came up to her hesitatingly. "Excuse me, ma'am; taking great liberty, I know; but if you had any affairs to transact with poor Mr. Oldham, and I as his man of business could ass-assist you——"

Here he became so nervous, and began stammering so frightfully, that Mrs. Scanlan had time to recover from her surprise, and collect her thoughts together. Her need was imminent. She must immediately consult somebody,—and do it herself, for her husband was

sure to escape the painful thing if possible. Why should she not consult this man, who was a clever man, a good man, and a lawyer besides? And, after all, Mr. Scanlan's misfortune was only a misfortune, no disgrace. He had done a very foolish thing, but nothing really wrong.

So she took courage and accepted Mr. Langhorne's civility, so far as to communicate to him her present strait; why she had wished to write to Lady Emma; and why, even if there were no other reason, the uncertainty of the lady's movements made it impracticable. Yet she could see no other way out of this crisis, and her need was imperative.

"Otherwise," she said, with a sort of bitter pride, "believe me, I never should have communicated my husband's private affairs in this way."

"They would not have been private much longer, madam," said the lawyer, seeming to take in the case at a glance, and to treat it as a mere matter of business, happening every day. "You have no time to lose; Mr. Scanlan must at once pay the money, or the law will take its course. Shall I advance him the sum? Has he any security to give me?"

He had none; except his personal promise to pay, which his wife well knew was not worth a straw. But she could not say so.

"I had rather," she replied, "be quit of debt entirely, in the way I planned. Will you buy my jewels instead of Lady Emma? They are worth more than two hundred pounds. You could easily sell them, or if you would keep them for me I might be able to repurchase them."

Poor soul! she was growing cunning. As she spoke she keenly investigated the lawyer's face, to find out whether he thought—had any cause to think—she should ever be rich enough to repurchase them. But Mr. Langhorne's visage was impenetrable.

"As you will," he said; "it makes no difference to me; I only wished to oblige a neighbour and a friend of Mr. Oldham's. Will your husband come to

me to-morrow? Or you yourself? Perhaps you had better come yourself."

"Yes, if you desire it; as my husband will be much engaged."

"And take my advice, Mrs. Scanlan—say nothing in Ditchley about this matter of the bill. As we lawyers know, such things are best kept as quiet as possible. Good afternoon."

Kind as he was, the old man's manner was a little patronising, a little dictatorial; but Josephine did not care for that. Her distress was removed, for she had no doubt of getting her husband to agree to this arrangement; so as he had the money, it mattered little to him how it was obtained. She hastened home, and met Mr. Scanlan at the gate. He was coming from an opposite quarter, and evidently quite ignorant of all that had happened at the Rectory.

"Well!" he said, eagerly, "have you got me the money?" having apparently quite forgotten how she had meant to get it. "Are things all right?"

"Yes, I have arranged it. But—" And then she told him the terrible blow which had fallen upon poor Mr. Oldham.

"Good heavens! what a dreadful thing to happen! If I had thought it would have happened— But I had no idea he was ill, I assure you I had not."

"Did you see him, then, this morning?"

The news affected Mr. Scanlan more than his wife had expected; seeing he always took other people's misfortunes and griefs so lightly. He staggered, and turned very pale.

Nobody seeming to know of her husband's having been at the Rectory, she concluded he had not gone there; it was no new thing for Edward Scanlan to fail in an appointment, particularly one that he suspected might not be altogether pleasant.

"Yes, I saw him; he let me into the house himself. He had been on the look-out for me to give me a lecture; which he did; for one whole hour, and very much he irritated me. Indeed,

we both of us lost our tempers, I fear."

"Edward! The doctor said some agitation must have caused this; surely, surely——"

"It is no use worrying me, Josephine; what is done is done, and can't be avoided. I don't deny we had some hot words, which I am very sorry for now; but how on earth was I to know he was ill? You can't blame me!"

Yet he seemed conscious of being to blame, for he exculpated himself with nervous eagerness.

"I do assure you, my dear, I was patient with him as long as ever I could, and it was difficult, for somehow he had found out about the bill, and he was very furious. He said my conduct was 'unworthy a gentleman and a clergyman,' that I should ruin you and the children, and similar nonsense; declaring that if such a thing ever happened again, he would do—something or other, I can't tell what, for he began to mumble in his speech, and then——"

"And then? Oh, husband! for once in your life tell me exactly the truth, and the whole truth."

"I will—only you need not imply that I am a story-teller. Don't lose your temper, Josephine; you sometimes do. Well, Mr. Oldham lost his; he grew red and furious, and then his words got confused: I thought he was only in a passion, and that I had better leave him to himself; so I went away quietly—I declare quite quietly—slipped out of the room, in short, for somebody might hear us, and that would have been so awkward."

"And you noticed nothing more?"

"Well, yes; I think—I am not sure—but I think, as I shut the study-door there was a noise—some sort of a fall—but I could not go back, you know, and I did not like to call the servants; they might have found out we had been quarrelling."

"They might have found out you had been quarrelling," repeated Josephine, slowly, with a strange contempt in her tone. "And this was, when?"

"About eleven, I fancy."

"And he lay on the floor till one!—lay helpless and speechless, not a creature coming near him. Poor old man! And you let him lie. It was your doing. You——"

"Coward" was the word upon her lips; but happily she had enough sense of duty left not to utter it. She left him to hear it from the voice of his own conscience. And he did hear it, for he had a conscience, poor weak soul that he was. He could not keep from sinning; yet when he had sinned he always knew it. This was what made dealing with him so very difficult. His pitiful contrition almost disarmed reproach.

"Josephine, if you look at me like that, I shall almost feel as if I had killed him. Poor Mr. Oldham! who would have thought it! And I know you think it is all my fault. You are cruel to me, very cruel. You that are so tender to the children—to everybody—are as hard as a stone to your own husband."

Was that true? Her conscience in turn half accused her of it. She tried to put on an encouraging smile, entreating him not to get such fancies into his head, but to make the best of things. In vain! He threw himself on the sofa in such a paroxysm of distress and self-reproach that it took all his wife's efforts to quiet him, and prevent him from betraying himself to the household. And she felt, as much as he, that nothing must be betrayed. No one must know the part which he had had in causing this attack of Mr. Oldham's. That he had caused it was clear enough; one of those unfortunate fatalities which sometimes occur, making one dread inexpressibly ever to do an unkind thing, or delay doing a kind one, since in common phraseology, "one never knows what may happen."

In this case, what had happened was ir retrievable. To publish it abroad would be worse than useless, and might seriously injure Mr. Scanlan; just now especially, when so much additional responsibility would fall upon him.

Far better that this fact—which nobody at Ditchley knew—of his interview with the Rector, should be kept among those sad secrets of which every life is more or less full.

So Josephine reasoned with her husband, and soothed him as she best could. Only soothed him; for it was hopeless to attempt more. To rouse him into courage—to stimulate him into active goodness, for the pure love of goodness, had long since become to her a vain hope. Powerless to spur him on to right, all she could do was to keep him from wrong—to save him from harming himself or others.

"Edward," she said, taking his hand, and regarding him with a mournful pity, "I cannot let you talk any more in this strain; it does no good, and only agitates and wears you out. What has happened we cannot alter; we must only do our best for the future. Remember to-morrow was his Sunday for preaching—ah, poor Mr. Oldham!—and you have no sermon prepared; you must begin it at once."

This changed the current of the Curate's thoughts, always easily enough diverted. He caught at the idea at once, and saw, too, what an admirable opportunity this was for one of his displays of oratory in the pathetic line. He brightened up immediately.

"To be sure, I must prepare my sermon; and it ought to be a specially

good one. For after what has occurred half the neighbourhood will come to Ditchley church to-morrow, and, of course, they will expect me to refer to the melancholy event."

Josephine turned away sick at heart. "O Edward, do not mention it; or, if you must, say as little about it as possible."

But she knew her words were idle, her husband being one of those clever men who always make capital out of their calamities. So, after sitting up half the night to compose his discourse—indeed, he partly wrote it, for there had crept into the parish of late a slightly High Church element which objected to extempore sermons; which element, while abusing it roundly, the Curate nevertheless a little succumbed to—he woke his wife about two in the morning to read her the principal passages in the sermon, which he delivered afterwards with great success, and much to the admiration of his congregation. His text was "Boast not thyself of to-morrow," and his pictures of all kinds of terrible accidents and unforeseen misfortunes were most edifying, thrilling all Ditchley with horror, or moving it with pathos. He ended by reverting to their beloved Rector and his sudden and sad illness; which he did in a manner so tender, so affecting, that there was scarcely a dry eye in the church. Except one; and that, I am much afraid, was Mrs. Scanlan's.

To be continued.

ST. PAUL.

BY R. H. HUTTON.

"Je persiste donc"—says M. Rénan, in concluding his estimate of the Apostle of the Gentiles,—"*je persiste donc à trouver que dans la création du Christianisme la part de St. Paul doit être faite bien inférieure à celle de Jésus,*"—a "persistence" which surely, on any view whatever of Christianity, hardly requires greater courage than that of the astronomer who should say, "I persist, then, that in the constitution of our system, the part of the planet Jupiter ought to be accounted very inferior to that of the sun." But what a little surprises me, and will, I think, surprise a good many of M. Rénan's readers, is to find themselves compelled to "persist" that in the brilliant French critic's history of the sources of Christianity, the volume on St. Paul is very inferior to the volume on Christ. I had anticipated that the man who could come so near to painting a divine intensity of light, even while strenuously interpolating those dark lines in its spectrum which are admitted to be characteristic of human weakness and sin, would have given a portrait of St. Paul such as almost every one would have admired and recognised as absolutely faithful, however much they might have differed as to the truth or fallaciousness of St. Paul's beliefs and hopes. But it would seem that M. Rénan's interest in the problem of Christianity fades rather rapidly as he recedes from the central figure of the faith. He strained every nerve to explain to us how he accounted, on rationalistic principles, for the one great light which has so gone out to the ends of the earth that hardly anything in human history is hid from the heat thereof; but when he comes to account for those who were not that light, but only bore witness of that light, his interest declines visibly, and the great superior planet with its

satellites painted in the present treatise are lit up by his imagination not only far more faintly in themselves, but far more faintly even in proportion to their relative magnitude and brightness in Christian history, than was the central sun itself. There is much in the "*Vie de Jésus*" from which, in spite of all its sentimentalisms and distortion, I at least have learned a great deal. The contrast between the freshness, ease, grace, and idyllic beauty of the Galilean ministry of our Lord, and the austere intensity of the time during which the vision of the Cross was burning more and more deeply into His teaching, though it was exaggerated as a contrast, and though much of that freshness, ease, and idyllic grace really belongs to the very eve of the Crucifixion, and much also of that austere fire really belongs to the earliest Galilean gatherings, nevertheless seemed to me to be conceived and painted with a truthfulness and power such as I had hardly found in Christian criticism. M. Rénan seemed determined to show that a pantheistic rationalist could at least *conceive* in its full intensity the glory in which so many centuries have been, as it were, utterly steeped; and I had hoped, therefore, that when he attempted a task which seemed much better adapted to his theory, and, as I supposed, to his powers, he would succeed even more conspicuously. But I do not think he has even approached the power of his first essay. I doubt if St. Paul will be at all more visible to any of his readers when they close the volume than he was when they opened it. There is scarcely an attempt to realize St. Paul's state of mind in relation to Christianity *from within*. The dualism of effect between M. Rénan's text and his occasional extracts from the letters of St. Paul is quite painful. Even St. Paul's character itself seems

to me not unfrequently fundamentally misunderstood—as when he calls “jealousy” its basis, in reference, of course, to his intense anxiety to be recognised as an apostle of equal authority with the twelve. The ruggedness of his hero fills him with a sort of disgust. He harps constantly on the impassable chasm between St. Paul’s crabbed theories of justification and the gracious parables of the Gospel. He relates, almost with contempt, St. Paul’s celebrated effort—a very clumsy effort he evidently regards it—to christianize Athens, intimating very explicitly that if St. Paul had the advantage in some respects, the Athenian sceptics who heard him had much the advantage in others hardly less important.

On the whole, what I have gained from this volume is, almost exclusively, picturesque detail, some acute textual commentary, and a much distincter conception of the *numerical* poverty of the Churches which rewarded the Apostle’s personal exertions over that vast field of labour. St. Paul himself seems to me hardly so intelligible a character, on laying down the essay, as he seemed when I first took it up; for while M. Rénan has a genuine tenderness for St. Peter, and a picturesque sentiment for Mary Magdalene, his conception of the “ugly little Jew,” whose spirit was stirred within him when he mistook, as M. Rénan thinks, the exquisite art of Athens for the idolatry so abhorrent to his Hebrew forefathers, is, on the whole, unfriendly, wavering, and often fanciful. Even where M. Rénan’s insight is truest, he does not reconcile his own descriptive touches, but leaves them in their apparently bald contrast without a word. He calls St. Paul, with some justice, at once the true ancestor of Protestantism and the most perfect “director of consciences” who ever belonged to the Christian Church, but he does nothing towards indicating the characteristic which fitted him alike for these seemingly opposite functions. He ascribes to St. Paul the ambition, the jealous love of influence over men, and the capacity to exert it, of a great practical

organizer, who cannot help contracting a certain amount of stain from the world he impresses—who has, indeed, so true an insight into what is politic and expedient, that he often sacrifices to it the finer scruples of virtue; and now and then M. Rénan even uses words of St. Paul which might almost apply to a diplomatist like Talleyrand. And yet he charges him (far more plausibly) with a “frenzied” attachment to particular dogmatic theses, a passion for transcendental paradox, and “contempt for reason,” which are certainly no characteristics of the diplomatic intellect; and here, again, he makes no effort to blend these opposite characteristics in his delineation. He freely and gratuitously imputes to St. Paul little personal unveracities in the cause of religion, such as the assertion that he went up “by revelation” to Jerusalem, and that he had received “of the Lord” the words of consecration in the Communion Service, when the Apostle must have known, hints M. Rénan, that no revelation had been given him in either case; yet he equally gratuitously attributes to the Apostle a superstitious belief in his own (fancied) power to pass sentence of death on the incestuous member of the Church at Corinth, i.e. to pledge God to execute the sentence which he had, according to our author, passed. Again, he expresses his distaste for St. Paul’s ostentation of indifference to women, and of his indisposition to marriage; yet he hints his grave suspicion that the Apostle may have been married to Lydia of Philippi (on the strength of the expression, “true yokefellow,” *σύνυγε γνήσιε*, addressed we know not to whom in the Epistle to the Philippians), though he did not, it is admitted, take a wife with him on his journeys, and speaks of himself, clearly enough once, as unmarried. In a word, M. Rénan’s estimate of St. Paul seems to me almost purposely fanciful, and, in respect to the very highest side of the Apostle’s mind, unfinished in outline, and confused in colour. Most of all do I feel the want of any attempt to harmonize the Apostle’s theology, as shown in his let-

ters, with the great French sceptic's view of his character—that of a fiery missionary and propagandist, whose great impulse is to build up a great institution—to *succeed*. The detached essays in Mr. Jowett's "Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans," seem to me to have an immeasurably higher value in this respect than this book of M. Rénan's, where what he calls the "transcendental," and what I should call the mystic and theological side of St. Paul's nature, is simply regretted and pooh-poohed. Is it quite impossible to form some image of St. Paul more distinct in itself, and more in harmony both with his correspondence and his missionary achievements, than is here given us?

It seems to me a matter of some significance that St. Paul's first appearance in the history of Christianity is a foretaste of his whole character and work, in that sense, at least, in which contraries, or even contradictories, in human character are so often foretastes of each other. He appears, first, not simply as inquisitor and persecutor, nor even as an inquisitor and persecutor of Christians, but as specially directing his inquisitorial persecution against the Greek or Gentile extension of the Christian Church as represented by Stephen. The special charge against Stephen—the charge, doubtless, which kindled St. Paul's highest enthusiasm against him—was the "blasphemy against the law and the temple" involved in saying that Jesus of Nazareth should "destroy this place, and change the customs which Moses hath delivered us." This suggests to me, in its connexion with the whole tenor of his subsequent writings, that the great problem which had haunted St. Paul since his youth had been the true relation of the national Hebrew faith and expectations to that great world, thoroughly saturated with Greek ideas and Roman institutions, in which at Tarsus, and everywhere except Jerusalem, he must have found himself. St. Paul's was not an intellect to be startled at a paradox, however strong. On the contrary, as M. Rénan himself somewhat contemptuously indicates,

though he seems to me to miss the enormous importance of the thought in reference to St. Paul's writings, to him faith was of the essence of paradox. But even while he clung with characteristic vehemence to the paradox involved in the prediction that the narrow Jewish ceremonial, with all its paraphernalia of legal technicality, both in matters of ritual and matters of morality, was one day to be accepted and conformed to by the whole world, by the keen Greeks, whose ironic incredulity he felt to his very soul, and by the stolid Romans, whose utter indifference to all these local superstitions galled him perhaps even more powerfully,—the magnitude of the paradox itself must have grown ever more imposing. Doubtless he early perceived that his own religious chiefs—the high-priest, for instance, from whom he received letters of recommendation to the orthodox Jews in Damascus—really looked upon him coldly as a hot-headed, "dangerous" young man, for whom, indeed, it was essential to find inquisitorial work, since he asked for it, but for whom they were glad to find that work at a safe distance like Damascus, instead of permitting him to get the hierarchy at Jerusalem into trouble with the Roman government. St. Paul, while he realized most intensely the enormous practical paradox involved in any fulfilment of prophetic anticipations such as the orthodox Jews looked for, must have very quickly caught the impression that his own hierarchy did not truly realize what they taught; no doubt, indeed, they were as much disposed to get rid of excitable young persons who wanted to carry out logically the principle of their own teachings, as our Church in the last century was disposed to get rid of Wesley and Whitfield. Probably the ruling Pharisees—his own master Gamaliel, for instance,—thought him feverish and unsafe, and would in secret have preferred going on quietly in the old way, even though the hopes they professed to cherish should seem growing ever more and more distant and fanciful.

It was in this state of mind, doubt-

less, while brooding, just as he still did after he became a Christian, over his favourite Hebrew truth that the foolishness of the world and the base things of the world and the things which are despised are chosen by God to bring to naught the mighty and strong and wise things of the world, that the great revolution in his heart began. Realizing even more intensely than usual how foolish and base in the eyes of the world was the very fanaticism by which he himself was actuated,—a fanaticism marvelled at as gross superstition by all the clever men of his acquaintance in Greek circles, disapproved as restless and anarchical by the Romans, distrusted as over-zealous by the prudent Pharisees of Jerusalem,—his mind may have begun to ask itself: "Is not this doctrine of a crucified Messiah precisely of that class of offences and stumbling-blocks which, because they involve the greatest abnegations of human pride and dignity, are chosen by God to confound the things which are mighty and strong in human wisdom?" If he himself were pursuing a line which even prudent Jews thought folly—a line of over-zeal, of believing too much, of interpreting the law too literally, in using force to extirpate a heresy humiliating to Jewish pride, what were those doing who were the willing victims of this persecution, and that, too, on behalf of such a paradox as the thesis that the Messiah *had* been put to death and ignominiously crucified before returning to earth to reign? The uplifted face of the dying Stephen with his prayer, "Lay not this sin to their charge," would recur to him as a type of those "weak things of the world" which are destined to confound the mighty; and yet at the same time his acute intellect would discern at once that there was something in this new heresy which, as it had actually won over Greeks like Stephen, might promise a reign far more universal than any faith could have of which the Hebrew temple was the only centre and the Hebrew ritual the sole condition. It was, I imagine, in this doubting, unsettled attitude of mind, oppressed

on the one hand with the feeling that his own party, the Pharisees, were proud, stiff, and formal, and quite indisposed to favour any line of action based on a childlike trust in God's promises against the evidence of all the overwhelming plausibilities and probabilities of life, and oppressed on the other hand with the equally disheartening conviction that, even if Pharisaism renewed its youth, and became fiery, zealous, earnest, it would yet be simply hopeless to try to subjugate to it the searching Greek intellect and the imperialist Roman's contempt for provincialism—that St. Paul, half catching at a new and very powerful means for *widening* his faith, half welcoming a new element of divine humiliation in it to Jewish exclusiveness, was suddenly converted on the way to Damascus by the vision of our Lord. Certain it is that in *every* version of that vision, both that in the Galatians and all the three versions in the Acts, the prominent feature is the same, and is not the feature we should *a priori* expect to mark the conversion of a strict Pharisee,—namely, that he is the chosen instrument to preach "*to the Gentiles*." It seems to me therefore quite clear that St. Paul's mind must have been profoundly pre-occupied long before his conversion with the paradox involved in supposing that his own strict Judaism could ever take forcible hold on the great Gentile world, and that, in compelling himself to cling close to his faith, despite the paradox, he naturally began testing his own confidence in it by agitating fiercely against any heresy which seemed to relax the chains of Judaism and concede anything to the heathen. In the heat of this crusade it must have flashed upon him more than once that there might be a still diviner paradox implied in the humiliation of the proud, stiff, Jewish orthodoxy, than even in the subjugation of the keen free Greek intellect or the haughty Roman imperialism; so that when his conversion came, he was instinctively groping after a double conviction: (1) that the hard Jewish legalism was not divine, was

not one of those weak things of the world destined to confound the things which were mighty, but rather one of the typically proud things of the world destined to be confounded; and (2) that whatever was destined to supersede it must have far larger affinities for the Gentile world than the strict Judaism could ever have had.

Admit this profoundly Hebrew basis and starting-point for St. Paul's theology—that man and his systems are nothing, that God and His grace are everything; that either a man or a Church that begins to rely on intrinsic merits is losing divine help; that the Cross is the type of what is divinest, because it is the type at once of what is weakest and the most conscious of weakness, and of what can shine therefore only by borrowing glory of God,—and I seem to gain an insight into the secret of St. Paul's eloquence and persuasiveness such as M. Rénan, in his contemptuous and hasty notice of the Apostle's unfortunate liking for the "transcendental-absurd," has necessarily been debarred from. Who that has studied St. Paul at all has not noticed that bold, soaring, and—I might almost say by an audacious anachronism, if it did not give so false a conception of its intellectual motive—*Hegelian* dialectic, with which he rises from the forms of our finite and earthly thought to the infinite and the spiritual life embodied in them? "Who then is Paul and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man? I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase. So that neither he that planted is anything, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase. . . . Therefore let no man glory in men. *For all things are yours*; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." What ease and swiftness and power of wing in this indignant upward flight from the petty conflicts of the Corinthian Church, an up-

ward flight which does not cease till the poor subjects of contention, though he himself was one of them, seem lost like grains of sand beneath the bending sky!

M. Rénan makes an exception to his general distaste for St. Paul's religious writings in favour of the famous chapter on charity. But though St. Paul's rapid and, as it were, spiral upward flight is never seen to higher perfection than in this cumulative description of the attributes of Divine love, which at every stroke seems to rise into a more triumphant and beatific vision, yet what I may fairly call its *method* is common to all the higher passages of St. Paul's reasonings and exhortations, which habitually aim at dissolving away the "beggarly elements" in morality and religion, and making us see that it is only participation in the divine nature which gives any meaning at all to human virtue. If it be not "the transcendental-absurd" to say "Charity never faileth: whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away; for we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come that which is in part shall be done away;" if *that* be not absurd, even though it be transcendental, how is it more so to reason that "God, who commanded this light to shine out of darkness, both shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of God in the fear of Jesus Christ; but we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us: we are troubled on every side, yet not disturbed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of our Lord Jesus Christ, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body"? In both passages alike, and in all, I think, illustrative of St. Paul's peculiar and characteristic persuasiveness, the very essence of that principle which M. Rénan calls "the transcendental-absurd" is at the heart

of the Apostle's thought, simply because it was at the very root of his own life—I mean the conviction that it is the only true glory of man to renounce glory for man and seek the glory of heaven ; to dissolve or widen his own selfish and limited love in the ever-flowing charity of God ; to be thankful for the poverty of the earthen vessels which force him to turn to that divine fountain of grace, from their capacity for containing which, and from that alone, they derive their worth. If M. Rénan had had even the slightest sympathy with the very moving principle of St. Paul's life, he could not have designated as the "transcendental-absurd" that which really was the life of both conscience and intellect alike, and which made St. Paul what he was.

For observe that St. Paul's door of escape out of the Jewish narrowness and exclusiveness was precisely by this outlet,—his distrust of all human self-sufficiency as such, his "transcendental" merging of all human powers and genius in Christ. His objection to the circumcision was *not* a refined dislike for a barbarous custom and tradition, but that it gave the Jew something to reckon upon and to trust to apart from God—something by which to exalt himself above the Gentiles. Again, his craving for some closer bond with the Gentile world, for some affinity with the keen philosophical intellect of the Greek, and the stately jurisprudence of Rome, is shown in a hundred passages : in that careful study, for instance, of the Greek religious nature which made him appreciate so fully the side of Theism *approaching nearest to Pantheism*, and speak to the Athenians of the *inwardness* of that God who gives to all "life and breath" and all things . . . that they should "seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from any one of us, for in Him we live and move and have our being, as certain also of your own poets have said, 'for we are also His offspring ;'" and not less certainly in that earnest respect for Roman legislation which made him inculcate on the Roman Church the divine sanction

of all secular government, and speak to them of rulers as "ministers of God," "not bearing the sword in vain." I see the same in the evidently profound yearning of St. Paul to see Rome,—a yearning which he avowed in the only letter we have of his addressed to a Church he had not seen—the Epistle to the Romans ; and his latent desire to get nearer to the heart of Roman influence is sufficiently attested in his many evidences of deference to Roman rulers, in his guarded submission even to Felix, one of the very worst of those rulers ; in his still greater courtesy and deference to the "most noble Festus ;" in his appeal to Cæsar ; and in the many indications of pride in his Roman citizenship recorded by his biographer in the Acts. But though the proofs of St. Paul's craving for a closer sympathy with the two great Gentile powers, the intellect of Greece and the governing genius of Rome, are stamped everywhere in his history and writings, he felt no more disposition to value the national genius of Rome or Greece for its own sake than he did to value for its own sake the national genius of Israel, as embodied in the law of Moses. He *feared* Gentile powers and traditions less, because they had never, as far as he knew, been set up as human merits justifying man before God. But he knew no mode of attaining that closer sympathy with the Greek and Roman, for which he had evidently been craving long before he assisted at the martyrdom of Stephen and set out for Damascus bent on pushing the rigours of Judaism to their utmost limit, except by levelling all human grounds of pride, and denying all gifts alike the slightest intrinsic value, unless so far as they drew their owners closer to Him who gave them. St. Paul was always reiterating to himself that in the divine sight "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all and in all." He broke down "the wall of partition" between the Jew and the Gentile by his assertion that "no flesh could glory in Christ's presence" and it was only

through that confession that he learned to appreciate the gifts which *other* flesh than the chosen people had received at the hands of God. His universalism was gained by stripping all peoples alike naked, as it were, of any special glory of their own, till he learned to look on every national gift as a mere temporary loan from above, the object of which was to merge the possessors in the joy of human weakness and conscious indebtedness to God. St. Paul's faith was the precise antithesis of our modern humanism. He delighted to present humanity as a naked, shivering, worthless beggar, scarcely an entity at all until it recognised freely its weakness and nakedness, after which that very weakness and nakedness became its strength and glory, by teaching whence it borrowed all that might seem to be of any worth in what it had. Christ Himself had taught the same before, but He taught it from above, without that incessant sense of the supernatural division between man and God—the flesh and the spirit—which St. Paul was ever striving to express. St. Paul shrinks, with true Hebrew trembling, from the light, even as he welcomes it and plunges in it. He feels the human kernel rattle, as it were, even in the protecting shell of divine grace and love.

I do not think that without thoroughly realizing this, which is the very essence alike of St. Paul's theology, of his morality, and of his individual self-consciousness, it is possible to appreciate fairly what we call his *character*, i.e. his social manner, his peculiar temper, his political dexterity, his power as a "director of consciences," his pride in maintaining himself, his yearning after appreciation, his exquisite and heartfelt joy in the full recognition of his services by the Churches he had served. St. Paul's very essence was a pervading sense of personal humiliation, dissolving into gratitude to God for a vision of marvellous glory. It seems to me that the key to his character is his confession to the Corinthians: "Lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there

" was given to me a thorn in the flesh, " the messenger of Satan to buffet me, " lest I should be exalted above measure. For this thing I besought the " Lord thrice, that it might depart from " me; and He said, My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is " made perfect in weakness: most " gladly, therefore, will I rather glory " in my infirmities, that the power of " Christ may rest upon me . . . for " *when I am weak, then I am strong.*"

This is another instance of what M. Rénan would call "the transcendental-absurd" in St. Paul; but if so, it is impossible to understand St. Paul himself in the least without understanding "the transcendental-absurd" too. Shrinking infirmity, and self-contempt, hidden in a sort of aureole of revelations abundant beyond measure—that was St. Paul. And he believed, too, that there was a real law of direct proportion between the darkness at the core and the brightness of the spiritual envelope,—that when he was cowering most beneath his sense of despicable infirmities, then the power of Christ rested most conspicuously upon him,—that when he was least satisfied with himself, then the radiance of heaven began to pale and dwindle round him. Combine a nature and experience such as this with a temper of unusual fire, and a very keen eye for the relative political advantages of the various grounds open to him in any contest, and we shall see in St. Paul not so much the "eminent man of action" whom M. Rénan delineates—for eminent men of action are almost always profoundly self-confident, without any trace of shrinking and infirmity of soul—as a man of passion with a very few great gifts for action, gifts almost exclusively limited to a profound and delicate genius for winning the sympathy of individuals by alternate self-abnegation and the most eloquent exposition of his own desires and hopes. St. Paul loves to appear as a suitor to even the most humble of his followers,—loves to ask, and even supplicate, as the most powerful mode of command. Pride he has, but the pride that loves to abase itself

in order to secure itself. He throws himself as it were at the feet of his disciples in order to win them back ; he points to his sufferings, enumerates his labours and his griefs, but all in order to melt away their pride of resistance, in order to give the most obdurate a sufficient excuse and self-justification for expressing their sorrow, in order to make them feel that they are *giving*, even more than giving up, when they relent. He treats every one who acknowledges his influence as doing him the greatest of favours. "I am *debtor*," he says, "both to the Greek and the barbarian," meaning that he had gained both Greeks and barbarians to Christ. Eminent as a man of action he was, but only because he was so very much greater as a man of passion. It was in the generous parade, as it were, of his weakness and sufferings, in his boundless willingness to entreat where he might have commanded, in the passion with which he was ready to descant to every one on the overflow of the divine grace which had rescued him from what he was, that he founded his power of action. It was not *organizing* power, as far as I can see, nor strength of will, nor impressiveness of manner, nor any manipulation of the secrets and private jealousies of the various communities he visited, which made him a great man of action, but simply the generous passion with which he lavished himself, revelations, visions, shame, sufferings, hopes, pride, everything, for the purpose of claiming or reclaiming anyone who seemed within his reach.

Of course a nature like this, so apt to despise technical moral rules so long as it kept God in sight, so lavish and unhesitating in its use of personal entreaty and in the sacrifice of every personal reserve for the same end, could not but have its weak side. No doubt St. Paul sometimes condemned himself for going too far in the way of *tactics*. I think his appeal to the inflamed partisan passions of the mob of Sadducees and Pharisees at Jerusalem, "I am a Pharisee and the son of a Pharisee, and "for the hope of the resurrection of

"the dead I am called in question this "day," caused him some compunction afterwards ; at least, he declares afterwards to Felix that there had been no cause of offence given by him to the Jews, "except it be for this one voice, "that I cried, standing among them, "Touching the resurrection of the dead "I am called in question by you this "day." Clearly that was what we should now call a *dodge*, and St. Paul knew it, and was ashamed of it. But it was of the very essence of his type of faith not to be over-scrupulous in details so long as he made himself of no account and made God all in all ; and this led him, perhaps more than once, into seizing hold of weapons close at hand for making an impression, which he could afterwards see were *not* divine instruments at all. The same scorn for a legal morality, and tendency to make the letter nothing and the spirit everything, no doubt diminished now and then the restraint he might otherwise have put upon his temper. "God shall smite "thee, thou whited wall ; for sittest "thou to judge me after the law, and "commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law ?" is the kind of outbreak which, though it was immediately withdrawn and apologized for, an equally great man of more reticent and regulated moral temperament would hardly have indulged in at all. If the Epistle to Timothy is spurious, there is the skill of a true literary forger in the sentence, "Alexander the coppersmith did me "much evil ; the Lord reward him "according to his works." Again, the Apostle quarrelled vehemently with Barnabas ; and there is something positively grim in the Eastern ferocity of the wish expressed in the Epistle to the Galatians (v. 12) against the false brethren who troubled the Church by insisting on the strict Jewish circumcision, *ὄφελον καὶ ἀποκόψονται οἱ ἀναστατούντες ὑμᾶς*. But then the same all but reckless prodigality of nature which made St. Paul now and then use a stratagem, and now and then launch a thunderbolt, in the fervour of his pleading, is the spring of all his finest

touches, as when he wishes himself even "accursed from Christ" if it could save his Jewish brethren; when he pathetically desires that Agrippa and all who heard him might be made like to him "except these bonds;" when he declares that "*neither death nor life*" (speaking of life as far more formidable than death) shall be able to separate him "from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord;" or when he confesses frankly to the Corinthians the shrinkings, the changes of purpose, the painful irresolution he felt about his third visit to them, lest they should have been excited against him by his former letter. St. Paul could hardly have been thus lavish of himself, thus eager to expose even his most private feelings to the light, had he habitually reviewed his impulses before giving any of them free play. It is truly wonderful, I think, that in the course of controversies so fierce, conducted by a mind of such heat and such marvellously quick sympathies, we have not far more of violence and manœuvre than we have. Had St. Paul been chiefly "a man of action," as M. Rénan thinks, but of the same ardent temperament as he actually betrays, it could not but have been that he would have waged a far more personal and terrible war. Had he not been what he was,—a man of ardent *inward* life, who, living "in weakness, and fear, and much trembling," yet had the gift of using his ardours and his fears alike as means of persuasion to others,—his warmth of temperament could not but have taken far oftener the form of practical interference and personal denunciation, and his ready-witted insight the form of diplomatic strategy.

Again, M. Rénan will not have it that St. Paul was a man of either the highest virtue or even of a loveable nature. St. Paul himself would probably have agreed with his critic. But for my own part I doubt whether there can ever be human virtue higher, or human disinterestedness of this impersonal kind more loveable, than St. Paul's. No doubt he was, what M. Rénan calls him, "an ugly little Jew," painfully con-

scious when amongst Greeks and Romans of his own insignificance, and one who felt the ties of faith much stronger even than the ties of friendship. But if it be virtuous habitually to overcome "weakness, and fear, and much trembling," and not to count life dear, so that he might but "finish his course with joy" and work out the trust committed to him, then was St. Paul the most virtuous of men, surmounting the greatest obstacles to reach the highest end. And if it be loveable to think and feel so ardently for others as is implied in such words as the following, for instance, addressed to a distant Church,—"*Out of much affliction and anguish of heart, I write unto you with many tears, not that you should be grieved, but that you might know the love which I have more abundantly with you,*"—then St. Paul was assuredly in this sense the most loveable of men. M. Rénan, however, thinks him insincere, charges him with inventing private "revelations" for the sake of insuring submission on the part of his converts. I cannot conceive a charge that seems to me more grossly improbable. That St. Paul tried to distinguish most scrupulously between his own judgment and the inspiration of God, and believed, though admitting to himself at times a doubt whether his judgment were his own or inspired (see 1 Cor. vii. 40), that he could do so, we have the most ample evidence. The doubt expressed in the passage I refer to, itself shows that St. Paul may or rather must have been at times mistaken. Doubtless, in announcing to the Thessalonians the approaching day of judgment and end of the world—assumed to be likely to happen during his own lifetime—he was profoundly mistaken in interpreting as divinely inspired thoughts more or less due to his own limited conceptions. But I cannot conceive clearer evidence of any man's scrupulous sincerity in such matters than we have of St. Paul's. Indeed, in making this charge, M. Rénan seems to me to go out of his way to accuse St. Paul of a sort of sin of

which he has given us the most ample evidence that he was absolutely incapable. That he could manœuvre in the heat of a moment of excitement (and afterwards repent it) I have admitted. But without vehement impulses, the highest kind of human *virtue* is, as I suppose, impossible. It seems to me difficult to conceive any nature less easy to harmonise and control than St. Paul's. At times shrinking, trembling, almost cowering, dwelling with nervous irritability on one topic,—such as the discord and demoralization at Corinth; wavering between tenderness and severity; full even of a consciousness of personal infirmity which seems almost to have amounted now and then to self-disgust (as if at a sort of meanness of soul in himself), yet conscious of a heat of imagination and an ardour of faith such as none of those who marvelled at and half-despised him could understand,—it seems to me truly marvellous that he should have been generally so calm and foreseeing in compromise, so courageous without defiance in self-defence, so tender and gentle even to womanliness in dealing with those whose feelings he was compelled to wound, and so magnanimous towards his colleagues and rivals in missionary work. How M. Rénan can speak of jealousy as the foundation of St. Paul's nature in the face of his generous acknowledgment of the work of Apollos in his own peculiar field, I confess I do not understand. He was jealous as a mother is jealous over his infant Churches, jealous with what the Bible calls a godly jealousy, lest they should be persuaded that legal and ritual observances were the appointed means of extinguishing sin in the heart; and for the same reason he was jealous of his apostleship, since the spiritual equality of the Gentiles depended on the equality of his apostleship to that of the Twelve: but of the sort of jealousy which must have been felt *towards* him by the Twelve, if M. Rénan is right (which I exceedingly doubt), in referring to St. Paul the denunciations recorded in the Apoca-

lypse of those “which say they are apostles, and are not,” I think there is absolutely no trace at all. St. Paul is always eager to acknowledge himself the least of the apostles, “that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God.” At all times he is eager to abase himself in any way to win his cause, which was not his own, but his Master's. Indeed I can never think of “the ugly little Jew,” with his tender remembrance of all the old women and slaves in his various little Churches, his “outward fightings and inward fears,” his visions and his humiliations, his signs and mighty deeds and his fears and tremblings, his anxious distinction between that which his Lord had told him and that which he had thought himself; that fine tact which *might* have been strategic, that fiery temper which *was* sometimes fierce; the flesh which struggled against the spirit, and the spirit which dissolved away the flesh and painted man as, at his best, hardly approaching anything so purely good as a vacuum for God to fill; his rapidly mounting eloquence that rushes with the whole universe into the presence of God, and his sudden cries of shame and sin—without feeling that in him we get the highest conceivable degree of that human virtue which is *not* moral beauty, and that loveableness of spirit which is not sweetness or harmony. I have never felt that I could heartily apply to our Lord those words of Isaiah usually referred to Him, concerning His having no beauty that we should desire Him, for surely He is “the first and only fair.” But I can apply them with my whole mind to St. Paul,—“He hath no form nor comeliness, and when we see him there is no beauty that we should desire him; he is despised, and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; he was despised and we esteemed him not.” Yet is not his the sort of despicability which is soon better honoured and better loved than anything else that ever entered into our world, except indeed the light which it reflects, and the love which it reveals!

OUR FRIENDS IN THE VILLAGE.

THE July Number of *Macmillan* and that of *Good Words* each contains an article on the Poor. In *Macmillan* Miss Octavia Hill gives us her own experience among the London poor; and the necessity of an intimate personal acquaintance between them and those who wish really to benefit them and raise them, is the one great axiom on which she insists. She tells us that *individual influence* is the only power that "can change a mob of paupers and semi-paupers into a body of self-dependent workers." The *Good Words*' "commissioner's" acquaintance with the Buckinghamshire agricultural labourer appears to be limited to one visit paid for the purpose of gathering what he calls "social statistics," from his chance conversations with the country people he meets about the fields. This method of getting up a subject may seem rather like Mr. Pickwick's friend Count Smorltork's way of writing a book on England, but the result is better than one might expect. The conversations are characteristic, and graphically given, and the conclusions drawn from them so fair and just as to make one regret that the writer has not apparently had a little more habitual intercourse with the agricultural poor, so as to know them in their homes, and learn both the dark and bright sides of their lives. In some things he believes them to be superior to what they really are; in others he unconsciously does them injustice. Nothing short of years of daily intercourse, such as that of Miss Hill with her tenants, can give the true key to the lives of a class whose thoughts and feelings and surroundings are so different from those of highly educated people, and who are at the same time so jealous of any intrusion; and after reading the two articles, one longs to hear the results of some expe-

riences of a more intimate acquaintance with the country poor, and to find out whether the conclusions come to by Miss Hill in town would be corroborated by similar seekers in the country. Without either Miss Hill's knowledge, or the fluency of the *Good Words*' "commissioner," some information on the subject may be supplied from the experiences of a few years in a Midland county village.

The outward features of the village are still perhaps more old-fashioned than those of any other part of the country, and ten years ago the neighbourhood was even more primitive than it is. Even now there is no railroad at all within four miles, and no main line within twelve. The nearest town of any importance is ten miles off; and that is an old county town with decreasing population. The average of wages is (or was a short time ago) from 10s. to 14s. a week, with an extra shilling or two at haytime and harvest; the rent of cottages from 30s. to 2l. a year for very old stone cottages, nearly all consisting of one living room, with a brick or stone floor, below, leading by a ladder to a single sleeping-room above, with a thatched roof and very small latticed casements (many of them without the means of opening). In these places lived families of six, eight, and even nine people. The village was formerly much neglected, and of the older generation very few could read or write. The clergyman of the parish lived three miles off, and a single service on Sunday, with another at a smaller church a mile off, comprised all the religious instruction of the people. Altogether the condition of the population, intellectually and socially, was as low as could possibly be conceived. The great house of the neighbourhood had been empty eleven months of the year for many years past,

and circumstances had during all that time made it impossible for the family to exercise any personal influence, though all that money could do was done in building a good school, draining, &c. What were not remedied were the evils which had accumulated unknown—the people knew no better, and did not care for better lodgings or more education; the apathy of the “Buckinghamshire Labourer” was theirs, but beneath that apathy lay many noble qualities which one would scarcely have expected to survive such surroundings or such a life, but which were ready enough to respond to any friendly advances, and to show clearly enough that some of the best fruits of God’s Spirit were still struggling in their hearts with the sin and vice around them.

They were, as we have already said, densely ignorant, but as a body less rude than from this ignorance and the low conditions of their social life might have been expected. The “feudal feeling” existed strongly among them, as well as that unenvious way of looking on their “betters” to which the writer in *Good Words* alludes; but it was not quite the slavish, stupid submission that a superficial observer might at first sight consider it. When the owners of the great house came to live among them, they were received by their poorer neighbours with simple courtesy and friendliness; the outward differences of their station seemed to be accepted as natural, and the poor villager apparently no more thought of envying the fine clothes or large house of his landlord, than the landlord would have envied the Queen because his house was simply an old Elizabethan country house and not Windsor Castle. Had the minds of these poor peasants been a little more awakened, so that they could have realized the moral and intellectual disadvantages of their position compared to that of their landlord’s family, this contented submission could not have continued. The poor people probably thought their landlord’s family very lucky in being able to eat meat every day and to drink what they pleased, but they

knew enough to be aware that the ladies and gentlemen at the great house were exposed like themselves to much illness, suffering, bitter griefs, long partings with their children, journeys that to these simple people (who had scarcely even heard of emigration) seemed most formidable, and for all these they pitied them, and felt that their lot was no more unmixed with sorrow than their own. Their superior luxuries and comforts excited as little envy as their intellectual advantages; for the same reason that the poor are unable to appreciate them, and things that to us appear ordinary necessities, to many of them would have seemed inconvenient superfluities. Some of the best meant attempts to add to their comfort were frustrated by this fact. An old woman suffering dreadfully from rheumatism lived in a cottage, the stone floor of which was stained all the winter through with damp: and the lady remarking this, gave her a rug to keep her feet from the wet stones. At her next visit she found the old woman sitting as usual with her feet on the stones, and on asking why she did not use her rug was told, that the rug was up-stairs on the bed, “and beautiful it do look.” “But why not use it to put your feet on?” “What for?” “Because it would keep them from the stone floor.” “Why, what nonsense be you a-talkin’!” “But the stones are cold for you.” “Cold! why, what would you have a floor made on but stoan? Bless you, stoans beant cold!” The old lady was perfectly contented, and evidently had rather a contempt for the fastidiousness which could want a better floor than her “stoans,” and the extravagance which could think of using a rug as a carpet! The same old lady, on being asked if she had ever been to London, indignantly explained that she “warn’t no foreigner. She had once been in a service at U—, and a weary way that was—well-nigh twenty mile.” Very few of her contemporaries had been any further. The younger generation of course travel more, and are less convinced that “stoans beant

cold," and that their lot is as perfect as any reasonable being can desire.

It need hardly be said that with these primitive ideas there was almost an utter lack of the sense of beauty. At the time we are speaking of, the humanizing influences of school-feasts, Christmas decorations, musical services, by which the poorest and lowest have now some opportunity of cultivating purer tastes, had not yet penetrated into our villages. There was no music at all in the church, the Christmas decorations consisted of a forlorn sprig or two of yew or holly stuck upright in the corner of the reading-desk by the old clerk (who himself could barely read), the harvest-home was simply an excuse for drinking more than usual, and the village feast the same. The only wonder was that the people were not quite brutish. They were saved from brutishness by the affections which in many of them were warm and fresh and lively. In cases of illness, however dangerous and repulsive, women with no tie to the sufferers but that of accidental neighbourhood, would come forward unasked to act as the most faithful and devoted nurses; men would shield each other's faults, apologize for each other's shortcomings, and exercise a large-hearted charity rare indeed among gentlemen. Their notions of morality were hazy enough, but they had a certain sense of honour and love of fair play, and, so far as their code of right and wrong went, they acted up to it more strictly by far than many whose standard was higher and purer. In going about among them, and seeing their rough ignorance and yet simple uprightness, one could not but be reminded of the words of the text: "That servant which knew his lord's will and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not and did commit things worthy of stripes shall be beaten with few stripes." We do not pretend that this was the case with all; there were black sheep enough in the village, but, considering all things, the wonder was

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that there were so many white ones; and though there may have been disappointments, still the result of a few years' kindly labour among them has been far from disheartening.

When the landlord's family came to live among and see more of their neighbours, the quick warm affections and lively sympathies of these poor people made them ready enough to receive visits which they found were intended to be friendly and sympathetic.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that *all* the poor are beggars, pure and simple. Of course some beggars were found, but the most inveterate and importunate were usually those with whom "the family" had least personal intercourse. Their *friends* rarely begged of them, and often, when in any case of distress kindness was shown them, their one anxiety seemed to be to "make a return." Odd little presents were the result of this feeling, and to have refused them would have been to lose all chance of influence for ever. One poor family was found in terrible affliction about their son, a boy of twelve, who, being pot-boy in a public-house in the county town, had been concerned with some others in a robbery. The person robbed, knowing the boy's parents to be respectable, and believing him to have been led away by bad companions, refused to prosecute him, so he was sent home unconvicted, but with the stigma of thieving on him. The lady of the great house interested herself in the case, and put the boy into an industrial school, where he got on steadily, and eventually went into the navy, where he at this moment bears a high character. The parents' gratitude was unbounded, and when the boy had been a few months at the school and good reports had been received of him, the mother—whose cottage was some considerable distance from the house—arrived one morning with a *lark* in a large wicker cage, which she had taken great pains to procure, and, after ascertaining that it was in full song and likely to do well, had triumphantly carried it in

its huge cage, and a large bottle of mushroom ketchup of her own making, as the most magnificent presents she could think of for the lady who had rescued her boy. No presents were probably ever more proudly given or more gladly received. The poor woman felt she had indeed shown her gratitude, and the lady felt her kindness had indeed been appreciated.

Gratitude is a very strong feeling in these simple natures, but they like to be *independent* in their gratitude, so to speak. They are not too proud to be grateful, but they are too proud to accept benefits without making the best return in their power, and are never so really grateful as when they can confer a benefit in return. Gratitude would not be supposed to enter much into the relations of game-preservers and poachers, so an instance may be worth recording. One hard winter, poaching was rampant on one side of the estate where the best heads of game were usually to be found. Repeated complaints and several convictions did nothing to stop the evil; at last it came one night to an encounter between the keepers and poachers, in which the former were most severely handled. The poachers escaped, but the keepers maintained that they could identify one or two, and especially a certain "Tom," whom they declared to be the ringleader of all the poachers in the neighbourhood, and that no good could be done till he was convicted. A summons was taken out, and Tom's wife came in great grief to the house to intercede for her husband. The landlord, touched by her earnestness, determined to go himself to see this redoubtable enemy. He found him a good-looking, straightforward, honest fellow, who in answer to his questions frankly said, "Well now, my lord, I'll tell you the truth. Muster ——" (the keeper) "was mistook, for I warn't there that there night; but I'll say the truth, as I know'd who was and all about it, and I won't deny it. But, my lord, 'tain't fair to convict me for this, 'cos I warn't in that fight."

Pleased with the fellow's honesty, his landlord said in that case he would

withdraw the summons if Tom would promise not to poach again.

"Yes, my lord, I'll promise," said Tom; "and what's more, if you lets me off now, I'll promise you you shan't hear o' no more poaching in these woods, for I knows all the fellows as goes, and I'll keep them fair to you if you're fair to me."

The bargain was struck; for months no more poaching in the —— woods was heard of: all was peace, the keepers in high spirits, and the landlord enchanted to think that he had not only saved his game but reclaimed a confirmed poacher. Spring came, and one day out riding the landlord came on Tom working in the fields; he pulled up and thanked him for having so faithfully kept his promise, praising him at the same time for giving up poaching, to which the truthful and uncompromising Tom replied: "Of course, my lord, as you've behaved honourable to me, I've behaved honourable to you, and I've never been near your woods, but have kept myself, and the others too, all winter to Mr. —— and Lord ——," naming the proprietors of the adjoining estates.

The idea that he could have abstained from poaching for any reason but personal gratitude was utterly inconceivable to Tom, for the notion of its being any sin in itself did not enter into his code of morals at all, and the sin of fighting the keepers was probably completely excused in his eyes by their hostility to himself and his friends, but he was ready to feel insulted at the bare suggestion that he could have broken a pledge to one who had been kind to him. Who can say what a nature so full of truth and of a rough sense of justice might not have become if awakened and cultivated to a clearer grasp of right and wrong?

There is something very pathetic in the demeanour of the men of this peasant class towards their "betters." The women are, as a rule, superior to the men. We have said that the only way in which their minds can be approached is through their affections and sympathies; and as these are always

quicker in women than in men, the natural result is that they are much more easily accessible, superior in mind and understanding and refinement to the men, who themselves thoroughly acquiesce in this superiority, and leave all the serious affairs of the family to be conducted by their wives. The wives on their part are proud of their superiority and jealous of maintaining it. If "the father" goes to his work regularly and brings home the wages to his wife to administer—reserving now and then for himself such little pocket-money as she can spare or sees fit to trust him with—he is supposed by his wife, himself, and the whole parish to have admirably fulfilled his duties; and the idea of his having any voice in his children's education or the economy of the family never enters the mind of any one, least of all of the man himself. Once there was quite a commotion in a family where a boy was to be apprenticed, on first learning that "the father" must go to the attorney to sign the articles. He could not be made to understand that he must do this, which seemed to him so essentially in his wife's province, and was only persuaded at last by her, as she expressed it, "worriting him and not giving him a bit or sup by day, nor no rest at night till he'd go." This was rather an exceptional case of a very strong-minded woman, and a weak, stolid husband, but the general feeling of the village was in their case only a little intensified. When the ladies first began to visit the cottages, they were struck with the circumstance that the men when at home rarely or never took any notice of them at first. They would remain immovable in their chair for a few minutes, and then usually go out; and this from no surliness, but rather from a sense of shyness, and a dim notion that "the mother" would like her talk with her friends undisturbed. When spoken to, the men generally answered civilly, but always with a sort of lurking consciousness of inferiority to their wives. If met alone they were more communicative. Though

seemingly unnatural, this subjection to the wives worked well. The boys had mostly from the age of ten, or younger, been sent to work in the fields, and removed from every softening influence; the girls remaining longer at home and helping in the household work, or else going to service, remained longer under softening influences, and in service had chances of intercourse with those a little higher in station, which helped to raise them above any standard that their brothers ever had an opportunity of reaching. This was probably the secret of the feminine rule in most of the households. There were, however, exceptions to it, though few—cases of violent, brutal fellows who ill-used their wives; but even in these the superiority of the women asserted itself in the tenderness with which they usually sought to veil their husbands' brutalities. One poor woman, dying of consumption, once confided to the lady with whom, from daily visits, she had become intimate, that, though very much worse, she hoped she (the lady) would prevent the doctor coming to see her for the next few days lest he should notice her black eye, and guess that she had got that and the fresh pain in her side from Jim (her husband) striking her when she went to fetch him. "from the fight at the Bull's Head o' Saturday night." These cases were happily rare, but when they occurred the most curious thing was the uncomplaining manner in which the victims bore their sufferings. It never seemed to occur to them that their causes of complaint were exceptional; they had none of the feelings which would have made an ill-used woman in a higher class declare that "No one had ever been so treated." As to minor faults they were scarcely noticed. One most affectionate wife, while dilating on her husband's perfections, remarked incidentally that he had "*his nows and his thens* like all men, but *that* no one could find fault with;" his "*nows and his thens*" being periodical fits of drinking. This long-suffering is partly, no doubt, owing to the apathy of dull, unawakened minds, but more we believe to a sort of

unconscious large-hearted charity. An old man being questioned regarding another villager, one of the very few irreclaimable "black sheep" of the place, who was at that moment lying helplessly drunk by the roadside, was most eager to explain what a pity it was "poor Jack should be so given to drink, for when he's sober he's as pleasant a chap as any one could see;" the old gentleman who made this charitable speech being himself rigidly temperate, and quite as much impressed with the disgusting sense of the spectacle of the helpless drunkard as the lady who questioned him could be.

As a rule, however, drunkenness and other moral offences were scarcely looked on as sins at all by the majority of the population. They had seen these sins committed by all around them from their earliest years, and had learnt not to consider them as wrong at all. Blaming had little effect, and the only way by which it seemed possible to effect any permanent reformation in the village morals was by seeking to educate the younger generation sufficiently for them to realize the degradation of their state, and so to acquire the wish to rise to a higher level. Of course by so doing they would be "unsettled," and very likely made discontented, but no improvement and no progress are possible without a certain amount of "unsettling." We have already mentioned that a school was built in the village. It was tolerably attended by such of the children as were too young to be sent to work; the parents, scarcely any of whom could read or write themselves, were willing enough that their children should learn a little when they could not be more profitably employed, but they had not the least sense of the importance of education, and their chief reason for sending their children to school was "to please my lady." No coercion was used, but they all knew that "my lady" liked to see the children at school, and as she was kind and helpful to them they were glad to oblige her. A few years passed on, and the parents saw that the children them-

selves were improved by being at school, and then they became more anxious themselves to keep them at it. Love of their children and anxiety about their welfare are perhaps the strongest feelings of the women in this class; even those who are roughest and rudest have them very strongly, and though their views of duty are often peculiar, they generally strive most conscientiously to fulfil it according to their lights. One woman summed up her efforts to do what she thought right by her children as follows: "I gives 'em plenty to eat, I whips them well, and I takes in a lodger whenever I can get one," the latter being a supreme instance of self-denial, since although a strange lodger in the small cottage entailed an amount of annoyance on herself and her husband greater than they would have borne had it been for themselves alone, she did not shrink from any trouble which would bring in a few pence more for the children's profit. The "whipping," too, was administered, not in anger, but as part of the creed, that to spare the whip would spoil the child, a creed scrupulously held by the whole village; so that a mild, meek woman, the very soul of tenderness and love, who would sit for days and nights nursing a sick baby with unwearied patience, and expending on it every term of endearment, would suddenly rouse herself to threaten another equally loved child with "I'll beat you well" (spoken as tenderly and sorrowfully as possible) "for not answering the lady." It was rather a difficult task to persuade either mother that "beating" and "taking in lodgers" would do the children infinite future harm, whatever they might think of the present good. Indeed, persuasion by argument is with the poor simply impossible. They resent all *dictation*, and even where they like the person who tries to influence them, think, not quite without reason, that they are better judges of their own affairs than he is. If not offended at his interference, they generally look upon it with the same sort of good-natured contempt with which the old woman looked on the lady

who thought the stones cold. They can only be really influenced in indirect ways. The great thing is first to establish a friendly feeling with them; the gratitude and wish to make a return for kindnesses received, which is so invariable a feeling (provided the kindnesses have been done simply as from friend to friend, and without any affectation of condescension), will probably first induce them to do what they know you wish as a favour to you, and then, if they find the thing good in itself, to adopt it for its own sake.

When the village school had been going on for some years, the attendance becoming better and better, and some of the elder scholars being now very fairly taught, a proposal was made to start a lending library for the villagers. The older persons, who had known most of the villagers in former years, all declared that the experiment would be a failure. It was tried, and succeeded beyond expectation. At first the only books given out were children's books, as it was not supposed that any but a few of the elder children would use the library. Soon, however, older customers presented themselves; where the parents could not read, a message was often brought by a child that "Mother" (or sometimes "Father") "would like summat for us to read 'em." At first the choice of the book was almost invariably left to the lady who managed the library, but after a few months a particular book was generally named, and individual tastes began to assert themselves. Books of travels and short biographies (particularly historical ones) were the most popular, stories being evidently considered childish. The rule of the library, that persons neglecting to return the book within a fortnight, or to give notice of their wish to keep it on another week or fortnight, should pay a fine, was scrupulously kept, and the care taken of the books after the first few months, when they were chiefly used by the children, far greater than could be expected.

The success of the library led to the establishment of a night-school for the

elder boys, which, again, brought a class of unexpected candidates in the shape of several middle-aged men, who asked eagerly to be allowed to come and learn their letters, and write round-hand side by side with their sons. Many of the boys had been at school, but for too short a time to have learnt more than a very little reading. The instruction given at the night-school was of the most elementary description, writing and reading being the only things taught; the school was held on Sundays and two week-day evenings (the reading on Sunday being all religious) all through the winter: when spring came the intention had been to close the school, but the scholars all petitioned to have it continued on Sunday evenings, which was done, and the attendance regularly increased. The secret of the success was supposed to lie in a great measure in one thing. Though the school was held in the school-house, it was entirely managed by the clergyman, the young ladies of the parish (his own daughters, and those of the great house), and a few assistants from the better educated higher class of farmers—without the schoolmaster. They found that their elder scholars would have felt themselves humiliated by the teaching of the schoolmaster, the professional teacher of small children, but the same instruction was gratefully received from their "friends." Of course care was taken to make the teaching as pleasant as possible; the readings were made excuses for talk on various subjects in which the scholars were always assumed to be as well informed as their teachers—questions asked them on the farming or other subjects connected with their daily work on which they could really give some information, and so be encouraged to ask questions in return on other subjects; and everything in short done to put them at their ease, and tempt them to take the same interest in the subject before them that the teachers themselves always took care to display. The success of this method was admirable, and in nothing

more so than in the good behaviour of the men and boys; though many of them were known to be rough enough outside the school, no instance occurred there of any but the most perfect behaviour, and even gentlemanlike manners, to their teachers. No bribes were necessary to secure attendance, and none were given. After the school had gone on a year or two, an occasional Christmas treat was given, and then the great delight seemed to be for the scholars to undertake as much hard work as they possibly could in decoration, and to act as entertainers rather than entertained.

The success of the library and night-school afforded encouraging proofs that the advantages of education were beginning to be more valued than they were at first. Persons who a dozen years ago were indifferent to any schooling, or only sent their children to oblige "my lady," now actually withdraw them from the parish school to send them several miles off to a more expensive "superior" school. Whether the "superior" school is as well adapted to their wants as the well-established elementary school may be a question; but considering the apathy of dense ignorance in which the people were sunk a few years back, any desire of progress (even if it take some rather ludicrous forms) must be a gain in the end. All other civilizing efforts in the parish are eagerly welcomed. A good choir, composed partly of school children and partly of young men, have made the Church services attractive, and form a very respectable contingent at the Cathedral Choral Festivals. The Christmas decorations of the church are matters of pride and care to the whole parish, and increasing interest is taken in any respectable festivity that may be organized in place of the coarse dissipation of former merry-makings.

And now the question will be asked, what effect has all this had on the *morale* of the village? The answer will perhaps be, not so much that it is improved, as that it is altered. There is less ignorance, but still much vice;

less actual poverty, but much restlessness. The old stupid, quiet apathy has given way in the younger generation to more activity of both body and mind; the old feudal feeling is disappearing, but the strong affections remain. Perhaps there has never been so much need of the personal influence of their "betters" in the village as now. The younger men are ceasing to touch their hats indiscriminately to every gentleman who passes; mere *doles* evoke no gratitude at all, but the peasant's greeting is as respectful as ever, and his feeling as kindly towards those whose personal influence he feels, and who are ready to treat him as a friend. To half educate the peasant, and then expect him to remain unenvious, contented, and apathetic as before, is a great mistake; but if he finds his superiors ready to give him a helping hand, to raise him and encourage him in his onward course, his envy will be no jealous feeling, but rather a cordial admiration for the superior advantages which set before him an object of emulation, and which are enjoyed without assuming any offensive superiority, but with a real manifestation of sympathy with, and friendliness towards himself. In short, our experience agrees with Miss Hill's. It is only by personal intercourse that any real good is done among the poor, and that intercourse based on mutual sympathy and perfect justice. Love of justice and fair play, as we have seen, stands the poor in stead of many virtues; and favouritism degrades them and their benefactors alike; the poor become paupers, and those who ought to have been their guides not only lose their influence but bring into contempt the whole order of gentlefolks, who, with all their advantages, can be imposed upon and cheated as not the stupidest of their inferiors would be; as a young man once expressed it, the "*picksonest*" (most picksome or fastidious) "*are the most taken in'st.*" There must be no "*picksoneness*" in choosing friends among the poor we wish to influence; of course positive wickedness and blackguardism are bars to friendship in every

rank of life ; but short of this, and remembering also that the tempted and ignorant are not to be judged by the same standard as those more favourably placed, let all the poor with whom you come in contact see that you treat them as *friends*—try to put yourself on an equality with them, deferring as far as you can to their better knowledge of their own concerns, and rather acting as if you expected to learn from them instead of teaching them ; accept their little offerings with the same gratitude and simplicity with which you receive a present from your own friends, and in giving them anything, or helping them, act as you would do with your equals—as if you were glad of the privilege of helping them and grateful to them for it. If you do this, your natural advantages of education and refinement will always give you unbounded influence, and you will probably find in your poor friends quite as much to admire and be grateful for as they will in you.

Wickedness and vice will not indeed cease out of the land any more than poverty ; a few irreclaimably bad men will continue bad in every rank of life, but there is no reason why the great mass of the peasantry, as they become more civilized, should not become at least as orderly and decent as the great mass of the more educated classes. The average man who, if left ignorant, is in danger of becoming brutish and vile from ignorance alone, should be rescued from that danger by the same influences of education and civilization by which his richer brother is preserved ; and all—rich and poor, wise and foolish alike—should have the opportunity of learning their duty to God and man as intelligent creatures, and of leading the life of purity, and of intelligent, hearty service and progress, which we believe our Lord intended all men for whom He gave His life, and who are brothers in Him, to lead on earth, until called to the heaven He died to win for them.

ABBOT AND TOWN :

AN UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

BY THE REV. J. R. GREEN.

THE genius of a great writer of our own days has made Abbot Sampson, of St. Edmundsbury, the most familiar of mediæval names to the bulk of Englishmen. By a rare accident the figure of the silent, industrious Norfolk monk, who at the close of Henry the Second's reign suddenly found himself ruler of the wealthiest, if not the greatest, of English abbeys, starts out distinct from the dim canvas of the annals of his house. Annals, indeed, in any strict sense, St. Edmundsbury has none ; no national chronicle was ever penned in its *scriptorium*, such as that which flings lustre round its rival, St. Albans ; not even a record of its purely monastic life is preserved, such as that which gives a local and ecclesiastical interest to its rival of Glastonbury. One book alone the Abbey has given us, but that one book is worth a thousand chronicles. In the wandering, gossipy pages of Jocelyn of Brakeland, the life of the twelfth century, so far as it could penetrate abbey walls, still glows distinct for us round the figure of the shrewd, practical, kindly, imperious Abbot who looks out, a little travestied perhaps, from the pages of Mr. Carlyle.

It is, however, to an incident in the Abbot's life, somewhat later than most of the events told so vividly in "Past and Present," that we wish to direct our readers' attention. A good many eventful years had passed by since Sampson stood Abbot-elect in the court of King Henry ; it was from the German prison where Richard was lying captive that the old Abbot was returning, sad at heart, to his stately house. His way lay through the little town that sloped quietly down to the Abbey walls, along the narrow little street that led to the stately gate-

tower, now grey with the waste of ages, then fresh and white from the builder's hand. It may have been in the shadow of that gateway that the group of townsmen stood gathered to greet the return of their lord, but with other business on hand besides kindly greeting. There is a rustling of parchment as the Alderman unfolds the town-charters, recites the brief grants of Abbots Anselm and Ordning and Hugh, and begs from the Lord Abbot a new confirmation of the liberties of the town. As Sampson paused a moment—he was a prudent, deliberate man in all his ways—he must have read in the faces of all the monks who gathered round him, in the murmured growl that monastic obedience just kept within bounds, very emphatic counsel of refusal. On the other hand, there was the Alderman pleading for the old privileges of the town—for security of justice in their own town-mote, for freedom of sale in their market, for just provisions to enforce the recovery of debts—the simple efficient liberty that stood written in the parchment with the heavy seals—the seals of Anselm and Ordning and Hugh. "Only the same words as your predecessors used, Lord Abbot, simply the same words"—and then came the silvery jingle of the sixty marks that the townsmen offered for their lord's assent. A moment more and the assent was won, "given pleasantly, too;" the monks commented bitterly, as "murmuring and grunting," to use their own emphatic phrase, they led Sampson to the chapter-house. But murmurings and gruntings broke idly against the old Abbot's imperious will. "Let the brethren murmur," he flashed out when one of his friends told him there was discontent in the cloister at his

dealings with the townsmen ; " let them " blame me, and say among themselves " what they will. I am their father and " Abbot. So long as I live I will not " give mine honour to another."

The words are impatient, wilful enough ; but it is the impatience of a man who frets at the blindness of others to what is clear and evident to his own finer sense. The shrewd, experienced eye of the old Churchman read with a perfect sagacity the signs of the times. He had just stood face to face in his German prison with one who, mere reckless soldier as he seemed, had read them as clearly, as sagaciously as himself. When History drops her drums and trumpets, and learns to tell the story of Englishmen, it will find the significance of Richard, not in his crusade or in his weary wars along the Norman border, but in his lavish recognition of municipal life. When, busy with the preparations for his Eastern journey, the King sold charter after charter to the burgesses of his towns, it seemed a mere outburst of royal greed, a mere carrying out of his own bitter scoff that he would have sold London itself could he have found a purchaser. But the hard cynical words of the Angevins were the mere veils which they flung over political conceptions too large for the comprehension of their day. Richard was in fact only following out the policy which had been timidly pursued by his father, which was to find its fullest realization under John. The silent growth and elevation of the English people was the real work of their reigns, and in this work the boroughs led the way. Unnoticed and despised, even by the historian of to-day, they had alone preserved the full tradition of Teutonic liberty. The right of self-government, the right of free speech in free parliament, the right of equal justice by one's peers,—it was these that the towns had brought safely across the ages of Norman rule, these that by the mouth of traders and shopkeepers asked recognition from the Angevin kings. No liberty was claimed in the Great Charter for the realm at large which had not in

borough after borough been claimed and won beforehand by plain burgesses whom the " mailed barons " who wrested it from their king would have despised. That out of the heap of borough-charters which he flung back to their prayer that Charter was to be born, Richard could not know ; but that a statesman so keen and far-sighted as he really was could have been driven by mere greed of gold, or have been utterly blind to the real nature of the forces to which he gave legal recognition, is impossible. We have no such pithy hints of what was passing in his mind as we shall find Abbot Sampson dropping in the course of our story. But Richard can hardly have failed to note what these hints prove his mitred counsellor to have noted well—the silent revolution which was passing over the land, and which in a century and a half had raised serfs like those of St. Edmundsbury into freeholders of a town.

It is only in such lowly records as those which we are about to give that we can follow the progress of that revolution. But, simple as the tale is, there is hardly better historic training for a man than to set him frankly in the streets of a quiet little town like St. Edmundsbury, and bid him work out the history of the men who lived and died there. In the quiet, quaintly-named streets, in the town-mead and the market-place, in the lord's mill beside the stream, in the ruffed and furred brasses of its burghers in the church, lies the real life of England and Englishmen, the life of their home and their trade, their ceaseless, sober struggle with oppression, their steady, unwearied battle for self-government. It is just in the pettiness of its details, in the commonplace incidents, in the want of marked features and striking events, that the real lesson of the whole story lies. For two centuries this little town of St. Edmundsbury was winning liberty for itself, and yet we hardly note, as we pass from one little step to another little step, how surely that liberty was being won. It is hard, indeed, merely to catch a glimpse of the steps. The

monks are too busy with royal endowments and papal grants of mitre and ring, too full of their struggles with arrogant bishops and encroaching barons, to tell us how the line of tiny hovels crept higher and higher from the Abbey gate up the westerly sunlit slope. It is only by glimpses that we catch sight of its first steps towards civic life, of market and market-toll, of flax-growing and women with distaffs at their door, of fullers at work along the Abbey-stream, of gatekeepers for the rude walls, of town-meetings summoned in old Teutonic fashion by blast of horn. It is the Great Survey of the Conqueror that gives us our first clear peep at the town. Much, it tells us, that had been plough-land in the time of the Confessor, was covered with houses under the Norman rule. No doubt the great Abbey-church of stone that Abbot Baldwin was raising amidst all the storm of the Conquest, drew its craftsmen and masons to mingle with the ploughers and reapers of the broad domain. The troubles of the time, too, did their part here as elsewhere; the serf, the fugitive from justice or his lord, the trader, the Jew, would naturally seek shelter under the strong hand of St. Edmund. On the whole, the great house looked kindly on a settlement which raised the value of their land and brought fresh pence to the cellarer. Not a settler that held his acre for a year and a day but paid his pence to the treasury, and owned the abbot for his lord. Not a serf but was bound to plough a rood of the Abbot's land, to reap in the Abbot's harvest-field, to fold his sheep in the Abbey folds, to help bring the annual catch of eels from the Abbey-waters. Within the four crosses that bounded the Abbot's domain, land and water were his; the cattle of the townsmen paid for their pasture on the common; if the fullers refused the loan of their cloth, the cellarer would withhold the use of the stream, and seize their looms wherever he found them. Landlord's rights passed easily as ever into landlord's wrongs. No toll, for instance, might be levied on a purchaser of produce

from the Abbey farms, and the house drove better bargains than its country rivals. First-purchase was a privilege even more vexatious, and we can catch the low growl of the customers as they waited with folded hands before shop and stall till the buyers of the Lord Abbot had had their pick of the market. But there was little chance of redress, for if they growled in the townmote, there were the Abbot's officers, before whom the meeting must be held; and if they growled to their Alderman, he was the Abbot's nominee, and received the symbol of office, the mot-horn, the town-horn, at his hands.

By what process these serfs of a rural hamlet had grown into the busy burghesses whom we saw rustling their parchments and chinking their silver marks in the ears of Abbot Sampson, it is hard to say. Like all the greater revolutions of society, this advance was a silent one. The more galling and oppressive instances of serfdom seem to have slipped unconsciously away. Some, like the eel-fishery, were commuted for an easy rent; others, like the slavery of the fullers and the toll of flax, simply disappeared. No one could tell when the retainers of the Abbey came to lose their exemption from local taxation, and to pay the town penny to the Alderman like the rest of the burghesses. "In some way, I don't know how," — as Jocelyn grumbles about just such an unnoted change, — by usage, by omission, by downright forgetfulness, here by a little struggle, there by a little present to a needy Abbot, the town won freedom. But progress was not always unconscious, and one incident in the history of St. Edmundsbury, remarkable if only regarded as marking the advance of law, is yet more remarkable as indicating the part which a new moral sense of human right to equal justice was to play in the general advance of the realm. The borough, as we have seen, had preserved the old national right of meeting in full assembly of the townsmen for government and law. In the presence of the burghesses justice was administered in the old English fashion, and

the accused acquitted or condemned by the oath of his neighbours, the "compurgators," out of whom our jury was to grow. Rough and inadequate as such a process seems to us, it insured, at any rate, substantial justice; the meanest burgher had his trial by his peers as thoroughly as the belted earl. Without the borough bounds, however, the system of the Norman judicature prevailed. The rural tenants who did suit and service at the cellarer's court were subject to the "judicial duel" which the Conqueror had introduced. In the twelfth century, however, the strong tendency to national unity told heavily against judicial inequality, and the barbarous injustice of the foreign system became too apparent even for the baronage or the Church to uphold it. "Kebel's case," as a lawyer would term it, brought the matter to an issue at St. Edmundsbury. In the opinion of his neighbours, Kebel seems to have been guiltless of the robbery with which he had been charged; but he was "of the cellarer's fee," and subject to the feudal jurisdiction of his court. The duel went against him, and he was hung just without the gates. The taunts of the townsmen woke the farmers to a sense of their wrong. "Had Kebel been a dweller 'within the borough,'" said the burgesses, "he would have got his acquittal 'from the oaths of his neighbours, as 'our liberty is.'" The scandal at last moved the convent itself to action. The monks were divided in opinion, but the "saner part" determined that their tenants "should enjoy equal liberty" with the townsmen. The cellarer's court was abolished; the franchise of the town was extended to the rural possessions of the Abbey; the farmers "came to the toll-house, and were written 'in the Alderman's roll, and paid the 'town-penny.'"

A moral revolution like this is notable at any time, but a change wrought avowedly "that all might enjoy equal liberty" is especially notable in the twelfth century. Cases like Kebel's were everywhere sounding the knell of feudal privilege and of national division,

long before freedom fronted John by the sedges of Runnymede. Slowly and fitfully through the reign of his father the new England which had grown out of conquered and conquerors woke to self-consciousness. It was this awakening that Sampson saw and noted with his clear, shrewd eyes. To him, we can hardly doubt, the revolt of the town-wives, for instance, was more than a mere scream of angry women. The "rep-silver," the commutation for that old service of reaping in the Abbot's fields, had ceased to be exacted from the richer burgesses, and the poorer sort refused to pay. Then the cellarer's men came, seizing gate and stool by way of distress, till the women turning out, distaff in hand, put them ignominiously to flight. Sampson had his own thoughts about the matter, saw perhaps that the days of inequality were over, that in the England that was coming there would be one law for rich and poor. At any rate, he quietly compromised the question for twenty shillings per annum. The convent was indignant. "Abbot Ording, who lies there," murmured an angry monk, as he pointed to the tomb in the choir, "would not have done this for five hundred marks of silver." That their Abbot should capitulate to a mob of infuriated town-wives was too much for the patience of the brotherhood. All at once they opened their eyes to the facts which had been going on unobserved for so many long years. There was their own town growing, burgesses encroaching on the market space, settlers squatting on their own acre with no leave asked, aldermen who were once only the Abbey servants taking on themselves to give permission for this and that, tradesmen thriving and markets increasing, and the Abbey never one penny the richer for it all. It was quite time that Abbot Sampson should be roused to do his duty, and to do it in very sharp fashion indeed. However, we will let one of the monks tell his own tale in his own gossiping way:—

"In the tenth year of Abbot Sampson's abbacy, we monks, after full

"deliberation in chapter, laid our formal plaint before the Abbot in his court. We said that the rents and revenues of all the good towns and boroughs in England were steadily growing and increasing, to the enrichment of their lords in every case, save in that of our own town of St. Edmund. The customary rent of 40*l.* which it pays never rises higher. That this is so, we imputed solely to the conduct of the townspeople, who are continually building new shops and stalls in the market-place without any leave of the convent" (abbey-land though it was). "The only permission, in fact, which they ask is that of their alderman, an officer who himself was of old times a mere servant of our sacrist, and bound to pay into his hands the yearly rent of the town, and removable at his pleasure."

Never, Jocelyn evidently thinks, was a case plainer; but into the justice or injustice of it the burgesses refused sturdily to enter. When they were summoned to make answer, they pleaded simple possession. "They were in the King's justice, and no answer would they make concerning tenements which they and their fathers had held in peace for a year and a day." Such answer would, in fact, they added, be utterly contrary to the freedom of the town. No plea could have been legally more complete, as none could have been more provoking. The monks turned in a rage upon the Abbot, and simply requested him to eject their opponents. Then they retired angrily into the chapter-house, and waited in a sort of white heat to hear what the Abbot would do. This is what Sampson did. He quietly bade the townsmen wait; then he "came into chapter just like one of ourselves, and told us privily that he would right us as far as he could, but that if he were to act it must be by process of law. Be the case right or wrong, he did not dare eject without trial his free men from land and property which they had held year after year; in fact, if he did so, he would at once fall into the King's

"justice. At this moment in came the townsfolk into the chapter-house, and offered to compromise the matter for an annual quit rent of a hundred shillings. This offer we refused. We preferred a simple adjournment of our claim, in the hope that in some other Abbot's time we might get all back again."

In fact, notwithstanding his many very admirable qualities, this present Abbot was on these municipal points simply incorrigible. Was it quite by an oversight, for instance, that in Sampson's old age, "in some way, I don't quite know how, the new alderman of the town got chosen in other places than in chapter, and without leave of the house,"—in simple town-motes, that is, and by sheer downright delegation of power on the part of his fellow-burgesses? At any rate, it was by no oversight that Sampson granted his charter when "we monks were murmuring and grumbling" in his very ear! And yet was the Abbot foolish in his generation? This charter of his ranks lineally among the ancestors of that Great Charter which his successor was first to unroll on the altar-steps of the choir (we can still measure off the site in the rough field by the great piers of the tower arch that remain) before the baronage of the realm. At any rate, half a century after that scene in chapter, the new England that Sampson had foreseen came surging stormily enough against the Abbey gates. Riots, lawsuits, royal commissions, mark the troubled relations of Town and Abbey under the first two Edwards. Under the third came the fierce conflict of 1327.

On the 25th of January in that year the townsmen, headed by Richard Drayton, burst into the Abbey. Its servants were beaten off, the monks driven into choir, and dragged thence with their Prior (for the Abbot was away in London) to the town prison. The Abbey itself was sacked; chalices, missals, chasubles, tunicles, altar frontals, the books of the library, the very vats and dishes of the kitchen, all disappeared. Chattels valued at 10,000*l.*, 500*l.*

worth of coin, 3,000 "florins,"—this was the Abbey's estimate of its loss. But neither florins nor chasubles were what their assailants really aimed at. Their next step shows what were the grievances which had driven the burghesses to this fierce outbreak of revolt. They were as much personal as municipal. The gates of the town indeed were still in the Abbot's hands. He had succeeded in enforcing his claim to the wardship of orphans born within his domain. From claims such as these the town could never feel itself safe so long as mysterious charters from Pope and King, interpreted yet more mysteriously by the wit of the new lawyer class, were stored in the Abbey archives. But the archives contained other and yet more formidable documents. The religious houses, untroubled by the waste of war, had profited more than any landowners by the general increase of wealth. They had become great proprietors, money-lenders to their tenants, extortionate as the Jew whom they had banished from the land. There were few townsmen of St. Edmund who had not some bond laid up in the Abbey registry. Nicholas Fowke and a band of debtors had a covenant lying there for the payment of 500 marks and fifty casks of wine. Philip Clopton's mark bound him to discharge a debt of 22*l.*; a whole company of the wealthier burghesses were joint debtors in a bond for no less a sum than 10,000*l.* The new spirit of commercial enterprise, joined with the troubles of the time, seems to have thrown the whole community into the Abbot's hands. It was from the troubles of the time that they now looked for escape; and the general disturbance which accompanied the deposition of Edward II. seems to have quickened their longing into action. Their revolt soon disclosed its practical aims. From their prison in the town, the trembling Prior and his monks were brought back to their own chapter-house. The spoil of their registry—the papal bulls and the royal charters, the deeds and bonds and mortgages of the townsmen—were laid before them.

Amidst the wild threats of the mob, they were forced to execute a grant of perfect freedom and of a guild to the town, and a full release to their debtors. Then they were left masters of the ruined house.

All control over the town was now gone. Through spring and summer no rent or fine was paid. The bailiffs and other officers of the Abbey did not dare to show their faces in the streets. Then news came that the Abbot was in London, appealing for aid to King and Court, and the whole county was at once on fire. A crowd of rustics, maddened at the thought of revived claims of serfage, of interminable suits of law which had become a tyranny, poured into the streets of the town. From thirty-two of the neighbouring villages the priests marched at the head of their flocks to this new crusade. Twenty thousand in number, so men guessed, the wild mass of men, women, and children rushed again on the Abbey. For four November days the work of destruction went on unhindered, whilst gate, stables, granaries, kitchen, infirmary, hostelry, went up in flames. Then the great multitude swept away to the granges and barns of the Abbey farms. The monks had become vast agricultural proprietors; 1,000 horses, 120 oxen, 200 cows, 300 bullocks, 300 hogs, 10,000 sheep were driven off for spoil. As a last outrage, the granges and barns were burnt to the ground; 60,000*l.*, the justiciaries afterwards decided, would hardly cover the loss.

Weak as was the government of Mortimer and Isabella, there never was a time in English history when Government stood with folded hands before a scene such as this. The appeal of the Abbot was no longer neglected; a royal force at once quelled the riot and exacted vengeance for this breach of the King's peace. Thirty carts full of prisoners were despatched to Norwich; twenty-four of the chief townsmen, thirty-two of the village priests, were convicted as aiders and abettors. Twenty were at once summarily hung. But with this first vigorous effort at repres-

sion the danger seemed again to roll away. Nearly 200 persons remained, indeed, under sentence of outlawry, and for five weary years their case dragged on in the King's courts. At last matters ended in a lawless, ludicrous outrage. Out of patience and irritated by repeated breaches of promise on the Abbot's part, the outlawed burgesses seized him as he lay in his manor of Chevington, robbed, bound, and shaved him, and carried him off to London. There he was hurried from street to street, lest his hiding-place should be detected, till opportunity offered for his transit through Kent and his shipping off to Brabant. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Pope himself, levelled their excommunications against the perpetrators of this daring outrage in vain. The prison of their victim was at last discovered; he was released and brought home. But the lesson seems to have done good. The year 1332 saw the great concordat arranged between the Abbey and Town. The damages assessed by the royal justiciaries, a sum enormous now but incredible then, were remitted, the outlawry was reversed, the prisoners were released. On the other hand, the deeds were again replaced in the archives of the Abbey, and the charters which had been extorted from the trembling monks were formally cancelled. In other words, the old process of legal oppression was left to go on. The spirit of the townsmen was, as we shall see, crushed by the failure of their outbreak of despair. It was from a new quarter that help was for a moment to come. No subject is more difficult to treat, as nothing is more difficult to explain, than the communal revolt which shook the throne of Richard II., and the grievances which prompted it. But one thing is clear; it was a revolt against oppression, which veiled itself under the form of law. The rural tenants found themselves in a mesh of legal claims—old services revived, old dues enforced, endless suits in the King's courts grinding them again to serfage. Oppression was no longer the rough blow of the rough

baron; it was the delicate, ruthless tyranny of the lawyer-clerk. Prior John of Cambridge, who, in the vacancy of the Abbot, was now in charge of the house, was a man skilled in all the arts of his day. In sweetness of voice, in knowledge of sacred song, his eulogists pronounce him the superior of Orpheus, of Nero, of one yet more illustrious and, save in the Bury cloisters, more obscure, the Breton Belgabred. His skill in law was even more famous than his skill in music. He was a man "industrious, subtle;" and subtlety and industry found their scope in suit after suit with the farmers and burgesses around. "Faithfully he strove," says his monastic eulogist, "with the villeins of Bury for the rights of his house." The townsmen he owned as his foes, his "adversaries;" but it was the rustics who were especially to show how memorable a hate he had won. It was a perilous time in which to win men's hate. We have seen the private suffering of the day, but nationally too England was racked with despair and the sense of wrong; with the collapse of the French war, with the ruinous taxation, with the frightful pestilence that had swept away half the population; with the iniquitous labour-laws that, in the face of such a reduction, kept down the rate of wages in the interest of the landlords; with the frightful law of settlement that, to enforce this wrong, reduced at a stroke the free labourer again to a serfage from which he has yet fully to emerge. That terrible revolution of social sentiment had begun which was to turn law into the instrument of the basest interests of a class, which was with the statute of labourers and the successive labour-regulations that followed to create pauperism, and with pauperism to create that hatred of class to class which hangs like a sick dream over us to-day. The earliest, the most awful instance of such a hatred was gathering round Prior John while at his manor-house of Mildenhall he studied his parchments and touched a defer lute than Nero or the Breton Belgabred. In a single hour, hosts of

armed men rose, as it were, out of the earth. Kent gathered round Wat Tyler; in Norfolk, in Suffolk, fifty thousand peasants hoisted the standard of Jack Straw. It was no longer a local rising or a local grievance, no longer the old English revolution, headed by the baron and the priest. Priest and baron were swept away to their child-king before this sudden storm of national hate. The howl of the great multitude broke roughly in on the delicate chanting of Prior John. He turned to fly, but his own serfs betrayed him, judged him in rude mockery of the law that had wronged them, condemned him, killed him.¹ Five days the corpse lay half-stripped in the open field, none daring to bury it—so ran the sentence of his murderers—while the mob poured unresisted into Bury. The scene was liker some wild orgie of the French Revolution than any after-scenes in England. Bearing the Prior's head before them on a lance through the streets, the frenzied throng reached at last the gallows where the head of Cavendish, the chief justice, stood already impaled, and pressing the cold lips together, in fierce mockery of the old friendship between the two, set them side by side. Another head soon joined them. The Abbey gates had been burst open, the cloister was full of the dense, maddened crowd, howling for a new victim, John Lackenheath. Warden of the barony as he was, few knew him as he stood among the group of trembling monks; there was still amidst this outburst of frenzy the dread of a coming revenge, and the rustic who had denounced him had stolen back silent into the crowd. But if Lackenheath resembled the French nobles in the hatred he had roused, he resembled them also in the cool contemptuous courage with which they

fronted death. "I am the man you seek," he said, stepping forward; and in a moment, with a mighty roar of "Devil's son! monk! traitor!" he was swept to the gallows, and his head hacked from his shoulders. Then the crowd rolled back again to the Abbey-gate, and summoned the monks before them. They told them that now for a long time they had oppressed their fellows, the burgesses of Bury; wherefore they willed that in the sight of the Commons they should forthwith surrender their bonds and their charters. The monks brought the parchments to the market-place; many which might have served the purposes of the townsmen they swore they could not find. The Commons disbelieved them, and bade the burgesses inspect the documents. But the iron had entered too deeply into these men's souls. Not even in their hour of triumph could they shake off their awe of the trembling black-robed masters who stood before them. A compromise was patched up. The charters should be surrendered till the popular claimant of the abbacy should confirm them. Then, unable to do more, the great crowd swept away.

Common history tells the upshot of the revolt; the despair, when in the presence of the boy-king Richard Wat Tyler was struck down by a foul treason; the ruin, when the young martial Bishop of Norwich came trampling in upon the panic-stricken multitude at Barton. Nationally the movement had wrought good; the law was modified in practice, the tendency to reduce a whole class to serfage was effectually checked. To Bury it brought little but harm. A hundred years after, the town again sought freedom in the law-courts, and again sought it in vain. The Abbey-charters told fatally against mere oral customs. The royal council of Edward IV. decided that "the Abbot is lord of the whole town of Bury, the sole head and captain within the town." All municipal appointments were at his pleasure, all justice in his hands. The townsmen had no communal union, no corporate existence. Their leaders paid

¹ To one who knows what frightful cruelty and oppression may lie in simple legal phrases, the indignant sentence in which Walsingham tells his death is the truest comment on the scene: "Non tam villanorum prædictæ villæ de Bury, suorum adversariorum, sed propriorum servorum et nativorum arbitrio simul et judicio addictus morti."

for riot and insult by imprisonment and fine. The dim, dull lawsuit was almost the last incident in the long struggle, the last and darkest for the town. But it was the darkness that goes before the day. Fifty years more and Abbot and Abbey were swept away. The burghers were building their houses afresh with the carved ashlar and the stately pillars of their lord's house. Whatever other aspects the Reformation may present, it gave, at any rate, emancipation to the one class of English towns to whom freedom had been denied, the towns that lay in the dead hand of the Church. None more heartily echoed the Protector's jest—"We must pull down the 'rooks' nests lest the rooks may come 'back again.'" The completeness of the Bury demolitions hangs perhaps on the

long serfdom of the town, and the shapeless masses of rubble that alone recall the graceful cloister and the long-drawn aisle may find their explanation in the story of the town's struggles. But the story has a pleasanter ending. The charter of James—for the town had passed into the King's hands as the Abbot's successor—gave all that it had ever contended for, and crowned the gift by the creation of a mayor. Modern reform has long since swept away the municipal oligarchy, which owed its origin to the Tudor king. But the essence of his work remains; and in the mayor, with his fourfold glory of maces borne before him, Bury sees the strange close of the battle it waged through so many centuries for simple self-government.

LINES.

UPON a day, no matter, here or there,
Sweet Philomel was singing, and the air
Was heavy with the breath of roses everywhere.

I sat and sang, as bees will hum in June
For humming's sake—vague preludes to no tune,
Songs without words, that yet come to an end too soon,

Unknowing care or joy, or love or pain—
Pain that is blessing, or love that is vain;
And asking but to rest, and hear the bird again.

Behind the copse the sun had died in fire,
When the last wail came—faint, but swelling higher—
As of a soul o'ercome with passionate desire.

So listening, aloud, all heedlessly,
I said, "O bird, teach half thy pain to me;
Thou shouldst not bear alone so great a misery."

And when I turned, my prelude had an air,
My song found words, my careless heart found care;
And, ah! it was too late to pray another prayer.

ALICE HORTON.

ESTELLE RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BÉBÉ.

THERE was a letter from Madame awaiting their arrival at the château of Beaucens. Estelle had written to her before leaving the De Luzarches, giving her a dutiful account of all that had been done and said (except the Paris question), and not omitting the dinner itself and the ladies' toilettes. By such simple artifice she had hoped to win an answer to her inquiries—and they were not a few—about her boy. Madame's answers on that head were succinct. Little Henri, as she chose to call him, was perfectly well and happy, and had only cried for his mamma the first night. Hortense was anxious to establish the eldest of her sisters, now in the convent. The younger, the Mother Superior believed to possess a decided vocation—not so the elder. It would be an act of kindness if Estelle were to mention the fact at a fitting opportunity. Lastly, she hoped her daughter-in-law would try the waters of Cauterets, since she was so near. There was no reason at all for hurrying back to Montaigu, and the hot springs were known to be most salutary.

Raymond caught at the idea, as Madame had probably intended he should. Nothing could be easier, he said. Her friend Mathilde would be able to drive up from Beaucens to see her; nay, she could have Hortense up to stay with her if she wished, while he was away in search of the izard and bouquetin on the Vignemale. It would be well, at all events, to consult some physician of repute for that nervousness which Grandmamma had remarked and was anxious about.

"I am not nervous," she said, with a gesture of impatience and a hot flush

that belied her words for the moment. Madame knew she was in the habit of showing her letters to her husband, and had written thus purposely, to prolong, as if by his agency, her separation from her boy.

"I will stay up at Cauterets or anywhere else, as long as you like, if you will but let me send for Bébé and Lisette," she said.

And fatigue herself with carrying him about? No, Raymond said, most decidedly. Besides which, such a course would offend Grandmamma past recall, as arguing a want of confidence in her.

"And," he concluded, "as the child is perfectly happy and well, it would be rather a silly proceeding. If he were pining, I should be as anxious to have him with us as you are."

It was useless to contest the point. She could only write to Madame and entreat her to let her hear every day. And she was not surprised—knowing what Madame was—to be told in reply that a daily bulletin was not necessary in the child's present state of health. If he were attacked by illness, Madame graciously added in a postscript, she would not fail to write instantly. There was no message from him this time; the rest of Madame's paper was filled up with the prospects of the vintage, and her anxieties respecting a certain vineyard in which the *oidium* had made its appearance. Then, as in answer to Estelle's description of the society at the château, "I am glad you are extending your acquaintance on all sides. Depend upon it, your son will thank you for this when he grows up."

Estelle pointed out this to her husband, and they laughed together at the impossibility of picturing Bébé a tall young man, with a fine moustache, calling her mother; and then, while Raymond speculated aloud on the kind of

education which would be safest for him, she sighed at the reflection that he never could look prettier than he did now, with his long curls, and bare sturdy legs, and the embroidered frock that people thought so babyish ; that he might even get ugly when he grew big, or rough, as Alfred did when he was sent to school.

"Grandmamma is odd, *mignonne*," said Raymond, "but that is no news. She does not mean to be unkind, and you must not be anxious."

So she had to be thankful that the days passed by without any letter, and enjoy her visit if possible, as Madame herself would have prescribed. There was plenty of gossip by way of conversation ; a few attempts at sketching the mountain scenery by some of the younger ladies—more, apparently, for the sake of the basis it afforded for paying of compliments than for love of the mountains themselves. There was also a solemn ascension undertaken by the whole party up as far as the Lac de Gaube, where Raymond, accompanied by the guides and some of the gentlemen staying at the château, left the ladies, and skirted the path to the left of the lake, on their way to the snowfields of the Vignemale. It was a curious sight, and one that had not unfrequently led to attempts at caricature from Estelle's pencil when she had visited the mountains with her mother in her girlhood—that of a large party of ladies, of which she now for the first time formed one, all carried in sedan-chairs up the steep paths, past precipices, cascades, and overhanging crags, dressed in costumes only fit for the boulevards of Paris, and giving vent to their feelings by various trivial exclamations, of which "How sweetly pretty !" formed the staple.

Madame Mathilde, in pursuance of her aunt's plan, spared no pains to amuse Estelle. Madame Fleury had written further, saying that the old Comte was known to be failing greatly, and that before another year was over probably Madame Raymond would be Comtesse, *vice* Madame Octavie. Therefore, &c.—Mathilde understood, and gave such a pressing invitation to both Raymond and

Estelle to prolong their stay, that Raymond, instead of one excursion, made several in the neighbourhood, satisfied that at the château his wife could not possibly fall a prey to the *ennui* which the doctor said was to be guarded against so carefully.

But even excursions have their limits ; and Estelle's heart beat high with pleasure the day they exchanged the valley of Argélès, with its vernal slopes and running streams, for the dreary, baked plains through which their road lay to Château Montaigu. Raymond, as they drew near their journey's end, got fidgety as a sportsman might, about the two izards and the bouquetin which were slung to the bottom of the carriage, in a mountain hamper well packed in ice. She lay back, and answered his queries when necessary, keeping back by a strong effort the question that rose to her lips, which she knew could not be answered yet : "How shall we find our boy ?" She kept it back because she knew that Raymond would set it down to nervousness ; would laugh at her "hyper-anxiety ;" and then be vexed and anxious himself about her, perhaps begin feeling her pulse, or observe that she was too flushed or too pale, which worried and annoyed her beyond measure.

But when they entered the avenue, late in the evening, she could contain herself no longer. "At last !" she exclaimed. "Oh, how thankful I am not to have another night to pass without seeing my boy ! Will they have kept him up, I wonder ?"

That was not at all likely, Raymond said : Grandmamma would never allow such a breach of discipline. He looked out as he spoke. There was a light in the nursery window and in his wife's drawing-room. The ground-floor was in darkness. A presentiment of evil seized him. He was silent, trying to account for the position of the lights by the supposition that his mother, whose whims were legion, might have chosen to occupy that drawing-room instead of her own. He hoped Estelle would not notice it.

But she did, as the carriage turned up

the broad terrace. She drew in her breath as if she had been stabbed, and sank back trembling. Raymond put his arm round her and took her hands. They were as cold as ice.

"My darling," he said, "my own wife! It may be nothing, you know."

"Do you not see," she faltered; "there is no light even in your father's room?"

It was true. There was not a single light anywhere but at those two upper windows.

"There is illness; what is it?" said Raymond to old Jean-Marie, who appeared as the carriage drew up. Estelle had prepared to descend without a word. She dared not ask any questions.

"The heaven be praised," the old servant said, "that Madame was arrived. The little Monsieur had been bled, and everything was going on for the best."

"Do you hear that?" Estelle said, turning to her husband. "They have been bleeding him. My boy will die; and *she* will have murdered him!"

Raymond hastened upstairs after her, filled with dismay. He knew only too well what prompted her passionate words. Their physician at Paris had once said for his guidance, that either to her or to the child depletion was certain death. And he knew that his mother was a great advocate of bleeding, that she was bled regularly every spring, and believed her daughter-in-law's horror of the Sangrado mode of treatment to be simply another instance of English eccentricity.

Hortense, hearing their arrival, had come to the head of the stairs to meet them, and had heard Estelle's speech.

"Madame has done everything that was possible," she began; "and there is no danger, not the slightest."

Estelle passed by her hastily without speaking. Raymond stopped for a moment. "How was it we were not sent for instantly—instantly?" he asked angrily. "When you all knew how sacred a trust our child was! When you all knew—you as well as anybody—that nothing would have made me take away my wife but my anxiety for her health."

"I am not mistress here," was Hor-

tense's reply; "and you had better address your observations to your mother. She can give you her reasons, cousin."

"Bah! I ought to have known that you had no heart, Hortense. Allow me to pass."

He followed his wife into the nursery. If the pertness of Hortense's reply angered him, much more did the scene that met his eyes as he entered. His father was crouching in a chair by the child's bed, with his eyes fixed upon the little form that lay apparently in an uneasy sleep. Lisette and Madame's maid were in one corner telling their rosaries. The doors were open, and a crowd of servants were standing and sitting in the antechamber, whispering and shaking their heads as they noted the entrance of the father and mother. Madame de Montaignu herself stood at the foot of the bed, with her hand on Estelle's arm, talking earnestly in a loud whisper. The doctor would come again, she said, at ten o'clock. It was a case of diphtheria, but not dangerous, remedial measures having been promptly applied.

Estelle had listened to her like one in a dream. She now shook her hand off, saying, in a tone of authority she had never used before,

"This room must be cleared!"

Lisette made a move towards the door. No one else stirred. The servants crowding up the doorways were Madame's servants, and she had not spoken, not so much as by a look or a sign did she endorse her daughter-in-law's order. She had her rosary in her hand, too; Estelle's coming in had interrupted her, and her beads remained half-told.

Raymond took in the situation at a glance. He went up to the intruders in the antechamber with his face all ablaze with anger. "Did you not hear Madame Raymond tell you to clear out?" he exclaimed in vehement patois. They knew the young master would be obeyed, and slunk away like whipped dogs.

Monsieur de Montaignu lifted up his head, and begged feebly to be let stay.

"I will keep quiet, only let me see him," he prayed. Raymond consulted his wife by a glance. She pointed to the thermometer over the mantelpiece; it stood at 90° Fahr. and Raymond went up to his father and said gently but inexorably, "It is impossible, father; I must beg you to come away." He led him into the drawing-room. When he returned, Estelle was alone; Madame had not waited to be asked to go.

She came and fell on his neck, trembling. "Oh, Raymond, it is diphtheria—certain death," she whispered. "And our only boy—our only treasure!" Yet she forced back the cry of anguish that rose to her lips lest it should wake him.

Raymond uttered an imprecation. "Why were we not sent for?" he muttered, clenching his teeth.

Madame could best have answered that question.

What Raymond could do was done. A note was sent requesting the attendance of the doctor in Toulouse upon whom Estelle placed most reliance, and a telegram to their Paris medical attendant. Raymond expected his mother to be furious at having her own doctor dismissed, but that was a very small matter to him now.

When he came back to the nursery, he found his wife sitting by the bed with the child's hand in hers. "He has spoken," she said. "He knew me directly he opened his eyes."

The terrible stony look had left her face. She had his hand in hers, he had spoken, he felt her presence, he had given back her smile. Her husband saw that now the shock of learning the child's illness was over, hope had taken possession of her. He sat by her, and told her what he had done. "Oh, Raymond, what should I do without you?" was her answer.

Three days passed; days of alternate hope and fear; of steadfast watching on the part of the father and mother; of prayers, vows, regrets, conjectures, from other members of the household. Madame ordered a novena; the maids told their rosaries incessantly. As for

Hortense, she was fully occupied in seeing all the people who came to inquire. Monsieur de Montaigu came upstairs daily, helped by his valet and Raymond, and sat in the drawing-room, anxiously interrogating each one that passed in or out. "It was just possible that the child might recover," the doctors said; "but he never ought to have been bled."

That "just possible" gave M. de Montaigu a grain of hope that added fervour to his prayers. "Ah, yes," he exclaimed, "Heaven must give us back our little one, our only child. To take him would be to take the one ewe lamb. Heaven cannot be so cruel, my good sirs." And to all the Curé's attempts to prepare him gently for what might be, he answered: "Dear Abbé, Heaven will not be so cruel."

But the faint hope died away as the third day wore on. As the shadows grew longer, every one except the child's mother knew that before the next dawn the house of the Montaigns would be left desolate. Although she had spoken out her belief that he would die at the first, not even Madame had courage to tell her now that death was at hand. She stood by the bed, muttering prayers to the Virgin. "If he recovers," she said, "I will make an offering to our Lady of Puy la Hun of a gold-embroidered mantle. I will——"

"The noise of your dress disturbs him," said Estelle in a cold, hard voice. She could scarcely bear Madame to come near her. Lisette had made an opportunity to tell her how Madame had tried to bring her boy under what she believed to be proper discipline. How not a day had passed without his being in disgrace. How the first symptoms of his illness had been made light of, and the irritability laid to the score of ill-temper. Lastly, how he had been put under Hortense's care, and how he had been missed, and found, hours after, by the distracted Lisette and Jean-Marie, crying, in a hollow of the marsh. Lisette gave her tongue full swing in commenting on Hortense's conduct.

"She forgot the poor lamb as soon as

visitors came. She amused herself with the gentlemen, and when I inquired for him—for I dared not put my nose into the room while old Madame was there—she said, with a shrug of her shoulders, the tiresome brat had hid himself in the garden somewhere, and I must go and look for him. She has a tiger's heart, that woman!"

And Madame, coming back from the town, had wished to punish the child for escaping to the marsh and giving people the trouble of looking for him.

"If it had lasted a day longer," Lisette concluded, "I should have taken the little one in my arms and sought Madame and Monsieur up in the mountains."

"Oh," the mother groaned, "why was I ever persuaded to leave him? Why could I not stay at home as I wished?"

* * * * *

There had been a special service in the church. The benediction had been given, and the Curé was gone to the château. Madame, Hortense, and nearly all the household still remained on their knees before the parish altar. D'Eyrieu walked upstairs unannounced. His post was with the dying, whether in château or hovel. The day had been stifling, and every door and window was thrown open now in hopes of a breath of cool air. Estelle sat alone by the bed, with her child's hand clasped in hers. She had smiled bitterly when M. de Montaigu told her that his wife and Hortense were gone to church to pray.

"Let them do what they like," she said, "as long as they leave me alone with my boy."

Raymond and his father were sitting in the ante-chamber when D'Eyrieu entered. They signed to him to pass on. Whatever his creed, Raymond felt the priest no intruder now. He stood for a moment in the doorway till Estelle looked up and saw him. Then he entered, saying, "*Pax vobiscum.*"

The look of horror came back to her face as on the night when she came home. She knew that the greeting of

peace was but a message of death. D'Eyrieu had scarcely seen her, and he had not seen the child since his illness began, and the sight of the tender little face, all shrunk and white, affected him sensibly. He dared not trust himself to speak to this mother, frozen up in her despair. If she had but wept, he might have spoken. But this was no Southern woman's wild grief, to be soothed by words of mingled comfort and authority. He made the sign of the cross, and then stood with clasped hands in silent prayer.

"There was a Mother—" he said at length, in a broken voice; "a Mother, who, like you, had an only son——"

"Oh hush!" she said, for she knew what he meant, "hush! oh, what can *you* know—what can *you* know about it?"

It was true. What should he, the childless man, know of the mother's agony. He was silenced, and betook himself to prayer again, this time to the Mother of Sorrows; entreating to be inspired with some fitting word.

"Pray, my child, pray," he said at last. That exhortation unfroze her; the tears that she had kept back, lest they should hinder her from watching, now burst forth and rained down in a torrent. The child opened his eyes and looked at her with a smile of recognition.

"Pretty Mamma, don't cry," he murmured.

"I will not, darling," she answered, endeavouring with all her might to control herself. But her powers of endurance were worn out.

The Curé took her hand between his own. "God help thee, thou poor mother," he said gently. "God strengthen thee for this hour. Alas that it must be so!"

She snatched her hand away. She could not even bear pity now. She only wanted to be left alone. He was kind-hearted, but his very kindness seemed an intrusion. "Forgive me, M. l'Abbé," she said, choking, "but I cannot bear this; and I—I must be strong as long as he wants me."

He moved away, and stooped to speak to M. de Montaigu, who sat with his son in the next room.

"Help me to pray, dear Abbé," the old man said. Raymond said nothing. His eyes were strained to watch his wife's face in the twilight. He shrunk from looking closely at the death-struggle he could not relieve. Bitterly he was feeling his helplessness.

"If I had known—" her voice broke in on the old man's murmured prayers; "if I had known—what agony it was to lose a child—never, never would I have married! My God, let me die too, for this is too hard to bear!" Her voice died away in uncontrollable sobs.

D'Eyrieu heard what she said. She had never meant to speak loud. It was, even then, but the unconscious raving of supreme agony. He rose, and said to Raymond, in a tone of authority, "My son, you can do no good here. Come with me."

He led him downstairs and into the garden: and then he saw by the dim light that Raymond had heard too—what he would have given worlds to have kept from him. They walked up and down for some time, the old man supporting the younger.

"My poor wife," said Raymond, at last. "You heard her, father?"

"I heard," D'Eyrieu replied. "Do not dwell on it; she is half crazed, and knows not what she says. I, whose office it is to comfort, see that words are a mockery. We must let her alone."

But that had been the one hard thing to do, for Raymond. Let *her* alone! Her, for whom he would willingly have purchased immunity from sickness, sorrow, and death, at the price of any amount of suffering to himself!

"I swear to you," he said, stopping suddenly in his walk, "that, deep as this blow strikes, I would lose ten sons rather than give her up. And I thought——"

"My son," said D'Eyrieu, solemnly, "think nothing. We, finite that we are, can as soon hope to fathom the depths of the Love Eternal, as to understand all that an earthly mother feels

when she sees her child die. Do not think; or, if you do, think this—that the child is hers—bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh, life of her life, her very self. Not even you, poet as you are, can enter into the mystery of her grief. How should you?"

Raymond groaned aloud. "I know, I know," he said. "But I know how I love her. You cannot understand that, either . . ."

"She will want you, and you alone, by and by," D'Eyrieu said.

They stood looking at the château. Lights began to glimmer in the offices, and a faint muffled ray appeared from the window of the sick chamber. Raymond roused himself. He ought to go in, he said. The women would be worrying *her*; they could not understand her shrinking from clamorous sympathy. And there was his mother's error in judgment, making bitterness where there ought to be union. He could not get at the bottom of that strange misunderstanding, that unaccountable antipathy that had suddenly sprung up on Estelle's side. It was true, there had been no attempt at explanation, there had not been time. He felt bitterly remorseful himself at having persuaded his wife to stay away against her wishes. That had been an error of judgment, too. Would she, in this hour of distress, visit it upon him?

* * * * *

Lisette met them as they entered the court.

"Ah, Monsieur," she cried, wringing her hands. "Ah, Monsieur le Curé! Alas, alas, poor dear lady!"

"Go to her, my son," said D'Eyrieu. "She will want you now."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LEFT DESOLATE.

AND so it was all over. All the hope, and the fear, and the watching; the abject vow and the passionate prayer. and again the household, just like the

world outside, went on as usual. There was the vintage to gather, and the maize to hoard, losses and gains to count over. That was not wonderful. Why should it not weep, or laugh, or dance, as it pleased, this world? It was welcome. She was no more surprised at that, than that autumn rain should succeed to summer drought.

But that any among the eager crowd should step aside to offer her comfort, was very wonderful indeed to Estelle.

Comfort! For that beautiful head, never more to nestle in her bosom; those feet, so swift to run to her; those hands, that clung to hers so firmly, that stroked her cheek so softly; never more! Comfort, for this; to the desolate mother!

She let them say their say. If they were so ignorant as to think that the blank in her heart could be filled up with words, why, let them be. Better that, than the knowledge that was hers. She was not impatient, only she tried quietly not to come more than could be helped in the way of such comforters.

"If they would not say so much!" she thought wearily to herself, while she sat out the infliction of their visits, dry-eyed; apathetic, some thought. Hardened, thought M. Cazères,—hardened under a merciful chastisement. And he warned her, as he believed it his duty to do, that even worse might befall her, if she did not kiss this rod with submission. She sat silent until he had finished; not listening much or caring much. It was his way, she knew. She had heard him administer such verbal punishment to others, and now it was her turn to bear the lash. He thought it right, and how should he know or understand more than the rest?

But his wife, who had sat by while he delivered this warning, not daring to interrupt or modify its harshness by so much as a look,—she, poor cowardly little woman, ran back into the room again, as soon as they had left it, saying she had lost her handkerchief, or what not. "I will overtake thee," she cried to her husband. She had lost nothing

at all, only she wanted to say something to Madame Raymond. She could not warn, she could not comfort: she was not eloquent, alas! like the pastor. Only she could not bear to see that sweet young face with its new look of helpless suffering. If she could but win a word from those dumb, compressed lips, an expression of hopeless grief—anything would be better than that mute acquiescence. She ran back. Estelle was sitting still on the chair into which she had dropped when they had turned their backs. She was thinking—was it worth while to give orders that she would not see the Pastor if he called again? Was it worth while, or not? Did a stab more or less matter much, to a heart pierced through with such a sorrow?

"For only my heart knows its own bitterness," she was saying to herself, when little Madame Cazères ran in and took hold of her nerveless hands. She looked up in surprise.

"Oh, my dear," cried the Pastor's wife, "I don't know what to say, only I can't bear to see you so. I know what it is, my dear. I have gone through it all. Ever so many years ago, dear, but I've not forgotten—no, not though other little ones came to me after a time, as God pleased. Dear children, every one of them; but I could not forget *him*, if I had tried. No, dear, we never forget, we mothers. Even now, when I think of that time, and how beautiful he was, and how good"—and the tears trickled down Madame Cazères' sallow cheeks—"I try to be resigned, but I can't, always."

Estelle put up her face to be kissed. "You know," she said; "you understand. Will you come again? I shall like seeing you." And then she wept the tears that had refused to fall at M. Cazères' exhortation.

But he, when his wife rejoined him, and said how much she was affected, thought that it was the work of his own eloquence. She had been awakened, he said; and he went back to his house in Rue Filattiers, and studied a discourse for the next Sabbath on the same

theme : warning to the hardened and impenitent. But she was not there to hear, when the next Sabbath came ; and he was sorry, and chafed that the seed of his word should have fallen among stony places. But he did not prevent his wife from going to see her, as he might if she had remained without a shadow on her prosperity. His wife, being his wife, might have a seasonable word for the mourner. But Madame Cazères never remembered anything of his well enough to give it second-hand. She was not clever, she knew ; and when she saw people in trouble, everything seemed to go out of her head, except a wish to help them out of it.

But the rich English lady and the poor Pastor's wife had widely different paths : and for the latter, at least, there was no choice as to her treading or leaving hers. And so Estelle soon found herself alone again, or worse than alone, in her own circle : for to be with her mother-in-law and Hortense was worse than the bitterest loneliness. They tried to rouse her. They told her it was her duty to be cheerful. Hortense told her so, who thanked Heaven that she had never had a child ; Madame, who had ignored the sweetest ties of motherhood. She shrank from both of them. She would have told them why—she would have said to their faces that they had murdered her boy : only—Madame was Raymond's mother. And if she were silent to Madame, she could well afford to be silent to poor foolish little Hortense.

But Madame was not foolish, in the sense of not being capable of weighing her actions. Hortense had repeated to her Estelle's first words on entering the house : in a moment of irritation with Raymond, not with any settled ill-will to Estelle ; and the old lady had brooded over them, and had retorted the same, when the treatment of the child was altered—partly because she was angry, partly because she really believed it. And nothing would do but that she must tell her son afterwards. It was very hard for Raymond to bear. He had simply believed that

his wife knew best, and had acted accordingly ; and now to be told that had he but disregarded her wishes their child might have lived, was indescribably bitter. To feel that he had kept her away even a few days from the child for her good, was bad enough ; but to be told besides what his mother told him, and firmly believed, made the burden almost greater than he could bear. So that, while Estelle was never tired of recalling the lost darling's pretty ways, never happy unless she were sitting in the midst of all that could remind her of him—his toys, his little books, the many portraits of him, each possessing some look, some trait too precious to be parted with—it was Raymond's wish to bury every remembrance out of sight ; to deaden, as far as possible, the agony that went nigh to unman him. He would have taken his wife back to Paris, but she could not tear herself away from the little grave she could just see, now the trees were getting bare, from her window. She could not understand his longing for oblivion. When the autumn rains fell, tearing up the earth, and beating down the plants, she wept because it was raining so heavily on *him* ; and did not understand Raymond's start of horror when he saw what she meant. And when, at last, he could bear it no longer, and besought her, if she loved him, to cease to allude to the irreparable loss which they both had to bear—to try, for his sake, to take some interest in the affairs of the outer world, some interest in anything, no matter what, so that it dwelt not on sorrow and death—she, consenting, (when did she ever despise his wishes ?) yet thought bitterly, "He wants to forget, already. He loved him less than I did." And this thought made her sorrow heavier, if possible.

But now there could be no question of leaving Château Montaignu, even had she wished it for herself. Monsieur had become rapidly feeble since his grandson's death. He had insisted on following him to the grave, although he had not put his foot outside of the

grounds for the whole summer. Now, they said, he was dying slowly. He took to his bed and lay there, waiting with more composure than could have been hoped, for the last change. The Curé visited him daily after mass, read with him and talked with him, and played the game of draughts or dominoes. Raymond read the *Débats* to him, and told the news of the city; Madame and Hortense rustled in and out, and tried to be gay, in order to keep him from being gloomy. Only Estelle came seldom. Not because she felt no wish to help to beguile the old man's weariness: she would have done her best, as heretofore. But the sight of her agitated M. de Montaignu too much. "Her face, her sad voice even, is an accusation," he said to D'Eyrieu. "She ought to have been sent for immediately. I said so to my wife. But—you know my wife. She always knows best. She bade me hold my tongue, as usual. She believes, even now, that she did perfectly right; and she will, to the end of the chapter. Tell my daughter-in-law that I love her tenderly, but manage that she shall stay away, dear Abbé."

D'Eyrieu managed it very cleverly, as he told M. de Montaignu afterwards; for the old gentleman was extremely anxious that her feelings should not be hurt, and laid many injunctions on the Curé to that end. Rather than wound the heart of his daughter-in-law, he would let her sit with him all day long, he said. But Estelle was not wounded. Nothing could wound her now. "I suppose I may get him his little bouquet, and say 'Good morning,' as usual," she said. "And I shall always be grateful to him for—for his kindness to my little one. For the rest, it shall be as he pleases. I know I am no longer capable of cheering any one." Perhaps she was not altogether ill-pleased to keep away, for by doing so she saw less of her mother-in-law and Hortense, and could sit for hours unhindered by her boy's grave.

And this was how the members of this household stood in relation to each other when the winter set in.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A NEW TROUBLE.

THERE had never been such a winter, people said. The winds swept wildly across the great plain, tearing off the roofs of barns and dovecotes, shattering the trees, leaving desolation behind wherever they went. Then followed snow-storms, such as had scarcely ever been known in Languedoc. And when the snow melted under the influence of a cloudless day, the night brought a frost that nipped the vines and killed the pomegranate and the olive-trees. In the north the rivers were frozen, and travelling was considered dangerous, either by rail or by diligence, until there should be at least a partial thaw. Stories were rife of wolves that had been seen crossing the high road on their way down to the lower grounds—starved out of the mountains, said the peasants. They came and asked Raymond to head them in a wolf-chase; for, besides the desirability of clearing the country of such noxious intruders, there was the certainty of a premium for every wolf caught and presented at the Préfecture. Raymond went, nothing loth, and it was to watch for him that his wife stood, one bitterly cold evening, at the window that looked down the avenue, with a letter in her hand.

A letter that had been delayed more than a day, from the blocking-up of the road between Bordeaux and Toulouse. A letter from her brother Harry, telling her that her mother was ill, and that he was going to bring her to Paris, where he hoped Estelle would meet her. He would bring her all the way down to Pau, he wrote, only he could not venture so far from England now that he expected to be appointed to a ship. "The little mother," he concluded, "thinks she is in a dangerous state. The doctors don't. But they say she requires a great deal of nursing. Mind you keep her spirits up. She says to-day that she shall never live to reach Pau; yesterday she said she had no chance if she didn't

get there. So, you see, it is this abominable winter that has withered her. She was very jolly when I came home. The papers say you have had a spell of bad weather as well as we folks in the north. But as for our winter, the Arctic regions are nothing to it. The little mother says you will find us at the old hotel at Paris: she sends her love, and all that, but she evidently is not up to talking or giving directions. She has got a new maid, who doesn't suit, and I heard her wishing for old Mathurine to-day in the most piteous manner. Could you not try to get the old thing for her? But I know you would if you could, for you were never a whit behind in making her comfortable, as far as in you lay."

She had thought—how little she knew herself—that she could never be glad, or sorry, or anxious, or impatient again. Yet here she had been standing ever since she got the letter, watching for her husband in a fever of impatience. She did not choose to go downstairs, or meet any one till he had decided what she should do. She would like to set off that very night, if he would let her. But there should be no interference from Madame.

So she stood, straining her ear to catch the sounds of footsteps up the avenue; opening the casement in spite of the bitter wind that was blowing. When she heard them coming, she rang for Jean-Marie to meet his master on the terrace, and say she wished to speak to him immediately.

And not too soon. For among the crowd that presently collected on the terrace, Hortense stood, with a hood over her head, tempted out into the cold probably by the novelty of seeing a real dead wolf, and of exchanging a word with Raymond.

For the day had been so bitterly cold that, strange to say, there had not been a single gentleman caller, nor a caller of any sort, except the Abbé, who did not count. Madame Hortense had been conjugating the verb *s'ennuyer* ever since twelve o'clock, and was mightily glad to have Raymond back to speak to.

She stroked the wolf, called it "poor

thing," and turned away her pretty head when the peasant who bore it showed her the mark of the bullet—M. Raymond's bullet—that had gone through the beast's heart, he said, with a broad grin.

Now Raymond had not expected anyone to meet him, but when he saw Hortense emerge from the archway, he looked, supposing that his wife was behind. And when he saw she was not, he straightway was angry. And then he was angry with himself for being angry with her.

"I am a fool!" he thought to himself. "Why should I be thinking of that now?"

That was the speech he had overheard the night the child died. It had occurred to him once or twice before. He hated himself for remembering it. He drove it away from him. But a mere nothing, a trifling incident like this of her not coming to meet him after a day's absence, sent it back again to torment him.

"She was mad," he thought; "delirious. Do I not know she was? My poor Estelle! After all that agony, that intensity of despair, what could be expected? What a monster I am to remember her ravings to her disparagement! Is this the love I thought so perfect? Fool!"

And muttering "Fool" to himself, he stamped his foot on the ground, and clenched his hand with a vehement gesture. A peasant close by him offered him his brandy-flask.

"Monsieur finds it cold," he observed, "and truly it will be hard frost again to-night."

"Thanks, friend," was the rejoinder, "but I am not cold to speak of." He took a sip out of politeness, and restored the flask to its owner.

"And, oh, cousin," piped Hortense, "behold you at last! And have you no word to say? Has the wolf robbed you of your tongue?"

"Where is my wife?" He had not intended to ask her that question. It came out somehow in spite of him.

Hortense drew her scarlet hood round

her with a coquettish air. "Really," she said, with one of her pretty shrugs, "your wife may be up in the turret, or in the chapel, or anywhere else, for aught I know. I have not seen her since breakfast. She does not honour us downstairs with her society much, you know."

Jean-Marie came up and prevented a reply.

"Good heavens!" thought Raymond, "and she is ill perhaps, and I could think so of her—could think her unloving, neglectful!" He hurried up to her boudoir.

"There you are!" she cried, springing to him. "Oh, Raymond, I have been watching for you nearly an hour. I could hardly keep away when I saw you from the window, though I knew you would scold if I came down in the cold wind. But, dearest, read this quick."

Raymond read it, and looked very grave. His wife was clearly wanted at Paris, yet how to let her go he knew not, in such bitter weather. He knew as little how to say no when she flung herself down by him, crying, "Oh love, love, I must go! I must, I must. Ah! I am afraid I forgot poor Mamma sometimes when I was so—so happy. But now she wants me, and I must go to her. Nobody understands nursing her so well as I do. I must go this minute, Raymond!"

"I want to think," said he.

"There can be no thought about the matter," she cried. "Say, yes, before you leave this room, Raymond; before you see Madame. Say yes, love!"

There was no resisting such pleading, even if he had wished.

"I only hesitated because I was thinking of the weather," he said. "I have but you to take care of now, you know. Only you, alas! And if you fall ill, wife mine!"

Oh, she thought, how wicked she had been to imagine that he had forgotten or wanted to forget their darling.

How she loved him! How she clung to him, thanking him mutely for even that distant allusion to their common grief!

"I will not be ill, dear," she said at last, raising her head from his shoulder. "I will take care, trust me. And you will let me set off to-night?"

He had not thought of that. But if she would not wait till to-morrow, why, go she could; he was not going to cross her. And then Madame's footman came up to say Madame la Comtesse was served, and was Monsieur Raymond returned, and was Madame Raymond coming down to dinner or not? Madame knew perfectly well that her son was in the house.

No, Estelle said, she was not coming down, she must direct and help Lisette, if she wished her packing to be done in time. Raymond went down, and gave orders, as he went, to Jean-Marie about getting out the carriage, and getting himself ready.

Raymond said not a word to his wife about the scene that ensued in the dining-room when he announced his intention of accompanying his wife as far as Paris.

Madame declared that Monsieur might die any day; that Raymond's conduct was most unfilial; that, in fine, she would not be left.

Raymond offered to abide by his father's decision.

"Go, my son," said the old man, when the matter had been explained to him. "She must go, and it would not be well for her to travel alone. Think not of me. It seems that I am a long time dying."

And it was a relief to get away, even with his father in that state; even though he knew that his duty bade him return to the château as soon as he had taken his wife to her mother. He dreaded Estelle's going back to her Paris home; but Mrs. Russell was so ill that Estelle was only too thankful to have a quiet house for her, instead of the noisy hotel. And having seen them both installed, Raymond left them to resume attendance on his father.

It was not till many weeks had passed that Mrs. Russell was fit to proceed on her journey. They went down by easy stages to Pau where Raymond had

engaged apartments for them. At the cost of another scene with his mother, he came over from Château Montaignu to see Estelle. He was doubly anxious about her, as she had spoken in her last letters of having scarcely left the house all the time of their stay in Paris.

"Let me look at you," he said, holding her, so that the light fell on her face. She smiled and flushed, and said she was well enough.

"She is looking like a ghost, at all events," said Mrs. Russell from her sofa. "A mere ghost. But no wonder, sitting up night after night as she has done. But don't bear me malice, Raymond; I hope it won't occur again. I shall send her out to walk now."

"Am I really looking dreadful, Raymond?" said his wife. "Am I looking like a ghost?"

No, he said. No. And when Estelle had left the room, and Mrs. Russell said she must be worn out, and that she was looking very thin and ill when she came to her in Paris, he said, Was it so? or was it his mother-in-law's fancy?

He could not see any change. She had never changed to his eyes since the day he married her.

Mrs. Russell did not contradict her son-in-law. It was not worth the fatigue. But she thought privately that her daughter had "gone off" dreadfully; that she herself, in spite of her severe illness, was comparatively much better preserved than Estelle. If anybody had mentioned the subject, she would have said coldly that she was an old woman, and had done long ago with good looks. She would have said it in such a way that the speaker would not have ventured to touch on the subject of personal appearance again; would have felt abashed, in short, at his or her temerity. Yet privately, she hugged herself for her good looks. It was as good as a tonic to her to see by her glass how particularly well-preserved she was, while Estelle, poor thing, was so sadly faded. Estelle, at forty, would not be fit to look at, unless she rouged or did something to improve herself.

It was a satisfaction to Mrs. Russell to know she might have changed her name many a time since she had settled her daughter, and gone back to England. The last man smitten was a Lord of the Admiralty, to whom she had spoken in behalf of her son the lieutenant, and her son Alfred, who had just reached the age when he was eligible for a nomination to a cadetship. The boy got the nomination, was sent on board the training-ship, and passed his examination triumphantly.

Then, and not till then—from a combination of public and private circumstances—did the Lord of the Admiralty make the widow an offer of his hand and heart. She refused him.

"You don't remember," she said, very composedly, "or perhaps you don't know, that I am a grandmother."

No. The Lord of the Admiralty certainly was not aware of that fact: could not have believed it, except from her own lips.

It was so, however, she assured him. She was very grateful, very much honoured. If she had had a daughter—But for herself, it could not be.

What a fortunate thing it was, she thought, when she had got rid of him, that the man had not asked her before Alfred was fairly in the navy.

"For," the widow's cogitation ran, "I should have been forced to accept him, for the dear boy's sake. And it would have been a terrible trial to put up with him—or anybody else."

She had done her duty by her husband, and her duty by her three children, and now she intended to enjoy herself. It was during a tour in the Highlands that she caught her illness. When she was very ill indeed, I think she wished she had an unmarried daughter, free to nurse her and take care of her. She was such a proud little woman, that she would never have asked Estelle to come to her, if Harry had not insisted upon it. When she had got her, however, she confessed that Harry had done a wise thing. To which the lieutenant replied that he generally knew what he was about.

It was a dreary winter for Estelle. Pau was full of overflowing with English invalids, and she could not walk along the streets or the park, or look at the mountains from the balcony, without seeing a dozen people with respirators, not to mention the crowds that crawled along on the sunny side of the way, muffled up in furs and plaid comforters, and stopping, out of breath, at the gentlest ascent. The good looks that Mrs. Russell eyed with such complacency in her hand-mirror, were only a source of anxiety to her daughter. She thought the white too clear, the pink too pink, the blue eye too brilliant. It wrung her heart to see how pretty her mother looked in her invalid cap of white lace. She dared not leave her; dared not believe the physician when he said she was mending, and would be fit to go to the mountains as soon as the season began. She grew paler and thinner than ever from anxiety, and wished for her husband to help her to bear it. But Raymond could not come. His father lay, now at death's door, now rallying again. They said he might live a week, or six months.

Raymond dare not leave him, unless Estelle herself was ill. His mother, strange to say, was in a better humour than usual. Estelle hoped it would last. It might last very likely, as long as she was away.

It was pleasant, in spite of her life being so overclouded just now, to get Raymond's letters. These could be called letters; what she had had before were notes; scraps written to tell her of his safe arrival, or of the day of his return, after his very short and rare excursions from home. His letters now were pages long, well filled, well written; a kind of daily chronicle, which she conned over and put by to read again. They were her only amusement: for it was stupid riding with old Jean-Marie instead of Raymond; and it was equally stupid to stroll along in the park attended by Lisette, who thought it her duty to enlighten her mistress on divers matters which were not her business or Estelle's either. How, for instance, that the

people on the third floor had quarrelled with their cook, and the people on the fourth had not paid their month's rent, and the Monsieur downstairs was very ill, and the owner of the house wanted the rent raised, and he was going away in consequence; and there was a new family coming in, a *milord*, who had been staying at the *Hôtel de France* for ever so long, because, in the whole city of Pau, there was nothing in the way of furnished apartments that would suit *miladi*.

One day as Estelle was resting on the balcony, after having read all the *Times* through to her mother, and sent her to sleep, she saw this new English family arrive. A courier, two maids, two men, various boxes, and after them, a tall gentleman who stooped and had his face hidden in one of the usual plaid comforters; then two little girls; and a very fine mamma in a pork-pie hat and a round veil, who answered snappishly when the tall gentleman spoke to her. There was a great commotion by and by in the rooms below, a slamming of doors and opening and shutting of windows, and presently the two children came out for a romp on the lower balcony. Pretty little dots they were, only dressed too much like opera-dancers to please Estelle's fastidious taste. But their blue eyes, and fair complexions, and golden hair made them irresistibly charming to her in spite of their dress; her hungry mother-heart yearned towards them; she promised herself a game of play with them before long; and sat watching their gambols on the balcony till Lisette came to tell her Mrs. Russell was awake again.

Just at the end of the winter, when the mountain snows were beginning to melt and swell the Gaves, when the birds were beginning to chirp, when Nature was putting forth her strength to break her bonds and make good her allegiance to spring, old M. de Montaigne died.

Died, just as the first violets came, sent from Pau by his daughter-in-law as a loving token. For he had sent a message to her once to say he missed

his daily bouquet, and she had taken care to supply his whim even at that distance, afterwards.

The bouquet had been laid on his bed, Raymond wrote, and he sent his love and thanks to Estelle, and a message to say that since he had lived long enough to see the first spring violets, he hoped to see her too, if she did not stay away too long.

And that night he died ; quietly, so that they only knew it in the morning.

Two days later the grandfather was laid to rest by Bébé's side, and Raymond was Count de Montaignu.

It made little change for Estelle, except that now she was addressed as Madame la Comtesse, for which she did not care.

Only, she hoped she might see more of Raymond now that the last duties were over.

It was astonishing how many cards were left at her door as soon as all the world knew the old Count was dead. People who would have let her go by unnoticed for a century, while he lived, now took the trouble to find out who and what Comtesse Octavie's successor was. Amongst them all, Madame Fleury's niece, Mathilde, came foremost. Her stiff, somewhat prosy husband had got the Préfecture of the Basses Pyrénées at last, and had been made Baron de Beaucens into the bargain ; and Estelle, who thought of her own title as little as if she had been born with it, was slightly amused to see how Mathilde ruffled the feathers of her new-fledged dignity.

"How long have you been married?" said Mrs. Russell one day, abruptly. Estelle had thought she was asleep, and started nervously.

"Just seven years," she replied ; "seven years this spring."

"If your husband dies, and leaves no heir, who succeeds?" was Mrs. Russell's next question.

"I don't know. I never thought of it ; some twentieth cousin, I believe. Why, you don't think Raymond was looking ill when last he was here?" she said hurriedly.

"No. I only wanted to know whether the title would become extinct. It would be a pity, considering there are so few of the really old ones left."

"Raymond says he does not care about titles."

"He will now he has got one," was Mrs. Russell's reply.

Estelle was left to draw her own inferences from this speech of her mother's. In the midst of all her grief, it had never once occurred to her that Raymond would regret the having no heir to the title. It was simply *her child* that she had lost, not the future Comte de Montaignu.

"If I could but have kept my boy, my only treasure!" she thought many a time, weeping, as she sat and listened to the pretty English children at play. They had made friends by this time, and nodded "good morning" to her daily from the balcony. By and by, when they had got quite accustomed to her black dress, she would send and ask permission for them to visit her, she thought. She told Lisette to find out their name. That was easily done, Lisette said. She had but to watch when the English *miladi* went for her drive, and then she would inquire of the cook ; all the other servants, as far as she knew, were English.

Lisette's face was very comical when she came back. "What does Madame think?" she exclaimed. "I went to stand on the outer stair to see *miladi* get into the carriage, and, *pardie!* it was no stranger at all, but just Ma'm'selle Julie. She had her veil up, and I saw quite well."

"Did you ask the name?" said Estelle, surprised.

"No, indeed! I just came back to tell Madame. I can do so, of course."

"Never mind it," said Estelle, who did not wish to renew her acquaintance with Julia Maurice. She had been very sorry for her, after her escapade at Toulouse ; she had thought of her very tenderly. But she felt sure her husband would not approve of her as an acquaintance. If Julia found her out, she must see her, but seek her she would not.

And, remembering how little love was lost between her mother and Julia Maurice, she supposed herself safe from any renewal of intercourse on her side. Nevertheless, she was sorry not to know more of the two pretty children. She found herself wondering sometimes who Julia could have married. It was somebody at all events who had a very bad cough. They never went out together; the *milord* drove out in a close carriage, and *miladi* in an open one, generally a pony-phæton; and a grand turn-out for the eyes of the Pau people it was, with its two lovely greys, and the tiger in blue and silver. *Miladi*, with a white bearskin rug round her, a scarlet cloak, and flyaway hat and feather, might have been satisfied with something less than the notice she attracted. However, one of the two flaxen-haired children generally sat by her side, as a vindication of her claim to the dignity of British matronhood, which might else have been ignored by the ignorant foreigners, less

accustomed then, than they are now perhaps, to the divers phases of "fast" English society.

However, the Pau people got accustomed to *miladi's* turn-out before very long, possibly because a new sight had arisen; to wit, a Russian princess, who drove a pair of high-stepping bays, and smoked her Havana as only such a princess may, walking up and down the Place, accompanied by Monsieur her husband, also smoking his Havana.

Miladi, with her white bearskin rug, her scarlet cloak, and naughty little hat and feather, was worth staring at no longer; even the tiger and the ponies were passed by unnoticed, thanks to the audacity of this Muscovite.

Miladi saw this, and hated her with all her heart. She had not risked her grey ponies' lives to be outdone by a Russian, forsooth, were she the Czarina herself.

But as to circumventing her, why, that was quite another thing.

To be continued.

WOMEN AND POLITICS.¹

BY THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SOMEWHAT more than 300 years ago, John Knox, who did more than any man to mould the thoughts of his nation—and indeed of our English Puritans likewise—was writing a little book on the “Regiment of Women,” in which he proved woman, on account of her natural inferiority to man, unfit to rule.

And but the other day, Mr. John Stuart Mill, who has done more than any man to mould the thought of the rising generation of Englishmen, has written a little book in the exactly opposite sense, on “The Subjection of Women,” in which he proves woman, on account of her natural equality with man, to be fit to rule.

Truly “the whirligig of Time brings round its revenges.” To this point the reason of civilized nations has come, or at least is coming fast, after some fifteen hundred years of unreason, and of a literature of unreason, which discoursed gravely and learnedly of nuns and witches, hysteria and madness, persecution and torture, and, like a madman in his dreams, built up by irrefragable logic a whole inverted pyramid of seeming truth upon a single false premiss. To this it has come, after long centuries in which woman was regarded by celibate theologians as the “noxious animal,” the temptress, the source of earthly misery, which derived—at least in one case—“femina” from “fe” faith, and “minus” less, because women had less faith than men; which represented

them as of more violent and unbridled animal passions; which explained learnedly why they were more tempted than men to heresy and witchcraft, and more subject (those especially who had beautiful hair) to the attacks of demons; and, in a word, regarded them as a necessary evil, to be tolerated, despised, repressed, and if possible shut up in nunneries.

Of this literature of celibate unreason those who have no time to read for themselves the pages of Sprenger, Nider, or Delrio the Jesuit, may find notices enough in Michelet and in both Mr. Lecky's excellent works. They may find enough of it and to spare, also, in Burton's “Anatomy of Melancholy.” He, like Knox and many another scholar of the 16th and of the first half of the 17th century, was unable to free his brain altogether from the *idola specūs* which haunted the cell of the bookworm. The poor student, knowing nothing of women, save from books or from contact with the most debased, repeated, with the pruriency of a boy, the falsehoods about women which, armed with the authority of learned doctors, had grown reverend and incontestable with age; and even after the Reformation more than one witch-mania proved that the corrupt tree had vitality enough left to bring forth evil fruit.

But the axe had been laid to the root thereof. The later witch-prosecutions were not to be compared for extent and atrocity to the mediæval ones; and first, as it would seem, in France, and gradually in other European countries, the old contempt of women was being replaced by admiration and trust. Such examples as that of Marguerite d'Angoulême did much, especially in the south of France,

1 “The Subjection of Women.” By John Stuart Mill.—“Woman's Work and Woman's Culture.” Edited by Josephine Butler.—“Education of Girls, and Employment of Women.” By W. B. Hodgson, LL.D.—“On the Study of Science by Women.” By Lydia Ernestine Becker. (*Contemporary Review*, March 1869.)

where science as well as the Bible was opening men's eyes more and more to nature and to fact. Good little Rondelet, or any of his pupils, would have as soon thought of burning a woman for a witch as they would have of immuring her in a nunnery.

In Scotland, John Knox's book came, happily for the nation, too late. The woes of Mary Stuart called out for her a feeling of chivalry which has done much, even to the present day, to elevate the Scotch character. Meanwhile, the same influences which raised the position of women among the Reformed in France raised it likewise in Scotland; and there is no country on earth in which wives and mothers have been more honoured, and more justly honoured, for two centuries and more. In England, the passionate loyalty with which Elizabeth was regarded, at least during the latter part of her reign, scattered to the winds all John Knox's arguments against the "Regiment of Women;" and a literature sprang up in which woman was set forth no longer as the weakling and the temptress, but as the guide and the inspirer of man. Whatever traces of the old foul leaven may be found in Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, or Ben Jonson, such books as Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lilly's *Euphues*, Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, and last, but not least, Shakespeare's *Plays*, place the conception of woman and of the rights of woman on a vantage-ground from which I believe it can never permanently fall again—at least until (which God forbid) true manhood has died out of England. To a boy whose notions of his duty to woman had been formed, not on Horace and Juvenal, but on Spenser and Shakespeare, —as I trust they will be some day in every public school,—Mr. John Stuart Mill's new book would seem little more than a text-book of truths which had been familiar and natural to him ever since he first stood by his mother's knee.

I say this not in depreciation of Mr. Mill's book. I mean it for the very highest praise. M. Agassiz says somewhere that every great scientific truth

must go through three stages of public opinion. Men will say of it, first, that it is not true; next, that it is contrary to religion; and lastly, that every one knew it already. The last assertion of the three is often more than half-true. In many cases every one ought to have known the truth already, if they had but used their common sense. The great antiquity of the earth is a case in point. Forty years ago it was still untrue; five-and-twenty years ago it was still contrary to religion. Now every child who uses his common sense can see, from looking at the rocks and stones about him, that the earth is many thousand, it may be many hundreds of thousands of years old; and there is no difficulty now in making him convince himself, by his own eyes and his own reason, of the most prodigious facts of the glacial epoch.

And so it ought to be with the truths which Mr. Mill has set forth. If the minds of lads can but be kept clear of Pagan brutalities and mediæval superstitions, and fed instead on the soundest and noblest of our English literature, Mr. Mill's creed about women will, I verily believe, seem to them as one which they have always held by instinct; as a natural deduction from their own intercourse with their mothers, their aunts, their sisters: and thus Mr. Mill's book may achieve the highest triumph of which such a book is capable; namely—that years hence young men will not care to read it, because they take it all for granted.

There are those who for years past have held opinions concerning women identical with those of Mr. Mill. They thought it best, however, to keep them to themselves; trusting to the truth of the old saying, "Run not round after the world. If you stand still long enough, the world will come round to you." And the world seems now to be coming round very fast towards their standing-point; and that not from theory, but from experience. As to the intellectual capacity of girls when competing with boys (and I may add as to the prudence of educating boys and girls

together), the experience of those who for twenty years past have kept up mixed schools, in which the farmer's daughter has sat on the same bench with the labourer's son, has been corroborated by all who have tried mixed classes, or have, like the Cambridge local examiners, applied to the powers of girls the same tests as they applied to boys;¹ and still more strikingly by the results of admitting women to the Royal College of Science in Ireland, where young ladies have repeatedly carried off prizes for scientific knowledge against young men who have proved themselves, by subsequent success in life, to have been formidable rivals. On every side the conviction seems growing (a conviction which any man might have arrived at for himself long ago, if he would have taken the trouble to compare the powers of his own daughters with those of his sons), that there is no difference in kind, and probably none in degree, between the intellect of a woman and that of a man; and those who will not as yet assent to this are growing more willing to allow fresh experiments on the question, and to confess that, after all (as Mr. Fitch well says in his report to the Schools Inquiry Commission), "The true measure of a woman's right is her capacity for receiving it, and not any theories of ours as to what she is fit for, or what use she is likely to make of it."

This is, doubtless, a most important concession. For if it be allowed to be true of woman's capacity for learning, it ought to be—and I believe will be—allowed to be true of all her other capacities whatsoever. From which fresh concession results will follow, startling no doubt to those who fancy that the world always was, and always will be, what it was yesterday and to-day: but results which some who have contemplated them steadily and silently for

years past, have learnt to look at not with fear and confusion, but with earnest longing and high hope.

However startling these results may be, it is certain from the books, the names whereof head this article, that some who desire their fulfilment are no mere fanatics or dreamers. They evince, without exception, that moderation which is a proof of true earnestness. Mr. Mill's book it is almost an impertinence in me to praise. I shall not review it in detail. It is known, I presume, to every reader of this Magazine, either by itself or reviews: but let me remind those who only know the book through reviews, that those reviews (however able or fair) are most probably written by men of inferior intellect to Mr. Mill, and by men who have not thought over the subject as long and as deeply as he has done; and that, therefore, if they wish to know what Mr. Mill thinks, it would be wisest for them to read Mr. Mill himself—a truism which (in these days of secondhand knowledge) will apply to a good many books beside. But if they still fancy that the advocates of "Woman's Rights" in England are of the same temper as certain female clubbists in America, with whose sayings and doings the public has been amused or shocked, then I beg them to peruse the article on the "Social Position of Women," by Mr. Boyd Kinnear;¹ to find any fault with it they can; and after that, to show cause why it should not be reprinted (as it ought to be) in the form of a pamphlet, and circulated among the working men of Britain, to remind them that their duty toward woman coincides (as do all human duties) with their own palpable interest. I beg also attention to Dr. Hodgson's little book, "Lectures on the Education of Girls, and Employment of Women;" and not only to the text, but to the valuable notes and references which accompany them. Or if any one wish to ascertain the temper, as well as the intellectual calibre of the ladies who are foremost in this movement, let them read,

¹ Compare "Woman's Work and Woman's Culture," p. 326; Dr. Hodgson's "Lectures on the Education of Girls, and Employment of Women;" and for the Irish College an excellent article on "The Study of Science by Women," by Miss Becker, in the March number of the *Contemporary Review*.

¹ "Woman's Work and Woman's Culture," p. 331.

as specimens of two different styles, the Introduction to "Woman's Work and Woman's Culture," by Mrs. Butler, and the article on "Female Suffrage" by Miss Wedgwood, at p. 247. I only ask that these two articles should be judged on their own merits—the fact that they are written by women being ignored meanwhile. After that has been done, it may be but just and right for the man who has read them to ask himself (especially if he has had a mother), whether women who can so think and write have not a right to speak, and a right to be heard when they speak, of a subject with which they must be better acquainted than men—woman's capacities, and woman's needs?

If any one who has not as yet looked into this "Woman's Question" wishes to know how it has risen to the surface just now, let them consider these words of Mrs. Butler. They will prove, at least, that the movement has not had its origin in the study, but in the market; not from sentimental dreams or abstract theories, but from the necessities of physical fact:—

"The census taken eight years ago gave three and a half millions of 'women in England working for a subsistence; and of these two and a half millions were unmarried. In the interval between the census of 1851 and that of 1861, the number of self-supporting women had increased by more than half a million. This is significant; and still more striking, I believe, on this point, will be the returns of the next census two years hence.'"¹

Thus a demand for employment has led naturally to a demand for improved education, fitting woman for employment; and that again has led, naturally also, to a demand on the part of many thoughtful women for a share in making those laws and those social regulations which have, while made exclusively by men, resulted in leaving women at a disadvantage at every turn. They ask—and they have surely some cause to ask—

¹ "Woman's Work and Woman's Culture," Introduction, p. xv.

What greater right have men to dictate to women the rules by which they shall live, than women have to dictate to men? All they demand—all, at least, that is demanded in the volumes noticed in this review—is fair play for women; "A clear stage and no favour." Let "natural selection," as Miss Wedgwood well says, decide which is the superior, and in what. Let it, by the laws of supply and demand, draught women as well as men into the employments and positions for which they are most fitted by nature. To those who believe that the laws of nature are the laws of God, the *Vox Dei in rebus revelata*; that to obey them is to prove our real faith in God, to interfere with them (as we did in social relations throughout the Middle Ages, and as we did till lately in commercial relations likewise) by arbitrary restrictions is to show that we have no faith in God, and consider ourselves wise enough to set right an ill-made universe—to them at least this demand must seem both just and modest.

Meanwhile, many women, and some men also, think the social status of women is just now in special peril. The late extension of the franchise has admitted to a share in framing our laws many thousands of men of that class which—whatever be their other virtues, and they are many—is most given to spending their wives' earnings in drink, and personally maltreating them; and least likely—to judge from the actions of certain trades—to admit women to free competition for employment. Further extension of the suffrage will, perhaps in a very few years, admit many thousands more. And it is no wonder if refined and educated women, in an age which is disposed to see in the possession of a vote the best means of self-defence, should ask for votes, for the defence, not merely of themselves, but of their lowlier sisters, from the tyranny of men who are as yet—to the shame of the State—most of them altogether uneducated.

As for the reasonableness of such a demand, I can only say—what has been said elsewhere—that the present state of

things, "in which the franchise is considered as something so important and so sacred that the most virtuous, the most pious, the most learned, the most wealthy, the most benevolent, the most justly powerful woman, is refused it, as something too precious for her; and yet it is entrusted, freely and hopefully, to any illiterate, drunken, wife-beating ruffian who can contrive to keep a home over his head," is equally unjust and absurd.

There may be some sufficient answer to the conclusion which conscience and common sense, left to themselves, would draw from this statement of the case as it now stands: but none has occurred to me which is not contrary to the first principle of a free government.

This I presume to be: that every citizen has a right to share in choosing those who make the laws; in order to prevent, as far as he can, laws being made which are unjust and injurious to him, to his family, or to his class; and that all are to be considered as "active" citizens, save the criminal, the insane, or those unable to support themselves. The best rough test of a man's being able to support himself is, I doubt not, his being able to keep a house over his head, or, at least, a permanent lodging; and that, I presume, will be in a few years the one and universal test of active citizenship, unless we should meanwhile obtain the boon of a compulsory Government education, and an educational franchise founded thereon. But, it must be asked—and answered also—What is there in such a test, even as it stands now, only partially applied, which is not as fair for women as it is for men? Is it just that an educated man, who is able independently to earn his own livelihood, should have a vote: but that an equally educated woman, equally able independently to earn her own livelihood, should not? Is it just that a man owning a certain quantity of property should have a vote in respect of that property: but that a woman owning the same quantity of property, and perhaps a hundred or a thousand times more,

"should have no vote?" What difference, founded on Nature and Fact, exists between the two cases?

If it be said that Nature and Fact (arguments grounded on aught else are to be left to monks and mediæval jurists) prove that women are less able than men to keep a house over their head, or to manage their property, the answer is that Fact is the other way. Women are just as capable as men of managing a large estate, a vast wealth. Mr. Mill gives a fact which surprised even him—that the best administered Indian States were those governed by women who could neither read nor write, and were confined all their lives to the privacy of the harem. And any one who knows the English upper classes must know more than one illustrious instance—besides that of Miss Burdett Coutts, or the late Dowager Lady Londonderry—in which a woman has proved herself able to use wealth and power as well, or better, than most men. The woman at least is not likely, by gambling, horseracing, and profligacy, to bring herself and her class to shame. Women, too, in every town keep shops. Is there the slightest evidence that these shops are not as well managed, and as remunerative, as those kept by men?—unless, indeed, as too often happens, poor Madame has her Mantalini and his vices to support, as well as herself and her children. As for the woman's power of supporting herself and keeping up at least a lodging respectably, can any one have lived past middle age without meeting dozens of single women, or widows, of all ranks, who do that, and do it better and more easily than men, because they do not, like men, require wine, beer, tobacco, and sundry other luxuries? So wise and thrifty are such women, that very many of them are able, out of their own pittance, to support beside themselves others who have no legal claim upon them. Who does not know, if he knows anything of society, the truth of Mr. Butler's words?—"It is a very generally accepted axiom, and one which it seems has been endorsed by thoughtful men, without a sufficiently minute examination into

"the truth of it, that a man—in the matter of maintenance—means generally a man, a wife, and children; while a woman means herself alone, free of dependence. A closer inquiry into the facts of life would prove that conclusions have been too hastily adopted on the latter head. I believe it may be said with truth that there is scarcely a female teacher in England who is not working for another or others besides herself,—that a very large proportion are urged on of necessity in their work by the dependence on them of whole families, in many cases of their own aged parents,—that many hundreds are keeping broken-down relatives, fathers, and brothers, out of the workhouse, and that many are widows supporting their own children. A few examples, taken at random from the lists of governesses applying to the Institution in Sackville Street, London, would illustrate this point. And let it be remembered that such cases are the rule, and not the exception. Indeed, if the facts of life were better known, the hollowness of this defence of the inequality of payment would become manifest; for it is in theory alone that in families man is the only breadwinner, and it is false to suppose that single women have no obligations to make and to save money as sacred as those which are imposed on a man by marriage; while there is this difference, that a man may avoid such obligation if he pleases, by refraining from marriage, while the poverty of parents, or the dependence of brothers and sisters, are circumstances over which a woman obliged to work for others has no control."¹

True: and, alas! too true. But what Mr. Butler asserts of governesses may be asserted, with equal truth, of hundreds of maiden aunts and maiden sisters who are not engaged in teaching, but who spend their money, their time, their love, their intellect, upon profligate or broken-down relations, or upon their

children; and who exhibit through long years of toil, anxiety, self-sacrifice, a courage, a promptitude, a knowledge of business and of human nature, and a simple but lofty standard of duty and righteousness, which if it does not fit them for the franchise, what can?

It may be, that such women would not care to use the franchise, if they had it. That is their concern, not ours. Voters who do not care to vote may be counted by thousands among men: some of them, perhaps, are wiser than their fellows, and not more foolish; and take that method of showing their wisdom. Be that as it may, we are no more justified in refusing a human being a right, because he may not choose to exercise it, than we are in refusing to pay him his due, because he may probably hoard the money.

The objection that such women are better without a vote, because a vote would interest them in politics, and so interfere with their domestic duties, seems slender enough. What domestic duties have they, of which the State can take cognizance, save their duty to those to whom they may owe money, and their duty to keep the peace? Their other and nobler duties are voluntary and self-imposed; and, most usually, are fulfilled as secretly as possible. The State commits an injustice in debarring a woman from the rights of a citizen because she chooses, over and above them, to perform the good works of a saint.

And, after all, will it be the worse for these women, or for the society in which they live, if they do interest themselves in politics? Might not (as Mr. Boyd Kinnear urges in an article as sober and rational, as it is earnest and chivalrous) their purity and earnestness help to make what is now called politics somewhat more pure, somewhat more earnest? Might not the presence of the voting power of a few virtuous, experienced, well-educated women, keep candidates, for very shame, from saying and doing things from which they do not shrink, before a crowd of men who are, on the average,

¹ "Woman's Work and Woman's Culture," pp. 58, 59.

neither virtuous, experienced, or well-educated, by wholesome dread of that most terrible of all earthly punishments—at least in the eyes of a manly man—the fine scorn of a noble woman? Might not the intervention of a few women who are living according to the eternal laws of God, help to infuse some slightly stronger tincture of those eternal laws into our legislators and their legislation? What women have done for the social reforms of the last forty years is known, or ought to be known, to all. Might not they have done far more, and might not they do far more hereafter, if they, who generally know far more than men do of human suffering, and of the consequences of human folly, were able to ask for further social reforms, not merely as a boon to be begged from the physically stronger sex, but as their will, which they, as citizens, have a right to see fulfilled, if just and possible? Woman has played for too many centuries the part which Lady Godiva plays in the old legend. It is time that she should not be content with mitigating by her entreaties or her charities the cruelty and greed of men: but exercise her right, as a member of the State, and (as I believe) a member of Christ and a child of God, to forbid them.

As for any specific difference between the intellect of women and that of men, which should preclude the former meddling in politics, I must confess that the subtle distinctions drawn, even by those who uphold the intellectual equality of women, have almost, if not altogether, escaped me. The only important difference, I think, is, that men are generally duller and more conceited than women. The dullness is natural enough, on the broad ground that the males of all animals (being more sensual and selfish) are duller than the females. The conceit is easily accounted for. The English boy is told from childhood, as the negro boy is, that men are superior to women. The negro boy shows his assent to the proposition by beating his mother, the English one by talking down his sisters. That is all.

But if there be no specific intellectual difference (as there is actually none), is there any practical and moral difference? I use the two epithets as synonymous; for practical power may exist without acuteness of intellect: but it cannot exist without sobriety, patience, and courage, and sundry other virtues, which are "moral" in every sense of that word.

I know of no such difference. There are, doubtless, fields of political action more fitted for men than for women; but are there not again fields more fitted for women than for men?—fields in which certain women, at least, have already shown such practical capacity, that they have established not only their own right, but a general right for the able and educated of their sex, to advise officially about that which they themselves have unofficially mastered. Who will say that Mrs. Fry, or Miss Nightingale, or Miss Burdett Coutts, is not as fit to demand pledges of a candidate at the hustings on important social questions as any male elector; or to give her deliberate opinion thereon, in either House of Parliament, as any average M.P. or peer of the realm? And if it be said that these are only brilliant exceptions, the rejoinder is, What proof have you of that? You cannot pronounce on the powers of the average till you have tried them. These exceptions rather prove the existence of unsuspected and unemployed strength below. If a few persons of genius, in any class, succeed in breaking through the barriers of routine and prejudice, their success shows that they have left behind them many more who would follow in their steps if those barriers were but removed. This has been the case in every forward movement, religious, scientific, or social. A daring spirit here and there has shown his fellow-men what could be known, what could be done; and behold, when once awakened to a sense of their own powers, multitudes have proved themselves as capable, though not as daring, as the leaders of their forlorn hope. Dozens of geologists can now work out problems which would have puzzled Hutton or

Werner ; dozens of surgeons can perform operations from which John Hunter would have shrunk appalled ; and dozens of women, were they allowed, would, I believe, fulfil in political and official posts the hopes which Miss Wedgwood and Mr. Boyd Kinnear entertain.

But, after all, it is hard to say anything on this matter, which has not been said in other words, by Mr. Mill himself, in pp. 98—104 of his “*Subjection of Women* ;” or give us more sound and palpable proof of women’s political capacity, than the paragraph with which he ends his argument :—

“ Is it reasonable to think that those who are fit for the greater functions of politics are incapable of qualifying themselves for the less ? Is there any reason, in the nature of things, that the wives and sisters of princes should, whenever called on, be found as competent as the princes themselves to their business, but that the wives and sisters of statesmen, and administrators, and directors of companies, and managers of public institutions, should be unable to do what is done by their brothers and husbands ? The real reason is plain enough ; it is that princesses, being more raised above the generality of men by their rank than placed below them by their sex, have never been taught that it was improper for them to concern themselves with politics : but have been allowed to feel the liberal interest natural to any cultivated human being, in the great transactions which took place around them, and in which they might be called on to take a part. The ladies of reigning families are the only women who are allowed the same range of interests and freedom of development as men ; and it is precisely in their case that there is not found to be any inferiority. Exactly where and in proportion as women’s capacities for government have been tried, in that proportion have they been found adequate.”

Though the demands of women just

now are generally urged in the order of —first, employment, then education, and lastly, the franchise, I have dealt principally with the latter, because I sincerely believe that it, and it only, will lead to their obtaining a just measure of the two former. Had I been treating of an ideal, or even a truly civilized polity, I should have spoken of education first ; for education ought to be the necessary and sole qualification for the franchise. But we have not so ordered it in England in the case of men ; and in all fairness we ought not to do so in the case of women. We have not so ordered it, and we had no right to order it otherwise than we have done. If we have neglected to give the masses due education, we have no right to withhold the franchise on the strength of that neglect. Like Frankenstein, we may have made our man ill : but we cannot help his being alive ; and if he destroys us, it is our own fault.

If any reply, that to add a number of uneducated women-voters to the number of uneducated men-voters will be only to make the danger worse, the answer is :—“ That women will be always less brutal than man, and will exercise on them (unless they are maddened, as in the first French Revolution, by the hunger and misery of their children) the same softening influence in public life which they now exercise in private ; and, moreover, that as things stand now, the average woman is more educated, in every sense of the word, than the average man ; and that to admit women would be to admit a class of voters superior, not inferior, to the average.”

Startling as this may sound to some, I assert that it is true.

We must recollect that the just complaints of the insufficient education of girls proceed almost entirely from that “*lower-upper*” class which stocks the professions, including the Press ; that this class furnishes only a small portion of the whole number of voters : that the vast majority belong (and will belong still more hereafter) to other classes, of whom we may say, that in all of them the girls are better edu-

cated than the boys. They stay longer at school—sometimes twice as long. They are more open to the purifying and elevating influences of religion. Their brains are neither muddled away with drink and profligacy, or narrowed by the one absorbing aim of turning a penny into five farthings. They have a far larger share than their brothers of that best of all practical and moral educations, that of family life. Any one who has had experience of the families of farmers and small tradesmen, knows how boorish the lads are, beside the intelligence, and often the refinement, of their sisters. The same rule holds (I am told) in the manufacturing districts. Even in the families of employers, the young ladies are, and have been for a generation or two, far more highly cultivated than their brothers, whose intellects are always early absorbed in business, and too often injured by pleasure. The same, I believe, in spite of all that has been written about the frivolity of the girl of the period, holds true of that class which is, by a strange irony, called "the ruling class." I suspect that the average young lady already learns more worth knowing at home than her brother does at the public school. Those, moreover, who complain that girls are trained now too often merely as articles for the so-called "marriage market," must remember this—that the great majority of those who will have votes will be either widows, who have long passed all that, have had experience, bitter and wholesome, of the realities of life, and have most of them given many pledges to the State in the form of children; or women who, by various circumstances, have been early withdrawn from the competition of this same marriage market, and have settled down into pure and honourable celibacy, with full time, and generally full inclination, to cultivate and employ their own powers. I know not what society those men may have lived in who are in the habit of sneering at "old maids." My experience has led me to regard them with deep respect, from the servant retired on her little savings to the unmarried sisters of the

rich and the powerful, as a class pure, unselfish, thoughtful, useful, often experienced and able; more fit for the franchise, when they are once awakened to their duties as citizens, than the average men of the corresponding class. I am aware that such a statement will be met with "laughter, the unripe fruit of wisdom." But that will not affect its truth.

Let me say a few words more on this point. There are those who, while they pity the two millions and a half, or more, of unmarried women earning their own bread, are tempted to do no more than pity them, from the mistaken notion that after all it is their own fault, or at least the fault of nature. They ought (it is fancied) to have been married: or at least they ought to have been good-looking enough and clever enough to be married. They are the exceptions, and for exceptions we cannot legislate. We must take care of the average article, and let the refuse take care of itself. I have put plainly, it may be somewhat coarsely, a belief which I believe many men hold, though they are too manly to express it. But the belief itself is false. It is false even of the lower classes. Among them, the cleverest, the most prudent, the most thoughtful, are those who, either in domestic service or a few—very few, alas!—other callings, attain comfortable and responsible posts which they do not care to leave for any marriage, especially when that marriage puts the savings of their life at the mercy of the husband—and they see but too many miserable instances of what that implies. The very refinement which they have acquired in domestic service often keeps them from wedlock. "I shall never marry," said an admirable nurse, the daughter of a common agricultural labourer. "After being so many years among gentlefolk, I could not live with a man who was not a scholar, and did not bathe every day."

And if this be true of the lower class, it is still more true of some, at least, of the classes above them. Many a "lady" who remains unmarried does so, not for want of suitors, but simply from noble-

ness of mind ; because others are dependent on her for support ; or because she will not degrade herself by marrying for marrying's sake. How often does one see all that can make a woman attractive—talent, wit, education, health, beauty,—possessed by one who never will enter holy wedlock. "What a loss," one says, "that such a woman should not have married, if it were but for the sake of the children she might have borne to the State." "Perhaps," answer wise women of the world, "she did not see any one whom she could condescend to marry."

And thus it is that a very large proportion of the spinsters of England, so far from being, as silly boys and wicked old men fancy, the refuse of their sex, are the very *élite* thereof ; those who have either sacrificed themselves for their kindred, or have refused to sacrifice themselves to that longing to marry at all risks of which women are so often and so unmanly accused.

Be all this as it may, every man is bound to bear in mind that over this increasing multitude of "spinsters," of women who are either self-supporting or desirous of so being, men have, by mere virtue of their sex, absolutely no rights

at all. No human being has such a right over them as the husband has (justly or unjustly) over the wife, or the father over the daughter living in his house. They are independent and self-supporting units of the State, owing to it exactly the same allegiance as, and neither more nor less than, men who have attained their majority. They are favoured by no privilege, indulgence, or exceptional legislation from the State ; and they ask none. They expect no protection from the State save that protection for life and property which every man, even the most valiant, expects, since the carrying of side-arms has gone out of fashion. They prove themselves daily, whenever they have simple fair play, just as capable as men of not being a burden to the State. They are in fact in exactly the same relation to the State as men. Why are similar relations, similar powers, and similar duties not to carry with them similar rights ? To this question the common sense and justice of England will have soon to find an answer. I have sufficient faith in that common sense and justice, when once awakened to face any question fairly, to anticipate what that answer will be.

THE CORPORATION OF LONDON AND THEIR RECORDS.

BY B. BROGDEN ORRIDGE, F.G.S.

I DESIRE to place before the public a statement of my experience as a member of the Corporation of London, chiefly concerning the library and records in the office of the Town Clerk at Guildhall. The statements I am about to make may excite surprise, and it is well to tell the story as an exact narrative of my own adventures in search of truth in this ancient municipality.

It is about four years ago that I first made some inquiries regarding the portraits of the Judges in the Courts of Law at Guildhall, the paintings that are in the various chambers of that building, and the sculpture in the Mansion House. I could obtain no satisfactory information. I asked if there were any collections of books belonging to the public other than those contained in the library. No one could inform me. In November 1865 I carried a motion in the Court of Common Council for the compilation of a catalogue of the works of Art belonging to the Corporation, and of the books (if any) in its several departments not included in the library catalogue. The reply, which it took two years to obtain, came in the shape of two closely-printed octavo volumes, the one containing 98, and the other 435 pages.

Shortly afterwards I found that the expenditure of public money for testimonials in honour of eminent public men was what may well be called capricious; that is to say, that although large sums of money were occasionally spent for works of Art, chiefly in reference to military and naval exploits, very little was expended in honour of great citizens, eminent philanthropists, poets, or eminent authors. We have, indeed, a small bust of Thomas Clarkson, but look in vain for one of John Howard or of Andrew Reed. Such sons of

citizens as John Milton, Alexander Pope, and Thomas Hood have, up to this moment, been unnoticed by the Corporation. And the annual expenditure in honour of the most eminent names in literature, science, or art, or the learned professions, did not, and still does not, amount to a yearly average of twenty pounds.

Historians appear to have overlooked the fact that from the time of Sir John Gedney, the wealthiest citizens endeavoured to evade taking part in municipal business—willing indeed to take advantage of the City for the acquisition of wealth, but anxious to avoid the duties which the wisdom of our ancestors had attached to a prominent mercantile position. I quote from Riley's *Memoirs* (pp. 601, 602) the case of Sir John Gedney, as follows: "Every free-man is bound to be a partaker in lot, which is liability to hold office, and in scot, which means contribution to taxes and other charges." In 1415, Gedney was committed to Newgate until he consented to serve the office of alderman. From 1397 to 1402 an ordinance existed that, in the election of aldermen, two men at least should be returned by the ward for the Court of Aldermen to choose one from. In 1402 the number to be returned was increased to four, and under this excellent provision the leading merchants of London were compelled to become the leading men of the municipality.

We see in our own day, that some men strive to evade the office of Sheriff of a county. The City records show that in early times many men were imprisoned before they would consent to serve, though from the time of James I. they were in general, after serving a week, permitted to pay a fine and retire. Sir William Hewett, the

clothworker, whose daughter fell into the Thames and was rescued by Edward Osborn (who married her and was ancestor of the Duke of Leeds), was sent to Newgate before he consented to become a magistrate; so was Sir Henry Amcotes, fishmonger, Sir William Bond, haberdasher, and many others. Stow has some severe remarks on the endeavour of the wealthy Sir John Branch to escape this duty; and a letter exists at Guildhall from Queen Elizabeth to Sir John on his omission of the usual banquet on Lord Mayor's Day, and inquiring the reason for the omission. Elizabeth (who appears herself, as the descendant of Alderman Boleyn, to have been somewhat rigorous in these matters) even interfered to prevent her "beer brewer" being elected Sheriff, as she required his presence in her progresses. James I. tried very hard to persuade the citizens not to elect Sir Baptist Hicks and Sir Thomas Middleton (brother of Sir Hugh), and the latter was sent to Newgate before he would serve. This list might, no doubt, be greatly extended, but I have given instances enough to show that the blame of electing aldermen from men of inferior status is not fairly chargeable on the citizens, but on the fact that leading merchants can no longer be compelled to discharge the duties. There can be no doubt, in my judgment, that if the citizens of London had the same privilege in the days of Victoria that they had in the days of Elizabeth, they would compel the commercial magnates to become aldermen, as they ought to be.

It is perhaps right to add, that the aversion of many persons in a former age to take part in the government of the City may have been due to the rapacity of the sovereign and the courtiers. Many of the letters of Queen Elizabeth, her ministers and *their wives*, addressed to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen between the years 1577 and 1600, are really *begging* letters. The Queen begs that Doctor Julius Cæsar may be made Common Serjeant; and nothing seems to have been too large, or too small, for her courtiers.

In the summer of 1867, in a pamphlet entitled "Eminent Citizens and Civic Records," I referred to Lord Macaulay's apparent neglect of the Guildhall papers, and to the fact, that a communication from Mr. H. T. Riley (the translator of the "Liber Albus") "on the subject" of the Corporation Records, suggesting that the Corporation should make "a pecuniary grant for the publication" of a series of extracts from them, though referred to the Library Committee five years previously, had never been reported upon.

This pamphlet had the effect of enabling me to bring the matter before the Library Committee, who reported in favour of the acceptance of the offer to the Corporation, by whom it was confirmed, in the chairmanship of Mr. J. H. Hale, who was supported by Dr. Saunders and myself. The result was the publication, last year, of the "Memo-rials of London and London Life" in the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and "Fifteenth Centuries."

Of this volume it may be said, that it possesses precisely those characteristics which Macaulay declared that he desired to secure for his own work. His words are: "It will be my endeavour to relate the history of the people as well as the history of government, to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects, and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public amusements. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can succeed in placing before the English people of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors." (*Hist. of England*, chap. i.)

In the language of the learned editor, Mr. Riley (I quote from the preface to the "Liber Albus") :—

"It is a fact, not the less true because not universally known (in the anti-

"quarian world even), that there is no
 "city in existence in possession of a
 "collection of archives so ancient and
 "complete as that belonging to the City
 "of London, preserved in the Record
 "Room at Guildhall. For nearly six
 "centuries, in the sequence of Letter
 "Books, Journals, and Repertories, its
 "officials have kept an unbroken record
 "of all transactions and events—social,
 "political, ecclesiastical, legal, military,
 "naval, local, and municipal—in which,
 "closely or remotely, the City in its
 "corporate character has been interested.
 "Throughout the chances and changes
 "of this long and eventful course of
 "time—its wars, its revolutions, its re-
 "bellions, its insurrections, its famines,
 "its pestilences, and its conflagrations—
 "to the lasting honour of the Corpora-
 "tion, these valuable memorials of far
 "distant ages have been preserved com-
 "paratively unscathed; in companion-
 "ship, too, with other records, in some
 "instances probably of still earlier date,
 "and with thousands of deeds, wills,
 "enrolments, and other documents
 "which have been accumulating upon
 "the shelves of its muniment-room for
 "little short of seven hundred years."
 I claim, then, for the Corporation of
 London, that, as regards the three cen-
 turies referred to in Mr. Riley's *Me-*
morials, they have performed a great
 national service, and given a most im-
 portant contribution to the History of
 England.

In the course of last autumn I as-
 certained from my friend Mr. Thomas
 Brewer, of the City of London School,
 that some thirty years ago he found,
 when a junior clerk in the Town
 Clerk's office, a parchment volume
 containing copies of correspondence,
 entitled "Letters from Lords of the
 Council, &c. during the reigns of Eliza-
 beth and James I." He had taken an
 abstract of the contents of this volume,
 containing 660 letters, and was of opinion
 that other volumes were accessible.
 After some trouble I found the volume,
 but with a fresh binding and a new
 name. When Mr. Brewer had last seen
 it the binding was torn off; now it was

bound in vellum, and labelled with the
 strange title of "Remembrancia, No. I."
 This, with I think eight other volumes,
 shows a correspondence from 1577 to
 about 1640. It contains copies of original
 communications from Elizabeth, James,
 and Charles, and their Ministers, to the
 citizens—all very curious. I venture
 to quote a few passages from my printed
 address to the Corporation on the sub-
 ject:—

"That any large collection of Public
 "Documents relating to the property,
 "the privileges, and the history of this
 "City should remain neglected and un-
 "cared for, is a stigma that, I submit,
 "must be removed as quickly as may
 "be. To suppose that a body of men
 "that can construct bridges, arrange
 "gigantic markets, design great via-
 "ducts, and the like, are unable to see
 "that deeds and records are properly
 "examined and indexed, is simply
 "absurd.

"I further call your attention to the
 "vast importance of the Historical Do-
 "cuments in the Town Clerk's Office.
 "The publication by the Corporation of
 "the book edited by Mr. Riley will
 "show the national importance of the
 "treasures in Guildhall. Let me remind
 "you of what remains. I affirm that
 "Historical Documents of the very
 "highest importance exist, of which it
 "may be said, not only that they have
 "never yet been sufficiently studied,
 "but, for the most part, never studied
 "at all; and I think you will be of
 "opinion that it is time some prompt
 "action should be taken in the matter.

"As respects this latter class of docu-
 "ments, it may be said that indisputable
 "facts connected with the history of
 "England during the Wars of the Roses,
 "during the reigns of the Tudors and
 "the Stuarts, during the stormy time of
 "the great Civil War and the Protecto-
 "rate, and from thence to the accession
 "of William, Prince of Orange, exist in
 "the Archives of Guildhall, and contain
 "a mass of information that is perfectly
 "astounding.

"I shall request the Town Clerk to
 "have on the table at our next meeting

"several volumes in his keeping, showing the state of public feeling in the City before the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, and just at the period when William Shakspeare entered London. I shall further show you that one volume of letters, from 1592 to 1606, has never been indexed; that copies of six hundred and sixty-two letters are in our possession from Queen Elizabeth, Lord Burghley, Lord Bacon, Robert Cecil, Sir Francis Walsingham, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Thomas Bromley, Lord Arundel, Sir William Cordell, the Earl of Essex, the Earl of Sussex, the Earl of Bedford, the Earl of Leicester, the Earl of Warwick, and other statesmen of the Elizabethan period.

"Now these collections of letters either do affect the private interests of the Corporation, or they do not. If they do, why have the members of the Court been kept in ignorance of them for more than 250 years? If they do not, why are they not given to the world? Surely no citizen worthy the name of an Englishman would grudge the trifling expense of printing such memorials of the fame of our ancient municipality. Moreover, I engage to show that you have documentary evidence touching the Great Civil War of the highest value, *none of which, I believe, has ever been printed.*"

At the same time I pointed out that, according to information I had received from the City Solicitor, there were "voluminous records" in other departments of the Corporation that had never been examined or indexed—that the Comptroller's muniment has no light in it—that in broad daylight he is compelled to send his clerks there with a lantern—that it is "choke full." The Chamberlain informed me that on the occasion of a fire in his department, in 1786, valuable papers were thrown into the street, which were subsequently gathered up and pitched on to the rafters in an upper room, where they have remained unsorted ever since. I then placed the whole matter before the Library Committee, over which I had the

honour of presiding at the time; but it was ruled that we could not take action, as no reference had been made to us by the Corporation! It was not until March that I could obtain instructions for the Committee to satisfy the requirements of Red Tape. The investigation has proceeded ever since, and the report will, I trust, be before the world at an early day.

But a very important matter remains. Some few weeks ago a person called upon me, and made a remarkable communication, to the effect that he held in his hand a quantity of documents obtained from the Town Clerk's Office under circumstances which he narrated, and which proved beyond a doubt that a late under-official there had trafficked in the sale of official documents. My informant handed me the parcel, because, from what I had written about the archives of the Corporation, he thought I might like to be the means of restoring these documents. On inspecting the parcel, I found it contained the deposition of witnesses after the Great Fire of London, taken before the Lord Mayor, Sir John Peake; some of the very information inculcating the Roman Catholics, on the strength of which the inscription was placed on the Monument, which Pope affirmed—

"Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies."

In any case, these important historical documents had been abstracted from the Town Clerk's office thirteen years ago, and had never been missed. So much for the economy that has resisted the appointment of a competent archivist, and has confided most important papers relating to the history of the English people to a poor fellow at a salary of some thirty shillings a week!

In apology for the length of this paper I may say that my readers are not likely to be often troubled with testimony to the fact that a history of the people from the time of the Conqueror to the present hour remains in the custody of the people in the shape of official records; or that the compilation by a scholar like Mr. Riley

of "Memorials of London and London Life" was undertaken at the sole cost of the Corporation.

I wish the Corporation to make a far more extensive publication. A book like Mr. Riley's, containing so much of the real history of the manners and customs of the great English people, but carried down to a much later date, cannot fail to be of inestimable value, and is a politic and a proper thing for the Corporation to issue. In a book published in 1867¹ I wrote: "It may not be generally known that Whittington largely assisted in forming a library at Guildhall. Prior to the invention of printing individual members of the Corporation had at least shown a reverence for learning; nor does this appear to have abated until after the Reformation, when the Duke of Somerset (the Protector) sent carts to Guildhall and took away the entire contents of the library. The effect of this dishonesty was remarkable. For nearly 274 years from that day the Corporation do not appear to have purchased books. That connexion between scholars and the Corporation of London, which in the time of Whittington was a noticeable fact, became weakened, and it was not until the year 1824 that another library was founded at Guildhall, a library that has now assumed such important dimensions as to render it urgently requisite to have a suitable building for its reception." I rejoice to say that this important matter has now been unanimously agreed to by the Corporation, on the motion of Dr. Saunders, the Chairman of the Library Committee for the year.

I ascertained that a beautifully illuminated French chronicle in the Town Clerk's office, which had been there since the first year of Henry VIII., had been previously used and taken home by Alderman Fabian, the chronicler, and was long afterwards returned by his wife, through her second husband. I am happy to say that the Library

Committee, at my instigation, have at length obtained the custody of this fine manuscript.

"Materials indeed of great antiquity and peculiar value the City possesses among her records," wrote the learned Mr. Norton in his "Commentaries" in 1829, "but amongst all the eminent characters engaged in the higher and literary professions, to whom the City has given birth or the Corporation a livelihood, not one has, except in a very superficial degree, devoted himself to the task; and of all the writers on civic affairs in general the most learned in London antiquities was a tailor." This is not a flattering statement in relation to the legal profession. It is well that the venerable author of the "Commentaries" is himself a distinguished and well-known lawyer.

Some opinion may be formed of the interest of the unpublished letters referred to, from the following two, selected from thousands in the Guildhall archives.

I.

"A lre from the King's Mat^r to S^r Tho. Smyth toucheinge idle persons for their transportacon to Virginia.

JAMES R.—Trustie and well beloved wee greet you well, Whereas our Court hath of late been troubled wth divers idle young people whoe although they have been twice punished still continuwe to followe the same having noe ymploym^t. Wee haveing noe other course to cleere our court from them have thought fitt to send them unto you, desireinge you att the next oportunitie to send them away to Virginia and to take such order that they may bee sett to worke there, wherein you shall not onlie doe us good service, but also doe a deed of charitie by ymployinge them whoe otherwise will never be reclaimed from the idle life of vagabonds.

"Given att our Court att Newmarkett the Thirteenth daie of Januarie 1618."

¹ "Citizens and their Rulers."

"A lre from S^r Tho. Smyth to the Lo:
Maio^r, wherein his Ma^t lre above in-
serted is sent enclosed.

"Right hono^{ble} I have this eveninge
received a lre from his Mat^t att New-
markett requireinge me to send to
Virginia divers younge people who
wantinge employ^{ment} doe live idle and
followe the Court, notwthstandinge
they have been punished as by his
highnes lres (which I send yo^r Lp
here wth to pruse) more att large ap-
peareth. Now for as much as some of
theis persouns by his Ma^t royall
comand are brought from Newmarkett
to London alreadie and others more
are comeinge after, and for that the
Companie of Virginia hath not anie
shipp att present readie to goe thither,
neither any meanes to imploy them or
secure place to detaine them in untill
the next oportunitie to transport them
(which I hope wilbee verie shortlie),
I have therefore thought fitt, for the
better accomplishinge his highnes
pleasure therein, to intreat y^r Lps
favour and assistance, that by yo^r Lps
order theis persons may be detained
in Bridewell & there sett to worke
untill our next shipp shall depte for
Virginia, wherein yo^r Lp shall doe an
acceptable service to his Ma^t, & my-
selfe be enabled to pforme that which
is required of me, Soe I comend you
to God & rest.

"Yo^r Lps assured loveinge freind

"THO: SMYTH.

"this Mundaie eveninge
18 Januar 1618."

II.

THE BALLOT.

*An order from the Lordes inhibiting
the use of balleting boxes 17 Sept^r 1637.*

"At the Court at Hampton Court the
17 of Septemb: 1637. Present: Lo.
Arch-Bp of Cant., Lo. Keeper, Lo.
Treas., Lo. Privy Seale, Lo. Marquis
Hamilton, Ea. Marshall, Ea. of Nor-
thumbland, Ea. of Dorset, Lo. Cot-
tington, Mr Comptroller, Mr Sec.
Coke, Mr. Sec. Windeback.

"His Mat^t this daie sitting in Coun-
cell taking unto consideracon the mani-
fold inconveniences that may arise by
the use of balleting boxes w^{ch} is of late
begunn to be practised by some Cor-
poracons, and Companies, did declare
his utter dislike thereof, and with the
advise of their Lop^s ordered that noe
Corporacon or Company wth in the
Citie of London and Liberties or else-
where wth in this his Ma^t Kingdome
that use or pmitt to be used in any
Business whatsoever any balleting boxe,
as they tender his Mat^t displeasure
and will answer the contrary at their
perill. Whereof as well the Lo.
Maio^r of the Citie of London for the
time being, & all other Maiors and
head officers of Corporacons, as all
Governors Masters and Wardens of all
Companies in & about the Cities of
London and Westm. and elsewhere are
to take notice, and to see this his Ma^t
pleasure & comaud duly observed.

"Ex^t Edw NICHOLAS."

BELOW THE HEIGHTS.

I SAT at Berne, and watched the chain
 Of icy peaks and passes,
 That towered like gods above the plain,
 In stern majestic masses ;

I waited till the evening light
 Upon their heads descended ;
 They caught it on their glittering height,
 And held it there suspended :

I saw the red spread o'er the white,
 Just like a maiden's blushing,
 Till all were bathed in rosy light,
 That seemed from heaven rushing :

The dead white snow was full of life,
 As if some huge Pygmalion
 Had sought to find himself a wife,
 In stones that saw Deucalion.

Too soon the light began to wane,
 Though lingering soft and tender,
 And the snow-giants sank again
 Into their calm, dead splendour.

And, as I watched the last faint glow,
 I turned as pale as they did,
 And sighed to think that on the snow
 The rose so quickly faded.

W. H. POLLOCK.

